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My Plans for Gable" by CLARK GABLE

modern screen

MAGAZINE • A BELL MAGAZINE • MAGAZINE

Dec 15¢

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SERIAL RECORD
NOV 23 1949



Jane Powell

True! Your First Cake of Camay brings a Softer, Lovelier Skin!



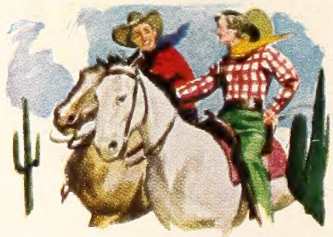
MRS. B. MARSHALL WOMAC
the former Carolyn Lucretia Moore of New York
Portrait painted by Warwick

Beauty's a lovely complexion! Good looks are a soft, clear skin! Yes, and your *first cake* of Camay can make your skin smoother and lovelier—if you'll give up careless cleansing—go on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet. Doctors tested Camay care on a large group of women with different types of skin. Almost all these women won lovelier complexions, each with her *first cake* of Camay. Follow directions on the wrapper—you'll be more attractive, too!

TEXAN TAKES CAMAY BRIDE!



Carolyn had a host of admirers before Bill took charge. But from their first dancing date together, no one else counted. Carolyn fell for Bill's easy Texas drawl—and he couldn't resist her Camay complexion!



The eyes of Texas were all on Carolyn, as she and Bill honeymooned in the Lone Star State. A skin that's soft and glamorous is a magnet for admiring glances! Go on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet and see how much lovelier your complexion can be.

Camay THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN



When I was filming "Mrs. Mike", we actually used real snow on the sets. While the rest of the country was sweltering in summer heat, I spent day after frostbitten day working in machine-made snow drifts at sub-freezing temperatures...



In scenes like this, with Dick Powell, my hands froze...



In another scene, they were in soapy water for hours...



But Jergens Lotion kept my hands from chapping...



Made them soft and lovely for romantic close-ups...



A liquid, Jergens is quickly absorbed by thirsty skin...

CAN YOUR HAND LOTION PASS THIS FILM TEST?

To soften, a lotion should be absorbed by the upper layers of the skin. Water won't "bead" on hand smoothed with Jergens Lotion (left hand). It contains *quickly-absorbed* ingredients doctors recommend, no heavy oils that merely coat skin with oily film (right hand).

Prove it yourself by making the test described above...



Discover why Jergens Lotion is my beauty secret...

Jergens Lotion

used by more women than any other hand care in the world

still 10¢ to $1 plus tax

And is used in Hollywood 7 to 1 over other hand cares.

NOW! PROOF THAT BRUSHING TEETH RIGHT AFTER EATING WITH

COLGATE DENTAL CREAM HELPS STOP TOOTH DECAY!

NOW! *Proof* that always brushing teeth with Colgate's right after eating helps stop tooth decay before it starts! Proof—based on hundreds of case histories, two years of continuous research at leading universities—the most *conclusive* proof in all dentifrice research on tooth decay.



Under the direction of eminent dental authorities, one group of college men and women always brushed their teeth with Colgate Dental Cream right after eating—while another group followed their usual dental care. The group using Colgate's as directed showed a startling reduction in average number of cavities—*far less tooth decay!* The other group developed new cavities at a much higher rate.

Modern research shows tooth decay is caused by mouth acids which are at their worst after meals or snacks. When you brush your teeth with Colgate's right after eating, you help remove acids before they can harm enamel. And Colgate's penetrating foam reaches crevices in teeth where food particles often lodge.

Colgate's contains all the necessary ingredients, including an exclusive *patented* ingredient, for effective daily dental care. No risk of irritation to tissues and gums! And no change in flavor, foam, or cleansing action. No claim is made that using Colgate's can stop *all* tooth decay, or help cavities already started. But brushing teeth right after eating is the *proved* way to help stop tooth decay with Colgate Dental Cream.

Always Use Colgate's* to
Clean Your Breath While You Clean Your Teeth
—and HELP STOP TOOTH DECAY!
**Right after eating*



NO OTHER DENTIFRICE OFFERS PROOF OF THESE RESULTS

DECEMBER, 1949

modern screen

the friendly magazine

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hands you the biggest laugh in 10 years!

It's the hilarious answer to WHO WEARS THE PANTS!

Spencer TRACY

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Adam's Rib

JUDY HOLLIDAY
TOM EWELL
DAVID WAYNE · JEAN HAGEN

Screen Play by RUTH GORDON and GARSON KANIN • Directed by GEORGE CUKOR • Produced by LAWRENCE WEINGARTEN • A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

Your loveliness is Doubly Safe



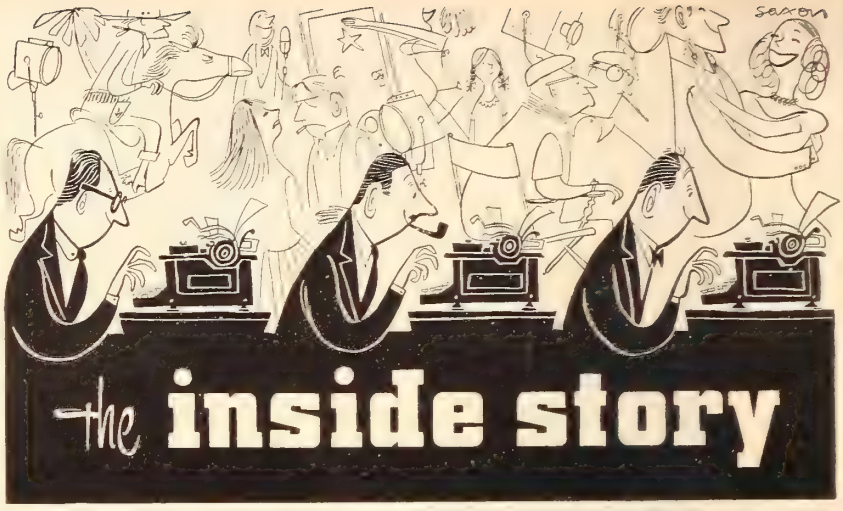
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Veto gives you Double Protection!

So effective . . . Veto guards your loveliness night and day—safely protects your clothes and you. For Veto not only neutralizes perspiration odor, it checks perspiration, too! Yes, Veto gives you Double Protection! And Veto disappears instantly to protect you from the moment you apply it!

So gentle . . . Always creamy and smooth, Veto is lovely to use and keeps you lovely. And Veto is gentle, safe for normal skin, safe for clothes. Doubly Safe! Veto alone contains *Duratex*, Colgate's exclusive ingredient to make Veto safer. Let Veto give your loveliness double protection!

Veto lasts and lasts from bath to bath!



WE WERE VERY FORTUNATE in being allowed to publish in last month's issue, under the title "Baby Talk," a personal letter Linda Christian Power had written to her close friend, Maya Van Horn. It told of the hopes and plans she and Tyrone had for their coming baby. Then, too late to make any changes, we heard the tragic news that Linda had lost her unborn child. The story will never be more heartbreakingly told than in the telegram Tyrone sent Maya from Paris. It read: LINDA IN AMERICAN HOSPITAL STOP DOING WELL STOP BUT ONLY TWO OF US NOW.

ON MORNINGS when we're feeling well, we often feel like crushing the world to our bosom. Then we come into close contact with the world on the jammed busses as we rush to work. There, we invariably find the world in a snarling mood and we arrive at our desk pretty badly crushed ourselves. We don't enjoy it. Clark Gable, on the other hand, takes another view of the matter. It seems there's nothing he'd rather do than wander through crowded department stores or rub elbows with hordes of sightseers. We have the story in his own words on page 52. It's called "My Plans for Gable."

WHEN WE WERE younger, sometimes in a fit of pique, we'd tell our mother we were leaving home. This usually happened when, after insisting we finish *all* our darned oatmeal, and making us put on a giant muffler, she'd further insist we wear our rubbers. Clapping hand to brow, we'd shout, "This is too much, we're going." Our mother was helpful and would offer to aid us pack. Which is exactly what Farley Granger's mother did for him when he decided to leave home. She'll tell you, however, "He's Not My Baby Anymore" on page 48, and that he's practically a model boy. (Guess we weren't, come to think of it.) Doesn't complain about *her* cooking and even brings flowers when he comes to call. But she never mentions oatmeal.

"ROMANCE, PAH!" we said to Jane Powell not long ago. "You must learn to be practical in these matters!" "Pah, yourself," she replied. "Geary is very practical. Why, the other day he even bought a can opener for my hope chest." It seems Geary was insisting on supporting her in some style after they got married. He wanted a promising job that would allow him to give her not only a can opener, but a deep freeze. Meanwhile, Jane filled her hope chest and collected her trousseau. She was waiting impatiently because "She Wants to do Homework"—on page 50.

LIVING LIKE KINGS and hobnobbing with foreign potentates—that's what our Hollywood stars are doing in Europe. Hedda Hopper flew over there just recently to check on their activities and then told all in a story called "Stars on a Spree Abroad." You'll find late news on Joan Fontaine and Ingrid Bergman in it on page 30.

GHOST TOWNS seem to have a strange fascination for Gary Cooper. He's always finding them on movie lots. And recently he ran across a real one in Aspen, Colorado. But this one is very much alive nowadays—as a year round resort, mostly for skiing. It's the most beautiful place in America, Gary swears. So he's decided to live as much as possible of his home life there, from now on. You'll find "Gary Cooper's Mountain Hideaway" on page 42.

YOU WILL BE READING our January issue around Christmas time—and if we do say so ourselves, it makes a very handsome present—from us to you. There are all sorts of good things in store for you in the shape of Burt Lancaster, Barbara Stanwyck, June Allyson—and some nice Christmas surprises, as well.

A SAGA OF SCOUNDRELS IN A CENTURY OF INFAMY!



Three Years in the Making! Filmed Amid the Splendor of its Original Locale! A Spectacular Cast of 50,000!

SEE!

The Seven Cinematic Wonders of the World!

King of Romantic Epics... From the pen of the Greatest Romance writer of our time!

Samuel Shellabarger's

PRINCE of FOXES

Starring

TYRONE POWER · ORSON WELLES · WANDA HENDRIX

Marina Berti · Everett Sloane · Katina Paxinou · Felix Aylmer

Screen Play by Milton Krims · From the Novel by Samuel Shellabarger



Directed by
HENRY KING

Produced by
SOL C. SIEGEL

20th CENTURY-FOX

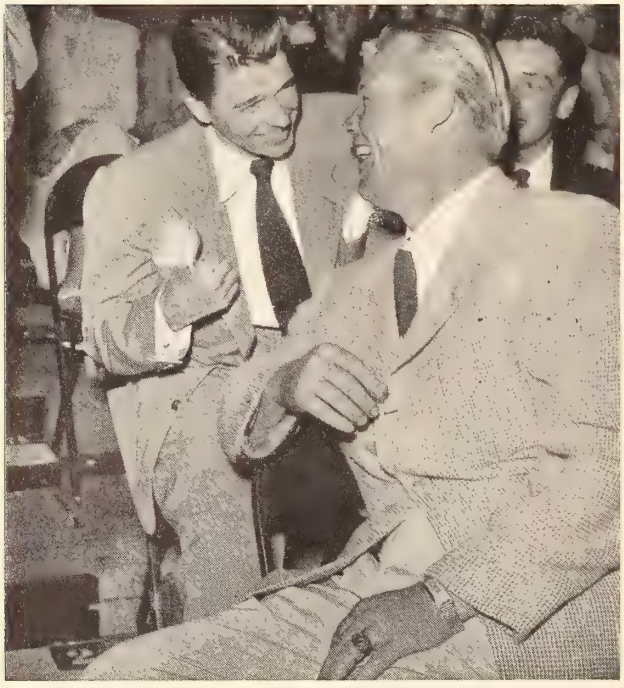
HOLLYWOOD TURNED OUT IN GALA MOOD FOR THE OPENING OF THE "ICE FOLLIES."



Evie and Van Johnson arrived early, looking tanned, trim and high-spirited. Van had bravely dieted 15 pounds away.



Elizabeth Taylor's handsome escort at the *Ice Follies* bore a noticeable resemblance to her. He was her brother, Howard.



Ronald Reagan was overjoyed to find old pal Wayne Morris in front of him. Reagan still wore braces for his leg injury.



Ginger Rogers and Greg Bautzer were a twosome again at the ice-skating spectacle. They've been seen together constantly.



Shirley Temple seemed happier than John Agar as she took a flower from the skater-clown. The Agars are trying to live down rumors.



June Allyson and Dick Powell were hilarious as David Niven prepared to show how *he* skates. Irene Dunne and husband watched with alarm.

LOUELLA PARSONS' Good news

■ The "incident" that really broke up Elizabeth Taylor's engagement to William Pawley, Jr., is this:

Elizabeth, her mother and father and millionaire Howard Hughes were dining at the Beverly Hills Hotel and Elizabeth danced number after number with the tall Texan.

Suddenly, Hughes sent for the press agent of the hotel and said that absolutely nothing must be said about the fact that he and Elizabeth had been dancing together. In fact, he stated, nothing should be said about the dinner party at all.

But news travels fast, even when it has to go 3,000 miles to Florida—where young Pawley heard it almost the next day. He was terribly upset, not so much because Elizabeth and her parents had dined with Howard but because of the "big secrecy."

That date brought on the telephone call which resulted in Elizabeth and Bill calling everything off. Well, pardon my cynicism, but at no time would I have bet a wooden nickel that the 17-year-old Elizabeth and Pawley would ever make it "Mr. and Mrs."

A girl as young as the lovely Lizzie will be much happier if she takes her time about getting married. She is so beautiful that she will be courted by many attractive men. It would not be natural if she did not like attention and flattery from many beaux. What girl doesn't?

P.S. Several fans asked me, "How come the man announced the broken engagement [as young Pawley did]? We thought that was always done by the girl." I asked Mrs. Taylor, Elizabeth's mother, the same question. She explained, "I think Bill was afraid people would think that the same thing happened to him as happened to Glenn Davis. Boys have their pride as well as girls."

P.P.S. And amazingly enough, Mrs. Taylor thinks Bill and Elizabeth are still in love and will one day marry—but it will be when they are both more mature!

* * *

Another example of young love having headaches—Audie Murphy and Wanda Hendrix. Audie, our most-decorated war hero, is nervous, restless, and highly strung. He and Wanda have announced that they're trying to work things out, but he seems to be holding little hope that they can save their marriage. "I love Wanda too much to see her unhappy and crying all the time because of me," he told a close friend.

But you have to hand it to that Wanda. She's got her chin up and she's fighting hard to keep her man and her marriage.

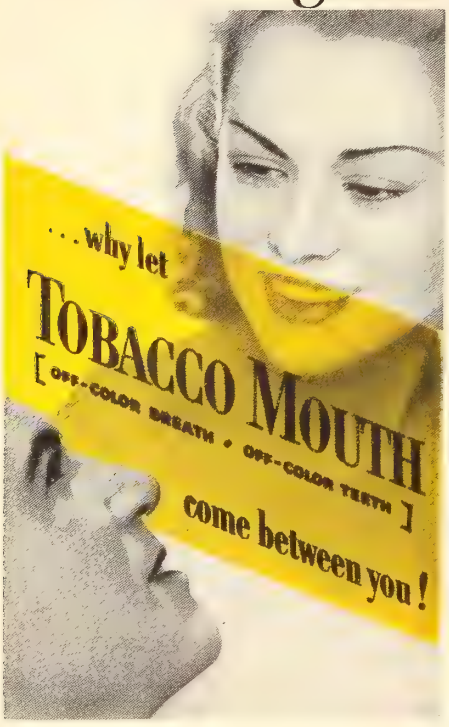
Both the kids were on the set of *Sierra*, the movie they are making together at Universal-International, when a newspaper came out with the story that they are separating as soon as they complete their picture.

Wanda read it, and stifled a little sob. She bit her lip hard to keep from crying.

Audie saw this—and suddenly, right out in front of the camera and the cast and crew, he picked up his tiny wife in his arms and gave her a big hug and a kiss!

"Take it easy, baby," he whispered in her ear. And a lot of people who had been

Date tonight?



GIVE IT THE BRUSH-OFF!

Listerine Tooth Paste attacks tobacco stain, off-color breath.

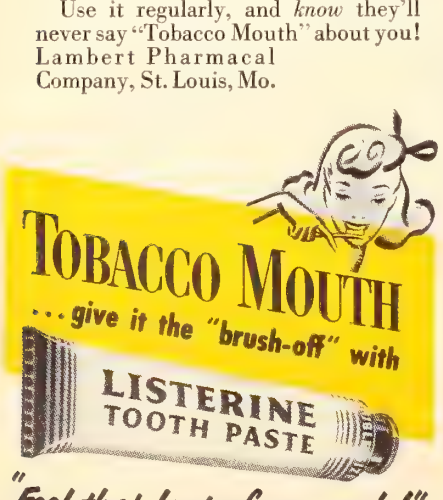
Perhaps it seems a petty *little* thing. Perhaps you think it *couldn't* make a difference.

Well, don't fool yourself! That tinge of yellow film can spoil the softest smile . . . that over-laden breath can sour the sweetest words. So why take chances? Why risk "Tobacco Mouth"?

It's so easy to make sure you're not offending. If you smoke a lot, just play safe and use the new Listerine Tooth Paste . . . especially before a date.

There's a reason: Listerine Tooth Paste is made with Lusterfoam—a wonderful new-type cleansing ingredient that literally *foams* cleaning and polishing agents over tooth surfaces. It removes yellow tobacco stain while it's still fresh . . . whisks away odor-producing bacteria and tobacco debris.

Use it regularly, and *know* they'll never say "Tobacco Mouth" about you!
Lambert Pharmacal
Company, St. Louis, Mo.





Two Hollywood neighbors—Barbara Stanwyck and Bob Stack—run into each other at the Stork Club in New York and, naturally, talk of home.



Louella Parsons, while covering the town in her search for column material, drops in to see Clark Gable on the set of *Key to the City*.

watching, couldn't—because of that old misty feeling around the heart.

(*For another viewpoint on the Hendrix-Murphy difficulties, see page* 24.—Ed.)

* * *

Thinking Out Loud: I'm sorry I lost my temper at Betty Hutton at a party. But I boiled when I read that Betty said the press was responsible for the temporary break-up of her marriage to Ted Briskin. So I gave her a piece of my mind. Betty broke into tears and a rousing time was had by all. Later, she told me she never said anything so wrong, so we made up over the telephone the next morning.

I'm not sure I like the new raspberry color so many of our blonde belles are wearing. Supposed to be quite new and chic. I saw Lana Turner in a raspberry-red satin dress with lipstick the exact shade of her gown—all very startling, but I can think of more becoming colors for Lana.

Nora Flynn Haymes (Mrs. Dick Haymes) has lost eight pounds, but she is still a mite buxom. At one time, I thought she was the prettiest girl in Hollywood, but she should lose some of that poundage.

Larry Parks says he will drop dead before he makes another *Jolson* movie. "I've played Al up to the point where he's old enough to play himself," Larry told me.

* * *

Handsome enough to be a movie star is Prince Mahmoud Pahlavi, brother of the Shah of Persia. He gave many of our stars a flutter at Joan Crawford's party when he came in with the Jack Warners.

The amusing thing is that this darkly-handsome young man has been living in town for some time, studying at the University of California at Los Angeles.

I must say he is a serious-minded young man with seemingly little interest in the flutter-brains. I noticed him at a party the very next night, in a corner, talking seriously to Irene Dunne. He speaks perfect English and his manners are of the Old World.

Joan's party might have been taken from the pages of one of the "Arabian Nights." A balmy night, unusually warm for California made it possible for Joan to seat her guests in a beautifully-decorated pavilion in front of the garden and the swimming pool.

Joan's two oldest children, Christina and Christopher, were allowed to stay up long enough to greet her friends—and the youngsters were so sweet and formal.

La Crawford's favorite boy friend at this writing (goodness knows who it will be when this reaches print) is William O'Connor, handsome lawyer. That gal seems to go for lawyers—but the other lawyer in her life, Greg Bautzer, is now showering attentions on Ginger Rogers.

So, I was a bit surprised to see Jackie Briggs, Ginger's ex-husband, among Joan's guests in the stag line. In spite of all the gossip that Jackie is in love with Ann Miller he was alone. I don't believe he has fallen for anyone. He is obviously torching for Ginger.

Speaking of stags—leave it to Joan to round up sixteen extra men! And most hostesses wail that they can't get a spare dancing-partner!

But looky who Joan corraled for extra dancing-partners—Mel Ferrer, John Hodiak (Anne Baxter was out of town and so was Mrs. Ferrer), Cesar Romero, Mel Dinelli, Clifton Webb and John Steinbeck!

* * *

Got a funny card from Greer Garson in Scotland. She and Buddy Fogelson were honeymooning in Scotland at the time and Greer wrote:

"Dear Louella: The tartan blood of the MacGregors is pulsing ardently through me veins as we visit the haunts of me ancestor (no kidding), Rob Roy. Buddy insists on regarding him as a sort of kilted Billy the Kid! But I notice he is wearing a tartan tie himself today. Loads of bonny wishes from—

the MacFogels."

* * *

I had the chance to see what a charming escort Farley Granger is when he brought Patricia Neal to my home to a cocktail party. This time I was entertaining two charming teen-agers from the East and their parents and I asked the girls whom they would particularly like to meet among the younger players.

"Farley Granger," both answered promptly. Later they told me he was everything they had expected—and more.

Farley certainly has delightful "date" manners. I noticed he seated the pretty blonde Pat at a cocktail table and then went to the buffet and made up a plate of *hors d'oeuvres* for her, himself. He never left her side and made sure that she met everyone—at least all the people he knew.

When I invited Shirley Temple to the same party, she said, "Gee, willigans! I don't know where we will get a baby sitter—we lost the good girl we had. But John and I will get there by some hook or crook!"

And they did—Shirley looking very chic and sophisticated in a black cocktail suit and cocktail hat and veil.

WE'VE GOT BERLE! BERLE'S ON THE SCREEN!

THE NATION'S NO.1 FUNNY-MAN!

BERLE'S HERE! HE'LL BERLE YOU OVER!

WARNER BROS.
FILL THE SCREEN
WITH ALL THE ROARS
AND GUFFAWS
HE'S FAMOUS FOR!

MILTON BERLE

GETS VERY
FUNNY WITH

VIRGINIA MAYO



"ALWAYS LEAVE THEM LAUGHING"

Oh what a story!

EVERYONE FALLS FOR HIS GAGS—HE FALLS FOR EVERYONE'S GAL!



Stop laughing -and listen!
8 NEW HIT SONGS TOO!



WITH
RUTH ROMAN · BERT LAHR

DIRECTED BY **ROY DEL RUTH** PRODUCED BY **JERRY WALD**

SCREEN PLAY BY MELVILLE SHAVELSON AND JACK ROSE
FROM A STORY BY MAX SHULMAN AND RICHARD MEALAND
MUSICAL DIRECTION BY RAY HEINDORF

Enjoy the FREEDOM of Gossar-DEB



The Gossar-DEB pantie will give *your* figure plenty of freedom.

Take it in your hands . . . *feel* how light, how soft, how pliable it is. Just 3 ounces of supple, soothing tissuenet! Now, slip it on . . . instantly you'll feel its caressing action . . . its smooth, subtle control—molding your figure without boning.

Gossar-DEB gives you all the *extra features* of Gossard quality. Ask for "730". Detachable garters, dainty ruffle edge, white.

At all good stores and shops

Gossar-DEB Girdles, Panties, $3.50 to $10.00. Brassieres, $1.25 to $3.50.

Gossard—the most complete line for all ages and figure types.

the Gossard *line of beauty*

The H. W. GOSSARD CO., 111 N. Canal St., Chicago 6

My young guests of honor were also mightily impressed with Louis Jourdan and his beautiful wife. Her Paris clothes were much admired. This same party was also the first cocktail appearance of Stewart Granger, the British Jimmy Stewart.

Stewart must have quite a sense of humor because I spotted him in a corner telling stories to Bob Hope and Danny Kaye and he had these two top comedians in stitches. Takes a bit of doing, you must admit.

* * *

Princess Margaret Rose is coming to Hollywood next year and she has obtained the King's permission to be the house guest of the Douglas Fairbanks.

Douglas was recently knighted, as you know, and even before that, he has been host to British royalty in Hollywood. He entertained the Earl of Mountbatten when he was here two years ago.

But, me oh my!—what a hassle will go on behind the scenes to get on the coveted invitation list to meet the merry, madcap Princess. There will be plenty of heartaches.

* * *

I stopped by to pick up Ronald Reagan to take him to a party at the beach. Ronnie has been living in Jane Wyman's lovely house in Holmby Hills ever since his accident. (Janie has been in England, of course). The children came to the door and called to me. "Take good care of Daddy."

I hadn't realized how serious was Ronnie's injury until I saw him on his steel braces and how hard it was for him to get into the car without bending his leg. He is encased in a steel brace from his hip to his ankle—and if he should accidentally make the least bend at the knee, the whole terrible thing might have to be reset.

Believe me, this has been an ordeal for Ronnie—but he is such a lamb, he never complains.

I wish to heaven I could think that he and Janie might get back together again. "But that isn't possible. It really isn't, Louella," he told me.

1949 was a year of much unhappiness in Ronnie's life. First, Jane filed for divorce and then he had his leg-bone shattered in a charity baseball game. But, I've got my fingers

FREE SUBSCRIPTIONS!

We don't know how you feel about it, but we're in the mood for Christmas presents. And we'd like to give them to you, too. So, to the first 500 people who fill out and return the questionnaire below, will go a free three-month subscription. All you have to do is tell us which stories you liked best in this issue and which ones you liked the least. If you have any favorite stars, tell us about that, too. We'll try and have stories on them in the near future. Remember—to the first 500, we'll be sending the January, February and March issues—absolutely free!!

QUESTIONNAIRE

Which stories did you enjoy the most in our December issue? WRITE THE NUMBERS 1, 2 and 3 AT THE RIGHT of your 1st, 2nd, and 3rd choices.

So Proudly She Hails (Gregory Peck) ☐
Rage In Heaven (Wanda Hendrix-Audie Murphy) ☐
Trouble Ahead For Mitchum? ☐
Stars On a Spree (Bergman, Fontaine, Cotten) by Hedda Hopper ☐
Two Loves Have We (Roy Rogers-Dale Evans) ☐
I Live on the Rim of Heaven (Jeanne Crain) ☐
This Love of Ours (Dana Andrews) ☐
I Won't Go Steady (Janet Leigh) ☐
My Sneak Party (Diana Lynn, John Lund, Marie Wilson) ☐
Gary Cooper's Mountain Hideaway ☐
Annie, Get Your Guy (Ann Sheridan) ☐
He's Not My Baby Anymore (Farley Granger) ☐
She Wants To Do Homework (Jane Powell) ☐
My Plans for Gable ☐
Too Young to Die (Frank Sinatra-Bing Crosby-Bob Hope) ☐
Hey, Look! We're Dancin'! (Alan Ladd, Mona Freeman) ☐
My Prayer Was Answered (Doris Day) ☐
Picture of the Month (Battleground) ☐
Louella Parsons' Good News ☐

Which of the above did you like LEAST?.....

What 3 MALE stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them, 1, 2, 3, in order of preference.....

What 3 FEMALE stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them, 1, 2, 3, in order of preference.....

What MALE star do you like least?.....

What FEMALE star do you like least?.....

My name is.....

My address is.....

City..... Zone..... State..... I am ..... years old

.....

.....

ADDRESS THIS TO: POLL DEPT., MODERN SCREEN
BOX 125, MURRAY HILL STATION, NEW YORK 16, N. Y.



Monty Clift pauses for a smoke between scenes at Templehof Airdrome in Berlin, while making *Two Corridors East*. It's about the airlift.

crossed for him that things will be brighter in 1950—and somehow I have a feeling that they will.

I told him and he laughed, "They couldn't get much worse."

* * *

I never saw Esther Williams, our brand-new mother, look as pretty as she did at the Charlie Feldman-Jerry Wald party at the Chanteclair. Feldman and Wald had taken over the Sunset Strip café to introduce the famous playwright, Tennessee Williams, and to announce officially that Gertrude Lawrence plays the mother role in their production of the *Glass Menagerie*.

But getting back to Esther—she was in a simple white dress trimmed with pearls and it was most becoming.

"You just have to see our baby," Esther said. "Everyone says he is the most beautiful child they've ever seen."

I thought Ben Gage, her husband, would catch the humor of that remark, but he just nodded in assent. "That's right," he said seriously, "he's a very unusual baby."

"We are going to make a swimmer of him," said Esther. "Already he has two dozen bathing suits—some sent by fans and others made up specially by the best-known bathing suit manufacturers.

"But I can tell you he is not going to be an only child and be spoiled. We want to have four children. I plan to make one more picture and then have another baby."

So, I suppose there will be stork rumors about Esther before long!

* * *

Roddy McDowall's mother had hoped to keep plans for his 21st birthday party a surprise. But the guests, invited to the Dells café, added up to too big a list—and the surprise went a-glimmering. But Mrs. McDowall says she is glad because, "My boy was so sweet about the people with whom he wanted to share that most important birthday—people I would have forgotten."

For instance, Roddy wanted to have three of his public-school teachers and the first publicity man ever to get Roddy's name in print. And he wanted the "still" photographer who made up his first batch of pictures.

Ann Blyth was Ronnie's girl at the party and I would like to say that these two wonderful, good-looking young people are really becoming serious about each other. There aren't two nicer kids in our town. True, they

"Soaping" dulls hair— Halo glorifies it!



✓ *Not a soap, not a cream—cannot leave dulling film!*

✓ *Quickly, effectively removes dandruff from both hair and scalp!*

✓ *Gives fragrant, soft-water lather even in hardest water!*

✓ *Leaves hair lustrously soft, easy to manage—with colorful natural highlights!*

Yes, "soaping" your hair with even finest liquid or cream shampoos hides its natural lustre with dulling soap film

✓ Halo—not a soap, not a cream—contains no sticky oils, *nothing* to hide your hair's natural lustre with dulling film. Made with a new patented ingredient, Halo brings out glossy, shimmering highlights the very first time you use it! Its delightfully fragrant lather rinses away quickly, completely in any kind of water—needs no lemon or vinegar rinse. For hair that's naturally colorful, lustrously soft, easy to manage—use *Halo* Shampoo! At any drug or cosmetic counter.



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Does your nail polish CHIP? PEEL? FLAKE OFF?

New miracle-wear ingredient discovered!

THOUSANDS OF WOMEN who've put up with polish which chips soon after manicuring are making a thrilling discovery . . .

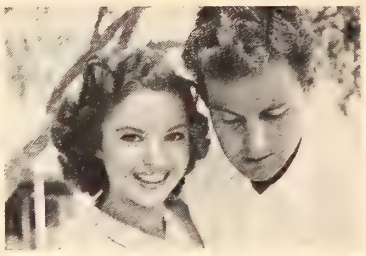
It's the *new* Cutex polish . . . the new *miracle-wear* polish! Now it contains Enamelon, a Cutex-exclusive ingredient designed to give incredible wear!

Cutex with Enamelon stays lovely day after day after day! Resists chipping, flaking, peeling as no polish ever did before!

Today, try this new, *miracle-wear* Cutex! So pure . . . even women with skins so sensitive they cannot use other polishes state that they can use new Cutex with perfect safety!

Many fashion-styled colors. Get new Cutex today...at your favorite cosmetic counter.

If you don't find that New Cutex wears longer than you ever dreamed possible, send the bottle to Northam Warren, Box 1355, Stamford, Conn., and your money will be refunded.



SHIRLEY TEMPLE'S SHATTERED LOVE

WHEN Shirley Temple announced on October 13 that she and John Agar had separated and that she was filing suit for divorce, charging "mental cruelty," it came as no surprise to Hollywood insiders. For weeks there had been reports of a domestic rift.

A week after her fourth wedding anniversary, Shirley went to Palm Springs with baby Linda Susan to be with her parents and "to decide what to do about the future." A week later she announced the divorce plans. "There's no use going on this way," she said. "For two and a half years we have been trying to make this marriage work. We have both tried hard—we really have. . . . If, as I'm told, millions of people are disturbed about this divorce, they're not as disturbed as I am. . . . I start to cry every time I think about raising the baby without her father. Susie's just crazy about Jack." Shirley will ask for custody of the child.

John stated that he still loved Shirley—"the only girl in my heart since we first met"—but would not contest the divorce suit.

Though Shirley denied that "career trouble" was the cause of this tragic break-up, most observers believe it was a large factor. Friends say that John, now well launched on his own screen career, was bitter over being still in the position of "Mr. Temple." It is also said that there were times when he and Shirley quarreled over his drinking. And there was gossip, heatedly denied by the Agars and crooner Johnnie Johnston, that Johnston and Shirley were romantically interested in each other. Several months ago, when Johnston and his wife, Kathryn Grayson, had a quarrel, Johnston stayed with the Agars for three days, occupying the chauffeur's quarters. But, said Shirley, her husband was present the entire time that Johnston was with them. Johnston blamed his friend Joe Kirkwood, Jr.—who recently married Cathy Downs—for spreading gossip about the situation. Kirkwood, for his part, defended himself by saying, "I was just trying to be a good fellow and straighten things out for certain people."—*Jack Wade*

For complete details, read "Why Shirley's Marriage Failed" in the January Modern Screen.

are young to be thinking about marriage but if they ever decide to take the step, I think they would be very happy. They have the same religious faith, and the same high standard of conduct.

Among the movie star guests were Elizabeth Taylor with Arthur Loew, Jr.—and they seemed very interested in each other. (It was Lizzie's first social appearance since she and Bill Pawley broke their engagement. Liz seemed very poised and unruffled and if she was upset, she certainly did not show it.)

Maureen O'Hara was there with Will Price and little Janie Powell was with her fiancé, Geary Steffen. All in all, Roddy got off to a rousing 22d year of life!

* * *

What goes with Robert Stack and Irene Wrightsman McAvoy? Are they going to marry? Or aren't they?

Here is the way I figure out this romance that has equally puzzled the "soxers" who adore Bob and the gossip-writers. I believe this is a case of "can't get along without each other."

Several times they have made an attempt to break up because they do not think marriage is right for them. But each time they make up and certainly no one else comes along to take the place of Bob with Irene or Irene with Bob.

I personally believe they are far more in love than they realize. "Puppy," as Irene is called by Bob and their pals, is almost as good an athlete as Bob—and that's saying something. As a team, they have won skeet-shooting national contests, amateur tennis tournaments, ditto golf. And Puppy shoots and hunts and swims like a champ.

Their social backgrounds are similar. Puppy comes from the enormously wealthy Wrightsman family; Bob comes from one of the oldest California families—and he, too, has a fortune.

Puppy was once married to playboy Freddie McAvoy and is the mother of a little girl who lives with her father in France. Bob has never married.

They are sensationally attractive and attracted to each other. But I guess we will just have to wait to see what happens with these long-term romancers.

* * *

In this month's Mail Box:

John Derek leads the list with more queries and comments than any other actor! It isn't all praise for young Derek—but he has certainly stirred up interest.

Elizabeth Taylor hits her third month straight as the most talked-about girl in my mail. Well, I've had plenty to say about Lizzie in this issue.

Thanks for your letters and tips. Keep them rolling.

See you next month.



Produced by ROBERT FELLOWS · Directed by LEWIS ALLEN · Screenplay by Warren Duff · Based on a Story by Tiffany Thayer

SO PROUDLY SHE HAILS

Greta Peck knows all about it now— the terror of having your freedom endangered, and the blessings of being an American

BY LOUIS POLLOCK

At a time when millions of U. S. citizens have recently cast their votes in free elections, the following heartwarming and inspiring story is of unusual appropriateness. By showing what the achievement of American citizenship has meant to one woman—Mrs. Gregory Peck—it may serve as a reminder of just how precious are those hard-won rights and privileges which we, as Americans, so often tend to take for granted.—THE EDITORS.

■ Back in 1941, a small attractive blonde named Greta Rice was among the applicants interviewed in New York for the job of hairdresser to Katharine Cornell on a road tour of *The Doctor's Dilemma*. Miss Cornell liked the friendly, cheerful Finnish-American girl at once—and she was hired.

Before the company left New York, Greta caught sight once of a lean young actor at a rehearsal—and wondered a bit about him. . . . It was only when the play opened in Philadelphia and she read the actor list on the bulletin board backstage that she learned his name was Gregory Peck.

A nodding acquaintance began then, but not until they played St. Louis did any real conversation pass between them. It was a very interesting, if brief, one.

"Would you go to lunch with me?" asked Gregory one day, after a morning rehearsal.

"I'd love to," said Greta.

After lunch Gregory said, "What would you like to do now?".

Greta remembered a talk she had had with her (*Continued on page 83*)



The Gregory Pecks. They ran into trouble outside the U. S. before she was a citizen.



In so many married women's lives there's . . .

The Reckless Moment

with **GERALDINE BROOKS**

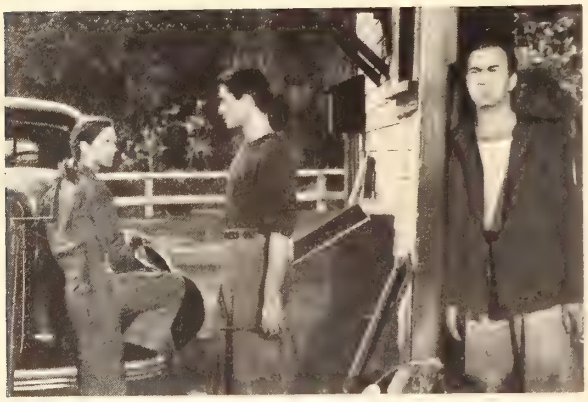
Screen Play by Henry Garson and Robert W. Soderberg • Based upon a Ladies' Home Journal story by Elisabeth Sanxay Holding

Directed by MAX OPULS • Produced by WALTER WANGER

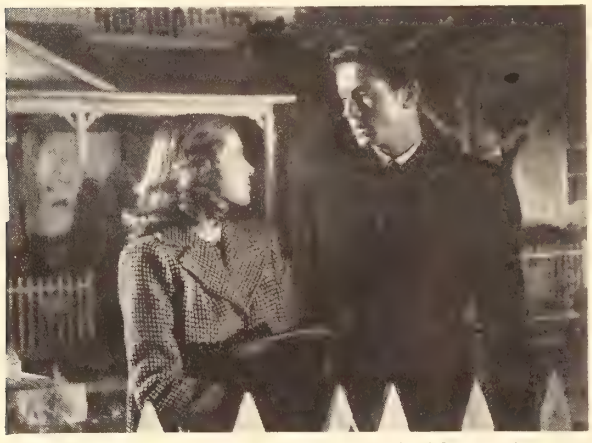
MOVIE REVIEWS

by Christopher Kane





Farley Granger, one of the jail-breaking trio in *They Live By Night,* discovers Cathy O'Donnell at their hideout.



After robbing a bank for funds to fight the life term he was unjustly serving, Farley, pledging a new life, weds Cathy.



Trapped by circumstances and hunted by the police, he realizes there's no escape—and bids her a poignant farewell.

THEY LIVE BY NIGHT

Cast: Cathy O'Donnell, Farley Granger, Howard Da Silva, Jay C. Flippen.
RKO

Great is a word reserved chiefly for outsize movies. Big productions. The ones like *Joan of Arc,* with a thousand extras, the ones like *Hamlet* and *Henry the Fifth,* by William Shakespeare. But when Shakespeare's good, it's nothing you couldn't have expected of him. For me, it's the occasional picture that takes you unawares, the unballyhooed treasure you stumble over in the dark, that really puts the thrill into movie-going. *They Live By Night* is an example. It's the story of a boy and a girl who never had a chance, but whose love was a very remarkable thing, for all that. The boy, Bowie (Farley Granger), serving a life term in prison for an accidental killing, breaks jail with two older men, Chicamaw (Howard Da Silva) and T-Dub (Jay C. Flippen). The trio's planning a series of bank robberies (the boy wants his share of the money so he can get himself a lawyer and clear up the old murder case). They hole up at a gas station run by Chicamaw's drunken brother, and the brother's daughter, a thin, neglected little girl called Keechie (Cathy O'Donnell). Neither Bowie nor Keechie has ever had any human affection; they're shy, lonely kids, strange with each other, yet clinging together. Keechie is frightened for Bowie. She knows he's playing with killers. He promises her everything will be all right. The first robbery's successful, Chicamaw, T-Dub and Bowie divide the money and split up, to lie low for a while. Keechie and Bowie go away together, get married in a sordid open-all-night kind of wedding parlor, have a honeymoon at a tourist cabin. Bowie plans to get a lawyer, go straight, make a new life for himself and Keechie, but he knows too much about his two old partners, and they need him; he can't escape. Keechie's going to have a baby; Bowie goes to the man who'd married them, a man who'll do anything for money. "Fix it for us to get to Mexico," Bowie begs. The man can't help him. "Then there's no place we can go?" Bowie says. "No place for her and me?" And that's the answer. Bowie is betrayed to the police, and killed, finally, but you know he's lost, long before that. . . . The calibre of the acting in *They Live By Night* is enough to make your breath catch in your throat. Farley Granger and Cathy O'Donnell as the lovers who have to crowd their whole pitiful lives into a couple of enchanted weeks; Da Silva and Flippen as the two seasoned crooks—they're incredibly good, and so is everybody else, too. This is a picture so honest and real and unphony it's hard to find words that are simple and honest enough to describe it. Those big Technicolored adjectives—terrific, gigantic, stupendous—they just won't do.

THE DOCTOR AND THE GIRL

Cast: Glenn Ford, Charles Coburn, Gloria De Haven, Janet Leigh.
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

The credits for *The Doctor and the Girl* state that the screen play was "based on a literary work." The literary work may have been a novel or a short story, but I'm betting on a soap opera until I learn different. In fact, I'm betting on five or six soap operas. Call one "Young Doctor Corday." That's Glenn Ford. Papa Corday (Charles Coburn) is a famous doctor. Rich, respected, etc. Glenn's following in his footsteps (believes in a clinical approach to patients; no human feelings toward them). Glenn's clinical toward a girl (Janet Leigh) who's dying of tuberculosis, until she makes him feel like a dog, and then he marries her. This necessitates his cutting himself off from his old man (or vice versa), going to share Janet's slum life, and building up a practice among the under-privileged. Next chapter: "Fabienne Faces Life." Fabienne's Gloria De Haven, another of Coburn's children. She's tired of papa's running her life, wants an apartment for herself. She finds one in Greenwich Village, complete with skylight, and there she paints (and sings and dances the nights away, most likely). She comes to the family home for dinner once a week (so she can pick up her allowance, I presume) and whenever Papa asks what she's been doing with herself, she gives him a piece of her lip, as the saying goes. He continues to support her, despite her haughty airs, and she finally jogs off on a cruise with a married man, only to return home pregnant. Afraid to tell anybody, she attemps a self-inflicted abortion, and dies in agony. Chapter Three: "Backstage Daughter." Coburn has still another child, a jellyfish named Mariette (Nancy Davis). She's the one who keeps his home running smoothly, marries the man he tells her to marry, and is always right there behind the scenes with a glass of milk and a kiss for the old duffer. Now, I'm not knocking milk, but with the kind of troubles that man has, he could have used something stronger under his belt. *The Doctor and the Girl* has a few nice moments, and these are largely due to the taste and skill of Glenn Ford and Janet Leigh, whose love story is far superior to the rest of the picture. (There's a diphtheria operation somewhere in there too, if you like that sort of thing.)

I MARRIED A COMMUNIST

Cast: Laraine Day, Robert Ryan, John Agar, Thomas Gomez, Janis Carter.
RKO

According to RKO, the Communists are running around San Francisco like a bunch of Al Capone's boys. Bang bang bang, and another loyal American chews the pavement. Since the party hasn't even taken a shot at Whittaker Chambers yet, RKO's case is undoubtedly somewhat overstated, but they believe in being prepared. Still, if the Communists are as incautious and generally goofy as the comrades in this picture, the country has nothing to worry about. Hero Robert Ryan was a Communist for a while, back in the Depression. He saw the light, rose from stevedore to vice-president of a shipping company, married Laraine Day. He now gets



Which Twin has the Toni? (See answer below)

new SPIN curler **cuts winding time in half—makes it double-easy!**

New exclusive Toni SPIN Curler grips . . . spins . . . locks with a flick of the finger. *No rubber bands!* All plastic, patented! Nothing to tangle up in your hair! *Tiny teeth firmly grip* hair-tips so even the shortest ends become easy to manage! *Easy-spin action*—built right in—rolls each curl up in one quick motion! *Snaps shut!* Assures a better, longer-lasting curl. Winds more hair on each curler. Makes winding twice as easy—twice as fast! Now it's easier than ever before for any woman to wind perfect curls.

gentle TONI lotion **gives you the most natural-looking wave ever!**

It's the same gentle creme lotion that has given more than 67 million lovely permanents. So gentle—so fast. No other home permanent waves hair faster yet leaves it so soft and lustrous, so easy to set and style. Try this exciting Toni with new SPIN Curlers and see how quickly . . . how easily . . . you give yourself the most natural-looking wave you've ever had!

SPECIAL COMBINATION OFFER



Toni Refill Kit. Guaranteed to give the most natural-looking wave ever—or money back! **$1.00**

Complete Set of new Toni SPIN Curlers. No more rubber bands! Makes every wave from now on twice as easy! Reg. Value. **$2.00**

Included in this offer—Toni Creme Rinse to give your Toni wave romantic softness!

$3.00 VALUE

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"Now we're both Toni Twins," says lovely Lila Wigren at the left. "When I saw how easy it was for Ella to give herself a Toni with the new SPIN Curlers I decided on a Toni Home Permanent, too!"

RIGHT? WRONG?



Unmarried girls can use tampons

RIGHT! Any normal woman can use tampons as soon as she is fully grown. And why not? Meds, the Modess tampons, were designed by a doctor, and are worn by thousands of nurses who are in a position to know.

No swimming on "those days."

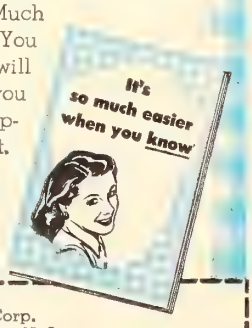
WRONG! It's safe to swim, shower, bathe any day of the month if you wear Meds. Meds are worn internally . . . no need for pads, pins, belts.

Tampons are so comfortable you'll forget you are wearing them.

RIGHT! Meds put an end to chafing, odor . . . to bulging, uncomfortable external protection.

There's a book that tells more.

RIGHT! Send for your free copy of "It's so Much Easier When You Know." It will be mailed to you in a plain wrapper. Read it. Then . . .



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Please send me a FREE copy of your new Meds booklet, "It's So Much Easier When You Know." (U.S.A. only)

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I Married A Communist: John Agar swallows alluring Janis Carter's Marxist sweet-talk. Robert Ryan and Laraine Day are also involved.



Oh, You Beautiful Doll: June Haver fancies song-plugger Mark Stevens, who's helped to make hit songs from her father's serious music.

along fine with the laboring classes, and appears to be in clover. But the party never forgets. It sends Christine Norman (Janis Carter), Ryan's old flame, to tell Ryan he can still be useful. "Don't come to terms with the union," the party orders. "We want San Francisco shipping tied up for a couple of months." Ryan says nuts. The Communists obligingly bump off a traitor before his very eyes. See? "I'm going to the police," Ryan says, "and make a clean confession of my past." The party reminds him that his past includes murdering a shop steward during a strike some years back, and the electric chair looms in front of him. He's licked. He'll foment the strike. Now Christine goes to work on Laraine's young brother (John Agar). Soon brother's standing up and spouting Communist philosophy. The party kills him, spout or no spout (he finds Christine made a fool of him) and then the party kills Christine because she appears to be going soft (she really loved Agar). And then the party kills Ryan (but first he kills the party, or at least Thomas Gomez and William Bailey, the party representatives in San Francisco). You should see the three of them all dying on the warehouse floor! Before he expires, Ryan leaves Laraine in the loving protection of labor leader Richard Rober, who's always wanted her. "You were meant for each other," Ryan says, or some such thing. And the shipping strike in San Francisco is over. Amen.

FATHER WAS A FULLBACK

Cast: Fred MacMurray, Maureen O'Hara, Betty Lynn, Natalie Wood.
20th Century-Fox

There was never a man so plagued as Fred MacMurray. He's the coach of a college football team which can't win a game. They're willing; they're just not able. He's the father of two daughters, Betty Lynn and Natalie Wood, and one of them (Betty) has a fixation about her own ugliness. Thinks she's poison to the boys. Asks for dinner on a tray in her room, because she wants to be alone with her great sorrow. Even the maid (Thelma Ritter) bets against Fred's football team, and the only comfort in his life is his wife, Maureen O'Hara. Rudy Vallee, the head of the alumni association, keeps making threatening noises about Fred's job, the U. S. government sends pamphlets to Fred's house about the care and feeding of babies (this leads Fred and Maureen to think Betty's an unmarried mother) and to complete Fred's misery, he gets hold of a confessions magazine in which there appears a story by-lined by Betty. (Since she can't get a man, she's decided to be a career woman.) "I Was a Child Bubble Dancer," the article is called. Besides being a child bubble dancer, Betty has other talents. She saves her father's job, anyway, and in a most unusual fashion. This picture's good-natured fun.

OH, YOU BEAUTIFUL DOLL

Cast: June Haver, Mark Stevens, S. Z. Sakall, Charlotte Greenwood.
20th Century-Fox

Fade in to a self-conscious beginning. Bartender J. C. Flippen is looking nostalgically through his pictures of old-time song writers. "So-and-so and so-and-so and so-and-so," he says. "And then there was Fred Fisher. Ah, yes, a guy named Breitenbach wrote all his music." "Whaaat?" cries a nearby blonde. "Shut up," snarls an earnest reporter to the blonde. "I wanta hear this." You wanta hear it too? Okay. Seems this Breitenbach (S. Z. Sakall) is a great composer. Opera. Long hair. His wife takes in sewing. His daughter (June Haver) studies violin and piano. And they're starving to death. (The family, not the violin and piano.) Breitenbach meets a song-plugger named Larry Kelly (Mark Stevens) who explains the facts of life. Take the good melodies out of your fusty old opera, jazz up the rhythms, collect royalties. The melodies he takes from Breitenbach's opera are transformed into songs called "Peg O' My Heart," "Come, Josephine, in My Flying Machine," "I Want You To Want Me," etc., and published under the made-up name of Fred Fisher. (Breitenbach-Fisher didn't write "Oh, You Beautiful Doll," the title tune. Some other great composer must have beat him to it.) Well, soon Fisher-Breitenbach is rich, but unhappy. He wants to be known as a serious artist. Daughter Junie is unhappy too. She loves song-plugger Kelly, who appears to love singer Gale Robbins. Kelly doesn't really love Robbins, though. He's just waiting for Haver to grow up so he can marry her. Breitenbach-Fisher finally runs away from home to escape from popular music, but famous conductor Eduard Franz helps the family get him back. Franz announces all



Chicago Deadline: Alan Ladd finds himself up to his self-reliant neck in murders as he tries to find out about a dead woman's life.

over town that he's conducting a program of Bach, Beethoven and Breitenbach at Aeolian Hall. This flushes the fugitive out, only it's a dirty trick. The conductor doesn't play Breitenbach's opera score at all; instead he leads an orchestra and chorus in a bunch of Fisher's popular songs. Instead of driving Fisher-Breitenbach to suicide, this puts him on top of the world. Geniuses are unpredictable, and especially in Technicolor.

CHICAGO DEADLINE

Cast: Alan Ladd, Donna Reed, June Havoc, Irene Hervey, Arthur Kennedy.
Paramount

Reporter Alan Ladd finds a girl dead of tuberculosis in a cheap hotel room, and her once-lovely young face stirs his pity. He filches her address book before the police arrive, and goes off to get himself a human-interest story. He gets more than he bargains for. There are 54 names in the address book, but no two of the people Ladd contacts seem to agree about the dead girl. As Ladd's investigation progresses, so does his curiosity. There's the girl's brother (Arthur Kennedy) who loved her, and who tells of her early marriage, and its failure. There's a blonde (June Havoc) who was once the dead girl's roommate, and who saw her through an ill-fated love affair with a handsome gambler. There's the big-shot head of the Iroquois Trust Company, who threatens to sue if his name is connected in any way with that of the dead girl's. "She was a cheap, grasping little thing who tried to blackmail me," he says. There's a man named Spingler who owns a bar and who offers to pay for the girl's funeral—"If you keep it quiet." So many clues to what must have been her story, yet the big chunks are still missing, and suddenly Ladd finds himself in the midst of a rash of murders, all involving people connected with the dead girl, and this story becomes more important to him than eating or sleeping or remembering to be cautious when his life is threatened. *Chicago Deadline* is quite a fascinating picture, but unbelievably complicated.

For the skin that doesn't like **heavy** foundation

New loveliness for the skin that doesn't like a "made-up" look. Here is a lighter, *greaseless* foundation cream, that takes powder *beautifully*—without coating your face!



A sheerer powder base—more natural!
No "smothered" feeling—it's greaseless!

Make-up looks more natural, lasts hours *longer* with this *greaseless* base! Before powder, just smooth on a thin, protective film of Pond's Vanishing Cream. Snowy-white in the jar, translucent on your skin, it suits every complexion. Can't streak or discolor. Leaves no oily shine, no "stifled" feeling. Pond's Vanishing Cream gives a smooth finish that *holds* make-up.



"Before make-up" facial—
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Whenever it's important to look especially attractive—"re-style" your complexion with Pond's Vanishing Cream smoothed on for a 1-Minute Mask. So *quick!* Just slip Pond's Vanishing Cream lavishly over whole face, except eyes. After one minute, tissue off clean. "Keratolytic" action of the cream loosens and *dissolves off* stubborn dirt and dead skin particles. Your skin looks clearer, silkier right away! Make-up stays fresh all evening!



Mrs. John A. Roosevelt ..."I like my make-up to look very soft...very casual...but perfect," says charming Mrs. Roosevelt. **"After a Pond's 1-Minute Mask I can count on make-up going on *perfectly*."**

(*Advertisement*)

Have You Heard?



JOAN LANSING

WHAT'S COOKING? This time I don't pose this culinary question carelessly, because the slightly staggering sum of $153,985 is being whipped into this beautiful batch of batter. Our philosopher friend GALEN DRAKE is awarding this luscious loot to lucky housewives skilled and (if you're like me) unskilled with the skillet. It's all part of Pillsbury's "Grand National Recipe and Baking Contest" with 109 cash prizes. There's certainly nothing skimpy about the Pillsbury measure being dished out in this super contest. First prize can reach $50,000 (what a windfall!!!) and 100 other winners will demonstrate their kitchen concoctions at New York's Waldorf Astoria Hotel during a 2-day, all-expense trip. Rig up those recipes you're always complimented upon (it can be for pies, cakes, breads, cookies, entrees or desserts) and maybe get in on this frankly fabulous fiesta. There's gold in that dough, ma'am! GALEN DRAKE, the mellifluous man who makes 4:00 PM (EST) on your local ABC station such good listening every weekday afternoon, adds more contest "happy talk" to his usual delivery of home-fed philosophy.

***O.K., Lucy, drop the phone, time to listen to TED MALONE!* It may not be good poetry, but I want you to know-etry that the terrific Ted, sponsored by Westinghouse, makes 3:55 PM (EST) a high spot on the American Broadcasting Company day-time dial for me.**

MORE FOOD-FOR-THOUGHT-DEPT. . . . How to look lovely and live lively is the duty of a real expert, Serutan's VICTOR H. LINDLAHR. With his diet tips and food advice, Victor has beautified more women than the combined efforts of the great Ziegfeld and Earl Carroll . . . and makes it easy as ABC—which just happens to be the network bringing you Lindlahr Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 10:45 AM (EST), Sunday at 11:00 AM (EST). Anyway you spell it Serutan's VHL leads the ladies to loveliness.

**** SOCIAL NOTES: Think I'll accept ART LINKLETTER's hep and happy "House Party" invitation to join him weekdays at 12:00 noon (EST). He's such good company . . . and he's presented by Pillsbury.**

**** LATE NEWS: It runs in the family! Mother's "mad about him," my 15-year old sister, Sue, finds him "divine" and I'm faintly a-flutter myself after a session with handsome, versatile CHARLES "BUDDY" ROGERS. The "Dream Boy" is back . . . and ABC's got him as M.C. on the new program sensation "Pick A Date," 11:30 AM (EST) daily.**

Joan Lansing



Song of Surrender: Wanda Hendrix, lovely wife of puritanical Claude Rains, finds solace in music and the arms of young Macdonald Carey.



Thieves' Highway: Valentina Cortesa has been hired by a gang of trucking thieves to divert Richard Conte, who plans to avenge his father.

SONG OF SURRENDER

Cast: Wanda Hendrix, Claude Rains, Macdonald Carey, Andrea King.
Paramount

New England, in 1905, is awful puritanical. So is Claude Rains (a New England gentleman, scholar and curator of a small war museum) who is wed to a young lady (Wanda Hendrix) one-third his age. She's the daughter of a local farmer, and she admires Claude's culture. She works like a team of oxen, and Claude finds her a very obedient wife—until the day she goes to an auction and returns home with a phonograph and a collection of Caruso records. Claude contends the noise is sinful and frivolous. Furthermore, if Wanda sits mooning over that machine, who'll do the chores? Worse still, a bunch of city slickers has come to spend a while at a nearby colonial mansion Claude's family used to own. Among the city folk is Macdonald Carey, handsome young man-about-town, and fiancé of the big colonial mansion's present owner. Wanda takes to sneaking off to a cave in the hills to listen to Caruso, Carey takes to following Wanda, and whoosh! you got young love. Wanda, being a New Englander, fights valiantly for her respectability, but Claude's a suspicious fellow. He turns her away from his bed and board. ("If thine eye offend thee, pluck it out," he says sternly.) Quite a bit more happens, all moderately interesting. The acting of the major roles is excellent. Wanda Hendrix here shows promise of real dramatic fire, Macdonald Carey blends authority with intelligence, Claude Rains is as elegantly expert as ever.

THIEVES' HIGHWAY

Cast: Richard Conte, Valentina Cortesa, Lee J. Cobb, Barbara Lawrence.
20th Century-Fox

Another story from the author of *They Drive By Night* about the men who jockey the big trucks cross-country, hauling produce to the great markets. Veteran Richard Conte comes home from the service, discovers his father (Morris Carnovsky), a trucker, has lost both legs. He's sold a load of tomatoes to a crooked San Francisco marketeer named Figlia (Lee J. Cobb). Supposedly, Figlia'd paid him off, they'd had several drinks, and the old man had started home. That was all he remembered until he woke up in a ditch—with no money. Probability is that Figlia's men were responsible for the tragedy. Conte swears revenge, hooks up with another trucker, Ed (Millard Mitchell) who knows where the first crop of golden delicious apples in the state can be found. They buy a load (Conte's driving a surplus Army truck, Mitchell's got Conte's father's wreck, held together with chewing gum) and start for San Francisco. Conte arrives first, goes to see Figlia. Figlia hires a girl (Valentina Cortesa) to lure Conte up to her room, and then Figlia proceeds to steal and sell Conte's apples. Conte gets out of the girl's room in time to see what's going on, and he forces Figlia to pay him for his crop. Figlia pays, but later, his henchmen roll Conte, and that's that. Conte's been paid off in front of witnesses. If he can't hang on to his money, that's his business. He's lucky they don't release his brake and send him into a ditch, the way they did his old man. Now tragedy is piled on tragedy. Partner Ed's truck falls apart, and he burns up with it, never reaching San Francisco. Conte's fiancee (Barbara Lawrence) gives him the air when she finds he's been rolled. You know there's going to be a walloping climax, and there is. This is a thriller—the way only Fox seems to make 'em—and the acting is superb. Conte, Mitchell, Cobb, Carnovsky—none's better than the other. About the Italian star, Valentina Cortesa, in her first American role, it's harder to be sure. I thought her vamping was a trifle corny, but then it was a ludicrous part she had to play. Sort of the Mata Hari of the Fulton Fish Market. Aside from one or two over-theatrical moments, she was certainly worth watching. She has a communicable warmth (a virtue not shared by many American actresses), and you don't forget her easily.



Everybody Does It: Linda Darnell is the opera star who, with hilarious results, encourages Paul Douglas to embrace an operatic career.

EVERYBODY DOES IT

Cast: Paul Douglas, Linda Darnell, Celeste Holm, Charles Coburn.
20th Century-Fox

Here's one of the funniest movies of the year. Celeste Holm is a socialite who's always wanted an opera career. Her mother (Lucille Watson) encourages her, her father (Charles Coburn) goes and hides in the liquor closet the minute she lets out a mi-mi-mi, and her husband, Paul Douglas (a man from the other side of the tracks), is confused but gallant. He simply hires a concert hall for $3,000 for an afternoon, and then he and his business partner (Millard Mitchell) force all their friends and customers to take tickets, so that Celeste will have a good debut. Paul thinks Celeste will get the whole thing out of her system, and settle down. But the friends clap so loudly at the debut that Celeste decides to go on a concert tour. Paul's desolate. He wouldn't mind if she were a *good* singer, but she's lousy. He's told this by a real opera star (Linda Darnell) who takes a fancy to him. Linda's intentions are anything but honorable, yet he likes her. She's a straightforward sort of girl. Linda discovers, furthermore, that Paul himself has a remarkable baritone voice, and coaxes him to go on a concert tour with her. ("If you develop into a better singer than *she* is, she'll have to give up singing.") Paul tells Celeste he's off on a business trip, takes an assumed name, and departs with Linda. He does marvelously well on the concert stage, but in his absence, Celeste has come a cropper. Got the bird, from a Saturday afternoon movie crowd. ("Real high-class vaudeville," her agent had assured her. "Bill you as a 'society thrush.'") There's a bust-up between Celeste and Paul, there's Paul's ultimate appearance in opera, hilarious and horrible; the whole picture's a delight. Millard Mitchell pleased me more than anybody, though. Take the time Linda's talking to Paul over the phone. Mitchell leans back in his chair and sighs. "I made one of them blind dates once," he says. "In walked a girl who looked like an old third-baseman."



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CHASES "BLUES"



The Red Danube: Soviet dancer Janet Leigh hates Russia. Peter Lawford, British officer in Vienna, doesn't want her to be sent back.

THE RED DANUBE

Cast: Walter Pidgeon, Ethel Barrymore, Peter Lawford, Angela Lansbury, Janet Leigh, Louis Calhern.
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

The movies certainly aren't treating the Russians diplomatically anymore. Here we have MGM joining enthusiastically in the "cold war" with the Soviets. Story takes place in the British sector of Vienna, after the war. Forcible repatriation of Russian nationals is in full swing, and British cooperation has been asked. A whole lot of Russians don't want to go home. Janet Leigh is one of them. Once a prima ballerina in Russia, she's now a political refugee. British officer Walter Pidgeon turns her over to the Russian authorities; he's a soldier, and knows his duty. Other British officer Peter Lawford hates him for it; he (Peter) loves little Janet. The Mother Superior (Ethel Barrymore) of the convent where Pidgeon and Lawford are billeted discusses the godlessness of Communists at great length. Janet escapes from the Russians; by this time Pidgeon's convinced that repatriation is wicked, and he helps the Mother Superior and Lawford hide Janet out. The repatriation question is coming up before the UN in a few days; maybe the entire matter will be settled in favor of the refugees. Which is, of course, what happens, only Janet has leaped out of a window before then. There are many things wrong with this picture. Janet Leigh's accent is neither consistent enough nor good enough to warrant using it at all, and the same applies to her ballet dancing. And while the picture's indignation is justifiable (that forcible repatriation was pretty horrible), some of the cracks at Russia are as childish as the pokes the Russians take at us—and we're supposed to be more civilized than that. At one point, for instance, Ethel Barrymore says Merry Christmas to a Russian soldier, and then smiles wryly. "Oh, I forgot," she says. "You Communists don't believe in Christmas." Since the Russians, whatever else their faults, celebrate Christmas for three days running, this remark is gratuitous and absurd. Louis Calhern does a remarkable job of acting as Colonel Piniev, the Russian officer, and the picture has more stars than you could shake a sturgeon at.

also showing . . .

capsule criticism of films previously reviewed

THE ADVENTURES OF ICHABOD AND MR. TOAD (RKO)— This wonderful Walt Disney cartoon consists of two separate stories—*Ichabod*, based on "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow," and *Mr. Toad*, based on Kenneth Grahame's classic, "The Wind in the Willows." Bing Crosby narrates for *Ichabod*, Basil Rathbone for *Mr. Toad*. *Ichabod* is a good, sound job; *Mr. Toad* is a pure, sparkling masterpiece.

COME TO THE STABLE (20th-Fox)—Loretta Young and Celeste Holm as French nuns who come to New England to establish a children's hospital and, sweeping all problems before them with faith and charm, do so. Some may find this one a mite sticky, but it does have its engaging moments. With Hugh Marlowe, Elsa Lanchester and Thomas Gomez.

THE HEIRESS (Para.)—As an abashed young heiress lacking in social grace, Olivia de Havilland gets rugged treatment from fortune-hunter Montgomery Clift and her sternly disapproving father, Ralph Richardson, before she has her bitter triumph. A magnificent drama, brilliantly performed—except perhaps by Montgomery Clift, about whose comparative showing in such fast company you may have doubts. With Miriam Hopkins.

I WAS A MALE WAR BRIDE (20th-Fox)— French Army captain Cary Grant and American Wac Ann Sheridan battle each other through assorted hilarities in postwar Germany before they wed and try to get to the States together through a web of red tape. Finally, Cary impersonates a Wac, complete with a horsetail wig. It's not subtle, but who cares? You'll laugh yourself silly.

IT'S A GREAT FEELING (Warners)—Dennis Morgan and Jack Carson, playing a pair of Warners actors named Dennis Morgan and Jack Carson, in a movie concerned with their baffled efforts to make a serious movie. Doris Day, singing like a lark, is involved in the proceedings as a waitress they try to "discover." It's all bright and gay.

JOLSON SINGS AGAIN (Col.)—Further Technicolored adventures of Al Jolson, resuming from the point at which we left our hero in *The Jolson Story*. Larry Parks again plays Al, and very well, too, while Al sings all the wonderful songs offscreen. Barbara Hale is excellent as Al's wife. Great entertainment.

LOVE HAPPY (U. A.)—The Marx Brothers having their usual field day, assisted by Ilona Massey, who doesn't sing here, Marion Hutton, who does, and Vera-Ellen, who dances with vast skill. A fine and dandy show.

MADAME BOVARY (MGM)—Jennifer Jones is highly effective as the unhappy heroine of Flaubert's classic novel, restlessly seeking the impossible romance of her youthful daydreams. Van Heflin and Louis Jourdan, the main men in her life, are superb. James Mason does well as novelist Flaubert in a prologue and an epilogue. All in all, a beautiful job.

MY FRIEND IRMA (Para.)— Marie Wilson plays the nitwit character of her celebrated radio program in a very funny movie. John Lund is her beau, Diana Lynn her roommate, Don DeFore her boss. Jerry Lewis and Dean Martin, the well-known night-club and radio team, make a successful film debut in this.

ROPE OF SAND (Para.)—Rough stuff in an African diamond field, with Burt Lancaster taking a fearful beating before being declared the winner over villains Paul Henreid and Claude Rains. French newcomer Corinne Calvet, flinging her tresses and torso, supplies the female lure and Peter Lorre, looking as if he'd been slept in, operates shadily. Well, it's diverting.

ROSEANNA McCOY (Goldwyn)—Farley Granger and Joan Evans prove love to be more potent than family hatred in a strange and beautiful drama of the Hatfield-McCoy mountain-country feud. With Charles Bickford, Raymond Massey and Richard Basehart.

THE SECRET GARDEN (MGM)—A fine version, partly in Technicolor, of the famous novel. Margaret O'Brien and Brian Roper are the children who bring an overgrown garden back to flourishing activity and also manage to do much the same for its melancholy owner, Herbert Marshall, and his invalid son, Dean Stockwell.

SLATTERY'S HURRICANE (20th-Fox)—A good cast—Richard Widmark, Linda Darnell, Veronica Lake and John Russell—in a not-so-good drama, the leading feature of which is the work of Navy flyers in keeping tabs on hurricanes off Florida.

SWORD IN THE DESERT (Univ.-Int.)—An exciting and moving story, splendidly performed, of British-Jewish warfare in Palestine. With Dana Andrews, Marta Toren and Stephen McNally.

TASK FORCE (Warners)—The history of U. S. naval aviation, as told through the story of a Navy flyer (Gary Cooper). While parts of the scenario seem written by a 12-year-old boy, there are many terrific scenes of actual Pacific aerial-naval combat, in Technicolor, taken from official Navy files, that make this well worth seeing. With Walter Brennan, Wayne Morris and Jane Wyatt.

THAT MIDNIGHT KISS (MGM)—Kathryn Grayson and Mario Lanza in a comedy with a grand-opera background. The situations and lines are bright, the singing excellent—especially that of newcomer Mario Lanza, who combines a first-rate tenor with a very engaging personality. With Ethel Barrymore and José Iturbi.

TOP O' THE MORNING (Para.)—Bing Crosby and Barry Fitzgerald. Bing's an American insurance company investigator who goes to Ireland to help find the culprit who stole the Blarney Stone. Barry's an all-thumbs village constable. Ann Blyth is the girl. A delightful picture.

UNDER CAPRICORN (Warners)—Ingrid Bergman suffers through alcoholism, domestic unhappiness and social ostracism in 19th Century Australia. A lurid, absorbing drama, smoothly directed by Alfred Hitchcock. With Joseph Cotten and Michael Wilding. Technicolor.

WHITE HEAT (Warners)—James Cagney in one of the most brutal and exciting gangster films ever made. With Virginia Mayo, Edmond O'Brien and Steve Cochran.

YES SIR, THAT'S MY BABY (Univ.-Int.)—A mildish little Technicolor musical—something about the difficulties a college football team runs into when the wives of the GI students decide not to let them play. With Donald O'Connor, Gloria DeHaven and Charles Coburn.

PHOTO CREDITS

Below are page by page credits for photographs appearing in this issue.

6, 7 Bob Beerman—8 *T. Lt.*, Stork Club News Service, *T. Rt.*, M. S. Staff—11 Ted Weisbarth—12 *T. Lt.*, Stork Club, *T. Rt.*, Marty Crail, *Bot. Lt.*, Bert Parry, *Bot. Rt.*, Acme 14 Bert Parry—24 Bob Beerman—27 M.G.M. —28 Bert Parry—29 M. S. Staff—30 *Lt. and Cen.*, Wide World, *Rt.*, Keystone—31 Keystone —32, 33 Bob Beerman—34 Bert Parry—35 *T.*, Bert Parry, *Cen. and Bot.*, 20th Century-Fox—36 20th Century-Fox—37 Bob Beerman—38, 39 Bert Parry—40, 41 Bob Beerman—42-45 Bob Beerman—46 *T. Lt.*, Wide World. *T. Cen.*, M. S. Staff, *T. Rt.*, Globe, *Bot. Lt. and Bot. Cen.*, Globe, *Bot. Rt.*, M. S. Staff—47 *T. Lt.*, M. S. Staff, *Bot. Lt.*, Bob Beerman, *Rt.*, M. S. Staff—48, 49 Bob Beerman—50 Globe—51 Bob Beerman—53 M. S. Staff—56-58 Bob Beerman and Bert Parry—59 Warner Bros.

Abbreviations: Bot., Bottom; Cen., Center; Lt., Left; Rt., Right; T., Top.

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This torn picture of Audie and Wanda symbolizes their current unhappiness.

Rage in Heaven

Wanda Hendrix and Audie Murphy now face the desperate question: Must conflicts between them tear their bright dreams apart?

BY CYNTHIA MILLER

■ A little wisp of a girl, Wanda came into the room looking as crisp and cool as if she had slept on a bed of mint leaves.

Audie, on the other hand, seemed wan and melancholy as he sat on the sofa watching his young wife make an entrance. It seemed apparent that the marriage of Wanda Hendrix and Audie Murphy had changed from poetry to pose.

But Wanda, every inch the actress, didn't show it. She let a smile flit across her lips, and her green eyes sparkled brilliantly, and she played the picture of divine domestic bliss to the hilt. She had been married only 10 months but, magazine deadlines being what they are, she and Audie were posing in advance for first anniversary photographs—and Wanda was determined to show the world that her marriage to the most-decorated U. S. infantryman of World War II was a tremendous success.

However, you could look in Audie's eyes—eyes incapable of deception or (*Continued on page 93*)

new faces



JEFF CHANDLER *had been at work in Universal-International's* Sword in the Desert *for exactly one day, when studio execs signed him to a long term contract. He'd been signed for the role chiefly because of his vibrant voice (he's Michael Shayne of radio fame) but his 6' 4", 210 lb. frame was also a distinct asset. Jeff was born in Brooklyn, N. Y. on December 15, 1918 and tried out for little theater work directly after graduating from high school. Progressing slowly from bit parts to star billing, Jeff later formed his own stock company. He's married to Marjorie Hoshelle; there are two kids.*



VALENTINA CORTESA *may be a new face to Hollywood, but she's already an outstanding actress in Italy. She was born in Milan, Italy, January 1, 1925, and spent most of her childhood in a small fishing village on Lake Maggiore. During a village feast, she took part in the dramatic offering and was promptly discovered by two critics. Valentina became the toast of Italy and was re-discovered by Zanuck. She's made* Black Magic *in Rome with Orson Welles and you will see her soon in* Thieves' Highway *with Dick Conte.*



CHRISTOPHER KENT *tried out for Sweden's Royal Dramatic Theater when he was 17 but the directors thought he was a little young. So Chris (who was born Alf Kjellin) tried out for a movie contract instead. He worked at the studio three days a week and at the theater three days a week. Appearing in 26 movies in ten years, Chris first came to the attention of the American public and David Selznick, in the Swedish movie,* Torment. *He's 6 feet tall, weighs 170 lbs. and has blond hair and blue eyes. His latest is* Madame Bovary *for MGM.*



SUSAN DOUGLAS' *real name used to be Zuska Zenta, but she changed it because she felt people would think she was a character actress. She was born in Vienna in 1926 and studied ballet and singing in Prague and Switzerland. Her family fled from Nazi rule in 1939 and Susan came here, quickly learned the language and went into summer stock in Connecticut. She's done lots of radio work* (Theater Guild, Mr. District Attorney) *and made her movie debut in* The Private Affairs of Bel Ami. *You've recently seen her as Shelley in* Lost Boundaries. *Susan's got grey eyes, ash-blonde hair and is 5' 2" tall.*

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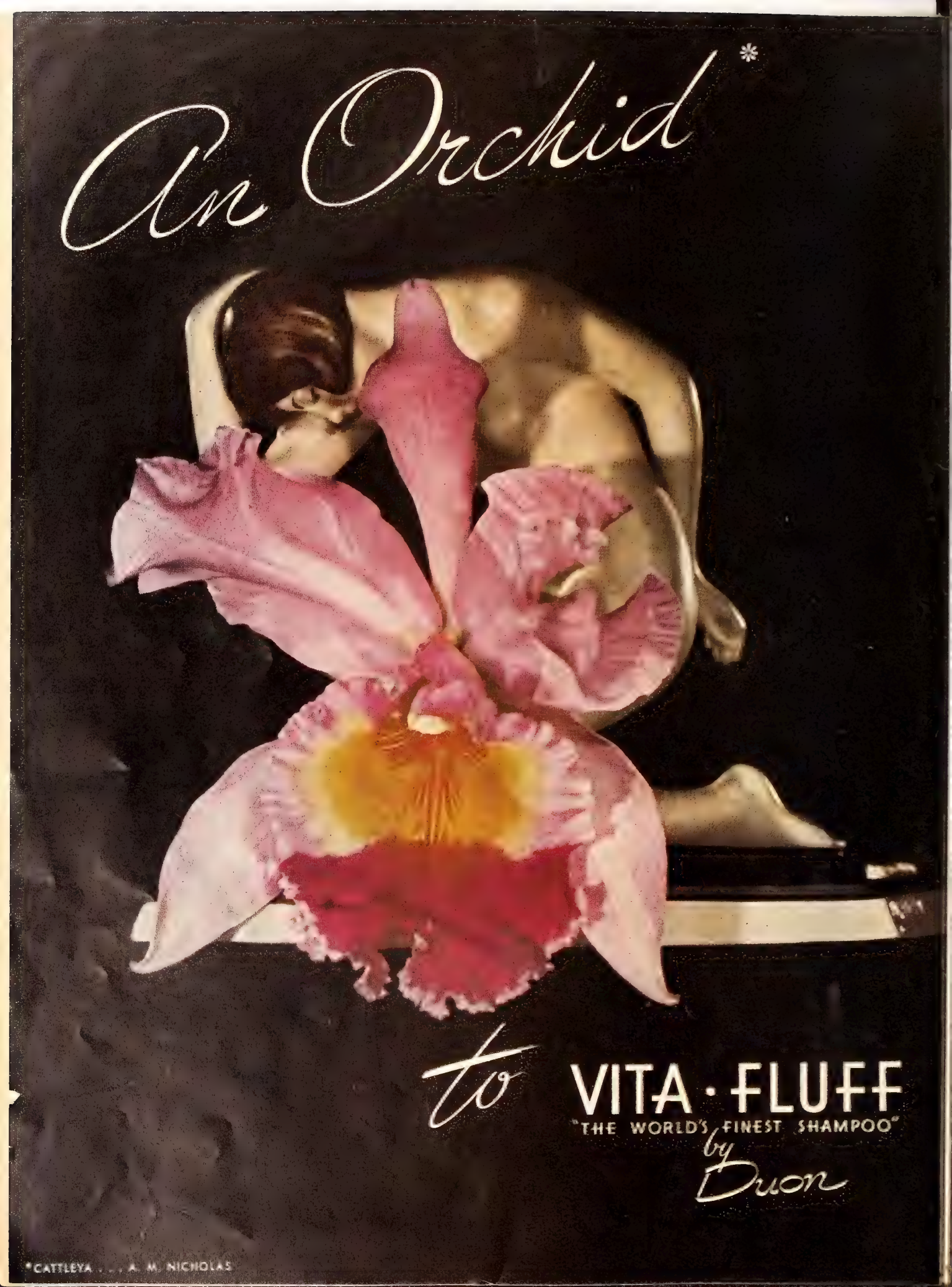


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the true beauty

an open letter to esther williams



Dear Miss Williams:

When you recently donated your time to appear at a benefit for the blind children of Hollywood, you were simply doing what so many in your profession do week in and week out. Motion picture people are among the most generous of American citizens in their support of charitable causes.

But in this case, you have gone beyond making a reasonable financial donation and promising to give a little more of your time again when you could. For as you saw those youngsters groping sadly in their fumbling attempts at play, it struck you, as a mother-to-be, with an especially tragic impact—and you decided to do something far-reaching about it.

As a result, those who care for blind children now have a new concept in training their little charges to adapt themselves to future life. Before, for lack of sight, these youngsters never knew the joy and confidence that comes with energetic, violent play. You, Miss Williams, had the imagination to realize that swimming could be a tremendous aid as therapy to help them toward normal living. So you brought as many of them as possible to your swimming pool, and taught them to splash in abandon without fear.

And as soon as you had proved its value, you began a campaign to spread the use of this new type of physical education for blind children everywhere. There are now indications that it will be adopted widely.

Thus, in addition to having accomplished the good in life of bringing wholesome entertainment to millions of people through your work in pictures, you have now been the moving force in an achievement that can mean the difference between dark despair and happy, useful living for thousands of unfortunates.

Obviously, you have physical beauty, Miss Williams. And you've proved you also have beauty of another sort—the only sort that, after all, is really important.

And that, of course, is beauty of the spirit.

William B. Hartley

EDITOR



Six-year-old Chris and eight-year-old Josh match muscles with their parents. At home, the friendly, humorous side of Mitchum shows clearly.

■ It was Christmas Eve, 1935. It would be nice to paint a picture of snow and jingle-bells and fat fellows with white beards and good-will-on-earth—but it wasn't like that at all. It was hot. Very hot. The place was the California-Arizona border, not far from Yuma, and the scene was nightfall, a rambling border patrol station with a dozen uniformed guards.

Out of the dusk, down the dusty road, three men appeared, walking toward the bright star in the distance that was the floodlight above the patrol station. One of them was tall and white-haired, a distinguished-looking gentleman, if you didn't take into account his well-worn clothes and scuffed shoes. The second was a leather-skinned man in his middle fifties in overalls and a broad-brimmed hat. He had the walk of a man following a plow. The third was a youngster, tall, lean and hard. He was wearing a cowhide jacket and levis. His name was Robert Mitchum.

This was in the days of the Depression, and the guards were there to keep the derelict wanderers of the country from overrunning California.

Each of the three men had a story and a reason for wanting to enter the state. The elder man was a banker, temporarily without a bank. The plowman was a Texan, recently ousted from his hog ranch near Fort Worth. Mitchum was a boy who wanted to see the land and meet its people.

The banker said he wanted to enter California for the climate. The Texan, to look over the pig situation. And when they asked Bob Mitchum his reason, he squinted up his eyes into cold slits.

"I live in this country," he said, "and I want to get a look at *my* Pacific Ocean."

The cops thought he was just another smart guy. At any rate, the three were turned back, and they walked a mile off into the desert and built a fire against the chill the night was to bring, and bedded down among the dunes. It was there that Christmas found them. Three men alone, unwanted while the world rejoiced, an open fire of mesquite their hearth and a spindly Yucca their tree.

As Robert Mitchum lay there and watched the Great Dipper

trouble ahead for Mitchum?

Molded by bitter experience, scornful of sham and double dealing, this strange and violent man will always go his own proud way.

BY ARTHUR L. CHARLES



Bob Mitchum did lots of dishwashing in the days when any job looked good. But don't let that apron he's got on fool you—he very definitely wears the trousers in the Mitchum household.

traverse the sky, his thoughts were violent and his anger sure. He knew that night that a man must have rage and strength and money to get his own heritage, and he vowed he'd never be without them.

Time has flavored the personality of Robert Mitchum since that night, but he is still a violent man. You don't have to look very closely at Robert Mitchum's face today to know that he still thinks much the way he did that Christmas years ago. It is evident in the contour of his features—the way they set during his formative years. There is evidence, too, in the belligerence that tinges his soft drawl, and in the quick temper which can flare in the midst of his hearty laugh.

Yet there is one thing you must understand: Robert Mitchum is not a hard man. A hard man has no heart. For instance, in Bob's roving days, pre-marriage and pre-Hollywood, there was a girl he'd just met who, after a few nips from a community bottle, thought he was in a fair condition to rob. Bob caught her in the act. He grasped her wrist. Wide-eyed, she waited for his angry reaction. He held her (*Continued on page 97*)

EUROPE TODAY HAS BECOME THE SCENE OF ANOTHER AMERICAN INVASION—THIS TIME BY THE HOLLYWOOD STARS,

stars on a spree abroad

by hedda hopper

■ The good-looking pilot flashed me a wide American grin. "Hello there, Miss Hopper," he said. "This is a little different from our last trip together, hey?"

We were roaring high over the Alps on the way to Italy, and below in the frosty moonlight the mountains looked like huge, unreal peaks of vanilla ice-cream. Inside, the plane was packed with a cosmopolitan crew. A big blond Swede, a chilly Briton, swarthy Armenian merchants, animated Italians and three silent, brown Arabians wrapped in white turbans and burnooses—millionaire oil kings from the Near East, for this fast plane to Rome would continue on to Cairo.

"I'll say it's different," I answered as I recognized the skipper. "The last time I saw you was when you flew some movie stars and me out of Hollywood on a big ballyhoo junket, wasn't it?"

He nodded. "Yeah, but now, all roads lead to Rome. Everybody's got something crazy to do over here—or if they haven't," he laughed, "they're hoping like anything to find it!"

I couldn't have tagged it better myself—the rainbow-chasing rush to Europe that's seized the Hollywood movie world. For personal proof, here was I, deserting my desk, hopping across America and the Atlantic and hundreds of miles more to hunt up Hollywood stories and track down straying screen stars caught in the Continental craze. Chasing pots of gold, all of them, of one kind or another—fun, excitement, escape, new romances, new glamor, new careers. And finding—what? The gleaming precious stuff of their dreams—or just fool's gold? (*Continued on page 90*)



Greta Garbo, unable to escape an alert Parisian photographer despite her mannish disguise, adds her amused friend's hat to it.



Myrna Loy, wearing a plunging-neck Dior evening gown, sits in London for Cathleen Mann. Like other stars, Myrna stocked up on new Parisian finery.



Mrs. Edward G. Robinson outfits Ed with a ga number at a party in San Remo. He took th family to Italy where he's been making a movie

WHO HAVE BEEN FINDING IT A PERFECTLY WONDERFUL PLACE FOR HARD WORK AND JUST PLAIN FOOLISHNESS.



Sheik Sadec of French Morocco entertained the Tyrone Powers lavishly. Linda, unfortunately, has lost her expected baby.



uglas Fairbanks, with his wife and daughters, s out for Buckingham Palace to be made Knight of the British Empire by the King.



Joan Fontaine and Joseph Cotten see the sights of Florence, Italy, where they made scenes for *September*. In Rome, Joan was squired by a new beau.



Orson Welles catches up on the latest Italian gossip. While having his financial ups and downs, he's still Orson the Great.



On the set, they're Roy Rogers and Dale Evans, carrying on an open romance for the camera, but keeping their own attachment under cover.

Two Loves Have We

by Dale Evans

Dale and Roy Rogers are both involved in a secret romance—with each other.

■ Roy Rogers and I both lead "double lives." We both have another love outside our home.

We get up in the morning, kiss each other goodbye (we leave at different times because it takes a woman hours to get ready for the camera, and a man—or Roy, anyway—only minutes) and then, at the studio, we meet other loves.

His other love is Dale Evans—not his wife. My other love is Roy Rogers—not my husband.

Of course, this romance at the studio can't be carried on openly. In the best tradition of such affairs it is clandestine. It lives only in the "little things" that go on, and no one without an eye for these would ever suspect there was anything between us.

The little things . . .

When it is still quite early in the morning and I am under the hairdresser's hands on the set, Roy may drop by and—what do you know!—he'll just happen to be carrying two nice, steaming cups of coffee. Would I like to have one?

Or if he is getting nowhere studying a lyric in Spanish (he manages to sing at least one Spanish chorus in each picture) I can "feel" his puzzlement no matter where I am and I'll chance along to help him in his problem of pronouncing the words so they'll have a reasonably accurate Latin ring to them. Not that I'm a language scholar or anything—but I was brought up near many Spanish people in Texas and grew familiar long ago with their accents.

If I am making some scenes in which he does not appear, I may not see him for hours, perhaps—unless the scenes require that I do anything that might be even remotely hazardous. Then, without fail, Roy will show up, talk to the director, study the planned action and, I know, estimate whether there might be any overlooked element of danger involved for me.

At times like that he gets a wary *(Continued on page 87)*

At home, they're Mr. and Mrs. Rogers, a very domestic couple who enjoy roughhousing with Roy's children—Cheryl, Linda Lou and Dusty.





Jeanne Crain and Paul Brinkman, on a rise near their house, look toward the hill from where they chose the beautiful site.

I live on the rim of heaven

BY JEANNE CRAIN

We live on a hill where the clouds drift, but our home has roots—like our love.

■ "Let's go on a picnic," Paul said and, because he was my brand-new husband, he kissed me on the tip of my nose.

"Not me," I retorted. "*You* go on the picnic. I may be a bride, but *I* have to be at the studio tomorrow for a test. I don't want to show up all sunburned and ant-bitten."

Paul snorted. "My dear Mrs. Brinkman," he scolded, "what's more important to you—one little test or our dream house?"

"Well," I said, "the dream house, naturally. But what's that got to do with a picnic?"

Paul smiled secretively. "You'll see," he assured me. And I did.

I'd forgotten all about the ants and the sunburn by the time we sat down to our picnic luncheon of fried chicken amid the brush and wild flowers of the Hollywood hills. We looked out across the panorama of those hills and Paul said, "Darling, see those six knolls overlooking the city? They're ours—I own them. Seven acres of heaven's rim. Now, I want you to tell me—where shall we put our house?"

It was a difficult decision. There were five more picnics before we agreed on the exact knoll on which to build. We knew one thing—our dream house was to be a streamlined structure of redwood, fieldstone and lots of sparkling glass. No old-fashioned castles for us. None of that wedding-cake stuff in vivid pink stucco. All we wanted was a simple, solid, low-lying structure, something beautifully permanent.

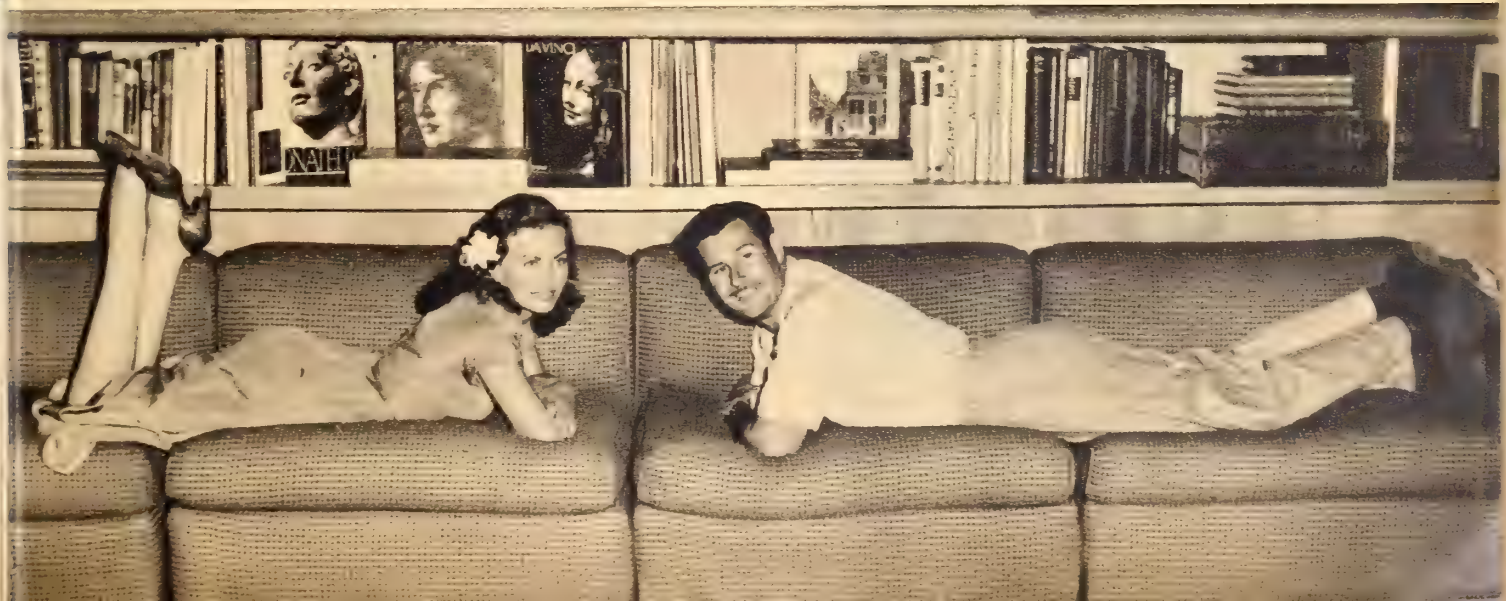
So we had picnics with a purpose on those golden sunny days, those high windy days, those misty days when clouds drift (*Continued on next page*)



The living room, with the dining alcove and the foyer set off by a vine-covered glass partition, is given a cool, rustic effect by the natural-wood walls and the green-stained ceiling.



Paul and Jeanne have lunch in the dining alcove, with the swimming pool in view outside. Below: The living-room bookshelves feature an assortment of art books, ceramics and old magazines.



I live on the rim of heaven

continued



Jeanne Crain and family at their favorite picnic spot—their swimming pool at home. Paul Brinkman, Jr., riding his dad, is becoming a skilled merman. Michael loves splashing, too.



Jeanne and Paul take the balmy autumn California sun near their curving, flagstone pool. The built-in barbecue hearth makes it an ideal place for their outdoor entertaining.

around the throats of the mountains. Then, one day when it was so wet that we had to eat our lunch in the car, we saw a glowing rainbow spin against the sky. Below, where the scrub and oaks jutted on a sort of rounded shelf, we saw our house—just the way it would be, just as it is.

We love our house because it's not a showplace. It's a house in which every corner has that lived-in feeling. Our two-year-old, Paul, has the run of the place. Visitors sometimes are startled to see him staggering through the living room with a set of light aluminum steps in his small arms. With great determination he heads for the bookshelves or the kitchen to get what he wants. He's a self-reliant youngster who, instead of tugging at my skirts when he wants a set of jungle books or a glass of water, just gets his steps and lives his life.

Our way of living is very informal. In our orchard we now have 70 young trees, just beginning to bear fruit—oranges, lemons, limes, loquots, sapotes and Tangolas—and when friends drop in they are more than likely going to find me bending over a stove ladelling a sweet-smelling mass of marmalade. And if they're properly respectful of my art, I'll give them some to take home!

Painting I love. And so does Paul. Skeet-shooting he loves. And so do I. I find myself out on the shooting range with Paul at least one afternoon a week. The next afternoon, he'll be daubing away on an oil portrait of little Michael. It's really funny how two people can grow alike in their interests. Every now and then I discover Paul loaded with an armful of my art books, carrying them off to study at his corner of our bedroom desk. Perhaps he was inspired by the portrait Henry Clive did of me—the one we have hanging in our entrance hall. Whatever it was that started him painting, we'll probably soon be adding an extra wing for a painting workshop.

I'm not *sure* about that, though. We always manage to center our activities in our living room and it always seems to have room enough for our expanding ideas. I'm mad about clipping recipes and home furnishing ideas out of women's magazines. Even after I get the magazines chopped to ribbons I still refuse to throw them away. I'm so afraid that I may have missed something, they all find a place in the book shelves for possible future reference—along with Baby Paul's animal books, ceramic pixies and no one knows what else.

The other day I said to Paul, "Let's go on a picnic."

"Sorry, not me," he answered. "I've got work to do. *You* go on a picnic."

So, out by the swimming pool, little Paul, tiny Michael and I sat down to our picnic lunch. You can guess what happened. In a little while that husband of mine joined us, grinning.

I caught him looking out over the hills from which we once searched for just this spot. "Hmmmm," he mused. "Who would have thought it would all turn out as wonderfully as this?"

"Who?" I repeated, indignantly. "Why, *we* did, that's who!"

Paul smiled—then put his big arms around all three of us.

THE END

This love of ours

by Mary Andrews



Dana and I have shared everything—struggle, success, and much happy living.

■ In just a few days, Dana and I will be celebrating our 10th wedding anniversary. Dancing at Ciro's? . . . Sipping champagne at the Mocambo? . . .

Hardly!

See that sun-baked, wind-blown couple in faded dungarees, snoozing peacefully on the deck of that beautiful boat anchored off Catalina? Oops! Simultaneously they spring to life, just in time to retrieve a small boy dangling head-down over the starboard side.

That will be Mr. and Mrs. Andrews, heading into their second decade of married life—and having a wonderful time.

Our first 10 years have been smooth sailing, with only the usual minor squalls encountered by any normal family. And I'm proud to say that we *are* a normal family—as normal as mumps, mortgages, (*Continued on page 88*)



sixth in a series



by Janet Leigh

There'll be only one man in my life who really matters— and I know my heart will tell me when it finds that lasting love. But until it does . . .

I WON'T GO STEADY



Janet Leigh's favorite Hollywood escort these days is Arthur Loew, Jr. He's a bright young MGM executive and rapidly rising.

■ There's an expression that I wish they wouldn't apply to me. It's "going steady." The way I look at it, the term should be used about a girl only when she's so serious about a man that she's seeing him exclusively.

Yet, since I've been free, there have been only two boys I've dated constantly. This may sound like a contradiction, but I'll try to explain, as I go along, why it isn't.

At 18, I married a boy in my home town of Stockton. We were divorced a year or so ago, and it's just been made final. Hollywood had nothing to do with our separation. I'd like to make a point of that, because Hollywood's been blamed for so many things. We were simply both too young for marriage. We hadn't taken time to learn enough about each other. What broke us up was incompatibility—which, trite though it may be to say so, I still think is responsible for nine out of 10 unhappy marriages. The point is, we'd have found ourselves just as incompatible in Stockton as in Hollywood.

Since then, as I said, there are just two boys I've dated constantly—Barry Nelson and Arthur Loew, Jr. But constantly isn't the same as exclusively. I've never tied myself down to any pattern. I've always left myself free to date as I choose. And I'm the kind of person who *enjoys* going out a lot with one boy. I find it less confusing. You don't have to keep adjusting yourself to new personalities. When you know someone well, you build up a common background of jokes and fun, you fall into an easy, comfortable routine, you can be more natural. (*Continued on page 75*)

MY SNEAK PARTY

by Diana Lynn

Entertaining our guests is no problem now—we invite them to sit in the dark, make them stay quiet and watch their own movies. It keeps them happy!

■ Somehow, I know in my heart I'll never be the perfect hostess. I try, but things just never seem to come off the way I've planned.

For example, recently John and I wanted to give a dinner party. We set the date—and then, what with one thing or another, I had to call our guests and invite them *not* to come.

Well, postponing things once wasn't *too* bad. But I was forced to do it three *more* times!

Finally I was determined not to suffer this embarrassment any longer. I called the studio and said very firmly that under no circumstances would I work on Friday evening. (Luckily, they had no such plans anyhow!) I called my agent and told him that I positively refused to take this particular Friday to read a script, even if it meant losing a role I'd give half my life for.

At three o'clock I telephoned John at his office and said gleefully, "We've finally done it! All the guests are coming. The dinner will be wonderful, and don't forget to come home real early."

At 5:30 I called John again, breathlessly. "John, our plans are changed—the dinner at home is off and I'll pick you up in a half-hour."

This husband of mine is an amazing man. "Well, okay," he calmly agreed. "But just as a matter of curiosity—what happened *this* time? Did the house burn down? Did you fight with all our friends? Or are you flying to Timbuctu on location?"

"No, but something really important has come up—a sneak preview of *My Friend Irma!*"

"Wonderful," said John. "But—what about our guests?"

"The guests? Oh, don't worry about *them*," I said lightly. "They're all coming *with* us. We're just putting the party on wheels, that's all!"

And that's just what we did. Perhaps I should explain that movie players are very rarely admitted to sneak previews. These events are usually so secret that only a few people in the entire studio know beforehand at what theater a picture will be shown for its first test reaction before a regular audience. The actors are not invited, not only because they get underfoot, but also because they're likely to begin calling up in the morning and complaining about having had their favorite (*Continued on page 93*)



Marie Wilson reacts modestly after the preview of *My Friend Irma*, as Diana Lynn's party accuses her of having stolen the show.

RARE INFRA-RED PICTURES CATCH DIANA LYNN UNAWARES AS, WITH HUSBAND JOHN LINDSAY, SHE WATCHES HERSELF PERFORM IN "MY FRIEND IRMA."



"Can that be me . . . ?"



"What a delirious scene!"



"I guess I wasn't *too* bad, there."



"You really like me, John?"

John Lund whispers furtively to Marie Wilson, "You're a hit, honey!" In so doing, he awakens a less enthusiastic movie-goer—Marie's dog, Hobbs.



gary cooper's mountain hideaway



The three Coopers watch the skiing from the Sundeck, a glass-enclosed building at the summit of the ski slope at Aspen, Colorado.

The scenery takes their breath away . . . the skiing goes to their heads. The Coopers have found the place where they belong.

BY TOM CARLILE

■ While attending the press preview of *The Fountainhead* in Hollywood last Summer, I ran into Gary Cooper. That night he looked about 15 years younger than the character he plays in the film; he's one actor who always looks younger in person than on the screen. After greetings were exchanged, I asked him how he does it.

"Well," he said with a grin, "maybe it's the healthy life I lead. I've just been up to Aspen, Colorado. Caught some of the biggest trout you ever saw. Prettiest place in western America."

My information about Aspen was limited, but Gary told me more about it. Surrounded by 14,000-foot mountains, Aspen was, in the 1880's and early 1890's, one of the world's greatest silver-mining centers, with a population of 15,000. But in 1893, when the price of silver collapsed, it became virtually a ghost town.

About three years ago, however, Chicago industrialist Walter Paepcke, struck by the majestic beauty of the place, determined to establish it as a year-round resort. He formed the Aspen (*Continued on page 44*)



Twelve-year-old Maria Cooper skeptically looks over the selection of gay stocking-caps at the Aspen Country Store, as her father waits patiently. Maria agreed on one only when her mother said she'd buy a cap to match it.



Back in town after a day on the ski slopes, Gary and Rocky pause to greet a friend on their way to the historic old hotel (background, left) where they stayed until their house was finished.



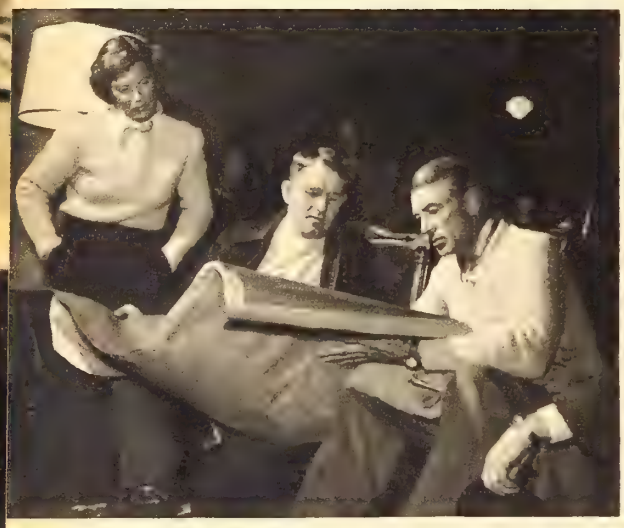
Gary and Rocky have a cigarette before going their separate ways. Gary is left to his own devices much of the day, while his wife and daughter take special instruction. They're the real skiers of the family, he says.



Gary picks up his mail at the Jerome Hotel. Built in 1889 when Aspen was a silver-mining center, the hotel was restored three years ago when the ghost town was revived as a year-round resort.



After shopping, Gary Cooper with his wife, Rocky, and daughter, Maria, head out for more skiing on the beautiful slopes which have drawn them to Aspen.



Gary and Rocky confer with Horace Hendricks, the Aspen contractor who built their lakeside home, which looks across the full sweep of the celebrated ski runs.



By 5 o'clock, the Coopers are ready to join other skiers at the hotel for tea, dancing and, of course, much enthusiastic talk about the day's skiing.

Company and got to work building ski runs, and bringing in small businesses and cultural facilities. Today, Aspen is a skier's paradise in winter and a fisherman's heaven in the spring and summer—there are 1,000 well-stocked streams in the vicinity.

"It's a great place," said Gary. "From now on Mrs. Cooper and I are going to spend as much time in Aspen as we possibly can, winter and summer. We're building a house there, you know. We bought 15 acres. The house won't be too fancy, but comfortable enough. It'll be right by a lake, a frame house with an aluminum roof. Five bedrooms, four baths, kitchen, an 18-by-38 living room."

We talked some more about the house, and fishing, and the Colorado scenery. And before we said goodbye, he'd invited me to come up to Aspen for a weekend.

Thus it was that, a few weeks later, your correspondent and photographer Bob Beerman pulled up in a bus before the Jerome Hotel in Aspen. It was 10 degrees below zero, but the Aspen inhabitants didn't seem to mind a bit as, skis over shoulders, they plodded along in the deep, crusty snow, happily blowing up clouds of warm breath as if they had lots of it to waste.

The Jerome Hotel is a big rambling structure that was built during the town's mining boom days. Now restored, it still looks exactly like those false-fronted Victorian buildings you see in every Western movie, and is the sort of place you'd expect to find Gary Cooper. And that's where we did find him—lounging against a weathered column on the veranda, in his shirt-sleeves.

As we shivered out of the bus, Cooper ambled over with a warm smile on his face. "Glad you boys could make it," he said pleasantly. "It snowed last night. And the weather is just perfect for skiing."

"How can you stand to walk around in just that shirt?" I had to ask, pulling my overcoat collar tighter.

"Oh, I've been up on a ski run all afternoon," he said. "Got overheated."

We followed him into the hotel and sat down in the cocktail lounge, in front of a big window which offered a view of the whole snow-covered mountain across the valley. It seemed busier than an excited ant-hill. Dozens of skiers were plummeting down its slopes, and I suppose I shivered again rather noticeably.

"Cold?" Cooper asked. "They have a fine cure for that here in Aspen." He called over the waitress and said something to her. When she came back, she had three milk-shakes on her tray.

"Aspen Specials" explained Cooper. "Drink them and I'll show you around." We did, and the cold disappeared almost magically. It must have been the stout portion of rum in the drinks. It was still working fine five minutes later when we found ourselves pacing eagerly through the snow at Cooper's side.

Walking around Aspen with Cooper, you feel that the history of the colorful town has a deep meaning for him. When we came to the 58-year-old Wheeler Opera House, Cooper stopped before the three-story brick structure and said, "An amazing building. In the old days, Lillian (*Continued on page 98*)

▲ Rocky and Maria join Gary for a downhill run. They usually do it together at least once a day.

➤ Gary investigates some skis at the shop, run by one of the new Aspen's very earliest settlers.

▼ Cooper relaxes at Aspen. He and his family plan to spend all of .their free time at the place.





The men in Ann Sheridan's life come and go. Does she realize that laughs aren't enough to



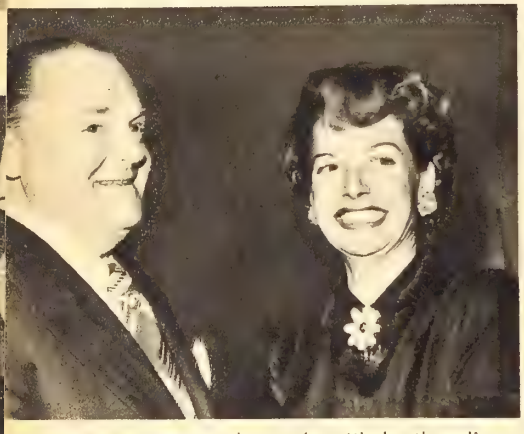
DISK-JOCKEY JOHNNY GRANT and Ann Sheridan made the rounds together last summer, but Ann soon insisted it was only a casual friendship.



RADIO ANNOUNCER JOHN CONTE shared a lot of laughs with Ann once. They did the night spots, were hailed the "town's newest romance."



MAN-ABOUT-TOWN PAT DI CICCO is one of Ann's frequent escorts in Hollywood. They have the same happy-go-lucky attitude on dating.



BILL CAGNEY, who works with brother Jimmy as a producer, has been Ann's partner-in-fun recently. Irish wit has always intrigued her.



SERIOUS-MINDED FRANCHOT TONE is the exception to the rule about the men Ann Sheridan sees. Their current dates have people puzzled.



PLAYBOY BRUCE CABOT goes on the town with Ann often. The two have picked up their merry-making where they left off pre-Steve Hannagan.

Annie, get your guy

by sheilah graham

■ All the boys love Annie Sheridan. All of them will always tell you, "Annie's a great girl." And she *is* a great girl. That's why it seems so strange that the boys love her—and leave her.

So I went to work to find out why men meander in and out of the Sheridan life. And I came up with some very surprising explanations. One: Ann is, emotionally, just about the laziest gal in town. Two: All she wants from a man is that he make her laugh.

I remember when Jimmy Stewart, talking of Myrna Dell, said, "We go together for laughs." Myrna was reportedly furious. She knew, it was said, that if Jimmy went with her for laughs only, his intentions were strictly boffo—that she was a bust

make a romance last, that in order to hold a guy you have to work at it?



DIRECTOR JEAN NEGULESCO, like the other men who have interested Ann, rated high in her chief requirement—a good sense of humor.



CESAR ROMERO has long found Ann the ideal party companion. Both love to dance and ask nothing from each other but a gay evening.



PUBLICITY MAN STEVE HANNAGAN was Ann Sheridan's steady beau for five years. They never married, however, and Ann broke off the romance when she felt he had become too possessive—he wanted her to live in Connecticut, safely away from the rival males of New York.

romantically. Could it be that Annie's love-life is jinxed by the jokes, too?

One of Ann's current loves is Jacques Mapes, the set designer. She adores Jacques because he's always thinking up gags to amuse her. Ann still roars over the stunt he pulled when she left for Europe to star with Cary Grant in *I Was A Male War Bride*. Jacques called a group of the boys together, put mourning bands on their sleeves, and that's how they went to the station to see Ann off. She couldn't have appreciated Jacques more if he had given her a million roses. And she called him from Germany twice a week sometimes, just to yak all over again at the joke.

You can imagine what a delight Ann's free-and-easiness is for a man like Clark Gable. Clark hates "problem" girls—that is, girls who want to fall in love with him or get married. Ann wants neither. She merely wants a good time with him. They've known each other for years and when Ann and Steve Hannagan broke up after five years of close companionship, Clark called her, they had a few dates, a few laughs and started a few rumors.

I wonder if Ann was really in love with Steve Hannagan. Even after they called it quits, they were still good friends. (When he came to Hollywood "on business," as he said, she dined with him nearly every night—out of habit?) When you have loved someone madly, you usually hate them just as intensely—for a period, anyway—when it's all over. I think Annie kept going with Stevie all that time because she just didn't want to bother breaking things up.

Ann had been grateful to Steve, of course, when he unofficially took over the management of her career. He fought with her studio for two years while Annie waited complacently in New York for him to win her career battles. It was only when he finally became too possessive and insisted on where she should live (he wanted her to live in Connecticut and not in New York because, I'm told, he was jealous of the New York playboys), that Annie finally found the necessary energy to come back to Hollywood and lead her own happy-go-lucky, carefree, easygoing life here.

And no one was (*Continued on page 74*)



Mrs. Eva Granger and her son, Farley. He now has his own apartment, but still brings friends to the old homestead for dinner.

He's not my baby anymore!

by Mrs. Eva Granger

Seen through his mother's eyes, Farley Granger's a boy who finds joy in a rainstorm, who brings her flowers—and his socks to darn.

■ Anything written about Farley Granger, I'm likely to read. Sometimes I love the stories—but sometimes they puzzle me, and I hand the magazine to my husband.

"That's Farley?" I ask unbelievingly.

He reads it. Then he says, "Hmmmm. . . . Well, I suppose all of us look different to different people. Question of viewpoint. Whoever wrote this—well, that's Farley to him."

"Fair enough. I've got a viewpoint too. Why don't they ask *me* about Farley?"

But when MODERN SCREEN asked me, I didn't feel quite so brash. It's one thing to babble about your child in private, and another to make sense about him in print. "Where'll I *start?*" I asked Dad, slightly panicky.

"Just dive in," he grinned. "You'll come up with something."

I'm taking his advice. If this is a hodgepodge, blame it on both of us. . .

To me, what makes Farley tick more than anything else is his tremendous zest for life. There's no limit to his enjoyment of the world and its magic. For instance, I remember when he came home from New York where they went to make *Side Street*. He'd seen all the shows. Well, everyone sees the shows, though maybe they don't get as excited as Farley. But that was the least of it. What really steamed him up were the things a lot of us take for granted.

"I walked around town in the rain and saw those fantastic buildings under lightning and thunder. Boy, what a beautiful sight!" He talks quietly enough, but his eyes blaze and he's like a high-tension wire, giving off sparks. "I got a horse and rode in Central Park. I stood on Brooklyn Bridge, and looked down at the water. I talked to cops. In New York, even the cops are wonderful."

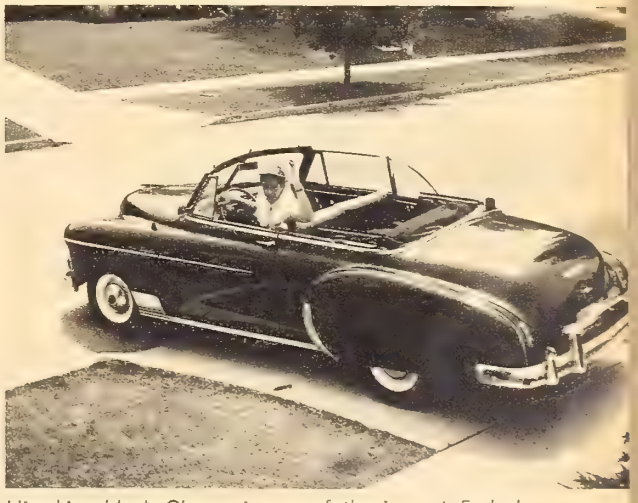
There's another story I'd like to stick in here, for no reason except that it's just as characteristic. You can imagine how he felt—how we all felt—the day Joan Evans' arm was badly burned when Farley accidently discharged a blank cartridge while on location for *Roseanna McCoy*. It was 8:30 before the doctors said Joan's arm would be all right. After the first burst of relief, Farley thought, "Flowers. She can't wake up in that bare hospital room tomorrow, and not have any flowers!" (*Continued on page 96*)



When Farley Granger makes the bed in his bachelor quarters it may not be thorough, but it's fast. His rooms are filled with books—one of his major passions.



Even before he could afford it, Farley was an avid record-collector—he began with modern music and is now gathering classics. He still sings off key, though.



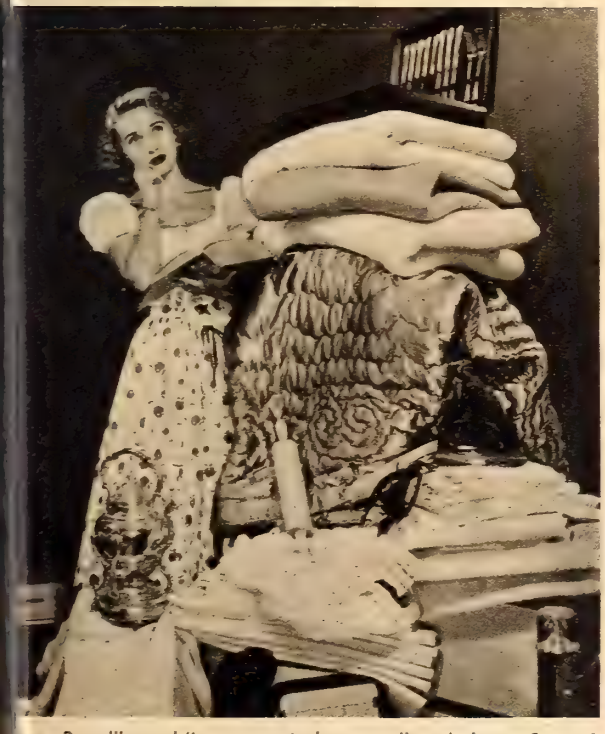
His shiny black Chevvy is one of the joys of Farley's life. He's a few minutes away from his parents' home, no time at all from dates with—say—Shelley Winters.



The hope chest was filling up and the piggy bank was getting heavy. So Jane Powell and Geary Steffen thought it was about time. . . .

BY IDA ZEITLIN

she wants to do Homework



ne Powell's wedding presents have really piled up. One of e most thoroughly used will be a cook book—she loves cook- g and plans to do it all herself as Mrs. Geary Steffen.

■ By the time you read this—unless something completely unforeseen happens—Jane Powell will have become Mrs. Geary Steffen. When I saw her, the wedding date—November 5—had been set, she had a rapidly-filling hope chest, a honeymoon piggy bank and there was a shower coming up. She and Geary didn't yet have a house to live in, but that was a mere detail.

"*Fields* have suddenly opened," said Janie, and her eyes gave off stars.

The fields are for Geary, naturally. She and he have been engaged since January 5th, and he's the one who's held up the wedding. As Sonja Henie's skating partner, he was doing fine. But in Geary's book, you don't get married and leave your wife for weeks while you're on the road. In any case, he'd never intended to make a career of skating.

"You can't," he says. "Ten years from now, your legs won't be so good, and you'll be left with a bunch of nothing."

Strictly speaking, Jane's been ready for marriage almost any time since January 5th. Not Geary. "I won't marry you until I can take care of you."

"But I hate long engagements."

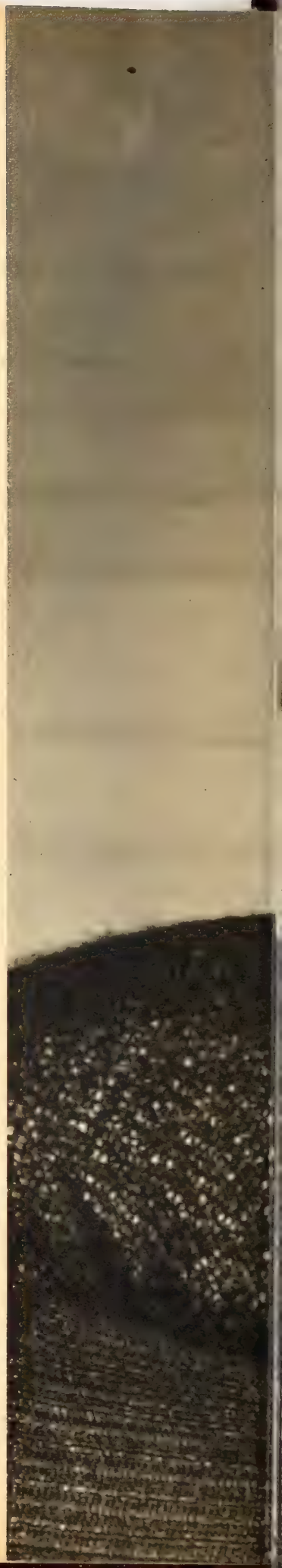
"So do I, honey. Only that's how it's got to be."

It was their one bone of contention. Not that Jane didn't understand his (*Continued on page 85*)

This remarkable self-portrait is one of the very few stories ever to be published, in any magazine, under Clark Gable's own by-line. Modern Screen considers it an honor to be able to present such intimate revelations of a great star—by the one who knows him best.

my plans for GABLE

by clark gable



■ There is an extra-sized mountain lion which roams pretty generally through the Sierra Madres in Mexico and is called "La Tigre" by the natives. Some years ago I went hunting for this cat along the border between the states of Sonora and Chihuahua. It is rough country and one evening, weary and hungry, but mostly weary, our party reached a little village that wasn't even named on our map.

It was dark, there was no inn and all the inhabitants had long since gone to bed in the few rude huts that make up the place. I was too tired to take another step and was standing there wondering what to do next when my sleeping bag slipped to the ground from my shoulder. That was all the hint I needed. Kicking the bag up against a dobe wall, I climbed inside and went to sleep right there and then on the street. I learned later that the rest of the group did the same after milling about a little and trying vainly to stir somebody up.

In the morning I was awakened by sharp, cuppy sounds. Barely peeking through my eyelashes in the bright sunlight, I saw that I was surrounded by a ring of Mexican children, all wide-eyed, but all perfectly still and respectful of my sleep. What had aroused me was the clippety-clop of heavily-loaded burros trotting past on the hard, cement-like dirt. Their owners, with hardly a glance for me, were already driving their burros out for the day's work. I looked back at the kids and smiled. Instantly they broke into smiles, like a team. (*Continued on page 81*)



Crosby and Sinatra, poor guys, are washed up. At least, that's what has been printed abou



TOO YOUNG

by Frank Sinatra and Bob Hope

m lately. **Here, in their own dialogue, is how Sinatra and Bob Hope view the matter.**



TIME: Winter of 1949.

PLACE: North Hollywood: the living room of Bob Hope's rambling Tudor residence. As the curtain rises, Bob is sitting on a sofa with Linda, nine, his oldest daughter. He is in his favorite position, counting money. There's a knock at the door. As Linda rises to answer it, Bob, unmindful of the disturbance, keeps arranging hundred dollar bills into nice, neat piles. Linda opens the door, and Frank Sinatra enters.

LINDA: (*Extending her hand*) Hi!

SINATRA: Hi, Linda! (*He picks the child up and kisses her cheek, then puts her down.*) Your old man around?

LINDA: He sure is. He got a rush call from the White House this morning.

SINATRA: You mean. . . ?

LINDA: Exactly. The Treasury is short on cash.

SINATRA: Do you think he can spare me a few minutes?

LINDA: I think so—if *you* don't want to borrow any money. . . . *Do* you?

SINATRA: Not today. You see, Linda, I want to talk to your daddy about Bing Crosby.

LINDA: Well, that's not exactly Daddy's favorite subject, you know.

SINATRA: Yeah, but I'm sort of involved, too.

LINDA: Then, why don't you just go in? I'm on my way out to play. (*She steps out the door.*) So long!

SINATRA: So long, Linda. (*Frank approaches Hope, whose face is barely visible behind three piles of greenbacks.*)

HOPE: (*Without looking up.*) Sounds like Sinatra.

SINATRA: It sure ain't Jane Russell. (*Hope rises, and they shake hands warmly.*)

HOPE: Glad you could drop in, Frank. Things must be slow for you.

SINATRA: Oh, not too slow. I'm up to my ears in radio work.

HOPE: Still in radio, eh?

SINATRA: You sound surprised.

HOPE: Frankly, thin-boy, I am.

SINATRA: On the level?

HOPE: Sure. After all, Frank, you've been around 10 years. That's a long time.

SINATRA: And you, I guess, are what they call a newcomer?

HOPE: Don't feel hurt. After all, I'm just quoting.

SINATRA: Quoting who, Crosby?

HOPE: No! Crosby and you are in the same boat.

SINATRA: What do you mean, same boat?

HOPE: Do you—do you read the magazines?

SINATRA: Sure, I read. (*Continued on page 77*)

hey, look! we're

by reba and bonnie churchill



Rhonda Fleming and Mona Freeman join dancers Marge and Gower Champion in a gag routine.

dancin'!

We all dropped around just to watch those sensational Champions rehearse— and before we knew it we were making like gazelles, ourselves.

THE FINE ART OF DANCING WITH A DUMMY



lady dummy helps Richard Haydn display s ballroom skill. Mona Freeman tries it, too.



Haydn, with his dummy in the palm of his hand, is a study in grace. Mona finds the maneuvering harder.



Mona ends up by sitting the whole thing out. Richard, still going strong, is disdainful.

■ As we were scurrying about the Paramount lot gathering news items, we heard a sound of musical festivity coming from a dance-rehearsal hall. We went right over and looked in.

There in the center of the barn-like room lined with long mirrors and exercise bars, were Marge and Gower Champion, dancing spectacularly to the accompaniment of pianist Dick Pribor. The Champions, Mr. and Mrs. in private life, have recently become the newest dance-team sensation in night-club circles. And following their smash opening at the Mocambo, they had every studio in town pressing fountain pens on them. They signed with Paramount, and had just checked into the lot to start prepping for their appearance with Bing Crosby in *Mr. Music*.

Now they were being observed with awe by a small but select audience consisting of Mona Freeman, Billy De Wolfe, Don and Marion DeFore, Rhonda Fleming and Nancy Olson. All had been lured by the chance to watch this million-dollar entertainment for free.

Naturally, we joined them. Then, every spectator seemed seized with the same idea simultaneously. The Champions were making it seem so simple to swoop and dart with incredible grace about the polished floor that everyone else decided to get in the act.

(*Continued on next page*)



Bob Hope dreams while the young lady . . . (Turn page.)



Marge and Gower Champion captivate (from extreme left of circle) Billy De Wolfe, Mona Freeman, Bonnie, Rhonda Fleming, Reba, Nancy Olson, Don and Marion DeFore.



Alan Ladd and Mona Freeman catch on quickly when the sparkling Champions take them in hand. Marge and Gower, who are Mr. and Mrs., will be with Crosby in *Mr. Music.*



Rhonda Fleming quietly reads as Bob yearns. (See preceding page.)

hey, look! we're dancin'! (continued)

Billy De Wolfe grabbed both of us for partners. "Can't leave one of you sitting while I waltz with the other," explained the gallant fellow, "so I'll just dance with the two of you."

The skill with which he managed to step on all four of our feet at once was remarkable. So we remarked on it. He modestly attributed this talent to the fact that he'd first learned to dance wearing snowshoes. We immediately looked down and were rather surprised to find he wasn't still wearing them.

At this point, in came Richard Haydn, the English comedian-character actor who achieved his ambition to be a director with *Miss Tatlock's Millions* and *Dear Wife*—and now is to direct *Mr. Music.* He looked distastefully about him at some of the unskilled contortions going on and his directorial genius started coming to the fore.

"No, no, no, no!" he admonished. "No! You're all much too stiff. Put your imaginations to work. Let your feet dramatize what your faces are saying, and vice versa."

He darted over to a corner where a pair of dummies, a lady and a gentleman, lay sprawled. Lifting the lady dummy, he embraced her and began to demonstrate. His facial expressions ran a hilarious gamut from super-sophisticated boredom to passionate *amour,* and his feet always seemed to be in the appropriate mood, though don't ask us to describe exactly how.

Mona Freeman then attempted the Haydn technique. She picked up the gentleman dummy and piloted him across the floor. She wound up by hurling him to the floor and sitting lovingly on his lap. "Splendid," said Haydn, "but do try to bear in mind you're not in a wrestling ring."

"My emotions just ran *away* with me," explained Mona—whose emotions, and those of Billy De Wolfe, will shortly be on view in *Dear Wife.*

Alan Ladd now popped in from the *United States Mail* set. He gazed keenly at Mona's dummy—then went over for a closer look. "I thought so!" he said triumphantly. "This is the fella I drilled in my last picture. See?" And he pointed to a bullet hole in the side of the wooden head.

"Eek!" cried Mona. "I've been dancing with a dead man!"

"That's what girls usually say to *me,*" said Haydn bitterly.

Alan, a dreamy dancer, needed no coaching. While we really do love Billy De Wolfe, we did turn slightly green with envy when Alan twirled across the room in perfect step with Marge Champion.

Nancy Olson, after a mad samba with Gower Champion, decided to sit the next one out. Thanking Billy prettily for his attentions, we plopped down beside her. (*Continued on page 79*)



Her world had come to an end . . . Then, out of pain and anguish, Doris Day found a deeper happiness.

MY PRAYER WAS ANSWERED

by Doris Day

THIRD in a series

■ It was a sunny spring afternoon about 10 years ago. I felt as frisky as a colt. My home in Cincinnati, Ohio, was filled with my chums.

My mother was visiting a friend in the nearby town of Hamilton. One of my gang suggested, "Why don't we drive over there, pick up your mother and drive her home?"

We started out very gaily—another girl, two boys and myself. It didn't take us long to get to the heart of Hamilton, where railroad tracks cross the main street. Buildings block a view of the tracks on both sides—and none of us saw the train coming.

Suddenly it loomed dead ahead—and our car crashed into it.

I was sitting in back. Instinctively I put out my legs to brace myself. As we struck, the front seat was thrown back and came down on my right shin-bone, smashing it.

My companions, none of whom, miraculously, had been badly hurt, carried me out. A policeman got in touch with my mother. She arrived on the scene just as the ambulance came. She got in beside me—then my consciousness was mercifully blotted out for about 12 hours.

I awoke in a hospital bed with my leg in a cast. (*Continued on next page*)

And for the next few months, I was in a nightmare of pain. I was taken in and out of the hospital several times. One day the doctor said, "Come back on June 19th. We'll take some X-ray pictures to see how your leg is healing."

As the time for the X-ray verdict approached, everyone around me became more and more nervous. I was too young and too optimistic to understand their fears. And then the doctor said, "Doris—I might as well be frank. The leg is not healing properly. Of course, there's still hope that everything will be all right—but there's always the possibility that you'll never be able to walk again."

I looked at him aghast. For a moment, it seemed worse than a death sentence. All my life I had trained to be a professional dancer. At the time of the accident, having just finished a vaudeville tour, I seemed well on the way toward success.

My mother's hand was warm in mine. My mind formed a prayer: "Please, God—don't let me be a cripple."

Then, for more than a year, I was unable to walk. At first I felt bitter about it. But, as I continued my prayers, my mind was flooded with a strange peace. Until this time I'd had only the most childish philosophy. Now groping for an answer to my problem, I came to have the feeling that there must be a deep purpose behind everything that happens.

Prayer has many facets. Without it, we are apt to think that we ourselves have to bear the entire burden of tragic events. Prayer is not only a reaching out toward a greater force than ourselves; it reminds us that what happens to us in life is planned by a greater Power, a Power that is able to help us bear our burdens.

So I continued to pray that I would be able to adjust myself to whatever happened. I realized that I must accept what had happened and find a way to make this experience mean something in my life.

One way was to do something useful with my time. I'd always sung, but never taken singing lessons. Someone told me of Grace Raine, who'd taught Jane Froman and other famous singers. Now I arranged to take lessons from her.

Fifteen months elapsed between the time of my accident and the day I took my first step. That was the day when my prayer that I might be saved from becoming a cripple was answered. Meanwhile, those 15 months had seen a change in me from complete bewilderment to a calm acceptance of whatever God had in store for me.

But it was not until several months later that I understood the possible purpose behind what had happened. When I could walk again, I started to sing on a local radio station. One day Barney Rapp, the bandleader, heard me and offered me a job with his band. I was on my way to Hollywood.

Out of pain and anguish came the career which has brought me so much happiness and which has, I hope, brought pleasure to others, too. I never would have thought of developing my voice if it had not been for that near-fatal crash.

It may sound Pollyannish to say everything happens for the best, but I believe that from each experience, however difficult and cruel it may seem, we gain something. Always, our fate is in greater hands than our own. In answering my prayer, God gave me not only the power to walk again, but the strength to face whatever might happen to me and a philosophy which has comforted me along the way. THE END





"BATTLEGROUND"

VAN JOHNSON STARS IN A GREAT FILM. FOR DETAILS, SEE NEXT PAGES. ▶

Picture of the Month

BATTLEGROUND (continued)



Having hidden beneath a wrecked jeep when badly wounded in a skirmish, Rodriguez, the Mexican-American GI who loved snow, is found there by his buddies, frozen to death.

■ MGM'S *Battleground* is a film that should be of absorbing interest to every woman whose husband, fiancé, friend or son served in World War II. It is a deeply moving account of men in battle—grim, humorous, honest and inspiring.

The story of an outfit in the famous 101st Airborne Division during its defense of Bastogne, Belgium, *Battleground* succeeds in presenting a wide variety of combat GI types while keeping each one a credible individual. Prominent among the dozen-odd main characters are Holley (Van Johnson), wisecracking "wolf" whose irresponsible surface covers a hard competence; Jarvess (John Hodiak), former small-town newspaper columnist who now looks back cynically on the idealism that led him to enlist; Rodriguez (Ricardo Montalban), Mexican-American from California, cheerful but lonely; Pop (George Murphy), 35-year-old father of five, sweating out final headquarters approval of discharge papers to send him home to his seriously-ill wife; Kinnie (James Kenmore), tough,

Van Johnson, who has had his roving eye on the fulsome charms of Bastogne mademoiselle Denise Darcel, finds Marshall Thompson beating his time



art platoon sergeant; Abner (Jerome urtland), lanky young hill-billy, child- nded, lovable, endlessly loquacious; yton (Marshall Thompson), green re- cement ignored by the close-knit unit il he proves himself; Kippton (Douglas wley), a wise guy with a weakness for dling his buddies; Hansan (Guy Ander- n), quiet, bespectacled, analytical Middle- sterner, who keeps his thoughts on his fe and baby.

Through its characters—portrayed by a nt that is first-rate down to the smallest e—*Battleground* manages to touch on a l, realistic range of Army experience—in- ed, of experience common to all branches the service.

Here we have the boredom; the hilarity; cynicism; the idealism; the fear; the urage; the constant griping; the laziness; dull, hard manual labor; the wild mors; the baffled ignorance of the overall ture, of just what in Hell headquarters nks it's doing; the deep companionship; loneliness; the terrible passion and the cold anger of combat; the stereotyped wisecracks; the inspired witticisms; the colorful obscenities of speech—here, of course, only indicated in half-phrases, but unmistakably; the dark deals with quarter- masters for unauthorized gear and chow; the self-conscious posturing; the modest self-deprecation; the bitterness; the good humor—in brief, life in the service.

The siege of Bastogne, a vital Allied rail center, was the turning point of the last great enemy counter-offensive on the West- ern front—the Battle of the Bulge—late in 1944. Reaching Bastogne, the Germans sent a surrender ultimatum to General Mc- Auliffe. His reply, which has become immortal, was "Nuts!" Then, with supplies almost gone, with even the wounded on the firing lines, the 101st heroically held out.

The story of *Battleground* begins when, with German resistance supposedly crum- bling on all fronts, "E" Company of the 101st is about to go on long-awaited leave after months of hard fighting. Suddenly, orders come to go forward again. Disgusted and grumbling, they arrive after a long haul in trucks ("Thought we were *Air*borne!") at Bastogne. This doesn't look too bad at first—the house where they're billeted be- longs to a very good-looking and amiable dame. But almost immediately they're sent up to foxholes in the woods. Soon fog settles down and it begins to snow. The enemy starts to infiltrate. There are a number of fierce fights and casualties. Suf- fering from the cold grows intense. The surrender demand is served and rejected. The shelling grows heavier. As the de- fenders dig in grimly, determined to delay the German advance until the last possible moment in a desperate, hopeless stand, there are shadows on the snow. The fog has lifted, the shadows are those of massed C-47's, raining down supplies by parachute. U. S. tanks and bombers are on the way, and Bastogne and the 101st—what's left of it—are saved.

They'll be saying *Battleground* is a film every American should see. It is indeed.



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some of the gleam should be you!



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By Jerell Junior . . . $14.95



■ Most sophisticated holiday look—you in big satin polka dots, with jewel-buttoned black bodice. One piece dress with black tissue faille top; rayon satin skirt in rose, blue, green, amber, ruby, peacock. Sizes 9-15.
By Jane Juniors . . . $14.95.

These Modern Screen Fashions at The Hecht Company, Washington, D. C. For how to order, please turn to page 73.



■ Most elegant holiday look—you in dreamy lace over contrasting rayon taffeta slip . . . romance in the portrait neckline. Brown over gold slip; navy over flesh; black over gold; teal over teal. Sizes 9-15. By Dorris Varnum for Jonathan Logan . . . $19.95.



Jewelry by Coro. Gloves by Aris.

■ Most vivid holiday look—you in bright red wool jersey, edged and belted in gold. Very new because it is scoopnecked, has a fan of accordion pleats. Also navy, mauve pink, or winter white. Sizes 10-18. By Jerry Gilden . . . $16.95.

All that is gift wrapped is not a present . . .
the prettiest package should be you



■ Four leisure lovelies, to wear yourself or to wrap up as gifts. Above, dramatic quilted cotton housecoat in bright purple lined with lilac. Also navy lined with red; or forest green with yellow. Sizes 12-20. A Leisure Life by Wirth-Gold . . . $8.99

■ Cute trick cookie coat—perfect to give the girl who insists on looking her best, even around the house. It opens flat down the back, wraps around. Puffed cotton with rickrack, in blue, rose, aqua. Sizes 10-18. By Barbette . . . $4.95.

These Modern Screen Fashions at The Hecht Company, Washington, D. C. For how to order, please turn to page 73.



Jewelry by Coro. Gloves by Aris.

■ Wraparound designed for smartness-in-the-house, but high fashion enough to go proudly down any street. Wing collar, jut pockets. Opens flat down back, wraps at waist. Black cotton overprinted in rust, green, or lavendar; contrasting leaves. Sizes 10-20. By Swirl . . . $8.95.

■ Holiday date dress in beige shot with gold metallic threads. Scoop necked, gold belted. Knitted wool jersey. Also in gray with gold. Sizes 10-18. By Henry Rosenfeld . . . $17.95. Square black velvet bag by Graceline, $4.95*.

**Plus tax.*

Gifts for her private life



Stocking case—four pockets with zipper compartment. Green, blue, grey, or orchid plastic with contrast lining. By Hush Purses. $1.



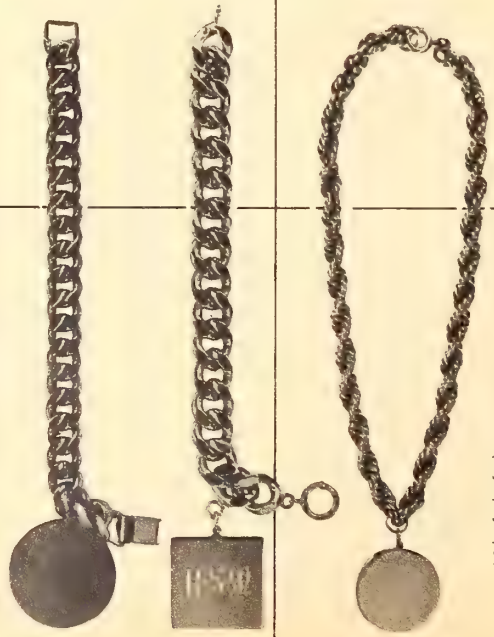
A. *Deep plunge bra, for the girl who loves low necklines. Swish white nylon taffeta, edged with nylon net, by Gossard, $3.50.*

B. *Pink nylon "Friday" bra, which comes with black satin "Saturday" and white satin "Sunday" bras in Lovable's gift package, opposite page.*

C. *Mould-and-lift front closing adjustable bra. Rayon satin, $2.50. Nylon taffeta, $3. Cotton broadcloth, $2.50. Reno bra, a Jessie Miller Creation.*

D. *Pretty plunge bra in nyralon, given a lift by elastic. Delicious sha of blue; plus nude, black, white. By Flexaire, $2.50.*

E. *Sweet white nylon taffeta bra, with the famous sculptured cushion c round-and-round stitching. A Peter Pan Merry Go Round, $3.50.*



Handsome gold or silver finished necklace, $2.40. Bracelets: square disk, $3.60; round disk, $2.40. Monogrammed free. Tax included. By Coro.

These Modern Screen fashion gifts at The Hecht Company, Washington, D.C. For how to order, please turn to page 73.



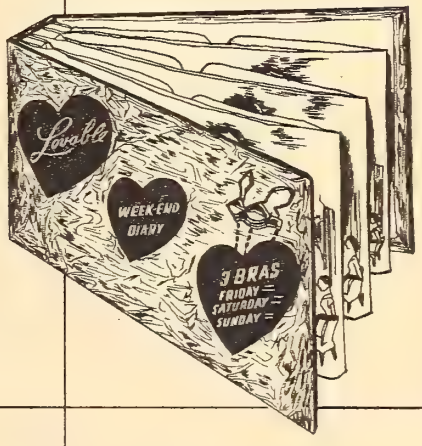
Leopard spotted sling scuffs for a glamour girl. Velvety printed fabric. Sizes 4-10. By Honeybugs, $2.99.



Black pearl harem half-slip, knee deep in lace. Also alabaster white, teak beige, veil pink, mocha or apricot Rayon crepe. By Seampruf, $4.



Corduroy separates by Korday. Green, rose, maize, powder, beige, brown. Sizes 10-18. Jacket, $8.95. Slacks, $8.95. Skirt, $7.95.



Lovable's adorable gift package of bras. It's a "diary" with 3 pockets like those in a record album. Contains 3 bras marked Friday, Saturday, Sunday. $3, complete. *(see B opposite page.)*

Coats for the busy holidays

These Modern Screen Fashions at The Hecht Company, Washington, D. C. For how to order, please turn to page 73.



Earrings by Coro.

■ Do your Christmas shopping early, and look nifty as you go. Tie yourself snugly into a butter-smooth casual coat—flared in back, buttoned at cuff and pocket, defined by a string belt. All wool, with a feel like doeskin. Gray, wine, green, black, beige. Sizes 8-18. By Donnybrook. $39.95. At The Hecht Company, Washington. For how to order, see page 73.

■ Coat with a beautiful back. Triple-V at shoulder points up full fashionable flare; straight front has slash pockets, is thrice buttoned. All wool in forest green, jet black, wine, gray. Sizes 7-15. By Queenstown, $29.95. Ostrich bag at left, by Kadin, $7.95*. Appel bag at right, $7.95*. At The Hecht Company, Washington. For how to order, see page 73.

**Plus tax.*

WHERE YOU CAN BUY MODERN SCREEN FASHIONS

All the holiday fashions shown in this issue are currently featured at

The Hecht Company
7th & F Streets, N.W.
Washington 4, D. C.

SHINING FUCHSIA DATE DRESS
WORN BY KATHRYN GRAYSON
page 65
Junior Miss Shop, Third Floor

"Some of the Gleam Should be You"
pages 66 and 67

LUXURIOUS BROCADE DRESS
Junior Miss Shop, Third Floor

SOPHISTICATED POLKA DOT DRESS
Junior Miss Shop, Third Floor

ELEGANT LACE DRESS
Junior Miss Shop, Third Floor

VIVID WOOL JERSEY DRESS
Casual Dress Shop, Third Floor

"The Prettiest Package Should be You"
pages 68 and 69

DRAMATIC QUILTED HOUSECOAT
Negligee Department, Third Floor

CUTE TRICK COOKIE COAT
Daytime Dress Department, Third Floor

LEAF-PRINTED WRAPAROUND
Daytime Dress Department, Third Floor

BEIGE AND GOLD DATE DRESS
Casual Dress Shop, Third Floor

"Gifts for Her Private Life"
pages 70 and 71

GIFT BRAS A THROUGH E
Corset Department, Third Floor

STOCKING POCKETTE
Hosiery, Main Floor

MONOGRAMMED JEWELRY
Jewelry, Main Floor

LEOPARD SPOTTED SCUFF
Shoe Department, Third Floor

BLACK GLAMOUR HALF SLIP
Lingerie, Third Floor

CORDUROY SEPARATES
Sportswear Department, Third Floor

"Coats for the Busy Holidays"
page 72

BUTTER-SMOOTH CASUAL COAT
Coat Department, Third Floor

TRIPLE-V FLARED COAT
Coat Department, Third Floor

ALL JEWELRY ON PAGES 66-72
Jewelry Department, Main Floor

ALL GLOVES ON PAGES 66-67
Glove Department, Main Floor

ALL HANDBAGS ON PAGES 69 and 72
Handbag Department, Main Floor

To order by mail, write:

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16½ = 18
18½ = 38 / 20
20½ = 40
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ANNIE, GET YOUR GUY

(*Continued from page 47*)

more pleased than her long-time dancing partner, Cesar Romero—who is sort of a male Sheridan inasmuch as he seems to demand nothing of his dates but fun.

It's been my painful experience that if you don't want too much from men, you usually get nothing. If you want to keep him all your own, you have to work hard, or some other female will trot off with him. All you get for sitting back complacently is a complacent pat on the head. That's what Ann gets—and I'm not counting the jewels given her by Hannagan.

And apart from a few genuine pieces, Ann's jewel-box contains mostly costume jewelry, anyway. That's the only phony obsession in Ann's make-up: she loves bright jewels, real or false. Otherwise, she has absolutely no chi-chi, none of the usual feminine coyness. The boys can call her at five minutes of eight in the evening and ask for dinner and she'll go, unless she actually has something else to do. Every other movie queen I know in Hollywood feels insulted—or pretends she is anyway—if called so obviously at the last minute. But not Annie.

always available . . .

That's why Ann is so popular with men-about-town like Bruce Cabot and Pat di Cicco. These boys hate to make dates in advance. They keep themselves wide open right up to the last minute, for the latest and most delicious feminine tidbit they can get. If she fails to materialize, they call Annie. Nine times out of 10 she's available. And they know they won't have to put on a big act for her. *They* can relax, too. All they have to give Ann are a few jokes. And that's all she gets.

It turns out that Ann didn't love disk-jockey Johnny Grant at all—only his disks. For awhile there, it looked like the beginning of a new big romance. But then Ann and Johnny decided to play their records separately, and she insisted, "we were just casual friends." So I guess Johnny failed in the chief Sheridan requisite—he didn't amuse her.

Her dates with Franchot Tone have me puzzled. Franchot is such an old sobersides. He takes life very seriously. But perhaps he has a joke book.

When Ann and Cary Grant were in Europe making *I Was A Male War Bride*, there was a fantastic rumor that Cary was also making romantic whoop-de-do with Ann. Fantastic, because Cary is a strict believer in the theory that the girl must do all the chasing. Ann wouldn't even chase her own shadow. Besides, Cary had Betsy Drake with him most of the time. And one of the reasons why *women* like Ann, too, is because she never tries to offer competition—even conversationally.

I remember a party when Loretta Young was at the same dinner table with Ann and Clark Gable. Loretta talked brilliantly. Ann made no attempt to take the spotlight. In fact, she didn't speak more than half-a-dozen words. She offered nothing—just laughed loudly when Loretta or someone said something amusing.

Ann has never given a big party in her own home. She goes to other parties, but she prefers the more casual atmosphere of night clubs. When she does have people up to her house, it's usually a few of the comparatively small-income people who have worked for her in the studios—such as Martha Giddings, her hairdresser. But even at these soirees, Annie insists on being amused. She arranges for dancers or a Mexican orchestra to appear at midnight and perform until dawn.

Ann loves everything Mexican. She has real enthusiasm for bullfighting, the on sport she chases. Unlike Paulette Goddar who talks only to the famous matadore Ann prefers the common, every-day bul fighters. She knows them all by their fir names and travels all over Mexico to s them in action.

Such effort seems uncharacteristic easygoing Ann. Her inertia goes 'way bac to when she won a Search for Beau competition that brought her to Holly wood in 1933. Ann, herself, didn't go to t trouble of sending in her own phot graph. A pal did. And if she hadn't bee practically carried to Hollywood by th Paramount representatives in Texas, An might still be in that great and glorio state, following her planned profession school-teaching.

When she failed to make the grade Hollywood in those early $50-a-wee years, Ann lacked the inner motor-pow to leave and go home: She stayed on an she married Eddie Norris, a beginne like herself, with a serious-looking pu but with an Irish sense of humor.

Ann finds it hard to resist the Iris brand of humor. The only men who hav held her for any time at all have bee Irish-Americans—Norris, George Bre and Steve Hannagan.

George Brent likes his girl just to liste and laugh at his stories. So he fell har for Ann and became her second husban Then George discovered he had marrie the entire troupe of Annie's studio pal

Ann likes these people around becaus she doesn't have to make any effort wit them. Mr. Brent, who had happily be lieved that life with Ann would be a mono logue twosome, found himself standing u as best man at the wedding of his wife hairdresser. And he resented it bitterl Ann was just as bitter when Brent finall gave her an ultimatum—she could choos between him and his patrician seclusio or her friends, without him.

Of course Ann will get another mar maybe another husband—but will she kee him? It's hard to imagine that the lov parade could pass Annie Sheridan by. Bu it could—unless she changes her tactic and develops a bit of romantic guile.

You can be humorous and down-to earth with some men some of the time But not with all men *all* the time. An above all, you cannot be lazy in love.

THE END

MODERN SCREEN



"I don't know when I've enjoyed a movie so much."

I WON'T GO STEADY

(Continued from page 39)

I like that. I also like the idea that I *can* go out with someone else if I want to.

I met Barry Nelson at MGM, where we were both under contract. Lillian Burns, the dramatic coach, had a Friday afternoon group of young contract players. *The Romance of Rosy Ridge* had been my first picture. Before that, I'd never read so much as a line. So I joined the group as soon as I could, and for me it was the greatest thing in the world—the kind of expert training I never could have afforded myself. We'd do scenes from pictures and plays, which Miss Burns and the rest of the group would criticize or praise, as the case might be. It was also a showcase. If a scene was good, some producer would be asked to see it. That's how I got my parts in *Act of Violence* and *Words and Music*.

It happened that Miss Burns asked Barry to do a scene with me. He's a top-notch actor and director, and working with him was just a joy. Pretty soon we were doing scene after scene together. One afternoon we got so wrapped up in rehearsing, we hated to stop.

"Why don't you come to the house for dinner?" asked Barry. "My mother's a wonderful cook, and after dinner we can rehearse on my wire recorder."

From then on till he left for New York, I went out with hardly anyone but Barry—for the good and sufficient reasons that I liked his company, and felt at home with him. He's a quiet person, rather reserved till he gets to know you well, very honest and real, with a great deal of depth and poise and charm. He doesn't care for night-spots, so we didn't go to night-spots. There were plenty of other things to do, and I was happy just doing these things with Barry.

What he loved was taking me places I'd never been before. Which wasn't hard, because I'd practically never been anywhere or seen anything. Before coming to Hollywood, my life had been that of any small-town girl, so everything was new and exciting to me.

like alikes . . .

Barry's interests range from music to sports, and I shared them all—but one. I was a music student at school, so in that field we talk the same language. Except that he likes classical music a little more than I do, and I like good jazz better than he does. As for sports, I'd always been interested in football at high school and college on account of the kids I knew who played. But Barry introduced me to professional football, and taught me the fine points. Once we drove to Ventura to see an intra-squad game of the Los Angeles Dons. He knew every player on the team, and all their records from A to Z. On the way down he briefed me so thoroughly that I was really able to follow the plays, and know what was going on. Since then, the Dons have been something special with me. I even read the sports page to find out what they're doing.

Boxing, however, I didn't take to at all. When Barry suggested the fights, I was rather reluctant, but finally decided you ought to see anything once. Once turned out to be plenty. A boy got hurt, he was bleeding. I caught the look in his eyes, wild and pained and bewildered, and covered my face and wouldn't look any more. That was my first and last visit to the ring. . . .

All this time, while I was going out with Barry, I did have a few dates with others. As I said before, I dated Barry most be-

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cause I enjoyed him most—but we weren't going steady in the usual sense of the term. He never pried or questioned or felt that I ought to account to him for my time. I'd just tell him about these other dates as a matter of course, and it didn't change our relationship at all.

Then Moss Hart called him to come to New York for a part in *Light Up the Sky*. I happened to be working on my third picture in a row and, when it was finished, I got some time off. So Barry's mother and I flew East for the opening.

Just the name "New York" was enough to send me higher than a kite, and Barry showed the city to me as only Barry could. All the famous places I'd heard about all my life—now I was seeing them and could hardly believe it. Fifth Avenue and St. Patrick's Cathedral. Times Square. Radio City. Central Park. Maybe it sounds sentimental, but I can't help it—those two hours in Central Park were so beautiful it was sort of like being in church.

Our old friends, the Dons, were playing at Ebbets Field, so we went up there and took the subway back.. I had no idea where we were coming out, but Barry had it all planned. We walked up the subway steps at a quarter of six—and there was Times Square, all lit up in the dusk and alive with people. Please try to imagine the effect on a girl from Stockton, because I can't describe it.

miss liberty . . .

But the biggest thrill was to come. "We'll take the Staten Island ferry," Barry said, "and see the skyline of New York." That was good enough for me. I didn't know what else he had up his sleeve till I heard a man say, "Oh look, there's the Statue of Liberty." Barry was so mad, I think he could have biffed the man. He'd been waiting for me to turn around and be rocked on my heels. He thought the surprise was spoiled for me. It wasn't, though. The statue was just beginning to loom into view, and if my heart had pounded any harder, I think it would have burst. . . .

I've told all this to show the kind of person Barry is, and why it's such fun to be with him, and why we're friends. But when you're in Hollywood, you can't go out with someone who's in New York. Like any girl, I wanted to go out. There was no understanding between Barry and me to prevent it, so I dated different boys. After a while, I started going out more with Arthur Loew, Jr.

Just as Barry had opened a whole new world to me, so did Arthur. A different world. Not better, not worse—just different. Basically, the two boys remind me of each other—they're both completely themselves, they both hate anything even slightly phony. In other ways, they differ. Arthur's more of a mixer, so with Arthur I've met more people, which I think has been good for me. I've always been shy, and rather backward about talking to people. But Arthur's so naturally warm and friendly, that he sort of carries you along, and before you know it, you're at ease with a roomful of strangers.

He's full of jokes and wit and the kind of craziness that's so wonderful because it's unself-conscious. At MGM, for instance, all the young players eat at one big table. When you come in, Arthur gives them the high sign, and they stand up and clap and bow you into your seat.

But with all that, Arthur has his very serious side. He's learning every phase of the industry, and he's wise in its ways. I'm naïve about certain things, and he's taught me a lot. His mind is so quick, that just sitting and talking to him is almost more fun than going out. As a matter of fact, all we usually do is have dinner and talk our heads off, since we've both been working hard, and when I work, I've got to be in bed by 10. Sometimes we eat out, sometimes at his house or mine. Mother's a very good cook, and so's my Dad, who specializes in Chinese food.

He's as kind and thoughtful as he is fun-loving. Somehow he found out I'd never owned a charm bracelet, so he gave me one at the beginning of *The Red Danube*, with a charm representing that picture, which was my eighth. From time to time, he added a charm for each of my previous pictures, then two more for those I've done since. The one for *Christmas Gift*, which I've just finished at RKO, is a little gold Santa Claus.

He calls me Dearie—he calls everyone Dearie—and sends me white flowers for my hair when we step out. Whatever I wear, he says, "My, you look handsome tonight." That's his favorite compliment. It's only lately that I've been able to afford new clothes, so mostly I'd wear out-of-style dresses from my trousseau. This didn't bother me at all. I knew Arthur'd seen lots of people in Adrian creations, and wasn't dating me for the sake of my wardrobe. But I did face a problem when his mother and sister came from Tucson on a visit, and he threw a party for them in the Mocambo Champagne Room. Problem: no cocktail dress. Solution: a formal that went back to my freshman year at college. I'd grown so tired in high school of pinks and blues and yellows, that I simply decided I was going to have one black formal, no matter what. I designed it myself. The material cost $12, which was a fantastic price for me then, and I had it made, which was also unheard-of in my family.

But if I'd never worn it before—and I'd worn it plenty—it certainly paid off now. I cut it to ankle-length, put horsehair round the bottom of the skirt to make it stick out, and presto! I had a cocktail dress. "My," said Arthur, "you look handsome tonight."

It was a perfect evening in every way. But I think the nicest part of it for me was getting to know his mother and sister Jane. They're such a swell family. . . .

I wouldn't have missed my friendships with Arthur and Barry for anything. Entirely apart from good times, I feel that they've both helped me to develop as a person. But if I'd been going steady with Barry, I'd have missed knowing Arthur. Or else I'd have had to break off with Barry. Either way, I'd have lost something valuable. As it is, they're both my friends. Everything's aboveboard. There's nothing secretive. When Barry's in New York, we write to each other. When he was here last summer, I saw a lot of him. I see other boys too. I do it on purpose in order to maintain that freedom of contact. Barry and Arthur go out with other girls. We all like it that way.

Any good companionship might lead in either direction—toward marriage or away. It depends on feelings and circumstances, which change. Lots of people who think they want to spend their lives together find out to their sorrow later that they were mistaken. You've got to be sure. So, right now—I won't go steady. THE END

The complete screen story of Janet Leigh's current film, *The Doctor and the Girl*, is one of the absorbing features to be found in the December issue of Dell's SCREEN STORIES magazine.



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TOO YOUNG TO DIE

(*Continued from page 55*)

HOPE: I knew you could, no matter *what* they say! . . . Well, haven't you read that stuff about you and Crosby being washed up?

SINATRA: Who wrote it, you?

HOPE: Perish the thought! But only the other day, I picked up an August copy of Cosmopolitan magazine and there was an article that said, "Crosby and Sinatra are finished."

SINATRA: Hah! How much did you pay to have it published?

HOPE: No, honestly, it came as a big shock to me.

SINATRA: I can imagine.

HOPE: It so happens that by a strange coincidence I have a copy of the article with me.

SINATRA: Strange coincidence, my neck.

HOPE (*reaches into a back pocket and comes up with the clipping*): I really don't want to read it to you, but if you insist.

SINATRA: Okay, go ahead. Read it.

HOPE: Ah, I just haven't got the heart! After all, you're so thin and weak.

SINATRA: Don't let that worry you, Jumbo. I can take it.

HOPE: "Jumbo"? . . . Okay, it says: "More than two years have passed since it first became apparent that Bing Crosby was beginning to slip. . . ." But I can't go on, Frank.

SINATRA: Never mind, keep going.

HOPE: "Bing . . . the jaunty little man . . . simply does not have it any more."

SINATRA: Keep reading.

HOPE: "There is no one around at the moment who seems capable of taking his distinguished place. Sinatra, for example, has been sounding progressively more inept with each new recording."

enough is enough . . .

SINATRA: That's enough.

HOPE (*continuing*): "He is slipping, too."

SINATRA: Enough, Bob.

HOPE: "The color has gone from his voice."

SINATRA (*jerking the clipping away from Bob and tossing it out the window*): Enough is enough. (*Both men look at each other and then start roaring with laughter which gradually subsides.*)

SINATRA: You'd think Bing and I were public enemies, the way they write about us.

HOPE: It's nothing, Frank. You've got to take it in stride. They've been trying to kill Bing off in print for the past five years.

SINATRA: I wonder why.

HOPE: For the same reason they've been picking on you. You guys make good copy.

SINATRA: Maybe we do. But I'm in my early thirties and Bing is in his forties, and we're too young to die. Why don't they hop on someone older?

HOPE: Like, say, Al Jolson?

SINATRA: What, and put Larry Parks out of a job?

HOPE: Don't worry about Larry. He'll be okay. *He's* got talent.

SINATRA: You mean Betty Garrett?

HOPE: I mean more than that. Larry's not just a crooner like some guy who happened to be born in Hoboken.

SINATRA: I never realized you were a jealous man.

HOPE: Not jealous, kid—just honest.

SINATRA: Well, speaking of honesty—tell me on the level, what do you think of Bing's voice these days?

HOPE: Are you really interested in Crosby's voice?

SINATRA: Bob, I give you my word. If anything should happen to Bing's voice,

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and if people should then go around saying Sinatra had inherited his mantle, I'd . . . I'd. . . .

HOPE: Just be heartbroken, wouldn't you?

SINATRA: That word doesn't do me justice.

HOPE: You can say that again. But just to put your mind at ease, scarecrow, let me tell you that Bing is now singing as well as he ever has in his whole life.

SINATRA: Then, why do these wise guys say he's lost some of his witchery?

HOPE: They have reference to his hair.

SINATRA: Maybe so, but it's his voice he sings with.

HOPE: Right. And a man's vocal chords last a long time. Jolson is one example. Ezio Pinza is a second. Crosby is a third. Bing's voice is still good for years and years. Now, what's happened, I think, is that people have gotten accustomed to it. That frog in his throat doesn't surprise them any more. The voice doesn't have the quality of newness it once had, but it's still there. If anything, it's developed. It's got more range and power. . . . I know you're tickled pink to hear all this.

SINATRA: I sure am, because all those things you said also happen to be true of *my* pipes.

HOPE: You don't say.

SINATRA: I do say.

HOPE: This is no time for modesty. Tell me everything.

SINATRA: Well, Bob, I think it's only human nature to point out small failings and neglect accomplishments.

HOPE: Your wisdom amazes me.

SINATRA: Let me miss one benefit dinner, just one, and the next thing you know, people are going around saying I'm as bad as Crosby. Let me make one bad record, and overnight, I sound like Bing. Same with pictures. One bad one, and they say I've pulled a Crosby.

voice of the people . . .

HOPE: You imply that Bing's name is synonymous with failure?

SINATRA: Your vocabulary amazes me.

HOPE: Well, get yourself de-amazed, thin-frame, and let me tell you a thing or two. One or two whacky critics can write Bing off in print, but (*putting one hand on his chest and pointing dramatically upward with his other*) they can't write him out of the hearts of the public.

SINATRA: Now I'm crying. . . . By "public," no doubt you mean Dixie and the four boys.

HOPE: I mean that one or two magazine writers can say anything they want to about Bing, but just so long as the people like him, that's all that counts.

SINATRA: Hmmm. . . . Speaking of what counts, what've you been doing these past few weeks, besides counting your money?

HOPE: Counting money? Listen, son, I've been keeping the airlines in business this past year. In addition to radio and pictures, I've been playing dates all over the country.

SINATRA: A little rough for a man of your years, isn't it?

HOPE: Ridiculous! Why, I chinned myself this morning. Almost.

SINATRA: Let's face it. There's probably some truth to the rumor.

HOPE: What rumor?

SINATRA: That you plan to retire in a few years.

HOPE: Who started *that*, you?

SINATRA: You're mistaking me for Crosby. I believe in live and let live.

HOPE: Yeah? For how long?

SINATRA: Well, at least until your kids get big enough to support you.

HOPE: The trouble with you and Bing is that you're scared silly. Ever since I sang "Buttons and Bows" in *Paleface*, you two guys are afraid you'll have some serious singing competition. And wait'll you hear me in my duet with Rhonda Fleming in *The Great Lover*. Matter of fact, I intend to sing more and more in my pictures. That's a hint, Frankie-boy.

SINATRA: Meaning what?

HOPE: Meaning that maybe *you'd* better retire while the retiring is good.

SINATRA: Me retire? I'm too young. My whole life lies before me.

HOPE: Well, I guess you *could* struggle along in pictures for a few more years.

SINATRA: It's no struggle. You see, Bob, I'm not like you. I have youth and energy and spirit on my side. Wait until you see *On the Town*.

HOPE: You mean Gene Kelly's picture?

SINATRA: I'm in it, too.

HOPE: A bit, no doubt.

SINATRA: I'm the co-star.

HOPE: They must be desperate at Metro these days. . . . Look, thin-man, what brings you to the Casa Hope, anyway? You want a job or something?

SINATRA: No, Bob, I don't want a job—but I do want some advice. You've been around in the entertainment business a long time and you know most of the angles. If you were Bing or me, what would you do about these articles that keep asking: Is Crosby Finished? and Is Sinatra Finished? You know, this attempt to kill us off in print?

HOPE (*putting on a long white beard*): Son, you and Bing can do one of two things—ignore the stuff altogether, because it's obviously not true and only written to entice the readers; or you can sit down and write an answer to those guys who insist you're finished. "Listen, fellas," you can say, "no one knows better than a singer when his voice is beginning to go. It's the kind of thing you, yourself, feel first, like a headache. You don't need anyone to tell you about it. When it does go," you can say, "I'm retiring. No one has to give me the gong or reel me in with a hook and line. I'm not the kind of guy who deludes himself. When my time is up, I'll accept it graciously. But that time hasn't come yet." That's what you and Bing can say, my boy.

SINATRA: Gee, that sounds great. Why don't we do an article like that together?

HOPE (*removing beard*): Together? I've got a brain, but what can you contribute?

SINATRA: I've got a terrific title, "Too Young To Die."

HOPE: "Too Young To Die," eh? That's not half bad. (*Aside*) Confound the whippersnapper! Why didn't I think of it?

SINATRA: O.K. Let's begin. You repeat what you said a minute ago and I'll copy it down.

HOPE: Relax, boy. The whole thing's already down.

SINATRA: Already written?

HOPE: Don't look now, son, but I've had my wire recorder turned on ever since you stepped into the living room. A voice like yours is still worth preserving.

SINATRA: Gee, thanks, Bob.

HOPE: Think nothing of it, kid. So is mine, so is mine.

THE END

SEEING STARS?

Everyone sees stars at one time or another. We see them practically all the time, but we're not qualified—for the $5 bills, that is. They're for the lucky people whose "I Saw It Happen" anecdotes we print. So, if you've ever had an amusing incident happen to you and a movie star, write it down and send it to the "I Saw It Happen" Editor, MODERN SCREEN, 261 Fifth Avenue, New York 16, N. Y. The anecdote must be true and it must be short. Try for one of our $5 bills—we've plenty!

HEY, LOOK! WE'RE DANCIN'!

(*Continued from page 58*)

"At one time I had hopes of being a dancer," sighed Nancy—who'll be Bing's leading lady in *Mr. Music*. "I used to think I was pretty good—until I went to a senior prom at Wauwatosa High in Milwaukee, and right in the middle of a waltz I tripped on my evening dress and fell flat on my face. Whatever yearnings I had to be a Pavlova ended with that little disaster."

Don and Marion DeFore decided to take advantage of the presence of really expert dance instructors and approached Gower—who, with his wife, created and staged the dances for the current New York hit, *Lend an Ear*.

"We've invented a tired two-step," said Don, "and stick to it no matter what the tempo. But we do wish we could rhumba."

"We went dancing on our first date," Marion recalled. "We were off to a bad start until we confessed to each other that we really weren't ballroom artists. Then we happily went to the movies."

champion advice . . .

Gower was a patient instructor—and soon the DeFores were rhumba-ing soundly. Next, Nancy Olson, we Churchills, and even Richard Haydn sought—and received—terpsichorean advice from the Champions. By this time, Mona Freeman and Rhonda Fleming were working out ballet steps on the exercise bars, Billy De Wolfe was dancing with Marge Champion (never, we must admit, tramping on *her* feet once!), and Reba was following Alan's intricate steps.

Then in breezed Bob Hope. He was gussied up in a hunting outfit he wears in *Fancy Pants*—light tan breeches, riding boots, hunter's cap and red jacket.

"Tally-ho, old sports!" he called to everyone. "How about a dance with the king of the ballrooms?" he cried, seizing Rhonda Fleming, his true-love in *The Great Lover*. Looking ecstatic, he whirled her dreamily through a few steps. Rhonda, who'd been studying the picture of a ballet dancer in a magazine, kept right on studying it over the king's shoulder.

"Now you've lived, honey," he said, releasing her. "Well, look, everyone." he announced gaily, "what I really dropped in for was to open up the band-aid concession for this little clambake. Any broken noses? . . . Arms? . . . Legs? . . . No? Well, we'll soon fix *that*. Let me introduce you to my new round dance—it was invented for squares who can't square-dance."

Seated nice and comfy on a chair with his boots propped up against an exercise bar, he started calling out directions for the dance. They would have worked fine if we'd all been equipped with four arms and eight hands.

Just when we were really fouled up and everyone was interlocked octopus-like with everyone, Bob started reversing the directions. Dick Pribor stopped playing his piano and gazed at him sadly. "Now look, Mr. Hope," he said.

Hope eyed us for a moment. Then he said briskly, "Well, guess I'd better get back to the set!"—and with that he departed.

Which was a good cue for everyone else to follow suit—we were all, including the hard-working Champions, bushed.

But personally, the Churchills felt swell. We'd learned half a samba, how to step on your partner's feet gracefully, and how to sail off a dance floor with a flying leap—just what every young girl should know! THE END

(For ethical reasons, actual doctor not used in this picture.)



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4. Now massage Noxzema into your face. Remember—it's greaseless. And that's very important! Pat a little extra over any blemishes to help heal them.

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Alan Ladd

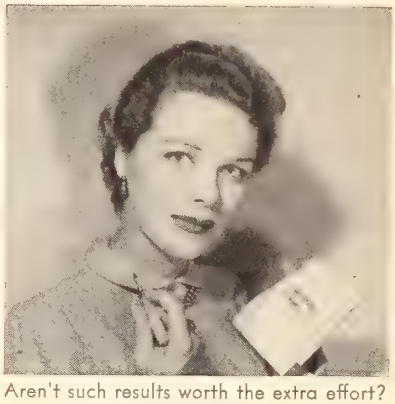
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Sally Forrest outlines lips with a brush.


Then she blots excess lipstick on tissue.


Aren't such results worth the extra effort?

by Carol Carter, beauty editor

Screen beauties can tell you it takes patient practice to learn the art of applying lipstick. Do so and you'll have really pretty lips.

make a pretty mouth

■ A pretty mouth says nice things about you all day long! That means, in addition to having a sweet, contented mouth, you've also taken care to put on your lipstick as cleanly and smartly as possible.

Be sure your lips are dry when you apply the lipstick, or powder your lips to remove any moisture. It's just no go trying to get lip color to adhere smoothly if lips are wet. For that well-defined outline, use a lipstick brush. You'll probably have to practice with it a bit before you're entirely steady. Start with your upper lip and sweep from the center on out to the end of the mouth. On the lower lip you reverse the order—start from the corner of the mouth and brush toward the center. If you want a really competent-looking job, pay careful attention to the corners of the mouth—because if your artistry bogs down there, it will show clearly when you talk and laugh. Fill in the center of your lips with up-and-down strokes that fill in the little grooves in your lips. The present shape of your lips is probably pretty enough, but you can cheat a bit if not. If your lips are too thick, don't use lipstick to the very edge. For too thin or too straight lips, go just a hair's breadth beyond your natural lip line for a fuller effect.

Use lipstick freely. Let it remain undisturbed for a minute or two and then press your lips together on a piece of cleaning tissue to blot up the lush excess. If you want to do an especially good make-up job, powder your lips and repeat the process. This insures lovely lips for hours. Very convenient, too, is a thin film of lipstick fixative—particularly good if you're dining and you want to keep from eating your lipstick.

I'd love to send you a fine chart showing fabric colors and make-up to go with them. Let me know your hair color when you make your request. Address Carol Carter, Beauty Editor, Modern Screen, P.O. Box 125, Murray Hill Station, New York 16, N. Y.

MY PLANS FOR GABLE

(Continued from page 52)

Then I closed my eyes and was somehow perfectly content.

I was just another tired traveler as far as the people of this hamlet were concerned. They didn't know me from Adam nor did it make any difference. I was just a man who wanted to sleep, and what could be more natural?

I'm not sure why, but I got a feeling out of that which I have since tried—and almost always unsuccessfully, to recapture many times. Because that would be the perfect life for me when I am not working: to be able to go among people, mix closely with them and be accepted just for myself.

Actually I can't, of course. Now, people don't mob me and tear off my sleeves for souvenirs, or anything like that. They always seem nice and friendly—sort of treat me as an acquaintance. But still—well, I know they're really looking on me as a curiosity, as a movie star.

Not that I'm crying bitter tears about the situation. I worked hard to get where I am, I wanted it, and I am grateful for the way things turned out. But the longing to mingle as just an ordinary citizen is always there and it gets stronger whenever vacation time comes around.

forbidden pleasures . . .

It's vacation time now. By the time you are reading this, I'll have left Hollywood for . . . I'm not just sure where. I know what I'd like to be doing. I'd like to be in Chicago, for instance, just meandering through the Loop or getting all confused finding my way through the maize of aisles in Marshall Field's store on State Street. I'd like to be in New York, caught in the thick of its sidewalk life; maybe trying to force myself through the lunch crowd in the garment section just below Times Square or gawking along Broadway watching the window chefs in the quick-sandwich joints slice away at their monstrous turkeys and hams. There's a stroll I could make up Pennsylvania Avenue in Washington, or through Grand Circus Park in Detroit, or winding around with Milk Street in Boston.

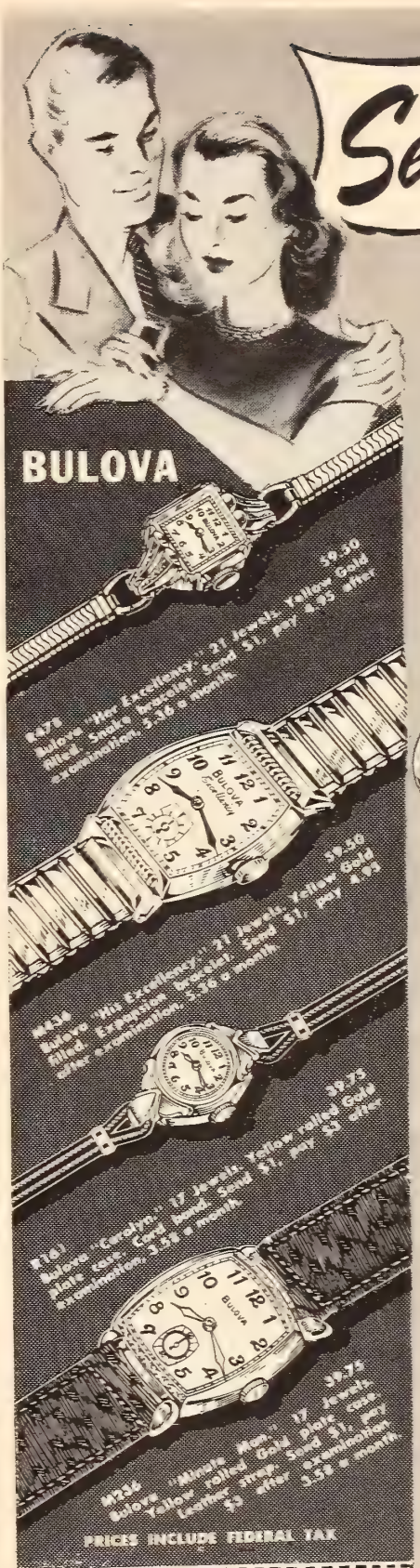
All these things I did once—when I was a struggling actor. But they are not for me any more. If I tried it now. . . .

Once I saw a Philadelphia policeman heaving and pushing in his efforts to rescue a beautiful movie starlet from an admiring crowd, and, in the midst of the melee, he looked at her and said, "Girlie, you may be a queen in Hollywood but right here in Philadelphia, you're a public nuisance!"

Well, I don't think I'd be a public nuisance. As I say, people on the streets don't mob Clark Gable, movie star, even in the big cities. But let's face it: I do attract that uncomfortably "special" attention.

So—while I'll probably head for New York on my vacation, it will be just to pop out here and there along Times Square to catch the shows, and then pop back to more secluded surroundings again. I may go to Europe afterward. Last time I was there I bought a little car and started to drive it through the country. My trip didn't go on very long because I had to call it off abruptly to return to California when my father died suddenly.

But it was enjoyable, if short. Only once was I recognized when I left Paris. The innkeeper of a little place along the road where I stopped for lunch asked me

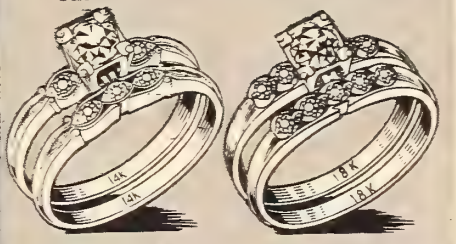


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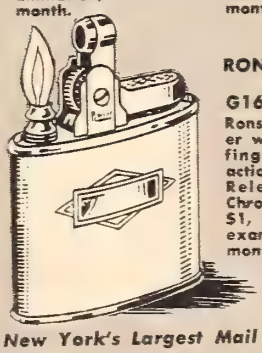
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in painful English if I was not Clark Gable. When I nodded he cried, "Ah-h-h! Then it ees possible you can be of inform to me!"

I said I'd be glad to be "of inform." What was it he wanted to know?

"I want to know about 'skeep it'," he declared. "I have seen many of your pictures and many times you say this phrase, 'skeep it'. What does it mean, 'skeep it'?"

I tried to explain. I told him that "skip it" literally meant sort of "jump over" something, but, in conversation, really meant to forget some subject or deed and go on to another.

"*Oui! Oui!* I unnerstand!" he exclaimed. "Eeet is the same then as in the English pictures when they say ' 'op it!', no?"

"Oh, no!" I said. And then I tried to explain the difference. All through the meal I tried to make it clear, but it was no use. In the end I decided that the only thing to do was to skip it. So I 'opped it.

Well, if I don't go to Europe this time, probably to tour the provinces of France, then I may head west again from New York for my Rogue River place in Oregon and some fishing. I'll drive up there, avoiding the bigger cities en route, as usual, and stopping at motels. As a matter of fact, though I have a 47-acre place on the Rogue, I generally stop at a motel near there which is owned by a friend. It's simpler that way. More mobility. I can throw my golf clubs in the car and leave at a moment's notice for deep-sea fishing at Guaymas, Mexico, for instance—where, though I am a stubborn Dutchman, I have many times met my match, and more than my match, in marlin and sailfish.

beginner's luck . . .

On one of my earliest attempts to catch marlin, I was accompanied by Jack Conway, the director, and another friend, A. T. Jergens. As soon as I got a bite I started to pull in violently and they both yelled out in alarm.

"You'll break the line!" Jack cried. "You've got to take it easy with marlin. Slow and easy. Play him."

But, as I say, I am stubborn. I did it my way. I fought. And at the end of the day I had caught three marlin, Jack had had three on the line and lost them all, and Jergens lost two. They both claimed that no one in deep-sea fishing history had ever caught a marlin my way before and that it could be accounted for only by the fact that my unethical yanking had simply confused the unfortunate fish into giving in!

But it never happened that way again. I learned to follow Jack's advice. "Just keep a light but steady pressure on the line," he would say. "Like a woman after a man." I'm sure I don't know just what he means by this, but I did it anyway.

Well, on my vacation I may fish, I'll play golf, but I won't hunt. I won't hunt because somehow I have lost my taste for it, especially for deer hunting. The last time I hunted deer was at Kanab, Utah. I had my rifle to my shoulder and a fine bead on a deer when it suddenly came over me that I couldn't pull the trigger.

I let my rifle drop and the guide with me looked astonished.

"What's the matter, buck fever?" he asked.

"No," I replied. "I just changed my mind."

The truth was that the deer looked too beautiful, standing there, for me to drop him and spoil the picture. I'm not trying to propagandize about hunting. Every man to his own taste. It just so happens that since that time, shooting a deer has become for me no more sporting than going out and shooting the old family cow.

The story got around and I was kidded about it that night when I attended a square dance, my first, at the schoolhouse in Kanab. There was cornmeal on the floor, dust in the air, and a hundred people I had never met before swirling around the place. I did everything wrong, had every girl I partnered with, giggling at my ineptitude—and I ended up having one of the best times I ever had in my life.

(It was also just as well that I had decided to quit hunting. The next morning I was so stiff I could hardly walk, let alone stalk a deer.)

For hunting thrills I have substituted golfing thrills. Landing a ball on a tough green, clearing some nasty traps on the way, is as satisfying as sending a bullet under a deer's shoulder—or at least it will do for me. And a few weeks ago it more than did for me when I was playing Bel Air and couldn't find my ball after apparently hitting a spoon shot straight from the tee to the green. No, the ball wasn't lost. It had come straight down into the cup, tearing a piece of earth the size of a half dollar off the lip and jamming itself tight between the pin and the side of the cup—for a flying hole in one. Incidentally, it happened to be the 13th hole.

With all this traveling that I do, and plan to do ahead, it may seem to a lot of people that mine is a restless soul. I wouldn't know. Everybody's life falls into a pattern, sooner or later, and that is the pattern of mine right now. It wasn't always like this.

There certainly was a time in my life when I really came close to being quite the fireside boy. . . .

Today, when I'm working in Hollywood, I'm still a homebody. Unless there is a special occasion involved I drive straight home from work, have my dinner, read and go to bed. If I go out at all it is on a weekend. Any time you read an item about my being seen in a night club you can pretty well bet it was on a Saturday night.

When the picture I am working on is over and done with, I can't stay put any longer and I'm off.

Why? Why not stick home? I don't know. Iron bars do not a prison make, as the old saying goes, and my trouble may be that neither does brick or wood make a home. It just makes a house. There's a difference.

Oh, I know what the difference is all right. Maybe I'll meet up with her some day. Maybe that's what all this traveling is about. A man can never tell.

THE END

I SAW IT HAPPEN



At a recent broadcast on the Ford Theater, I saw Ida Lupino giving many autographs directly from the stage. One smart boy kept repeating, "That's not Ida Lupino; that's her double. You don't think she would sit there and sign autographs." Miss Lupino finally turned to the boy and said, "Sonny, don't tell anyone, but I'm really Ingrid Bergman in disguise."

Lillian Rudolph
Richmond Hill, N. Y.

SO PROUDLY SHE HAILS

(*Continued from page 14*)

mother on this subject. Her mother had advised two places Greta might safely go with any man she met on her tour. Greta decided to follow her mother's advice.

"I would like to go to the zoo or to the museum," she replied. Gregory's reaction is not on record.

At any rate, there's a fine zoo in Forest Park in St. Louis, and that's where they went. As they wandered about, Gregory observed that he couldn't quite place the slight accent she sometimes showed.

"I am a Finn," she said. "And you?"

"I am an American Indian," replied Gregory, making joke. But Greta believed him.

"Really?" she asked, seriously. "You know, I can see it." And that night she wrote home to her mother, "I have met the nicest Indian."

Since the letter was postmarked from St. Louis, which is pretty far west when you've never been further west than Jersey City, her mother answered quickly, requesting full details on appearance, social manner and tribal customs.

This "Indian" was a hard-working man, Greta soon learned. (She'd already learned that Greg, while he'd get red pretty easily, was no redskin.) Though he had but two lines to speak in *The Doctor's Dilemma,* he was determined that these lines should be given perfectly. A number of times Greta found him alone in the theater, standing on the stage and working on the pitch of his voice. He was not embarrassed at being discovered. Instead, he put her to work to help him.

"Stand at the back of the house and tell me how it sounds," he would ask.

Greta would listen. Gregory would speak a few words, call out for a verdict, and then Greta would report on his delivery.

man proposes . . .

It was about this time that Greta, getting wise to the ways of the theatrical world, happened to ask Greg a question that led to some surprising repartee.

"What is your *real* name?" she wanted to know one day.

"Why, Gregory Peck," he told her.

"You mean—you haven't got a made-up name like all the actors?" she asked.

"No," he said. "There's nothing wrong with using a stage name, but I've always been Gregory Peck."

"Honestly?" she asked.

"Listen," he said. "If we were to be married, your name would be Peck. Mrs. Gregory Peck."

Greta blushed. "Oh, *that* is not why I asked!" she exclaimed.

"Of course not," he assured her. "But that's why I'm telling you."

She didn't quite get the full significance of his casual explanation until much later in the tour, when they reached San Francisco. Here she found herself meeting Gregory's mother, Mrs. Bernice Maysuch, and later his father, who drove up to Los Angeles from San Diego to see them.

She had a sense then that something interesting was about to happen—and, as she wrote her mother, "all of this just from asking a simple little question!"

And so Greta Rice became Mrs. Gregory Peck, and then she became a mother—but not yet a citizen. Her two brothers and a sister had become citizens. Her son, and then another son, were born into citizenship. But Greta was still an alien.

A resident of the United States since the age of four, Greta, as might be said of



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many persons, was not a very nationalistic girl when she was younger. Born in Helsinki, Finland, but raised mostly in America (New York and Jersey City, to be exact), she was more interested in growing up than in which country this process was taking place. When her mother became an American citizen, Greta just never got around to following suit.

But in 1939, on a world cruise in an American ship, she was rudely awakened to the facts of 20th century existence. The ship was anchored off Danzig in the Polish corridor when Hitler chose that day to invade Poland. Greta and her mother were sightseeing in town when the news came. Her mother paled.

"We must get back to the ship immediately," she said.

"Why?" asked Greta, unworriedly. "Do you think they'll stop you, Mother?"

"Not me, you!" replied her mother. "I am an American citizen. They must let me proceed. But you have no such protection. You might never get back to the United States."

what america means . . .

In that moment, the full realization of what America meant, the freedom of life she had accepted so casually, hit Greta between the eyes. She fairly raced back to the ship with her mother, and never got off until it docked in New York.

Now was her chance to get busy on the project of becoming a full-fledged American. Yet—she didn't. There were two reasons. One was the dismay with which she contemplated going into court and answering the manifold questions about the country's system of government. The other was an old-fashioned feeling that, anyway, her principal destiny was marriage, and that at the proper time her husband would in some way or another take care of such matters for her.

Well, that husband turned out to be Gregory Peck. "Look, dearest," he would say from time to time. "Maybe it's time something was done about getting you naturalized."

"But the examination," she would protest. "What if I fail it?"

"Oh, there's nothing to it," he would say with the off-hand dismissal of such matters that is so typical of the native American. "They'll just ask about the form of government—who your congressman is, and all that."

"Who *is* our congressman?" she asked once.

"Why—uh—there's a book you can get on that," he replied.

But it wasn't until after a half-thwarted West Indies vacation that Greta actually did something about becoming an American.

What decided her occurred not so long ago in the airport office at Key West, Florida. After a vacation trip with Greg to Nassau and Bimini, for which Greta had obtained re-entry permits from the immigration bureau, she had been denied permission to visit Cuba and Haiti unless she got new permits. She and Greg hadn't found out about it until they were about to board the plane for Havana.

"This is ridiculous," Greg said to her. "This has got to stop. You know I'm supposed to go to Italy to make *Quo Vadis*. Darling, unless you get your citizenship, you're not going with me. I'll go alone."

That did it. Greta decided that she was still too new a wife to undergo those months-long "on location" separations.

"I'll do it, I'll do it!" she frowned. "I'll go to school and I'll make a perfect mark on that examination, you'll see!"

And so it was, that shortly after their return to Hollywood, Greta went to the Beverly Hills High School and enrolled in a night class on citizenship. At the end of her four-month course, she nervously told Greg she thought she was ready.

"Great!" said Greg. "I'll take you down."

Greg drove. Greta kept her nose in the book until the very second they got before the naturalization examiner.

She was prepared to answer hundreds of questions—but had to answer only four! She just couldn't stand it. Here she had a head crammed full of national, state and civic facts and nobody wanted them. She tried to suppress them but they kept tumbling out unbidden and she was well launched into a dissertation on the various branches of government, plus their general, specific, and even possible functions, until finally the examiner begged off with a laugh.

"It's all right, it's all right," he said. "I know how you feel. In fact, I'd bet that right now you know more about the United States than your husband."

Greg grinned and hastily changed the subject. When they left, however, poor Greta still couldn't restrain herself. All the way back home, she insisted on explaining to Greg the method of apportioning congressional districts in the country. She had been so long soaking in the stuff it seemed criminal not to be able to tell it to someone. (And, as it happened, Greg found it quite interesting!)

But she was not yet a citizen. A formal card of notification was to be sent to her and then, bringing the card with her, she would be permitted to take the oath of citizenship with a group of other aspirants in federal court. The card finally arrived and again she and Greg drove down.

He left her at the courtroom door with the others who were to be sworn in that day and went back to the visitors' area to watch the ceremony. After a while he saw the group file in and heard them chant their allegiance. He hurried out to the hall ahead of them—only to find Greta already waiting there and practically in tears.

"What—what are you doing out here?" he asked. "I thought I just saw you in *there*."

"Not me!" she cried. "I wasn't in the courtroom! I forgot to bring my notification card and they wouldn't let me take the oath without it!"

citizen peck . . .

Not until two weeks after that did Greta officially become an American. Greg was unable to accompany her this time. But he made certain that she'd be there in plenty of time to cope with any hitches. Not far from the Pecks lives a lady with a reputation for getting to any important event two hours ahead of time—Mrs. Ollie Carey, widow of the beloved Harry Carey. Greg left Greta in Mrs. Carey's charge and that did the trick.

When Greta got back home she found a wire from Greg. "Congratulations to the country's newest American," it read. But Greta wasn't the newest one very long. She did herself out of the honor soon afterward by contributing a brand-new citizen to the country—Carey Paul Peck, her third son.

Some weeks later, the Pecks had a dinner party at their home, with a group of brilliant people present. The conversation turned to presidential elections and then struck a snag because none of the guests could correctly explain the electoral system of voting.

"Just a moment," interposed Gregory. "We happen to have a political expert present." And he turned to his wife.

"Greta?"

Mrs. Greta Peck, formerly Greta Rice of Helsinki, Finland, smiled.

"Of course," she said.

And she told them. Right from the book, too!

THE END

SHE WANTS TO DO HOMEWORK

(*Continued from page 51*)

position, and respect him the more for it. But waiting was hard on them both, and in the end she wrung a concession from him. His idea had been to delay the marriage till he could take over full financial responsibility.

"That's not *fair,*" wailed Jane. "No man of 25 makes as much as movie people unless they've inherited money, which you haven't and won't. Can't you pretend I'm a secretary and support me like one?"

He finally agreed that she might have a point there. They worked out an economic program acceptable to Geary. Jane agreed to be patient till he found something that would offer a solid foothold for the future.

Her father gave her the beautiful maple hope-chest for her birthday last April. First thing to go into it was an exquisite cup from Czechoslovakia, sent by Geary's aunt. One gift that moved Jane almost to tears came from a fan.

"I bought these," wrote the fan, "when I first heard you were engaged, and I've moved them around so much that they worry me. So I'd like you to have them before they get broken."

Jane and Geary opened the box together, and brought out a set of dishes in a Christmas tree pattern, with little dolls underneath the trees. Jane went out of her mind. Geary said, "Hey, you know who's gonna fall for these? Our kids."

His own contributions to the chest were more practical. As Jane gets carried away in antique shops, Geary gets carried away in war-surplus stores. The difference is that in one place you only look, in the other you buy. Geary collected such items as paring-knives, shoe-racks and what his bride-to-be called "similar trinkets." (They may be gadgets to you, but to her they're trinkets.) One day he showed up with, of all things, a back-scratcher.

The hope-chest also contained some little wrap-arounds that Jane crocheted herself. "Superstitious people think it's bad luck to have baby clothes in a hope chest," said Jane. "I'm not superstitious."

Janet Leigh, Liz Taylor and Marna Harbert, who's married to one of the boys at the MGM office, were planning a linen shower for Jane at Marna's house. Jane was hoping they'll find out by the grapevine or telepathy or something that, for bathroom towels, she thinks there's nothing like maroon.

Then there's Arabella, the piggy bank. Geary lugged her in one day—Arabella's at least a foot long—and placed her on the table. "That's for our honeymoon."

All their loose change went into Arabella.

bargain hunter . . .

She calls Geary just Geary, for she can't stand coy pet names. There's something about them that drives her crazy. She loves to tag along when he goes shopping for clothes. He *doesn't* love it, but puts up with it when he must, and sneaks out on her if he can. She consoles herself by browsing in men's shops, looking at things she'd like Geary to have. As a rule she doesn't buy them, because it's not sensible to buy a man clothes except for birthdays and Christmas. Being an individualist, she makes another exception. If it's on sale, she'll buy it. She'd buy anything on sale, including a white elephant.

She knits for him too—sweaters and argyle socks. Into the first pair of argyles went her life's blood, what with tangling, ripping and starting all over again. They turned out sort of bumpy, but they did resemble socks in a far-off way, so she blocked them and hung them on the line—and the dog got them. "Never again," vowed Jane. (Two days later she was making with the bobbins again.)

Domestically speaking, Geary's snagged himself a prize. There's no part of homemaking that Janie doesn't take to. Egged on by Ann Sothern, she's putting her eyes out now over needlepoint. She designs her own clothes, and sews many of them herself. As for cooking, she's been a natural from the age of six, when she shoved her first batch of cookies into the oven. To her, a kitchen range can be as thrilling as a song. She doesn't think it's cute for a girl to say, "I can't boil water." She thinks it's unfair to husbands. Her main problem will differ from that of most. She wants one only for when she's working. Otherwise, she'll take over the kitchen herself. Nobody else can cook when Jane's around.

Geary's one husband who'll be not only well, but temptingly fed. To that end, Jane started another scrapbook which holds only such recipes as she's tried out on him. On the set one day, Ann Sothern spoke highly of a certain banana fluff pie. Next day Jane appeared, bearing a banana fluff pie, minus one wedge.

"Geary didn't like it. I can't put it in the book."

She admits (reluctantly) that long engagements offer one advantage. You get to know each other's ways.

a wonderful guy . . .

"Geary," says Jane, "is the kindest, most thoughtful person in the world. And I don't say so just because he's my fella—everybody says so. You never have to *ask* him to do anything, he thinks of it before you do. Little things like going to the store for Mother, and building fires, and taking both our dads out to dinner and the movies on Fathers' Day. . . . And not prying. If something's bothering me, he can sense it, but he'll never ask questions unless I'm ready to talk. His whole family's like that. I'm not. I used to love to find out everything I possibly could. Now I try to copy myself after him, so at least I'm learning."

Every fifth of the month they've gone out to celebrate their engagement. Maybe to the Ambassador for dancing. Maybe to a show. But the big night-clubs have rarely seen them.

Saturday nights may find them at a friend's house, square-dancing. For these occasions, Jane runs up little calico dresses, all in one piece, so the blouse won't pull out. Sundays they have dinner at home and, if people come over, she cooks it. The other evenings are dedicated to canasta. Sometimes they'll spend the weekend at Idilwild with Geary's sister and brother-in-law. In winter, they ski. In summer, they go on pack-trips through the mountains. "Honestly, we've been like old *married* folks." The blue eyes go wide with earnestness, lest you should doubt this unusual state of affairs. "Even his *family* can't get over it."

Whatever Geary does, Jane wants to do with him. He's taught her the sports she never used to have time for—tennis and badminton, skiing, skating and diving. Last summer they concentrated on water-skiing. Jane got dumped a couple of times, and Geary thought maybe she ought to quit. She didn't. Now she's so good, she can ski along on one ski.

They've discussed every aspect of their future life together, from careers to children. Geary's not a bit opposed to her



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career, providing it doesn't interfere with their home life, which no man would want. Jane sees no reason why it should.

"I know lots of professional people have career trouble, but lots of others don't," says Jane. "I aim to be one of the others. Even when I'm working, my hours aren't too bad and I'm not too tired when I get home at night. Besides, I'm not a worrier. I don't feel I'll die unless I get certain parts. I think the studio's taking good care of me, and I leave it to them. You may be completely wrapped up in your work while you're working, yet completely forget about it when you go home. That's how I am now. With a husband and children, I imagine I'll be even more so."

They want children badly, and want them as soon as possible. It's a subject on which they're pleasantly hipped. Passing a house in the valley one afternoon, they spied a toddler running to meet her father. As he swept the baby up, a lump caught in Jane's throat, and her eyes misted. Through the mist, the man sort of dissolved into Geary, catching another baby into his arms. . . .

She looked up at Geary. He was smiling down at her. "Uh-huh," he agreed. "Not bad to come home to."

They've got their family lined up. A boy and a girl, and then they'll see. If they draw two of a kind, they'll go right on trying. On one point, Jane's firm. No nurse is going to take her children over. Somehow she'll arrange things so she can raise them herself—anyway, till they reach a certain age. "When they know I'm the mother, maybe I'll let them go a little more."

surprise, surprise! . . .

The making of *Nancy Goes to Rio* proved notable in more respects than one. First, they gave her a new portable dressing room. When she opened the door, there stood a big picture of Geary in a silver frame. The whole thing was sensational, but the picture of Geary—producer Joe Pasternak's idea—was like a heart that brought it to life and warmth.

The next surprise wasn't so good. "You'll have to take your engagement ring off," said Pop Leonard, the director.

"Oh *no!*" cried Jane, who'd never had it off before.

This, however, was just an instinctive emotional reaction. Of course she knew she couldn't wear the ring. She should have been prepared for it, but somehow the thought had never entered her head, and it came as a blow. In the first rush of distress, she couldn't bear not to have it somewhere about her, so she wrapped it tenderly in a handkerchief and stuck it down the front of her dress. If Janie bulges in a couple of scenes, that's the reason why. Later, she decided to be sensible about it and leave the ring safely at home.

But the big thing to come out of *Nancy* was the trousseau.

Jane considered starting her trousseau when she got the hope chest. Her mother advised against it. "The minute you start it," she told Jane, "marriage seems that much closer, and you'll be that much more impatient. Since you're not sure of the date, why not wait a little?"

As things turned out, no advice could have been more admirable. One day Jane was sitting looking at wardrobe tests for *Nancy*. Travel clothes, play clothes, evening and afternoon clothes. Darling little nighties and negligees. Clothes for every occasion, and the dreamiest clothes she's ever worn on the screen.

"Golly!" she sighed. Then: "GOLLY!" she exploded, popping right out of her seat. "That's the most perfect trousseau in the world. I'm going to try to talk the studio out of it."

To grasp the scope of this undertaking, you must realize that clothes worn by feminine players are studio property, and go straight back into Wardrobe. Stars never use them again, but they're spotted around on extras and bit players. As a great concession, you're sometimes allowed to buy a dress or two. But to get the whole works, and for nothing, is completely unheard of.

Jane tackled the job with what she describes as her usual subtlety. She just went to Mr. Schary and asked.

"We'll see," he said. "Come back later on."

Instead of which, she enlisted producer Joe Pasternak as an ally, and he arranged it, nobody knows how. Call it a sentimental wedding gift from Leo the Lion. Or, if you'd rather be practical, remember how tiny Jane is and how most girls couldn't squeeze an arm into her things.

Anyway, she wangled it and the clothes are out of this world. "Only," as she points out to Geary, "they won't be much of a novelty to you."

"On my wife," he assures her, "they'll *be* a novelty."

The final dance number in *Nancy* shows Jane on a rustic bridge. A boy darts in, grabs her and kisses her—and that's his only appearance.

Nick Castle directed the dances. "You know," he said, when the action was being planned, "we ought to get someone who can do this with feeling. Why not Geary?"

"A brilliant notion," said Geary. "We'll put the money I get for it in the piggy bank."

Having made a couple of pictures with Sonja Henie, he wasn't new to the work, and flew through his part with the greatest of ease. Not to speak of pleasure.

"All these months I've been kissing Janie for nothing. Now I get *paid* for it."

Back in the dressing room, she asked, "Did you mind, Geary?"

"Mind what?"

"Kissing me in front of all those people."

"Honey, I'd kiss you even in the Hollywood Bowl while thousands cheered. Why? Did *you* mind?"

"I was self-conscious. I knew I would be."

"Why didn't you tell me? We could have ducked it."

"And cheat Arabella out of a day's pay?! Who's *that* self-conscious!"

So when you see the movie, take a fast look at the lover on the bridge. That's Janie's fella. That's Geary. In the movie, all he gets is a stolen kiss. In the real-life story, he gets the gal for keeps.

THE END



that's hollywood!

My legs don't match Dietrich's. They don't even match each other.

Patsy Kelly

Dialogue is the talk that takes place between the actors in a movie—except Gary Cooper.

Abe Burrows
Quoted by Irving Hoffman in The Hollywood Reporter

TWO LOVES HAVE WE

(Continued from page 33)

look in his eyes. The same look comes into his eyes whenever I have to do a fast riding scene. (It's the only thing we ever argue about. He doesn't think I'm strong enough to hold back a high-spirited horse. I don't either, but I hate to admit it!) What gets me is that I've seen that same look in Roy's eyes when we're on the radio and only *pretending* that we are galloping!

And often, if it has been a tough morning, and I lie down in my dressing room to rest, knowing I'll have to get up in a minute or two if I want to get lunch in the short lunch period—well, I don't *have* to get up! Before I know it, Roy has entered carrying a well-loaded tray.

And so in this way we live our extra romance—but never openly. Although once we did forget. While we were standing on the set waiting for a camera call, Roy, right up in front of the whole crew, gave me a peck on the cheek.

"Hey! Do that on your own time!" called our director, Billy Witney, who sees all, knows all, and always makes sure that everybody else hears about it too. We knew that Billy was kidding but we both actually blushed—because it was so unlike us when we were working. It was more like—well, it was more as if we were married or something. And that we certainly are not—in the studio!

Sometimes Roy will flub a line of dialogue when we are doing a close-up, even though he has memorized it perfectly—and I know why. It's for my benefit. You see, when a scene has to be done over, the lights and our faces have to be rechecked. And when the closeup is shot again, something he had noticed—a bad shadow cast over my face, or something imperfect with my makeup—will have been corrected. He prefers to do it indirectly this way, without words or credit-seeking demonstration.

Their blue heaven . . .

But if we have our little daily vacation from marriage, we make up for it when we leave the studio. Then begins—or resumes, rather—that part of our lives that is just crowded with conventionality: Mama trying to maintain order and system among three children, 11 dogs, and assorted friends of both; Pop walking around with hammer, screwdriver and pliers stuffed into his back pocket as he works at keeping the house from splitting at the seams.

The house itself, especially the layout and the furnishings inside, is my domain. I like to decorate. That's okay with Roy. I like to redecorate. That's not so okay. Redecorating usually calls for a little talk-talk with Roy before I can go ahead. And I'll have to have a good reason, too.

I needed one when I wanted to paint the house again. I wanted it done darker, in a maroon, instead of the white finish it had. Roy said he thought white was fine. I agreed—that is, if it *stays* white. But Roy lets three of his dogs run loose around the outside of the house and I showed him the decorating they had done—a highly personalized sort all around the base of the structure, as only dogs can decorate!

It was a case of his either chaining up the dogs or letting me have my way. After talking it over with me, Roy went out and talked it over with the dogs. They must have told him they wouldn't care for chains very much. The house is now dark maroon.

And there was the love seat in the living room which I wanted to do over. Roy held out against it. But one day he sat down on the love seat while he had on levis with the inevitable screwdriver jutting out of his back pocket. There was a loud *r-r-rip!*—and a two-inch gash in the upholstery when he jumped up. (I've often wondered if that was his way of settling the argument without giving in on his stand!)

Not long ago, he gave me a charm bracelet with 12 charms. Six of them—a grand piano with a top that opens up; a church; a pair of baby shoes; a typewriter, a Charlie McCarthy miniature, and a camera—practically tell the whole story of my early life.

The church is where I first sang publicly. I was five and without front teeth, so I sang the whole song, a Christmas carol, with my hand over my mouth. I was certain that everyone in the church would call out, "Hello, Miss Snag!" if they saw my bare gums. (Everyone in my family did, of course!)

The piano represented my first music lessons as a child, lessons that I didn't practice faithfully because I was dying to play, not exercise, and attempted to learn by ear. Those days my parents kept after me always to practice. Now Roy does it.

The typewriter was a reminder of how I got my actual start as a professional singer. I was a secretary in a Memphis insurance office when the boss happened to hear me singing at my work. The song was *Mighty Lak A Rose,* and my audience consisted of another secretary and the office boy. The boss insisted that I sing at an insurance association banquet for which he was planning the entertainment. I did—and was heard by a radio program manager who gave me my first singing job with pay.

The baby shoes, of course, are replicas of those of my son, Tommy, who was born to me in my first marriage. And the Charlie McCarthy charm stands for what I dreamed about when I started singing for a living, but never thought I would attain—the "big time," which I achieved when I signed with the Edgar Bergen radio show.

Naturally, the camera means picture work, and shortly after that my association with Roy began. So the six remaining charms all have to do with us. There is a gold fence which represents our favorite picture together, *Don't Fence Me In,* a juke box which is a reminder of the records I have made, a tiny engraving of the first verse of the 46th Psalm—"God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble"—which signifies our turning to the church as a family. The three remaining charms are a pearl-handled revolver with a barrel that twists, a rearing horse, and a good-luck token. These stand for, respectively, Roy, Roy and Roy. . . .

And that's the story of our two loves—at the studio and at home. But I can't end it quite yet. No story involving Roy Rogers has ever been written without at least a mention of a certain horse. Yet, as you can see yourself, in this story I had no reason to bring him in. How am I going to do it?

Oh, yes! You know one of the charms I mentioned above—the one that's a rearing horse? Of course! That's him! That's Trigger!

THE END

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THIS LOVE OF OURS

(Continued from page 37)

large milk bills and comic books strew on the living-room floor can make us. Th Andrews troupe numbers six now: Dana son, David, 15; Kathy, seven; Stevie, four and-a-half; Susan, not quite two but cur rently star of the show; and Dana and I

Since that day—November 17, 1939—when we joined hands and hearts, Dan and I have stored up a great deal of happ living, fashioned of the ingredients that g to make a real marriage. These are mu tual understanding, hard work, children, solid home, and all the fun that goes witl them.

Oh, Dana has been very lucky in hi career, it's true. But no one ever pu more effort into a job than he does int the business of acting. Dana chose act ing as his life's work because it appealed to him more than any other. Maybe I'm prejudiced, as most wives are, but I believe that he would have been a success as a lawyer or an engineer or a salesman, i he'd squared that jaw and said, "This is for me."

The first time I ever saw him, I had no right to give Dana a second look. And didn't. He was calling for another gir after rehearsal, when we were student at the Pasadena Playhouse.

enter romance . . .

Even if there had been no "ethical" issue involved, I wouldn't have been interested because at the moment I was concentrating with stark, teen-age intensity on a career—with a capital "C." The only males who crashed through my consciousness a all were big, important producers who, in my daydreams, might see me at the Playhouse and proclaim me, Mary Todd, the dramatic find of the year.

Occasionally, as Dana showed up faithfully to take his girl friend home each night, the thought would occur that it would be sort of nice to have someone around like that. Nothing romantic—just a comfortable, big-brother arrangement was what I had in mind.

Dana's introductory reaction to me would have been completely deflating had I known it. "Oh, I saw you," he admitted years later, "but you were such a kid, I couldn't be bothered."

Then, director Moroni Olsen cast us as sweethearts in the Playhouse production of *First Lady*. By opening night we were practically living our parts, I guess. And that evening we had our first real date. Dana asked me to have dinner with him before the performance, at a small, unromantic restaurant called, encouragingly enough, "The Rite Spot."

Neither of us ate two bites. And it wasn't a case of love stealing our appetites either. We just had opening-night jitters. The conversation? Oh, it was sparkling. Sounded like the suave, sophisticated dialogue of a play. As a matter of fact, it *was* the dialogue of a play—all the spotty scenes in *First Lady* that we felt needed a last-minute polish.

Anyway, the show was a success, the date was a success—and from then on, the theater began to take second place in my affection. Somehow, sitting in Sheetz' ice cream parlor over daily cokes, strange irrelevancies, like the August furniture sales and the new apartments going up nearby, began to creep into our conversations about Shakespeare and the new hits on Broadway.

The gist of Dana's proposal, which wasn't a proposal at all in the best Emily Post style, went like this: "Mary, please

on't be an actress. I don't want to marry a actress, and I do want to marry you." This was typical of Dana's straight-from-ie-shoulder honesty, avoiding any future isunderstanding or an arbitrary after-arriage edict to the effect that, "As my ife, you can't have a career as an actress." s it was, the choice was mine, and I've ever once regretted trading in one ightly-used theatrical make-up box for a ook book, an efficiency apartment and ana. A home and a family were the ost important measures of success to m and I realized then that they were to e, too.

In the first months of our marriage, ana must have despaired of developing homemaker out of such green material. here were lumps in the mashed potatoes, mps in the socks I darned, even my bed-aking was lumpy. But he never seemed mind, never once voiced the thought at must have occurred as he lifted a aden biscuit—"Honey, maybe you *should* ave stuck to your acting." Once a week, e had dinner at Mother's—probably the nly reason we managed to survive my arly cooking.

We have moved three times in the course our 10 years, each time because the mily outgrew its quarters. Luckily, at time when building was at a standstill, e found our present home in Toluca ake, so right for us that we half-expected see the children's clothes hanging in e closets as the agent showed us through. uilt originally for a family of three boys, s rooms are homey and sprawling as a ouse for growing youngsters should be. After the small fry have said good-ight—sometimes for the 11th time after e many last-minute reprieves—Dana and review the day's doings, tomorrow's roblems, next summer's vacation. Some-mes we talk for hours. Or rather Dana lks and I listen. Talking is Dana's fa-orite indoor sport, whether there are just e two of us or whether he has a larger udience. And if he can work up a good, st-moving argument on any subject from nited Nations policy to the correct con-ruction of a double malted, he is in his lory.

For an occasional spree—and this must e the Hollywood version of the busman's oliday—we go to the movies. In that case, ana can work in only one trip to the itchen, when we come home. Otherwise, e shuttles between the refrigerator and e den all evening. He is an ardent ice-ox forager, so I try to keep his favorite nacks on hand. In Dana's vocabulary, a snack" is a whole watermelon, a quart of milk, or similar light delicacies. And from a wealth of experience behind a soda fountain, he fancies himself a talented sundae-artist, creating lavish extravaganzas from a battery of syrups and garnishes he keeps on a shelf above the freezer.

"This one I call 'Andrews' Ambrosia,'" he will announce, adding a final gob of whipped cream to a sky-high mound of ice cream swimming in assorted goo. "They used to line up three deep at the fountain for 'em."

Perverse as children are, ours can be little angels at home, but in public, when you especially hope they'll be fairly tractable—that's when they can be downright heathenish! In New York's Grand Central Station when, a few months ago, we were on our way back to Hollywood from England, we had an hour to kill before train time. To anyone, except a mother or father, that would seem like a reasonably easy task. Two parents, two children—nothing arduous about that.

kids will be kids . . .

Well, first of all, as we emerged from the taxi and Dana was busy with porters and baggage, Kathy whispered to me, in ladylike disgust, "Mother, look what Stevie sat in!" She pointed primly to a squashed chocolate which, she knew darned well, *she* had parked on the seat.

Once inside the station, I hustled Stevie off to the rest room to wash the messy blob from the clean suit, just 20 minutes off its hanger. Back to Dana, standing under the big clock where we'd agreed to meet. No Kathy in sight. "Where's Kathy?" I asked, straightening my son's cap for the 10th time.

"I thought you . . ." Dana started helplessly. We finally located Miss Kathy, thumbing thoughtfully through a stack of magazines at a station newsstand, unaware of the baleful glare of the clerk. By now we had quite a large crowd following us, some who had recognized Dana but just as many who were spellbound by the horrible things Stevie was doing with a wad of bubble gum.

"Let's get them a soda. That'll keep 'em quiet," whispered Dana, by this time perspiring freely and looking 98 percent the harassed father, only two percent movie star. We ducked into the station drugstore and found four places at the fountain. By now faces were pressed against the glass of the drugstore windows. "If only Stevie won't play with his ice cream. . . . If only Kathy won't upset her glass," I hoped against hope.

Well, he did and she did. And for good measure, Stevie dropped his spoon with a clatter and plummeted after it, head-first. How we ever got to the train and on it is all lost in a chocolate haze. Stevie was still clutching two bedraggled straws, which he pressed against Dana's coat, leaving a pair of straggly imprints on Father's proud new Bond Street tie.

Finally our little darlings were both tucked in for the night, and Dana and I sank weakly on the opposite berth of our compartment. Just in time to save ourselves from complete madness, we burst out laughing. "Mrs. Andrews," Dana said, bopping me on the nose with a pillow, "do you realize you and your bedevilled offspring have just set Hollywood glamor back at least 20 years?"

Maybe we *are* a disappointment to people who think that happily-married movie couples never emerge from the hand-holding stage. But we've only got four hands between us, and that's just one apiece for keeping four young Andrews sprouts in line.

And for romance? We go to the movies.

THE END



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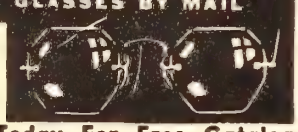
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STARS ON A SPREE ABROAD

(*Continued from page 30*)

My job was to find out, and I tackled the first troubled trail the minute I'd checked my bags in at that movieland mecca in Rome, the Excelsior Hotel. I grabbed a cab and rolled through winding streets to an address I had. It lay up a dead-end street blocked by an untidy market. Dogs, dirty kids, rags and vegetables littered the swarming street. The Italian cop waved me back. I had to go around the block and come in another way, climb four dark flights of stairs in a nondescript apartment building, enter one of two tiny rooms gloomy with heavy Italian oak furniture and with dozens of black-framed photographs on the walls. The light was bad—but I knew Ingrid Bergman when I saw her.

dreams and nightmares . . .

She was pacing the rug as I came in, frowning and upset. She wore a plain blue cotton dress, no make-up, open sandals and no stockings. Her legs were sunburned and scarred, ankle to knee, from the rocks of Stromboli. She was seething with anger because a Roman newspaper that very morning had announced that she was expecting a baby.

I sat there while she paced the floor, using words which I'd never heard Ingrid use before. I watched her tortured face and heard her injured outcries at a world which, to her amazement, had flayed her reckless behavior. I heard her say repeatedly, "Americans think they own me . . . it's my own life to live. . . ."—and voice the bitter question, "Is it a sin to fall in love?"

I heard her say she couldn't come back and face the curious mob in America, she couldn't go to Sweden, she couldn't even go downtown in Rome, she'd be risking her life. She was there in that hideout and there she would stay.

But all the while she knew better and I knew better, too. I told her, "You've got to face it. You can't hide forever. You've got to live."

"I'm not a woman with a long record of romances," she cried. "I've been a good wife."

"That's just it—they built you up as perfect and the world bought a dream. Now you've smashed it."

"But I've worked harder than any actress ever worked—worked like a slave to make a great picture! Rossellini is a great director—you will see! You will see!"

I left after two hours, left Ingrid Bergman bitter and hurt at what she had found at the end of the rainbow across the sea—a doubtful future, a sorely injured reputation, a broken home and the punctured bubble of her saintly illusion.

And yet I felt all that would pass in time—that Ingrid would be back in Hollywood, even if, as she said, she did divorce her husband and marry Roberto Rossellini. I knew the unreal setting I saw her in would fade away from her and she would be back in spite of her vows to quit. In fact, before I got back to my hotel my head was buzzing with a plan to slip her back secretly to give the distraught girl a break from the press!

Unreality is the theme of Hollywood-in-Europe, and it was appropriate that I began my reporter's look at the cockeyed continent with that first fantastic picture of Ingrid, as out of place, really, as if I'd suddenly spied her on Mars.

Other stars are roaming around Europe—in Paris, Venice, Vienna, Naples, Rome, London, the Riviera—living like princes and princesses of the blood. Producers, directors and other Hollywood hot-sh are dwelling like Caesars in villas a palaces.

The basic reason for the whole hec Hollywood overseas invasion is that Holl wood studios have money in Europe th owing to currency regulations they ca take out, but can spend there. So they using it making pictures.

Thus, you can't take a step arou Europe these days without crossing t trails of Hollywood stars, and you do need a bloodhound to pick 'em up eith The swaths they cut are wide and t paths high and handsome. Everywhere went, for instance, that sensational, sca dalous scamp, Errol Flynn, still linger on—or the glamor of the guy did, that So while I just missed Errol in person the way, I ran into his aftermath ever where.

Errol was off to Venice just before landed in Rome—to live in a palace, course, and hob-nob with titles and swe as he does everywhere. He had his yac on the Mediterranean and cruised arou like a millionaire, which he isn't, in t grand style of a Don Juan, which he ce tainly is. You've got to hand it to Flyn whether you like him or not. He ge around where things are popping, he h fun every minute he lives, and he c slip out of entanglements and respons bilities like a greased pig.

Everywhere I went, I ran into love sighing ex-romances of Errol's, quiveri at his memory. Everywhere I heard not ing but praise for his charm. He'd raid the Riviera, lionized all the parti swooned all the girls. He'd even pok his nose into Stromboli, the only Holl wood star bold enough to try that. B he just had to see what was going when lovely Ingrid's heart turned itse loose. Errol stayed part of one day, ha a frugal lunch of bread, cheese and wine that's all there was—took a horrified loo around that bleak island and at a Berg man de-glamorized and too earthy f Errol. It didn't look promising. "Gad he muttered, "what am *I* doing here?" and sailed right off. The rugged art life not for Errol.

not so charming . . .

But there were a few people Errol didn charm so much—some passengers on th plane that winged him across to Europ to start his heart-breaking tour. I hear about that from one of them, in person, o a plane myself. I'll tell it—just in case m doing so might help Flynn to mind hi manners next time (which I doubt!).

Seems Errol made a round of the Man hattan bars before he climbed aboard shi and, the minute he did, insisted on his bert being made up right away for a snooz That meant discommoding the rest of th passengers, who hadn't had dinner ye No sooner tucked away, Errol rang th bell every other minute, stomped up an down in his nightrobe and generally mad himself a pest. At Gander, Newfoundlan he was roundly booed by his fellow-trav elers, which didn't bother him a bit. S he got booed again when he stepped o at Paris. You can carry the lordly charm too far—especially when your audienc isn't amused.

If I had to come up with one favorit glamor-pair in Europe, the answer woul be easy: the Tyrone Powers. No wonde Ty hated to come back home to Holly wood, stayed away from the States almos two years. He was having too grand time on the Continent. In Italy they con

der him an Italian, he hung around there long—more than that, a royal Italian. lot since Mussolini, and before him Pom- ey and Caesar, paraded in triumph rough the ancient streets, has a Roman ob gone so wild as they did over Ty's nd Linda's wedding. Thousands lined the ay to the church, shouting, "Our Prince, ur Princess!" Flowers and gifts littered eir path.

Ty and Linda have lived in nothing but e grandest style since they were mar- ed. In Rome they occupied the Countess i Frasso's little place—the stables of her alace which she kept and made over hen she sold the big place. It's a royal arn for sure, furnished richly and ele- antly, one of the jewel-boxes of Rome. n England, while Ty made *The Black ose*, the Powers roughed it in a beautiful ountry house, with squads of servants, fit or a lord. In between pictures, Linda and y have covered Europe like a tent, have one everywhere, have been entertained y everyone. I don't believe the Prince f Wales, in his palmiest days, ever had ore adulation *en tour* or more applause.

Right now, of course, Ty and Linda have e world's sympathy on the tragic loss of eir expected child, for whom they had uch fine dreams.

Making a picture in Europe is an escape om reality. It does something pretty ixie-ish to Hollywood stars, no doubt bout that. Joan Fontaine is an example observed.

I flew all the way to Rome beside Joan. t was her first trip abroad, and I can't ay she started it too auspiciously. The ery day we climbed aboard the Constel- ation in Hollywood, reporters were on er trail. That day she had split up with er husband, Bill Dozier. In New York a arried magazine writer grabbed her. le'd just written a flowery piece about eir ideal marriage and he had to get ome new dope fast. Joan started the trip ith a furrow in her brow deep enough plant corn.

ot no worries, got no cares . . .

But the minute we hit Rome, Joan's ares whisked away in the torrid breeze. It was hot as the hinges of Hades!) She ound a gay beau her first day there, and om then on, Joan, acting half her age and osition, was as romantic as a girl who's ipped out of school. I asked her, "Aren't ou worried about the situation back at ome and what you'll do about your life, our home and your baby?"

"Not just now," she answered airily. Isn't this wonderful?" For her, yes; for ill and the baby and her real life and esponsibilities, no. But that's what Rome oes for you. It's out of this world at mes. Golly, sometimes I had to pinch *yself* to settle down—and I've certainly eached the age of reason!

One day, for instance, I attended a gala elebration in the square at Florence with oan, and Joe Cotten—where they were aking background shots for *September*. e had lunch with the mayor, an affable, easant Communist. We sipped *vino* un- er the shadow of a huge bust of Joe talin, installed by the Commie official, in e ballroom. I pinched myself—me, a ock-ribbed political conservative and a ommie fighter, in such a spot! But the eauty of Italy, with its art, history and ntique charm make you rise above such lts of reality—for the moment, at least, though I never felt quite comfortable ith Uncle Joe staring wickedly at me.

We watched the fiesta that night, with s dances and songs. After the celebration, oan skipped across the square with her ll swain, Slim Aaron, a magazine pho- grapher; coquettishly called, "Good- e—see you in the morning!"—and hirled off. She wasn't kidding. She danced until dawn like a daring debutante, without a care in the world—not there.

And I—well, Joe and I took another hack for a ride along the Arno river, sil- very in the moonlight, about the prettiest drive in the world, I suspect. (It's a good thing I'm well over 16 and Joe's safely married!) But we both got a jolt when, amid all this ancient beauty, we spied an open-air movie show across the river.

In Rome, Hollywood actors have come, seen, conquered—and stayed. The Dowling sisters are permanent residents and move in top society. Alan Curtis prefers it to Hollywood. Binnie Barnes and her husband, Mike Frankovitch, both speak fluent Italian by now. They are typical of the Hollywood expatriates who settle down in Rome and then wait to produce a picture or to get a job playing in one. Meanwhile—life in a villa and a promenade on the Corso is lots of fun; the girls are black-eyed and gay, the men suave and charming, and the spaghetti's superb! (I had it running out of my ears before I left.)

People are always dropping in to keep the Hollywood Romans hopping with excitement. Cary Grant, Errol Flynn, Greta Garbo—the Divine Swede travels constantly in company with George Schley, her manager and the husband of dress designer, Valentina. Garbo was supposed to make *Friends and Lovers*, her first in nine years, for Walter Wanger—but the bets are it'll never get going. There have been financial complications—and anyhow all Garbo's friends have advised her against doing it. Rumors buzz like bees around Rome, but real news is surprisingly scarce. It's a fantastic transplanted Hollywood.

Edward G. Robinson was one sturdy boulder of reality that was welcome to contemplate while I was there. Eddie was making *My Daughter, Joy*, on the Italian Riviera with Peggy Cummins. I wanted to run over for a visit but I can't spread myself around everywhere. I talked to Eddie on the phone, though, and asked him what was doing.

"Gladys (his wife) is painting like mad," he answered. "And my son is running all over Italy in a midget car."

"What about you?" I asked.

"I'm working like the devil!" growled Little Caesar.

Doug Fairbanks, up in the shadow of the Dolomites making *State Secrets*, also sounded nice and normal and hard-at-work when we chatted away on the telephone. But then, Doug has been getting around Europe since diaper days, has chummed with royalty, been knighted and decorated—and the big league glamor that stupefies other stars, a glamor that Hollywood can never really match, he can take in stride.

the noblest roman . . .

But the antics of half the Hollywood horde, swarming fantastically around the solid beauty of the cathedrals, the noble arches of the Emperors and the majestic marble ruins, are sometimes so incredible that even that screwball, Orson Welles, gets disgusted. He gripes bitterly at what he calls "The American Invasion!" Orson was there at the start of that invasion, of course—and he's stayed to make a pretty fair career-comeback for a broke genius. Darryl Zanuck told me he steals *Prince of Foxes* from Ty Power, and they say Orson's magnificent in *The Third Man*, made in Vienna, with Valli and Joe Cotten. Otherwise Europe hasn't altered the boy wonder one bit. He's still marching grandly on.

I talked to Merle Oberon, who was at Antibes, and deliriously in love. "You'll just have to fly over and meet him, Hedda," she entreated me. "I can't," I wailed. "I've got to go to Paris and catch up on the fashions. I'll see you both in Hollywood." But I won't of course—because "him" was



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Count Cini, the dark and handsome Italian who crashed to his death so tragically even as he waved Merle goodbye on his take-off.

I know Merle was not dramatizing herself for a minute when she cried hysterically, "Life is finished for me!" She felt that way. Count Cini, from an illustrious family, one of the richest in Italy, was the world to her. What a pair they would have made! But now? I think Merle's salvation lies in work, and I'm hoping it's in Hollywood. She's a wonderful woman who's too young and beautiful to pine away.

I flew to Paris from Rome, and it's always a thrill for me to dip down over the sparkling lighted jewels of that band-box city. Paris, today, is to London what Palm Springs is to Hollywood—a weekend resort. It's only an hour-and-a-half's hop and I've a hunch all the Hollywood stars in England, loaded with American dollars don't feel comfortable flashing them around the hard-pressed British.

The talk around Paris, among other things, is that the marriage of David Selznick and Jennifer Jones stands a very slim chance to last unto a ripe old age. Jenny's psychiatrist in Switzerland advised her against marrying David—and that anxious producer never put anything on celluloid, not even *Gone With the Wind*, as suspenseful as his yes-no-maybe-so pursuit of Jenny with object matrimony. He chased her all over Europe, finally cornered her in France—and right up to their wedding day they couldn't make up their minds.

Leland Hayward, the Broadway producer, and his best-dressed bride, Slim Hawks, were supposed to stand up with David and Jenny, along with Louis Jourdan and his wife. Leland and Slim were on their own honeymoon and wanted to be off for travel and fun. Finally they got sick and tired of sticking around while Jenny and David see-sawed. "We'll give you two exactly 60 minutes to make up your minds," they ultimatumed. "Either you marry then, or off we go!"

wedding talk . . .

Well, David and Jenny used up the full hour talking it over—but with the last minute ticking off, they said they meant sure enough at last. And so they were married. Now, wouldn't that make a cute little movie scene for someone?

Ah, me—I told you Europe did something silly to Hollywood stars. I heard that Richard Widmark, a perfectly grand guy at home, was living so swankily in London while making *Night and the City* that the British actors, who are hard up, wouldn't speak to him. And who do you think out-glamorized Hollywood's Academy Award winner, Jane Wyman, over in London making *Stage Fright?* A grandmother named Marlene Dietrich. She's the toast of Paris, London and wherever she stops. And who has everybody nuts about him, twice as much as about his glamorous wife? None but my old crush, Buddy Fogelson, there in London with Greer Garson.

Well, for some Hollywooders, the Big European Excursion is meat—for others it's poison. For me, I don't know—and I couldn't stay long enough to find out. Back home my typewriter was rusting away. But I do know this:

There's no place like Rome. Or for that matter, Florence, the Riviera or Paris. But after all, as the old and so-true saying goes, there's no place like home. East, West, home's best. My home and my beat is Hollywood and I'm glad to be back. I think a lot of the Hollywood stars gallivanting over Europe on their Continental sprees might discover the same thing one of these days—even Ingrid Bergman.

You have, alas, to come to your senses sooner or later. THE END

the fans

MODERN SCREEN FAN CLUB ASSOCIATION

Ideas which we've gotten in the mail and think you might find interesting: The Pittsburgh chapter of the Ronald Reagan club has been chipping in weekly dues and as soon as $5 is collected, they buy toys and distribute them among handicapped children in local hospitals. Some of you other clubs might like to do something like that in your own neighborhoods . . . In order to gain recognition for her star, Dick Contino, Dolores Lusnig of Milwaukee got up a petition of 6,000 signatures and presented it to the manager of a local theater. And, as a result, the management is considering booking Dick there in the near future . . . Nell Ambrose of the Club Friendship reports that her club has collected over 10,000 stamps this year. Some of them are very rare ones and all are turned over to veterans' hospitals . . . The June Allyson club has a very fine idea for sponsoring members from foreign countries who are unable to send dues. They have a snapshot fund and all money received through the sale of snapshots goes to pay the dues of a new foreign fan.

Prizes: Club editors who are winners in the Best Editors contest this month will be glad to know that they will receive 500 foto stamps as their prize. These are wonderful little postage-stamp sized photographs for journals or stationery and they may have them of any star they wish. The **American Foto Stamp** company is supplying them. Our Best Correspondents (and there are no better) receive the terrific **Revlon King's Ransom** sets. Seven luscious lipsticks with a gold holder and all beautifully packaged in black velvet. **Enger-Kress** wallets in almost every shade of the rainbow are what the This Is My Best winners have won. Both beautiful and practical—everyone just loves them. **Tangee's Trip Kits** are all the rage among our club artists. The kits are filled to overflowing with their heavenly cosmetics and just right for that winter trip . . . And there are subscription prizes for candid camera contest winners, too.

10th Semi-annual TROPHY CUP CONTEST
4th lap

This Is My Best: (100 points) "How I Remember Grandpa," Janet Mars, Lloyd Bridges (Sonenberg) "No Escape," Pat O'Conner, Bing Crosby (Ness) "Rise Stevens Captivates Lowell," Penny McInnis-Rise Stevens. "Lest We Forget," Carry DeHart Jams Brown. "An Invitation," Patricia Schoonmaker, Shirley Temple. "The Precious Old," Ginger Bagnall, Nina Foch. **Best Journals:** (500 points) League 1. Bing Crosby (Ness). League 2. (tied) Shirley Temple. Vera-Ellen. League 3. DeForest Kelly. **Best Editors:** (250 points) League 1. Marionne Oppenheim, Bette Davis. League 2. Marilyn Gorman, Jim Davis. League 3. Bea Smith, Marta Toren **Best Artist:** (150 points) Carman Holt, Michael Kirby. **Best Covers:** (250 points) League 1. Bette Davis. League 2. Nina Foch. James Brown. (tied) League 3. Lloyd Bridges (Sonenberg) **Best Correspondents:** (100 points) League 1. Janet Miller Alan Ladd. League 2. Marsha Rosenthal, Dick Contino. League 3. Maryland Wong, Montgomery Clift. **Most Worthwhile Activities:** (250 points) League 1. Ronald Reagan. (Donation to children's hospital). League 2. Esther Williams (donation for club foster child). League 3. Frank Sinatra (Moison-Elsemore) (Box of clothing to war orphans). **Membership Increases:** (100 points) League 1. Gene Autry. League 2. Gordon MacRae. League 3. Marta Toren. **Candid Camera Winners:** (100 points for first prize, 50 points for others). Margaret Huebner, Dave Willock. Mary Molloy, Eleanor Steber. Marilyn Lee Arsint, Nelson Eddy (Motola). Helen Segeler, Penny Edwards. Irene Nagy June Allyson, Joyce Moison, Sinatra. **Leading Clubs:** League 1. Ronald Reagan 950. Bing Crosby (Ness) 900. League 2. Shirley Temple 1150. Jack Berch 750. League 3. Dave Willock 700.

MY SNEAK PARTY

(Continued from page 40)

scenes left lying on the floor of the cutting-room.

This time, though, a friend of a friend of mine who knew a friend of the theater manager, tipped me off—after making me swear never to tell how I learned about the sneak of *My Friend Irma*. I promised. Then I called my guests—Marie Wilson and her mother, the Don DeFores, and John and Marie Lund.

By 6:30 we were all bundled into two cars and headed for Inglewood, a Los Angeles suburb. We had to leave that early because, not really being invited, we had to scramble for seats along with everyone else. Since we would have to sit through another complete feature before the preview came on, we had no time for dinner before the show.

Well, we made it all right—and so did Bob Beerman and Bert Parry, the Modern Screen photographers, who'd found out from this same friend of a friend. All through the picture they were roaming up and down the aisles with their Speed Graphics, shooting photos with the aid of infra-red lights. An infra-red flash-bulb gives off no light—just a little pinpoint of red. Still, the light is so penetrating that pictures can be taken in the dark. Good pictures, too, except that the light makes a girl look as if she weren't wearing any make-up at all.

I'll make a confession about myself, though I wouldn't dare to speak for the rest of our guests, half of whom—Marie Wilson, John Lund and Don DeFore—were in the cast of *My Friend Irma*, too. I *love* catching sneak previews of movies I'm in. Not for the sake of self-admiration, but because I want to see just how my performance came out. You never can really tell just what your work in a picture was like until you see yourself in the finished product, for your scenes usually are shot all out of order—sometimes the very first one on the last day of shooting.

All through the picture I forgot our guests completely, I was so wrapped up in the screen performances. John told me afterward, as we pushed through the mob, that I chewed my knuckles, laughed wildly, groaned, worried, and generally worked myself into a complete dither.

When we finally reached our cars, he snapped me out of it by remarking, "I hate to bring up the subject, but I'm bordering on starvation—and so are all our guests. What about dinner?"

"Oh, that," I retorted. "Why, it's simple: On to the Kopper Kart!"

And so we went—happily, because we thought the picture was swell. If it had been bad, we'd probably have slunk home without so much as a sandwich. Somebody brought along a stack of the preview cards the audience had filled out, and while we waited for our 11 P.M. salads we looked them over.

We made a little bet among ourselves as to what character in the picture the audience would like best. You might have guessed it—we all did—the favorite was Marie Wilson as "my friend Irma." But I must add that the whole cast received some wonderful raves—particularly Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis.

Then came the food—and I don't think any of us missed home cooking as we dug into thick prime ribs of beef. Marie's dog, Hobbs, who slept through the preview, woke up right away. We'd smuggled her into the restaurant, and I caught Marie transferring a huge hunk of beef below the table. She looked up and pretended that she'd dropped her napkin.

All of a sudden I was glad my dinner party had failed to take place at home. John and I agreed that it was a hugely successful evening. He thought of the gag to top it off. When we were all ready to go back to Hollywood, the headwaiter came up with the check for the dinner. I was amazed to see him hand the bill to John Lund. John was amazed, too. The total was $285.36! How was I to know that my playful husband had prearranged this staggering check, and had paid the real one 10 minutes before?

Also, how were we all to know that Mr. Lund can't be topped? He simply asked for a pencil and wrote across the face of it, "Charge to Hal Wallis Productions."

What a party! We must give one like it again sometime.

Matter of fact, I think I'll call up my friend Irma tomorrow and begin making out a list.

THE END

RAGE IN HEAVEN

(Continued from page 24)

insincerity—and you could see at once that this was not the truth.

And when he took Wanda in his arms, he showed no zest, no enjoyment in the move. There was an impatience about Audie, a restlessness to get the picture-taking finished, to stop living this photographic lie.

When it was over and the photographer and I had left the Murphy apartment, I turned to him and said, "There's one marriage that's going on the rocks."

My camera boy shrugged. "Oh, I don't know," he said. "Maybe it's just a bad day. Every married couple has bad days."

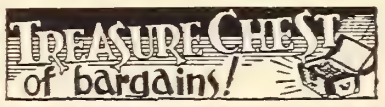
A week later, the headlines blossomed forth: AUDIE MURPHY HINTS HE AND WIFE MAY SEPARATE . . . HOLLYWOOD BLAMED FOR WOES OF AUDIE, WANDA . . . AUDIE, WANDA WASHED UP.

I quickly got in touch with Wanda. "I don't know how those stories got started," she complained. "We're not talking or even *thinking* of divorce! We have our problems, but who doesn't? If we're given half a chance, I'm sure we can work them out."

Oddly enough, this was more or less what Ginger Rogers had told me two weeks before she divorced Jack Briggs. But there's a world of difference—many years and three husbands—between Ginger and Wanda. And when a 21-year-old newlywed tells me that she and her husband have no thought of divorce and are seriously working at making their marriage a success, then I am woman enough to believe and understand her.

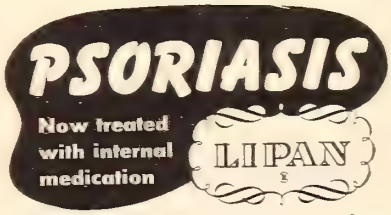
And yet, despite this belief and understanding, I knew that Audie and Wanda had been bickering and quarreling for many months. I knew that Wanda's mother had gone to Darien, Georgia, because she wanted these two to work out their own problems without help or hindrance of mother-in-law. I knew, too, what many of Wanda's friends had been saying. "She has a really tough job," one of these friends had confided to me. "Audie is very high-





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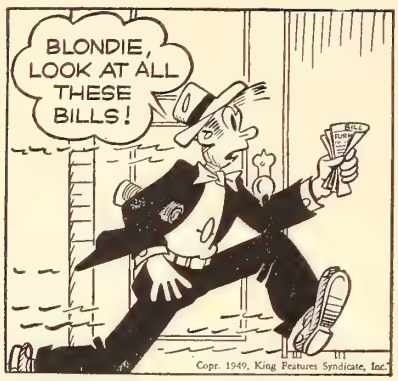
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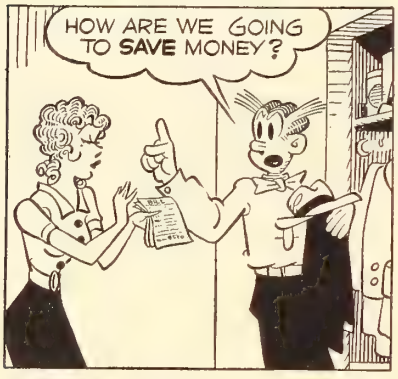


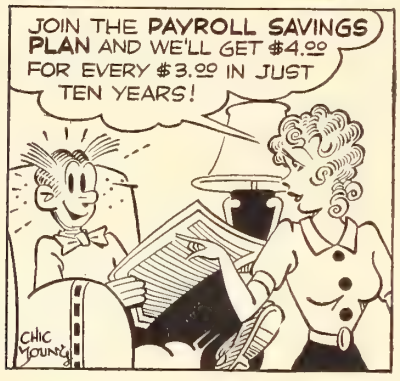
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strung, you know. You can't blame him for that. After all, he went through so much. But let's face it: Veterans in the throes of readjustment aren't easy to get along with. They don't make such great husbands, either."

"The true story of those two kids' troubles," insisted a Warner Brothers press agent who had worked with Wanda when she was at that studio, "is that Wanda makes more money, a whole lot more money, than Audie. She probably pays most of the household bills. Audie's the kind of guy whose vanity rebels at such stuff, but there's not much he can do about it. There he is, one of the great heroes of the War, and he's playing second fiddle to a little girl who doesn't even weigh a hundred pounds. It undoubtedly hurts his ego, and that's why they fight."

Another friend of Wanda's said, "Audie is as stubborn as a compass. He wants his own way about things. He's also basically anti-social, and Wanda is not, and that's all it amounts to. I'm sure these kids can make a go of things, and in the years to come, they'll probably wind up being one of Hollywood's happiest couples."

whose fault? . . .

In other words, the feeling in Hollywood has been that if anything is wrong with the Wanda Hendrix-Audie Murphy marriage—and many gossip columnists have been insisting nothing really is—then what little blame there is, falls on the lap of the returning hero.

I, for one, don't think so; and I, for one, must predict, on the basis of the facts, that this marriage will probably end in the divorce court, unless Wanda suddenly decides to give up her acting career—and I fear very much that she won't. Dixie Wanda Hendrix is an intensely ambitious little girl who all her life has worked and struggled for this screen success, and now she stands on the very threshold of great fame and large salaries. (Incidentally, her work in *After Midnight*, to be released next spring, is extraordinary.)

And also—all the aforementioned rumor and gossip concerning Audie Murphy is completely false.

He is not a neurotic; he is not in the throes of readjustment; he is not cynical and disillusioned; he does not live off the earnings of his wife. If his marriage goes on the rocks, it will not be his fault—it will just be the result of mis-mating. It will be the story of a war hero who fell in love with the picture of a girl on a magazine cover, a girl who in real life turned out to be far different than he imagined.

The truth is that actresses, not war veterans, are the most difficult human beings to live with. Millions of women have married and stayed married to returning war heroes. But how many men have stayed married to film actresses? Very few.

When Audie Murphy first came to Hollywood, he knew nothing of actresses in particular, and very little of women in general. His picture had appeared on the cover of Life magazine, and because of that, Jimmy Cagney had invited him to the movie capital. "I saw in him," Cagney says, "poise and assurance without aggressiveness. You might call it a spiritual overtone."

Well, this spiritual overtone was worth $75 a week to Cagney, and that's what he paid Audie. He also sent him to dramatic school and told him "to hang around and get the feel of things."

Audie hung around and learned a little about acting, and he dated two or three girls, but they said he was awfully shy and slow. "Doesn't drink or smoke, you know, and won't even tell you about the war." Moreover, Audie didn't particularly go in for night life. "He doesn't even know the difference between Ciro's and Mocambo," one girl snickered. "He's a country bumpkin, a farmer."

In a large degree, this was true. Audie was born in Texas, one of nine children. His father was a poor sharecropper. His mother died when he was 16. Life to him was a grim proposition of getting enough food and clothes. He worked all day in the fields. He had little schooling. When his mother died, his younger brothers and sisters were put in an orphanage. He became an itinerant worker, hitch-hiking from town to town in an effort to keep body and soul together.

No wonder Mocambo meant nothing to him. No wonder the fast beauties of Hollywood Boulevard considered him a rube, a farmer, a square.

He was all these things, but he was also honest and sincere and an idealist. During the war, he had been wounded, had several times been near death. And men who have looked into the mouth of death and have returned miraculously, these men somehow have a better sense of the true values of life. They know what is important and what is not.

When Audie was under contract to Cagney, he was lionized by many Hollywood organizations. He was invited to this producer's house, to that producer's lawn party. He was dined and wined and feted. Everyone was sure of his great future. He was handsome. He could talk well. He was possessed of a certain boyish sex-appeal. He seemed a natural. But then the Cagneys dropped Audie from their contract roster—and seemingly overnight, the great war hero was an outcast, a social leper. No invitations, no dates, no dinners. Not even a place to sleep.

That's right—the most-decorated hero of World War II couldn't find a place to sleep in Hollywood. Terry Hunt, who owns a gymnasium in Beverly Hills and who fought in Burma during the war, was the only man to give Audie a helping hand. Terry let the kid sleep on a cot in the back of his gym.

Audie had a small amount of money, enough to rent a small apartment, but there was nobody in the city who would rent him an apartment without his first paying a $250 to $500 bonus. Naturally, Audie became a bit cynical, a bit disillusioned. Who, under similar circumstances, wouldn't?

At that time, Audie was supporting two younger brothers and one younger sister. As soon as he returned to Texas after the war, he took these three out of the orphanage and sent them to live with an older sister. He paid all the bills.

no bowl of cherries . . .

Despite the fact that life had handled him pretty roughly, Audie still viewed it with a deep, abiding sort of optimism. "I realized," he says now, "that there were an awful lot of good people in the world. It was just that somehow I had missed many of them."

Audie Murphy wasn't sour on the world when he met Wanda Hendrix. He was slightly disillusioned but not sour. Still, there's no doubt about it: Audie was desperate at that time for some sort of understanding and reassurance. Wanda gave it to him. She seemed to understand his irritations, his moods. Better still, she knew how to cope with them.

And so they became engaged. Wanda went off to Italy for five months to make *Prince of Foxes*. When she returned, Audie's book of his war experiences, "To Hell and Back," had been published with immediate success. He had been given the lead in *Bad Boy* and the producer, Paul Short, had put him under contract, guaranteeing Audie a minimum of $10,000 a picture.

He and Wanda were married. And everyone was certain it would last.

It was true that Wanda wasn't a very good cook, but that's nothing against a young wife. She would learn. But gradually, as the months unfolded, more than rumorous cooking stories started to be hushed about. Wanda and Audie were tiffing.

Wanda, under contract to Paramount, wanted desperately to achieve a full-fledged stardom. She, too, had known poverty as a youngster in Florida. She wanted the better things of life, and here they were, at last, within her grasp. She wanted to get into the social swim of things; she wanted to get known, to pose for pictures, to receive her share of adoration and publicity; she wanted to be seen in all the right spots with all the right people.

To Audie, this was so much bunk. If Wanda was a good actress, she would achieve fame on the basis of her ability. Fame on the basis of sociability or publicity, he felt, was a false foundation.

There were often arguments about this.

"Now, look," Audie said one evening. "If you want to go to these parties, please go. There are dozens of guys to take you. I just don't like them."

You see, Audie doesn't believe in glamor. He doesn't believe in not talking to the plateman at Universal, merely because the plateman makes only $85 a week. Nor does he believe in treating prop men and electricians with kindly, superior benevolence. You know, talking down to them with a sticky kind of sweetness that makes them feel like peasants before the feudal lord.

Nor is Audie, the orphan from Farmersville, Texas, ambitious. To date, he has starred in two pictures, *Bad Boy* and *The Kid from Texas*. At this moment, he is starring with Wanda in *Sierra*. His income is approximately $25,000 a year. He thinks that's wonderful enough. He pays all the household bills. I'll repeat that: He pays all the household bills. He also supports four members of his immediate family.

Audie respects Wanda very much. Wanda in return loves him intensely. My personal opinion is that Audie, once he achieved the sort of financial security he felt necessary to support a wife and family, expected Wanda to give up her career.

I'm sure that he himself has never suggested that move, but I'm equally sure that he expected it to be volunteered in the natural course of events. When he fell in love with Wanda's picture on that Coronet cover, he felt that he was falling in love with a typical American girl, a girl who would be satisfied with wifehood and motherhood.

He wanted simplicity; he wanted sweetness; he wanted a plain, natural girl; and in Wanda, he thought he had found all that. He did; but he also found an actress.

Better men than Audie Murphy have tried marrying and staying married to rising young actresses, and better men than Audie Murphy have failed. Because to be married to an actress, particularly a successful actress—and Wanda Hendrix is certainly that—a man needs large amounts of worldiness, sophistication, and nonchalance, and a not-too-sensitive heart. Audie Murphy has none of these.

Well, just what does Audie think of the domestic chances of him and Wanda?

"The other day," he told me, "some writer interviewed me. She asked about me and Wanda. I told her that if Wanda and I had any basic disagreements—and I'm afraid we have—we would have had them any place—New York, Texas, or Hollywood. Well, the next day, she wrote a story and said that I had blamed everything on Hollywood. I never said any such thing.

"No, Hollywood's been good to me and it's been good to Wanda. There've been a lot of stories out to the effect that I'm a psycho, that I'm a bit off my nut, that I'm hard to get on with, that I'm still readjusting myself to civilian life. That's bunk.

"Wanda and I have differences. I guess all married couples do. If the love that first brought you together lasts, I guess you can work those differences out. If the love doesn't last, if it fades too quickly, if it turns out that you weren't in love, that you were only infatuated, then maybe you shouldn't stay married.

"I mean, if a marriage doesn't work in the first few years when it's supposed to work, when you're both supposed to be so much in love, what is there to make anyone believe that it will work in six or eight years? If people aren't happy together before children start arriving, will they be happier afterwards? These are questions that Wanda and I will have to work out."

THE END

You won't want to miss reading the screen story of *Prince of Foxes*, in which Wanda Hendrix co-stars with Tyrone Power, in the December issue of SCREEN STORIES—another entertainment-packed Dell magazine.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1933, AND JULY 2, 1946

Of MODERN SCREEN, published monthly at Dunellen, N. J., for October 1, 1949

State of New York } ss.
County of New York }

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Helen Meyer, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that she is the Business Manager of the MODERN SCREEN and that the following is to the best of her knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily, weekly, semiweekly or triweekly newspaper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the acts of March 3, 1933, and July 2, 1946 (section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations), printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, George T. Delacorte, Jr., 261 Fifth Ave., New York 16, N. Y.; Editor, William B. Hartley, 261 Fifth Ave., New York 16, N. Y.; Managing editor, Durbin L. Horner, 261 Fifth Ave., New York 16, N. Y.; Business manager, Helen Meyer, 261 Fifth Ave., New York 16, N. Y.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one percent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) Dell Publishing Co., Inc., 261 Fifth Ave., New York 16, N. Y.; George T. Delacorte, Jr., 261 Fifth Ave., New York 16, N. Y.; Margarita Delacorte, 261 Fifth Ave., New York 16, N. Y.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding one percent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by her.

(Signed) HELEN MEYER, Business Manager

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 21st day of September, 1949.

(SEAL) JEANNETTE SMITH GREEN (My Commission expires March 30, 1950.)

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HE'S NOT MY BABY ANYMORE

(*Continued from page 49*)

You couldn't buy any. The whole little town was closed up. So Farley drove out and found himself an orchard and picked sprays of blossoms off the trees—whether with or without the owner's permission, I never asked. Back at the hospital, the nurses were busy, so he fixed them himself. And when she woke up next morning, Joan's room was bright with them. . . .

Farley's first love is his work. I can still see him, 17 years old, standing outside Mr. Goldwyn's office, the contracts just signed and none of us quite believing what had happened. Bob McIntyre, Mr. Goldwyn's casting director, put his hand on the boy's shoulder. "Well, Farley—d'you want to be a big movie star?"

"No sir, I just want to be a good actor."

That hasn't changed. But next to his work, he loves music, painting and books. One of his treasures is a painting of a little Indian boy by Diego Rivera, that he brought back from Mexico. One of my treasures is a picture Farley drew as a youngster, while lying on the floor in front of the fireplace. I had it framed not so long ago, and hung over the mantel. Farley had a fit. Nevertheless, it still hangs over the mantel.

"Some people," I tell him, "go for Diego Rivera. I have a taste for early Farley Granger."

Books he devours. "I've got so much to learn!"—that's his constant cry. If Farley's been away—though it's only for a few days—first two places he heads for are the bookstore and the Gramophone Shop. Straight like a thirsty horse for water.

I've seen mothers look at their dearly beloved children just the way Farley looks at a book. About music, it's funny. My father was a fine violinist, and I used to hope Farley'd be able to sing. He can't sing a note. Or rather, he'll cheerfully sing anything you ask. But you don't ask, because he's always half a key off. But this doesn't affect Farley's passion for music. That he was born with.

The way Farley got into films was this: Back in 1942, Farley—who'd been active in high-school play productions—landed a part in a little-theater production of *The Wookey.*

Lucille Reimer—she was working as a talent scout at the time—saw Farley in this little play and called us up. She wanted to take him to Samuel Goldwyn's for an interview, and since he was still under-age, she wanted Dad and me to go along. Naturally, we all went. "It's nothing," we kept telling each other over and over. "Things like this happen every day, and nothing comes of them." But I was shaking, and Farley's eyes were like coals.

Nothing definite happened that day. Farley was one of a hundred boys being interviewed for the part of Damian in *The North Star.* Bob McIntyre took him to Miss Hellman and Mr. Milestone. They took him to Mr. Goldwyn. All Mr. Goldwyn said was, "I like his physique." He was called back once to read, then we didn't hear and we didn't hear for a month.

Then one Thursday the call came. I was out on the front porch a dozen times before he got home. "Farley, you're going in for a test tomorrow."

P. S.—He got the job. And a Goldwyn contract.

He made *North Star,* he made *Purple Heart* and he joined the Navy. He was in the Navy two years, one month and one day. When he returned, we had 65 people in our little house to meet him and greet him. I invited all his old flames—Janie Withers, June Haver, Ann Blyth. "Have spaghetti and meatballs, Mom," he'd said on the phone. We had spaghetti and meatballs. And a champagne punch. They sat on the floor and played games till four in the morning. Me, I cried.

After that came what Farley calls the long drought. Eighteen months, and no picture. He wasn't the only one. It happened to lots of boys, whose careers were sidetracked by the war. In Farley's case, they said he was the wrong age. Too old for kid parts, too young for juvenile leads. "We're paying you to grow up," Mr. Goldwyn told him.

But Farley could stand not working just so long. I'm not sure I know just how to express this, and I don't want to express it wrong. He knew what a marvelous opportunity he'd been given back there in '43. He knew how experienced people beat at the doors of Hollywood for years, and how the doors had opened for him—a greenie—almost by magic. But he also knew that the cellar door can open as quick as the front door. Quicker. First and foremost, he still wants to be a good actor. He's much more concerned with working than with any glory that might come from a certain picture. "You can't learn to be a good actor," he'd say, "without acting." With every month that passed, he grew more tense and impatient. He went out and hunted for parts. And when he sold himself to Nick Ray for *They Live by Night,* no one was better pleased than Mr. Goldwyn.

Since then, it's been good sledding. *They Live by Night* to *Rope* to *Enchantment* to *Roseanna McCoy* to *Side Street* for MGM. Next comes *With All My Love* for Mr. Goldwyn, with Joan Evans and Ann Blyth. He's old enough now for juvenile leads. Even without the moustache he wore in *Enchantment.*

So much for Farley, the actor. Farley, the individual, lives by himself. Which is how it should be. For a year or so after he got back, he stayed with us. Kind of revelled in home cooking and being waited on. Then one day he looked at me out of the corner of his eye. "Mother, would you mind if I got a little place of my own?"

"I was wondering," says I, "when you'd get around to it." And that was the truth.

Dad had brought up the subject with me more than once. "The boy's grown up," he'd say. "He's found a career, he's financially independent, he'll be wanting to fly the coop. It's only right and natural. You can't develop as an independent human under somebody else's wing."

So now Farley has his place, and we have ours. I think it's a perfect arrangement for us all. I keep his room as he left it and he's free to come and go as he pleases.

Sometimes he'll drop by at 10, after a show. Raids the icebox. Rifles the preserve closet in the hall outside his old room. Ogles a cake I've baked. "I *could* be talked into taking half of that home." He still brings his friends to dinner whenever he feels like it. I'll be sitting here knitting, and the phone'll ring. "What're you having tonight, spareribs and sauerkraut? I'll be over at 6:30 with Arthur Laurents." If I don't have spareribs and sauerkraut—well, the market's close by.

After dinner, if the boys don't have dates, they'll stick around and gab. Farley lies on the floor and plays with Boots, same as in the old days. She's his dog and knows it. Minute she hears his car outside, she starts going crazy.

He still brings me his socks to darn and his pants to shorten. "Here's a job for you, dear." Apart from records and books he splurges on gifts and clothes. To Farley, every day is Mother's Day. My garden's full of flowers, but Farley's always bringing flowers. Or perfume. Or a print he picked up. "Happy Thursday, dear," he'll say and dump it in my lap.

Farley's car is a black convertible Chevvy, and he's got a red cap that he uses just in the car. Likes the color combination. His house is just about seven minutes away. His maid comes in twice a week to keep it clean, and fix an occasional meal if he wants her to. Breakfast he fixes himself. That consists of throwing a teabag into hot water. In the morning Farley looks upon food with distaste. (But, I must add, it's the only time of day he does!)

Right now, he tells us, marriage isn't in the cards, and I can only take his word for it. Tomorrow's another day. Naturally I'm interested in whatever information he volunteers on the subject. But I strongly believe that people, including mothers, have no right to pry.

He goes out quite a bit with Shelley Winters and Vera-Ellen. They don't do much night-clubbing. Only time Farley cares about night clubs is when there's some top performer he doesn't want to miss—like Mitzi Green. As for dancing, he can take it or leave it. He's no Fred Astaire, not even the poor man's. They don't throw him off the floor, but they don't hand him any Arthur Murray cups either.

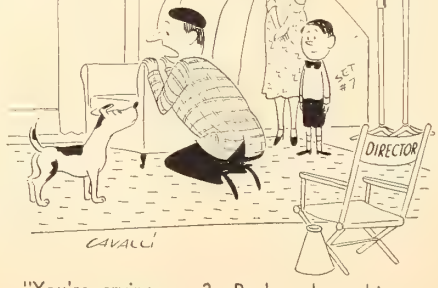
What he likes is dinner for two and a good movie. Or dropping in after dinner at the Gene Kellys' or the Saul Chaplins'. The Chaplins keep open house. Saul's a brilliant pianist and very generous about playing for his friends. They'll have music or games or gabfests or a combination of all three. That's Farley's idea of a swell evening. I imagine the girls like it too, or they wouldn't go with him.

Have I left anything out? Oh yes, his faults. Of course he has faults. Only trouble is, I can't seem to think at the moment what they are. Which leaves me wide open to other people saying, "That's Farley?"

I'm only his mother, folks. That's Farley to me.

THE END

MODERN SCREEN



"You're crying, see? Rodney brought you home with him but his mother won't let him keep you so you're crying, see?"

TROUBLE AHEAD FOR MITCHUM?

(Continued from page 29)

a moment—then he released his grip, e her all the money he had in his pock- and told her to get lost. He hated a ef—but he understood one.

Women will understand this better than n. Women see the lust for life in Bob chum, they suspect an inner brutality—l they see, through a magic door, his lence matched by a strange, brooding derness. No matter what he does, they l never desert him. It's a loyalty bred that same instinct that tells a wife her sband wouldn't beat her if he didn't love

Bob Mitchum is a furious man in busi-s, as well as every other phase in his . At times in Hollywood, he has been led hard to handle, a phrase used when actor doesn't do as he is told. An ex-ination of the incident involved, how-r will usually show that all he's done put his cards face-up on the table and that's the way it figures—and that's way it's going to be, or else. And he er kids about that "or else."

Mitchum has the trust and respect of ward Hughes, his boss—an attitude ward people that Mr. Hughes never opts lightly. Bob earned that by talking in and meaning what he said. His re-t brush with the law in Hollywood is closed incident. The fiddler was paid, and show's over. But it was during those ing days that Hughes learned that Mit-m was a man of quality.

On the assumption that Bob would get same break as that of thousands of er Los Angelenos who face the local rts on the same charges each year—t is, probation or a suspended sentence he studio had started a picture with the r. The trial came midway in the shoot-of the film, and the day before he go to court, Hughes called Bob into his ce for a meeting. Somebody asked Bob at was going to happen the next day. "I'm going to jail," said Bob.

"But you can't!" chorused the assembled executives. "You've got the best lawyer in the state. He's a cinch to get you off."

"I don't want to get off," said Bob. "I want to *pay* off. I want to hold up my head again. I see by the papers that I'll probably get special treatment. I don't want any part of it."

There were $300,000 already in the film. The executives were speechless. Finally, Hughes spoke.

"He's right," he said.

"But what about the picture?" howled an aide.

"The devil with the picture," said Hughes. "Finish it when he gets back, start it over again, or throw it in the ashcan. A man's self-respect is more important than any picture."

Mitchum has been holding his head higher than ever since then, and he's the only man in the studio who can say "no" to Hughes and get away with it.

There is a great deal of humility in Robert Mitchum, and he can ladle it out when the occasion calls for it. In the matter of marriage and his family he has done so, publicly and whenever the situation demanded it. To his wife, Dorothy, and his children, he is a good husband and father. But he runs the joint, there is no question about that. He's the head man, the guy who makes the decisions.

And, like Dagwood Bumstead, he often comes a cropper administering his household. Once, when he was having lunch in the house, he heard his boy, Josh, howl in fright from the middle of the swimming pool. Bob made the 200 yards to the vicinity of the pool in record time, but he started his dive a little too far away and instead of cutting the water like a knife, he landed on the flagstone rim of the pool, knocked out cold. He came to with the family standing over him, as Josh yelled, "Hey Mom, why did Daddy do that?"

Although there is a high fence around the Mitchum home in Mandeville Canyon, there is always an assortment of neighborhood kids sporting in the pool. Where they come from, Bob and Dorothy don't know or care, but they keep an eye on them like a couple of paid life guards.

An afternoon spent in the Mitchum backyard would convince you that the household revolves around kids. It's a club for them. The front yard of the Mitchum house generally has half-a-dozen wheeled conveyances, ranging from very tiny tricycles to full-scale bikes, parked in a neat row in the center of the driveway. And whenever a crisis develops in the routine of play or plotted destruction, the lads, strangers and kin, go into the house to discuss it with the old man.

Josh popped in with a mob recently with the request that they be permitted to pitch a tent on the front lawn. He was told that he could erect it on the vacant lot next door. He was back in a minute with the information that the ground was too hard to take the pegs.

"Wet it," said Scoutmaster Mitchum.

Josh's next trip indoors was more effective. He looked like a channel swimmer, only he wore mud instead of grease.

"It's too slippery," he said. "How about the front lawn?"

"You and that gang sink as much as a toothpick in that lawn," roared his dad, "and if the gardener doesn't kill you all, I will!" The boss roustabout had spoken, and the project was abandoned.

That's the homey, humorous side of Bob Mitchum. Let's get back to the driving, violent side of the man.

ollywood cook book



by nancy craig, american broadcasting company women's editor

■ William Lundigan felt as much at home in front of the ABC microphone when I interviewed him as he does before the cam-s. Which was only natural, since he first me to public notice as an announcer for FBL in Syracuse, N. Y.—his home town. Bill's favorite dish is one that he likes to ok himself—especially for a midnight pper. It's cheese omelet, and here's his ipe:

Separate two egg yolks from whites. Beat ites until they are foamy and just begin-g to stiffen. Fold whites into slightly ten yolks. Then grate and add two table-oons of sharp cheddar cheese. Slice three dium mushrooms and sauté in one table-oon butter. Cook omelet in one to two spoons butter. When the omelet starts to ff, add the mushrooms and fold over until e omelet is golden brown. Sprinkle heav-with paprika and chopped parsley.

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He began to startle Hollywood soon after his arrival there.

He was a shock to the press and publicity corps, because he would not go along with a phony stunt, figuring that people would just have to like him the way he was or go to blazes. When he began to click, and he wasn't making enough money, he would walk into his boss's office, lay the profit figures on the desk and say he wanted his share or he'd go back to Long Beach and take a job cleaning fish. He began to get his cut.

Now that he's a thoroughly established star, he's still considered a character. He's not, really, he just acts on impulses and loathes sham. When he got a chance to work with Greer Garson at MGM, the goal of most male players, he thought she was a bit stuffy. The second night they worked together in a small boat in a lagoon on the back lot, he waited until a moment when she stood up.

Then he put one big hand on her posterior and shoved. She hit the water with a yell—but she loved it. He's the only man who ever dared call her Big Red.

Today, Bob is living the life of a country squire out in Mandeville Canyon. Still, this is not the quiet, happy little ending for Bob Mitchum. He is a man of many parts, many backgrounds, many moods. Most of all he's a man who will take a situation by the throat and throttle it into the shape he wants it. For instance, consider the case of the vacant lot next door to the Mitchum house. Bob hasn't the money to buy it right now, but he has a "hold" on the property in the shape of a very large saxophone which sits on the living room table 24 hours a day.

At any time, any hour, that anyone looks at the lot next door with the slightest interest, Bob grabs the saxophone and blows himself purple in the face.

"Good heavens!" one dowager prospect exclaimed recently. "Does that noise go on all the time?"

From Bob's bedroom came a familiar, sardonic voice. "It sure does, lady. It sure does."

Who knows what lies ahead for unpredictable Robert Mitchum? No one, of course, can say. But when he again gives Hollywood an electric shock—as his strong, restless spirit will eventually dictate—no one should be surprised. THE END

GARY COOPER'S MOUNTAIN HIDEAWAY

(*Continued from page 44*)

Russell, E. H. Sothern and Julia Marlowe, and dozens of other famous people in the theater appeared here. It's been burned out twice and it's still usable. It was reopened a year ago with a concert by Burl Ives, and it's been going strong ever since."

The rest of the afternoon we spent tramping around the town. We saw the antiquated town bell, now used to call skiing classes. We walked down to look at the ruins of Aspen's railroad station, now dead for 33 years. (Bus service nowadays connects with coast-to-coast trains at Glenwood Springs, some 40 miles away.) We looked down the main street on which, 40 years ago, horse-drawn street-cars ran on a 10-minute schedule. Last of all, we climbed up a small back road to Gary's 15-acre property which overlooks the entire city and the ski slopes across the valley. (The house was still incomplete, and the Coopers were staying at the hotel.) The view from the knoll which comprises his front yard was as pretty as any winter scene ever painted.

"When Rocky and I first came up here and looked out across that valley," Gary said, "we knew that we'd found the hideaway where, above all other places, we wanted to spend our free time."

We got back to the hotel just in time to meet Mrs. Cooper and Maria, their 12-year-old daughter, who had just come down the long, winding Ruthie's Run for the seventh and final time of the day. Both were wearing identical knit caps, and their faces were equally tanned from the hours already spent on the ski slopes. As they dashed upstairs to dress for dinner, Cooper said proudly, "They're the real skiers in the family, excellent form. But I'm the headlong type—I just make up my mind and come down the hill."

The next morning, Gary met us for breakfast at 7:30 and then walked us down to Mike Magnifico's Sport Shop to be measured up for skis. Mike is a merry-faced man in his early forties who is one of the pioneers in the new Aspen, and one of the more difficult ski runs is named after him. He came to Aspen in the 1930's, opened a small shoe-repair store, and waited for the town to be reborn.

"He's a patient man," Cooper explained. "He worked, and waited it out, and now he has the biggest ski shop in town to show for it."

Cooper left us to be outfitted and walked back to the hotel to meet Rocky and Maria. Thirty minutes later, we met them at the bottom of the hill. When we trudged up, Gary was helping Rocky buckle on her skis. Maria could hardly wait for her mother and kept looking anxiously as each empty chair went by on the lift that carries the skiers to the top of the run.

Aspen's chair lift, built at a cost of $250,000, is the longest in the world. It carries skiers three miles up the mountainside in less than half an hour. The first section passes over the rooftops of the city and rises over thousands of aspen trees to Midway, at an elevation of 10,000. The second section rises another 5,600 feet to the Sundeck, a modern octagonal building which offers on every side some of the most commanding scenery in the world. From there, the skier has more than a dozen unbelievably beautiful trails to choose from.

When we reached the Sundeck, Rocky and Maria waved a quick goodbye and poled over to the start of Spar Gulch Run.

"We'll see you at lunch," Rocky yelled, as they disappeared over the hill.

"See what I mean?" Cooper laughed, leading us into the building for coffee. "They're the real skiers of the family. Me, I have to *think* about what I'm going to do before I shove off. They'll be back up for a second go at it before I make up my mind to try it the first time."

Cooper gave up worrying about Maria, on even the toughest runs, some time ago. For two years, she has been skiing with Elli Iselin, one of Aspen's, and America's, leading instructors. Last year, Maria surprised no one by placing first in her class during the downhill races. She has better form than most adult skiers and the kind of driving self-confidence that makes champions.

After coffee, I decided to go back to Midway to wait while Bob Beerman skied down with Cooper to get pictures. I was surprised when, a few minutes later, Cooper came gliding in alone. I had a vision of Beerman's broken body lying in the snow—until Cooper assured me that Bob was making it down all right. Just taking it easy. Half an hour later, Bob finally slid in, his clothes completely covered with snow.

"I have just joined the ski crowd," he remarked grimly.

A ski-patrol man told me that evening that he had counted 39 of Bob's sitzmarks (the jocularly technical term for marks made when a skier tumbles, or sits), each one distinguished by a five-point impression in the snow.

We beat the Coopers back to the hotel that afternoon and, after a hot shower, had a chance to talk to Meg Bronski, who operates the ski desk in the Jerome Hotel lobby. "No one up here thinks of Gary Cooper as a movie star," she told us. "He, Rocky and Maria are as regular as anyone on the mountain, and they all three would rather ski than eat."

This will be the third winter the Coopers have spent at Aspen. The first winter they came up briefly from Sun Valley, which used to be their favorite winter resort, to try the fine skiing that a few pioneers were raving about. The second winter they bought their 15-acre home site, and began plans to build. This winter, they will spend every free moment away from Hollywood in Aspen, as they did most of the summer. By now, their home is completed, and frequently will be filled with friends who share their enthusiasm for winter sports. (Their next-door neighbors will soon be the Charles Lindberghs, who bought an adjoining lot on Red Mountain during the Goethe Festival this July.)

That night, our last in Aspen, Bob and I met the Coopers in the cocktail lounge for a goodbye drink—one final Aspen Special. Across the valley, the moonlight reflected on the ski slopes made it seem like day.

"When I leave this place," Gary said, "I go back to work in Hollywood, refreshed and ready for anything. Aspen is a perfect hideaway—a hideaway where you can really relax and live."

Then Gary walked with us to the bus outside the hotel and said goodbye. The thermometer was dropping down below zero again. As we drove off, the driver remarked, "They always say that those tall fellows have snow on their shoulders six months out of the year. But I think Cooper's got it in his blood." THE END

(*Gary Cooper's current picture is* Task Force.)

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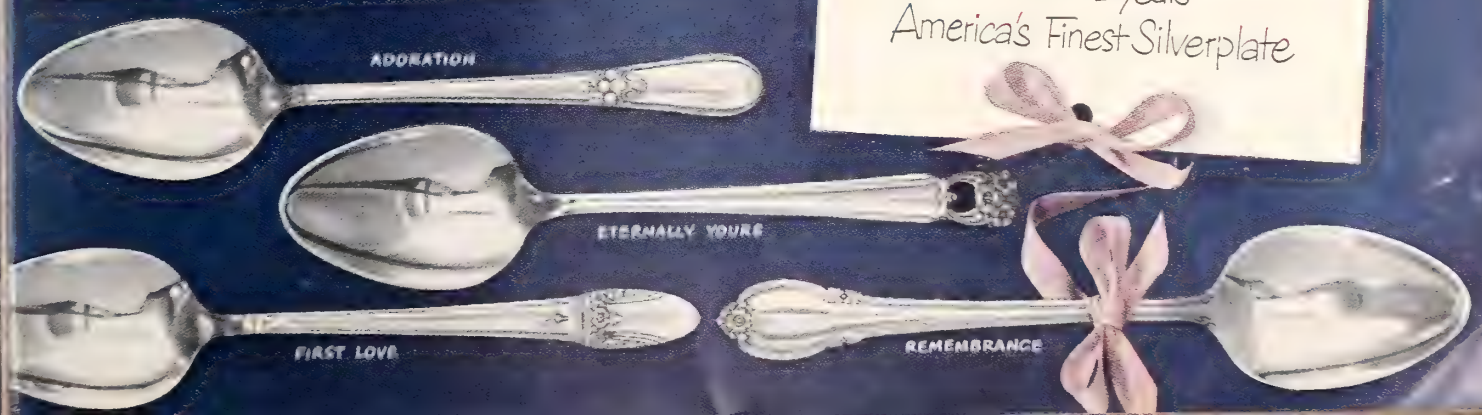
62-piece service for eight in the beautiful, richly lined walnut finish cabinet illustrated, $79.75.

Other wonderful Christmas gifts... Silver Snack Sets, Iced Drink Sets, Cocktail Sets and Demitasse Sets in dual-purpose mahogany cases; their velvet linings lift out, making handsome cigarette cases or jewel boxes. No Federal tax.

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1847 ROGERS BROS.

for 102 years
America's Finest Silverplate





This Fall...there's just *one* way to look...

"Plumb Beautiful!"

Revlon's

new color... a rich, ripened, catch-your-breath red... for matching lips and fingertips

Incredible, the stay-on power of Revlon's ever-improved nail enamel and lipstick!

Color makes the fabulous difference! Revlon makes the fabulous colors!

Matchbox
1.00 plus ta

hy Shirley Temple's Marriage Failed!

modern screen

ELL

JAN.
15c



JAN 2 1 1950

Your skin has a fresher, clearer look with your First Cake of Camay!

MRS. JOSEPH JOHN LENZI, the former Ruth V. Sherwood of Washington, D. C.—bridal portrait painted by *Moore*



A lovely skin invites romance! And your skin will be smoother and clearer with your *first cake* of Camay, if you give up careless cleansing—use Camay and Camay alone. Let no lesser soap than Camay touch your skin! We call this "The Camay Mild-Soap Diet" and if you follow directions on the wrapper, you'll be lovelier! So begin today with fine, mild, free-lathering Camay!

Washington Girl becomes Camay Bride!

Best-Looking Couple prize at their first dance together went to Ruth and Joseph. Ruth's mask couldn't mask her Camay complexion! Washington born and bred—and beautiful—she'd met her husband-to-be through Theatre Guild work.





Jai Alai, they say, is the most exciting game in the world. But, on their Cuban honeymoon, Joseph couldn't take his eyes from his bride's breath-taking complexion. No wonder Ruth promises she'll stay on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet!



THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

©CIB 228642

"I had to watch a Three-day Football game!"

says SUSAN HAYWARD,
co-starred with DANA ANDREWS
in the SAMUEL GOLDWYN production,
"MY FOOLISH HEART"



Though it lasts only a few minutes on the screen, the football sequence in "My Foolish Heart" took days to film! I sat with chilled, icy hands through three days of the rawest, meanest weather I've ever seen before we got the final "take"...



I washed dishes for hours to satisfy director Mark Robson...



But Jergens Lotion kept my hands from looking rough...



Kept them soft and beautiful in tender, romantic scenes...



And close-ups with Dana Andrews. You'll find that...



Because it's liquid, Jergens is absorbed by thirsty skin...

CAN YOUR HAND LOTION PASS THIS FILM TEST?

To soften, a lotion should be *absorbed* by the upper layers of the skin. Water won't "bead" on hand smoothed with Jergens Lotion (left hand). It contains *quickly-absorbed* ingredients doctors recommend, no heavy oils that merely coat skin with oily film (right hand).

Prove it by making the easy test described above...



You'll see why Jergens Lotion is my beauty secret...

Jergens Lotion

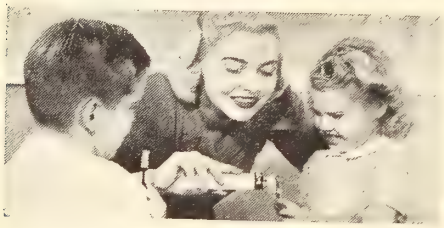
used by more women than any other hand care in the world

still 10¢ to $1 plus tax

And is used in Hollywood 7 to 1 over other hand cares!

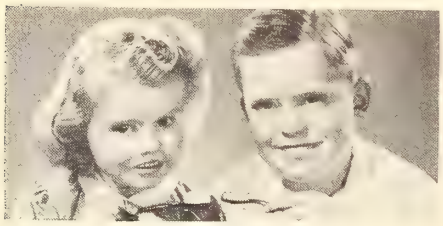
NOW! PROOF THAT BRUSHING TEETH RIGHT AFTER EATING WITH

COLGATE DENTAL CREAM HELPS STOP TOOTH DECAY!



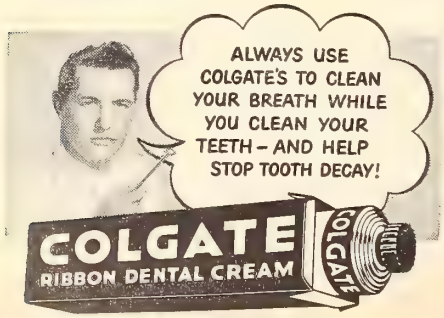
Exhaustive Research By Eminent Dental Authorities Proves How Using Colgate's Helps Stop Tooth Decay Before It Starts!

Now, the toothpaste you use to clean your breath while you clean your teeth, offers a *proved* way to help stop tooth decay before it starts! 2 years' continuous research at leading universities—hundreds of case histories—makes this the most *conclusive* proof in all dentifrice research on tooth decay! Colgate's contains all the necessary ingredients, including an exclusive *patented* ingredient, for effective daily dental care. No risk of irritation! And no change in flavor, foam or cleansing action!



No Other Dentifrice Offers Proof of These Results!

Modern research shows tooth decay is caused by mouth acids which are at their worst after meals or snacks. Brushing teeth with Colgate's as directed, helps remove acids before they harm enamel. And Colgate's penetrating foam reaches crevices between teeth where food particles often lodge. No dentifrice can stop *all* tooth decay, or help cavities already started. But brushing teeth right after eating is the safe, *proved* way to help stop tooth decay with Colgate Dental Cream!



JANUARY, 1950

modern screen

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Come on, everybody, let's all go ON THE TOWN!



Three gay gobs go on a 24-hour shore leave...and it's a musical frolic from the Bronx to the Battery! They get taken in tow by a female taxi-driver ...make havoc with a dinosaur in the museum...rock Radio City with laughs...raise the roof of the Empire State with song...and steal kisses in Central Park! They land back in Brooklyn Navy Yard...busted, exhausted but happy! It's wonderful fun, so come along...EVERYONE!



M-G-M PRESENTS IN COLOR BY TECHNICOLOR

GENE KELLY · FRANK SINATRA

BETTY GARRETT · ANN MILLER

'On The Town'

JULES MUNSHIN · VERA-ELLEN

HEAR THESE TOP-HIT TUNES!

"New York, New York" • "Miss Turnstiles" • "Prehistoric Man" • "Come Up To My Place" • "Main Street" • "You're Awful" • "On The Town" • "Count On Me"

Song Hits from "On The Town" available on M-G-M Records

Screen Play by Adolph Green and Betty Comden • Based Upon The Musical Play • Directed by GENE KELLY and STANLEY DONEN • Produced by ARTHUR FREED

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

That "Left-Out Feeling" is no fun!



Don't sit out a party alone. Guard your daintiness against underarm odor. *Never trust your charm to anything but dependable Mum.* Creamy, flower-fragrant Mum contains no water to dry out or decrease its efficiency. Get Mum today.

Mum-Safer for Charm

Mum checks underarm perspiration odor all day or evening. Protects against risk of *future* odor after your bath.

Mum-Safer for Skin

Mum contains no harsh, irritating ingredients. Doesn't dry out in the jar to form scratchy crystals.

Mum-Safer for Clothes

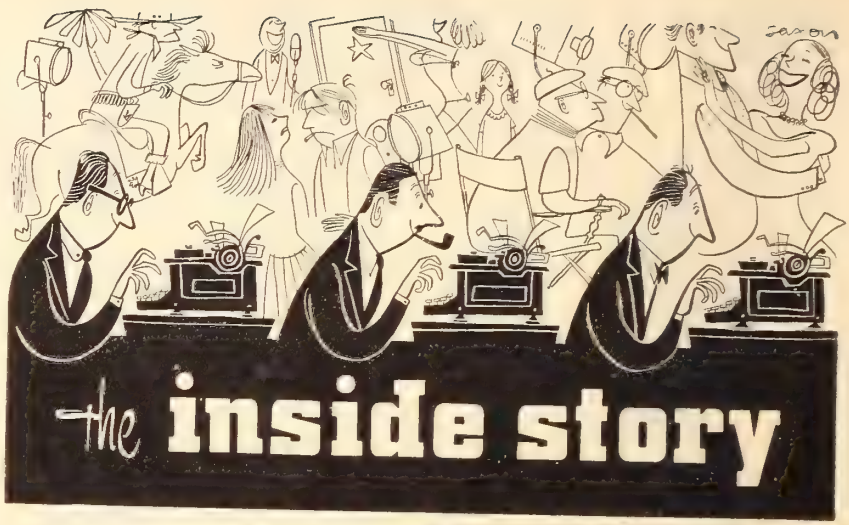
No damaging ingredients to rot or discolor fine fabrics. Thrifty, too—no waste, no shrinkage.

For sanitary napkins—*Mum is gentle, safe, sure...dependable for this important use, too.*



Product of Bristol-Myers

keeps you nice to be near



ONE SUNDAY MORNING, attired in our ancient but serviceable shaggy fur coat, we went for our customary stroll in the park. No sooner had we set foot on the greensward when we were beset by several small urchins, all shouting, "Are you Lassie?" A thing like that can give one pause, we'd like to tell you—and after beating them off we got to thinking about Barbara Stanwyck and her problem. People *seldom* recognize *her*. When they do, they don't—they think she's Bette Davis or Jeanette MacDonald. What a problem! It's kicked around more thoroughly in *Anybody Here Seen Stanwyck?* on page 46.

WE ONCE HAD a beautiful relationship with Theda Bara. We'd write her torrid mash notes about our undying passion, and enclose locks of our hair. She treated us with a certain amount of coolness. Let us be frank—we never heard from her. Now that we are considerably older and slightly wiser, we're sure June Allyson has the right idea. She found out about a young lady who wanted to start a fan club for her and not only did she agree, but it was the beginning of a life-long friendship. You'll find *You Know Me, Allyson* on page 30.

IT SEEMS THE REASON Pat Neal is an accomplished actress today is that, not so long ago, she fell in love. Object of her 15-year-old affection was the leading man in a little-theater group, and her yen for him led her to ask for a job in the company. Why did he agree so readily? And what happened when he came to call one night? Turn to page 42 to read this and other revealing stories about *The Beautiful Rebel.*

IF YOU PRESS Burt Lancaster, he'll tell you he's a great believer in discipline for children. Does he practice this? Well, not quite yet. He expects to put his theory into practice when his three young'uns are old enough to understand. But we have a sneaking suspicion they're old enough *now*—they're just not letting on. See what *you* think when you read *The Private Life of Burt Lancaster* on page 28.

WELL, THE CHURCHILLS are at it again. Even though they and their friends know darn well they're all too old for electric trains and wetsy-betsies, they decided to get together for a pre-Christmas view of what makes the kiddies so happy. The occasion was a spectacular party at Uncle Bernie's, the Hollywood toy impresario. *You're Acting Like A Child* on page 38 is for youngsters of any age.

EXCUSE US for pointing, but we'd like you to take special notice of our new pictorial section on page 52. (We won't say more about it because we think the pictures speak for themselves.)

LANA TURNER'S little girl is growing up like anything. She's been to Europe, is crazy about cowboy songs and is just learning (from her ma) about charge accounts. Lana tells all in *My Little Girl* on page 48.

WE'LL BE BACK on the same corner next month with some fresh, new stories on people you keep asking us about. We're doing the younger crowd up proud—there'll be Kirk Douglas, Montgomery Clift, and John Derek—all in one issue. We know when our arm's been twisted.


"I know the devil that is in you
—you love as you live, without mercy
...without regret!"
Samuel Shellabarger's
PRINCE of FOXES
A Saga of Scoundrels in a Century of Infamy!... Three Years in the Making!... A Magnificent Cast of 50,000!
20th CENTURY-FOX
TYRONE POWER ◆ ORSON WELLES ◆ WANDA HENDRIX ◆ WITH MARINA BERTI ◆ EVERETT SLOANE ◆ KATINA PAXINOU ◆ FELIX AYLMER
DIRECTED BY HENRY KING ◆ PRODUCED BY SOL C. SIEGEL
SCREEN PLAY BY MILTON KRIMS ◆ FROM THE NOVEL BY SAMUEL SHELLABARGER
IT'S A GALA HOLIDAY OF ENTERTAINMENT! ASK THE MANAGER OF YOUR FAVORITE THEATRE WHEN HE WILL PLAY IT!

LOUELLA PARSONS' *Good news*



Gary Cooper, his wife, Rocky, and daughter Maria are shown around the flat-top *U.S.S. Valley Forge,* before a preview of Gary's naval-aviation picture, *Task Force,* aboard the ship.



At a Toluca Lake Valley square dance, Ann Blyth is amused by an exchange between columnist Jimmy Fidler and Bob Hope, who helped entertain guests. Ann's honorary mayor of Toluca Lake.



British director Alfred Hitchcock points out the Statue of Liberty to Jane Wyman as they arrive in New York Harbor from England, where Jane starred in Hitchcock's new film, *Stage Fright.*



Dan Dailey III, aged two, sets off for a ride with his second-honeymooning parents on the Colorado location of *A Ticket to Tomahawk,* in which his father co-stars with Anne Baxter.



Object of Peter Lawford's rapt attention at a dinner party in New York's Stork Club is society girl Melissa Weston, whom he gave a serious-looking rush on his recent personal-appearance tour.



Robert Montgomery, in his real-life role as an ABC national radio commentator, is interviewed on world affairs and youth problems by college and high-school editors at a theater in New York.

■ What happened to Shirley Temple and John Agar to break up their "perfect" marriage? My MODERN SCREEN readers are asking that, I know. Was Hollywood to blame? Shirley says that John Agar did not understand the demands her career made upon her and that he was unhappy every time a lot of attention was paid her when they went out to night spots and to parties. He didn't want to be "Shirley Temple's husband." He wanted her to be strictly Mrs. Agar. Few men can stand playing second fiddle.

Shirley, the most publicized little girl in the world, could never, even with the best intentions in the world, be merely "Mrs." anybody. Living with Shirley—pampered and treated like a queen from the day she crept into the hearts of the whole movie-going world—wasn't at all easy.

I have, necessarily, written a lot of stories about break-ups of Hollywood marriages. But this seems to be the saddest. The young Agars started out with such high hopes for a successful marriage. John had a flourishing career, and money in his own right. Shirley stood for everything that was beautiful in the minds of her adoring public. She was the whole world's little-girl-grown-up. Linda Susan Agar was baby royalty, a child who belonged to the public, in the same way that Bonnie Prince Charlie of the British royal family belongs to all of us.

Remember when first John courted her? She was in school—17 years old and not in motion pictures. He was in uniform and it seemed they might have much the same normal life that any other young couple would. But then the whole picture changed. Shirley returned to work and John started out on his own acting career.

How will this divorce affect Shirley's screen career? Well, only time can answer that question. I really don't know. I do know that she will get her way about playing sophisticated roles because this divorce gives us a new Shirley—a divorced woman.

Shirley's mother stayed completely out of her matrimonial troubles. The only time Mr. and Mrs. Temple mixed in was when there was a story going the rounds that Shirley was casting romantic eyes in the direction of a young Hollywood boy. Then, I understand, the Temples consulted attorneys, determined that their daughter's name should not suffer.

For further details, see "Why Shirley's Marriage Failed" on page 26.—ED.

* * *

Another instance of young love lost is the case of Wanda Hendrix and Audie Murphy. This time everybody knows where to put the blame: Right on the war. Audie survived what killed most boys—but his health has never been strong since then and his nerves are plainly shaken.

The kids have had a lot of plain bad luck, too. They were no more than married when they both became ill. Before they had time to recuperate, they were sent on personal-appearance tours, which meant they had no chance to establish a home. Back again in Hollywood, their work separated them, Audie at Allied Artists, Wanda at Paramount. They parted and reconciled; parted and reconciled.

Now Wanda has taken a small, unfurnished apartment, high up in the Hollywood hills, while Audie has gone back to his native Texas. His present plans are to return to Hollywood only when he's actively shooting a picture.

Interestingly enough, the first night she was alone, Wanda had a chance at three dates. And all for the première of *The Heiress*. Bob Sterling, Bob Stack and Anthony Curtis all called her. Wanda accepted none of them. Her reason? "I wouldn't want Audie to read about it and be unhappy," she said.

Do you make of that what I do? Most any girl whose man had delivered her such a blow by publicly announcing a separation, wouldn't care how much the man suffered.

But Wanda is different. She won't even let the rumors of Audie's dates with other girls influence her. Wanda tells me she isn't getting a divorce. My chapeau is off to this girl, who is making such a valiant and dignified effort.

* * *

The third matrimonial break-up happened to an older and more experienced actress, but it's just as sad. Bette Davis sued her husband, William Grant Sherry, for divorce.

In Bette's complaint, she charged she was afraid of Sherry, as she called her husband. He admitted he had a frightful temper and broke up the furniture when he was angry, so Bette felt he might do something to her or the baby.

Bette had been unhappy for a long time, but she kept her trouble to herself, because she adores their little daughter, Barbara. She, too, tried hard to keep her marriage together.

Bette is never one who likes to be bothered when she's working, and Sherry was constantly on the set.

There is, of course, his side to it. He was a comparatively unknown man who was suddenly thrust into the Hollywood whirl, which is different from any other place in the wide

LOUELLA PARSONS' GOOD NEWS



Gregory Peck gallantly assists Slip, his Alsatian, who recently became the mother of 13 pups. Hearing of Slip's problems, over 1,000 people sent letters offering to provide good homes for her overwhelming family.



Elizabeth Taylor fixes Montgomery Clift's tie at the Hollywood première of *The Heiress*, which they attended together. Liz looked stunning in a white dress and capelet while Monty looked alright in a tuxedo.

world, and is not very easy to get adjusted to.

There will be no money squabble. Sherry signed an agreement before their marriage and he will let Bette keep their baby. He says he wants only Bette.

(*You'll find more about Bette Davis' divorce on page 20.*—Ed.)

* * *

Guy Madison staged a battle with his boss, David Selznick, which brought a suspension to the young star.

Said Guy, "I'm a mature man. I'm grown up and I refuse to play baby-faced juveniles any longer."

Curiously enough, Guy's complaint on this score was the same as Shirley Temple's. (Just between us Modern Screen readers, I don't think Shirley needs to worry—her teen-age days are over.)

* * *

Whether it was Olivia de Havilland, Montgomery Clift, the excellence of *The Heiress*, or all three that brought the top-flight stars to the most glamorous première of the year, I don't know. But certainly they were all there, done to the teeth.

Montgomery Clift doesn't own a tuxedo, so at the last minute the Paramount publicity department had to scurry around to rent one for him. But Monty walked in triumphantly with the prettiest girl in town on his arm—Elizabeth Taylor. Liz looked like a dream in a white ruffled dress, and judging by the applause from the sidewalk standees, you know how well she rates with the younger generation. She seems to have overcome her many attacks of the heart, and although I have to admit her appearance with Clift was a studio-arranged affair, she was obviously having a good time with him.

Olivia de Havilland at that period was taking care of her new baby. She confided to me a few days before the opening, "I'm just sick enough so that the doctor won't let me go. I feel up to it, but he says 'No'."

Shelley Winters is getting to be one of the actresses the fans go for in a big way, and when she and Farley Granger walked in together it was enough to set the crowd screaming.

But screams were frequent—the Gary Coopers came with the Van Johnsons. Alan and Sue Ladd sat next to me in the theater—and I am always conscious of what thoroughly nice people both of them are.

Lana Turner, with the most gorgeous emerald necklace and earrings, has never looked prettier in her life, and I mean it. She has kept her figure down beautifully. I had a chance to talk with her and Bob Topping because they sat next to us at dinner at Romanoff's before the première.

Romanoff's was like New Year's Eve, and everyone was running about greeting everyone else. David Selznick walked in with Margaret Sullavan, who looked as if she might be his young daughter. (Jenny, of course, was in Wales working on *Gone to Earth*.) David has aged so since all his troubles.

Lizabeth Scott, who had that very day changed her name from Emma Matzo to the one she uses on the screen, was in the throng.

Virginia Mayo, in a dress as blue as her eyes, and Mike O'Shea were among the ones who came early enough to say a word into the microphone.

Robert Mitchum, who always rates with the crowds these days because they seem to appreciate the effort he is making to do right things in the right way, received a greeting that must have warmed his heart and also that of his lovely wife, Dorothy.

Just think of every big name, and you will



"I was a nice girl- wasn't I?"

Please wait until you know the Truth about "My Foolish Heart"

SAMUEL GOLDWYN
PRESENTS

DANA ANDREWS · SUSAN HAYWARD

"MY FOOLISH HEART"

with Kent Smith · Lois Wheeler · Jesse Royce Landis · Robert Keith · Gigi Perreau
Screen Play by Julius J. Epstein and Philip G. Epstein · Based on a story in the New Yorker by J. D. Salinger · Distributed by RKO Radio Pictures, Inc.

Directed by
MARK ROBSON
who gave you
"Champion" and "Home of the Brave"



I dreamed I went skating in my

*maidenform bra

A figure eight! Wonderful! But my Maidenform figure . . . spectacular! I never knew how much a bra could do 'til I tried Maidenform. Improves my form, gives me a lift I love. How wonderful if only I could skate so dreamily! One dream, at least, is real . . . a bra with perfect fit . . . my Maidenform.

Shown: Maidenform's Maidenette* Strapless in white satin and lace designed for young uplift.

This is only a hint of a come-hither collection! For strapless, hug-me-close support, for fuller figures, it's Maidenform's Hold-Tite.* Inter-lude* for classic roundness, deep-down cut. And for deep, deep down necklines, your bra is Dec-la-tay.*

There is a Maiden Form for Every Type of Figure

*REG U. S. PAT. OFF.

LOUELLA PARSONS' GOOD NEWS



Anne Baxter, wearing the unladylike outfit she describes on page 74, has her hair dressed while on a location trip to Durango, Colorado.

get a picture of a première the likes of which I haven't seen since the old days when studios spent money like water to exploit stars and their pictures.

* * *

Right or wrong, Bogey is standing by his Baby. She said she would not do *Storm Center,* and so she got herself a suspension.

"I'm for Baby," said Bogey. "She doesn't have to work if she doesn't feel like it."

Confidentially, one reason Jack Warner was so burned up at Lauren Bacall is because she received a salary all the time she was in New York and he even gave her an extra week's vacation after Bogey's much-publicized incident with the pandas. Score one for Warner's.

Ginger Rogers took the job that Baby walked out on.

* * *

There just isn't any party the whole year through that surpasses the Hollywood Press Photographers' Ball for sheer fun. Maybe that's because everybody dresses up in the most elaborate costumes. Or maybe it's because the party serves no useful purpose at all but is simply for amusement. All I know is that going to an average of two or three parties a week, as I do, I never attend one where there's more laughter than at this annual event, hosted by the boys who snap our stars all year round.

This year it was held, as it has been for the past five years, at Ciro's, and, as always, it was jammed to the doors. The sensation among the costumes were those worn—in a manner of speaking—by Vera-Ellen and her very handsome escort, Rock Hudson, a new boy with a shiny new contract at Universal-International.

Vera and Rock came as Mr. and Mrs. Academy Oscar. They were covered with gold paint, from the tops of their wigs down to the soles of their shoes—and in between there was just as little as the law would allow. A gasp went up when they entered, and immediately every camera in the place was snapping their picture.

Actually, they had on bathing suits under their gold lacquer, but it sure didn't look that way at first glance—and when they danced together it was slightly sensational.

FUN



BOB HOPE, LOVER OF THE YEAR

The Profile...Women At His Feet...Men At His Heels...Laughs Everywhere!

In A Paramount Picture

"The Great Lover"

with Roland YOUNG · Roland CULVER · Richard LYON · Gary GRAY

Produced by Edmund Beloin · Directed by ALEXANDER HALL

Written by Edmund Beloin, Melville Shavelson and Jack Rose



Getting conflicting advice from the chef and from husband Ben Gage on how thick the slices should be, Esther Williams carves a roast beef at the gala opening of her and Ben's new Hollywood restaurant, The Trails.



The Palms, a former sandwich joint that worked its way up in the world, has a more informal first night. Scott Brady takes over the piano as Gail Russell and Guy Madison show sympathy—for the helpless guests.

The funny part of it came after the party, Vera-Ellen told me next day. Their "paint" had been designed for them by the MGM makeup department. They could safely wear it for several hours, but the only way to get it off was out in the open air, using cloth saturated in alcohol. They were warned that, in a closed room, the alcohol would knock them out. Imagine coming home from a party at two in the morning (when most of us did go home that evening) and standing out in the cold night breezes in little except your skin to rub off your gilt!

Diana Lynn, as Madame Butterfly, and her husband, John Lindsay, as Madame Butterfly's naval boyfriend, Lieutenant Pinkerton, sat at my table and applauded Roddy McDowall and Ann Blyth dancing by. Roddy was a mail bag, all puffed out with old fan letters and newspapers, and cute Ann was the helicopter that flies over Hollywood giving us "airmail" right in the various city zones.

Everybody kept spinning the silver propeller on top of Ann's head, but Roddy said he preferred the balancing propeller, which was attached to his girlfriend right where your mamma use to apply the hair brush. Roddy said it was very useful—giving them a lot of free space on the dance floor.

Joan Crawford was there in her carnival costume from *Flamingo Road* with Cesar Romero as her escort. But I didn't see her erstwhile boyfriend, Greg Bautzer, with Ginger Rogers—though goodness knows, I have seen these two together everywhere else this month. Ginger and Greg have seemed serious enough to be marriage-minded.

Dan Duryea, considering his screen roles, came most appropriately as a wolf. Handsome young Scott Brady stalked in as Frankenstein's monster, in a scarey green make-up and red eyes. Dinah Shore turned up as a very curvaceous Sadie Thompson with George Montgomery as an Indian.

I'll conclude with one little word of criticism. It's this: I wish our glamor girls wouldn't destroy their charm on the off-chance of being amusing. Betty Hutton, for example, came to the Ball looking like a beat-up ranch hand, wearing a mustache and with a dirty face and uncombed hair. I know she meant to be funny—and she was. But her own bouncy, pretty self is so much more delightful. And this applies to all our other dolls who were present with snaggle teeth, black eyes and other curious get-up. I still don't believe that the way to fans' hearts is through looking ugly.

(*For pictures of the stars at the Press Photographers' Ball, see page 52.*—Ed.)

* * *

Jeanne Crain's and Paul Brinkman's housewarming to show off their beautiful new home—high on a mountain top with an enchanting view—was one of the important social events recently. Paul, who built practically every bit of the house by hand, proudly showed his friends his handiwork at this party, which was a buffet supper for almost 200 guests.

Earlier in the evening, the oldest son of the Brinkmans' was brought in to meet the guests. He is a darling little boy. He had already won my heart by saying to Jeanne at the time she was putting her footprints in the Grauman's Chinese Theater court, "Mommy is making mudpies." Well, "Mommy" can make mudpies or anything else she wants these days after her performance in *Pinky*, which made us all realize Jeanne is now one of our top dramatic actresses.

When Ingrid Bergman's personal representative, Joe Steele, returned to Hollywood from Europe, he went right over to see Dr. Peter Lindstrom—to give him some Italian dresses that Ingrid had sent for her 11-year-old daughter Pia. Joe said the doctor was cordial but Ingrid's divorce plans weren't mentioned.

* * *

Purely Parsons' Opinions: The sensation of New York is Janet Blair, who never had a real break in Hollywood. The best she ever got were "B" pictures. When will Hollywood learn to appreciate its real talent? . . . I don't know of a man in Hollywood who so completely enjoys life as Paul Douglas. . . . Maybe it's Greg Bautzer's influence, but it's a fact that Ginger Rogers is much better dressed since she has been going with him. She wears her hair combed back plainly from her face and all those geegaws she used to have on her clothes are now fortunately missing. . . . The young couple who live the simplest and seem to be the most contented with each other are Larry Parks and Betty Garrett. . . . Stars may come and go, but for sheer charm, I still nominate Gary Cooper. . . . Ever since I saw *The File on Thelma Jordon* I've had my money on Wendell Corey—he's not pretty, but my, how he can act! . . . I'm personally bored with that rumpled-shirt, unmade-bed routine of Montgomery Clift's. That boy is a great star and a superb actor, but why on earth does he have this affectation of being so deliberately untidy? . . . I believe it is high time they stopped wasting lovely Janis Carter in "B" pictures. There really *is* a siren, as you surely know if you saw her in *I Married a Communist*. . . . I'd like to see Clark Gable and Burt Lancaster together in a picture with Ava Gardner as the girl they scrap over.

JANE WYMAN

She's the Lady who took the Oscar for "Johnny Belinda"!

DENNIS MORGAN

MAN THE LAUGH-BOATS!!



WHAT MANEUVERS! JANE'S GOT THE NAVY ALL AT SEA OVER THE MAN SHE WANTS TO LAND...

IT'S THE LAUGHIN'EST LOVIN' EVER FROM **WARNER BROS.**



DEAR ADMIRAL, PLEASE SEND THE WHOLE FLEET!

The Lady Takes A Sailor

WITH

EVE ARDEN

ROBERT DOUGLAS • ALLYN JOSLYN • TOM TULLY

DIRECTED BY MICHAEL CURTIZ · PRODUCED BY HARRY KURNITZ

SCREEN PLAY BY EVERETT FREEMAN
FROM A STORY BY JERRY GRUSKIN
MUSIC BY MAX STEINER

LOUELLA PARSONS' GOOD NEWS



Olivia de Havilland and husband Marcus Goodrich beam on their new son, Benjamin.

FREE SUBSCRIPTIONS!

We've got a little scheme to help you start the New Year right. All you have to do is read all the stories and features in this issue, fill out this questionnaire, and send it back to us—in a hurry. If you are one of the first 500 people who return it, you'll win a free three-month subscription to Modern Screen. Just let us know which stories you like best and which stars you'd like to read about in future issues. Remember—the February, March, and April issues will be yours, and for free!!

QUESTIONNAIRE

Which stories and features did you enjoy most in our January issue? Write the NUMBERS 1, 2, and 3 AT THE RIGHT OF YOUR 1st, 2nd, and 3rd choices

Is Bette Davis Afraid of Love? ☐
Valiant Lady (June Haver) ☐
Why Shirley's Marriage Failed! (Temple-Agar) ☐
The Private Life of Burt Lancaster ☐
You Know Me, Allyson! (June Allyson) ☐
Mistakes They Never Confess (Hutton, Peck, Turner) by Hedda Hopper ☐
". . . To Susie From Alan" (Alan Ladd) ☐
My Prayer Was Answered (Robert Stack) ☐
You're Acting Like A Child! (Williams, Parks, Vera-Ellen) ☐
This Love of Ours (Baxter-Hodiak) ☐
The Beautiful Rebel (Pat Neal) ☐
Hollywood's Loveliest Christmas Story (Audie Murphy) ☐
Anybody Here Seen Stanwyck? (Barbara Stanwyck) ☐
My Little Girl (Lana Turner) ☐
The Man Behind the Riddle (Lew Ayres) ☐
Hollywood Pictorial ☐
Modern Screen Fashions ☐
Louella Parsons' Good News ☐

Which of the above did you like LEAST?.....

What 3 MALE stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them, 1, 2, 3, in order of preference.....

.....

What 3 FEMALE stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them, 1, 2, 3, in order of preference.....

.....

What MALE star do you like least?.....

What FEMALE star do you like least?.....

My name is.....

My address is.....

City..... Zone..... State..... I am ..... years old

ADDRESS THIS TO: POLL DEPT., MODERN SCREEN
BOX 125, MURRAY HILL STATION, NEW YORK 16, N. Y.

Now, wouldn't that really be somethin' to see?

Add to Hollywood's own peculiar distinctions: The fact that two of Hollywood's most attractive, unattached men have the custody of their sons, and spend most of their time bringing them up. Meaning Robert Walker and Kirk Douglas. Bob is a changed boy since he came back from the Menninger Clinic. His charm has deepened and his life obviously centers around his two sons. As for Kirk, while his most frequent date is Evelyn Keyes, he spends more evenings than you would believe with his two small boys, Joel and Michael. Jennifer Jones, of course, has married David Selznick, but Kirk's wife, Diana Douglas, is appearing in a play in the East and she and Kirk are still legally one.

* * *

By actual count, 1821 requests came to 20th Century-Fox for dog adoptions when the news broke that Gregory Peck's white Alsatian had presented the world with a litter of 13 pups. So I can't imagine what will happen when I tell you there are nine new pups at the John Derek residence in the San Fernando Valley! These are collie puppies—but don't start writing in for any. John would gladly give up eight of them—Patti Derek, his wife, feels differently. She loves the whole kit and kaboodle so intensely that John swears they have to get a dog-sitter in the evenings when they go out to see a movie. Incidentally, I don't know of any young couple that lives more sensibly than the Dereks. Patti does all her own housework and cooking. John does all their gardening. I hear from Columbia that the way John looks in Technicolor will send his stock zooming.

* * *

You may or may not believe it, but as we go to press, the beautiful British actress, Jean Simmons, is blushing over sweet nothings whispered in her ear by the dashing Orson Welles.

With similar chatter, several years ago, Orson persuaded Rita Hayworth to marry him. So don't be surprised if he and Jean elope. Maybe it will happen before you read this.

* * *

Betty Lynn is going along smartly at 20th Century-Fox, and you-all will see how persuasive her charm is when I tell you this story.

Betty was a candidate for the part of a Southern belle in *Cheaper by the Dozen,* but producer Walter Wanger just couldn't go for her accent. "If only you could catch the inflections Una Merkel has," he said.

That evening, Betty ran into Una in the ladies' room of a Santa Monica little theater. Betty introduced herself, told Una what Wanger had said and asked her if she'd have coffee with her afterwards. "If I could just listen to you talk for a while, maybe I could imitate you and get the job."

The happy ending is that Una is now coaching Betty—as a labor of love. Nice, isn't it?

* * *

The majority of your letters this month were from a shocked nation who just couldn't accept Shirley Temple's divorce from John Agar. It was as if a beloved child had met with disaster.

Your letters also indicate that you are interested in Robert Mitchum's plan to make a picture to try to improve prison conditions. Bob's radio interview with me seems to have given him a new stature in your eyes.

And there were hundreds of letters from fat ladies who, having heard that Spike Jones was looking for a buxom lass to sing with his band, wanted to get the job.

Keep the letters coming. I love to hear from you. Let me know what interests you most about Hollywood.

That's all for now. See you next month!

HARRY POPKIN · SAM STIEFEL · JACK DEMPSEY present

MICKEY ROONEY

...in his most exciting role!...

"THE BIG WHEEL"



Actually filmed at the famous Indianapolis 500-mile race classic and the nation's top speedways!

co-starring

THOMAS MITCHELL

with

MICHAEL O'SHEA · SPRING BYINGTON · MARY HATCHER · HATTIE McDANIEL

STEVE BRODIE · LINA ROMAY · ALLEN JENKINS · DICK LANE

HARRY M. POPKIN, Executive Producer · Original Screenplay by Robert Smith · Produced by SAMUEL H. STIEFEL

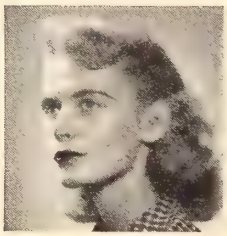
Directed by EDWARD LUDWIG · Released thru United Artists



Hedy Lamarr is the tempting Delilah and Victor Mature is Samson, her muscular victim, in Cecil B. De Mille's spectacular *Samson and Delilah.*

MOVIE REVIEWS

by Christopher Kane



SAMSON AND DELILAH

■ The biggest, and I do mean biggest, attraction for the movie-goer this month is Paramount's *Samson and Delilah.* It's tremendous, impressive, and beautiful to look at. I thought it was a lot of fun.

Part Holy Bible, part C. B. De Mille, and Technicolored in the bargain, *Samson and Delilah* gives you a lot of show for your money. Victor Mature plays Samson, the reckless strong man who falls in love with a beautiful Philistine woman. Samson is a Danite (the Danites are cruelly taxed and oppressed by the Philistines) so when he breaks the news to his family, there are no cheers of joy. But love is love, and Samson so terrifies and impresses his future father-in-law, to say nothing of the Philistine leader (George Sanders) when he, Samson, breaks a lion into pieces with his bare hands, that he's promised the lady of his choice (Angela Lansbury). Still, there's many a slip. Angela marries another, is foully murdered, etc., etc., and Samson starts tearing up houses and setting fields on fire, in very colorful fashion. Well, the Philistines set another lady, Delilah (Hedy Lamarr), to find out the secret of Samson's strength, and she does just that. Everything he eats goes to his head. Without his hair, he's an average mortal. According to the Bible, Delilah had no special motive for betraying Samson. She was just a good Philistine. In C. B.'s version, she's Angela Lansbury's younger sister, and Samson's scorned her for love of Angela, and she's never forgotten it. A couple of times she almost forgets it, but then there's Samson's hometown girl,


Baby, you're just what I want for Christmas
Here's a romantic Yuletide treat that'll take your heart for a merry sleigh ride—Mitchum playing "Santa" to a lovely young widow! And wait'll he finds out the mistletoe's loaded!
"Aah, that Mitchum's a softie . . . always kissin' girls!"
"And it's my girl he's kissin'!"
RKO PRESENTS
ROBERT MITCHUM
JANET LEIGH · WENDELL COREY
in a DON HARTMAN Production
Holiday Affair
with GORDON GEBERT
Produced and Directed by DON HARTMAN · Screenplay by Isobel Lennart
RKO RADIO PICTURES

Miriam (Olive Deering), who gets on her nerves (I think Miriam's a De Mille invention, too) and in the end, Delilah just doesn't trust the man to be faithful to her. So she turns him over to the authorities. She feels awful when Samson's blinded, though, and she helps him make the walls come tumbling down (once his hair's long again, his strength is restored) and all the Philistines are killed, killed, killed. So are Samson and Delilah. In case I sounded carping about C. B.'s inventing a bit of plot here and there, I didn't mean it that way. To make a full-length spectacle out of a couple of pages in the Bible requires some doing, and he did it.

THE FALLEN IDOL

Cast: Ralph Richardson, Michele Morgan, Bobby Henrey, Sonia Dresdel. Denis O'Dea.
Selznick

Here's an excellent British thriller, based on a short story by Graham Greene. Ralph Richardson and Sonia Dresdel play Mr. and Mrs. Baines, butler and housekeeper for a foreign ambassador to England. The ambassador goes away for a while, leaving his small son and his large embassy in the care of the Baines'. Small son (Bobby Henrey) adores Mr. Baines, but hates Mrs. Baines. She's a cold woman, and autocratic. She kills the boy's pet snake because she thinks it's horrid and dirty. (She thinks almost everything is horrid and dirty.) Mr. Baines, who's fallen in love with a girl named Julie (Michele Morgan) is miserable, but he hasn't the heart to ask his wife for his freedom. He's such a gentle man he pities mean people because their meanness makes them unhappy. Mrs. Baines traps little Bobby into admitting Mr. Baines met a girl on a certain afternoon, and then she plans a revenge. She says she's going out of town for a few days, but she doesn't go. She allows enough time for Mr. Baines and Julie to get themselves in a compromising position, then she starts raising the roof. In the excitement which follows, she falls to the bottom of a flight of stairs, and is killed. Bobby, who's crept out of his room, sees only the body hurtling through the air, and Baines standing at the top of the stairs. He believes Baines is the murderer, and that starts the real trouble. Bobby makes up fantastic lies to tell the police, in the belief that he's protecting Baines. The police assume the boy is hiding something. Then, when Julie and Baines insist that he tell the truth, you're scared half silly, because you know that what the child thinks is true isn't true at all. There's suspense the way only the British build suspense. There's a romance which is as sweet and as sad as springtime, and the cast is perfection, down to the smallest bit player. By all means go to see *The Fallen Idol*. It's one of the most gripping movies ever made.

A KISS FOR CORLISS

Cast: Shirley Temple, David Niven, Tom Tully, Virginia Welles.
United Artists.

Adolescent Corliss Archer comes to life once more, with Shirley Temple playing her. Story begins with Corliss' father, Mr. Archer (Tom Tully) representing a gold-digging blonde in a divorce case. Blonde is divorcing rich, attractive David Niven, and Archer is making blonde out to be a regular little Red Riding Hood—so sweet, so young, so innocent. The divorce is granted, David is assessed a vast sum for alimony, and he's bitter. He wants to get even with Archer. Fate plays right into his hands because Corliss, in an effort to make her boyfriend Dexter (Darryl Hickman) jealous, phonies up a whole diary of passionate love-making between her and David. After all, David's the man of the hour—Dexter will be plenty impressed. Next thing that happens is that Corliss and Dexter get locked in the basement of a night-club where they're not supposed to be, and Corliss doesn't get home until six A. M. She decides she'd better have amnesia, and she reverts to the age of nine. Her parents study her torn clothes, her vacant look, with dismay. Corliss, delighted with the effect she's creating, continues to act like a halfwit. Her parents ask her questions, Corliss answers with baby-talk. When she's told to go up to bed, she turns wistfully. "Daddy," she whimpers, "I want you to carry me—" "What do you think I am, a horse?" roars her father. (That's my favorite line in the picture: It's so tender and paternal.) The next day, the elder Archers read Corliss' diary, in the hopes of finding something to snap her back to herself, and of course they discover the mad romance between their daughter and Tommy Manville Niven. David gets dragged into the situation, and he's delighted. Intends to play up to Corliss, admit everything. What a lovely way to get even with Archer! This is worrisome to Corliss. She doesn't like her family thinking she's a fallen woman, but Niven refuses to back up her story that the diary's a parade of lies. Niven's running around calling Archer "Dad," and sending Corliss silk underwear. I won't tell what happens, but it's fun. Shirley is cute, and David is delightful. As for Tom Tully, he's on the scene so constantly, and he's so earnestly and loudly un-subtle, you could say his performance was as broad as it was long.

ADAM'S RIB

Cast: Spencer Tracy, Katharine Hepburn, Judy Holliday, Tom Ewell, Jean Hagen.
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

This must be MGM's year. *Adam's Rib* is delicious, delightful, delovely. Adam (Spencer Tracy) is assistant district attorney, his wife (Katharine Hepburn) is likewise a lawyer. They live an idyllic existence—apartment in the city, farm in Connecticut, pretty clothes, mixed drinks before dinner, lots of wit and affection between them. Until the day Katie reads about a lady (Judy Holliday) taking several shots at her husband and his girlfriend in their love nest. Men, Katie declares, are always getting away with things because of the "unwritten law." When they shoot somebody for destroying the "sanctity of the home," the world applauds. But let some poor female try to murder an errant spouse, and wham! Spencer tries to explain to her that she's crazy. Just because a man gets away with an oc-

(*Continued on page 87*)



The Fallen Idol: Ralph Richardson and his wife, Sonia Dresdel, come to blows when she discovers he's in love with another woman.



A Kiss for Corliss: Much-married David Niven goes along with Shirley Temple's fib of torrid love between them to get even with her father.



Adam's Rib: District Attorney Spencer Tracy and lawyer Katharine Hepburn, find their ideal marriage flagging when they're rivals in court.


"Maybe I am just a 'dame' and didn't know it!"
"Thelma Jordon"
HAL WALLIS'
production starring
BARBARA STANWYCK · WENDELL COREY
with PAUL KELLY · JOAN TETZEL · Directed by Robert Siodmak
Screenplay by Ketti Frings · From a story by Marty Holland
Paramount Pictures



Bette Davis and William Grant Sherry with their daughter, Barbara, a few months before Bette sued the artist for divorce.

is bette davis afraid of love?

Haunting fear has been the force that has taken a great star to the heights. Now, it may rob her of happiness.

BY JAMES HATHAWAY

■ "My home at Laguna Beach is my castle," Bette Davis said. "I won't let down the drawbridge and allow the world to come in!"

But when, a few weeks ago, it was announced that Bette was filing suit for divorce from artist William Grant Sherry, her third husband, the world did come in—tramping printer's ink through the restful cliff dwelling which overlooks Wood Cove in a setting whose serenity is matched nowhere in the world.

In the necessary brevity of news dispatches, the factors which control a human being must be covered in a few short sentences. And when the front pages carried the story of Bette Davis' marital break-up, the impression was inevitably gathered by millions of hasty readers that here was just another case of a temperamental actress who had tired of marriage and wanted her freedom.

The story is a deeper and more tragic one than that. The key to it is perhaps to be found in a statement Bette made shortly after her divorce from Harmon Nelson, her first husband. Bette said: "I'm not happy. I'm absolutely frightened to be happy, afraid something might happen."

Later on, this fear seemed strangely justified, after she (*Continued on page 86*)

Man with a past
...meets woman
with no future
...in the last
port of call for
adventurer,
renegade, and
outcast!



UNIVERSAL-INTERNATIONAL presents

South Sea SINNER

FROM THE SENSATIONAL SCREENPLAY "EAST OF JAVA"

Starring

SHELLEY WINTERS · MACDONALD CAREY

HELENA CARTER

with LUTHER ADLER · FRANK LOVEJOY and LIBERACE



new sensation of the piano!

Universal International

Screenplay by JOEL MALONE and OSCAR BRODNEY · Directed by BRUCE HUMBERSTONE · Produced by MICHEL KRAIKE

When tragic illness struck the man she dearly loved, out of her enduring faith June Haver found courage to go on.

BY STANLEY BLAKE

valiant lady



Radiantly happy a few months ago, June and Dr. Duzik hoped to marry

One of the most heartbreaking tragedies in Hollywood history was the recent death of Dr. John Duzik, fiancé of June Haver. The following story tells how June went through the final days.—THE EDITORS.

■ It was one of those tight little scenes that make everyone listless and nervous. Shifting around in the darkness of the big sound stage, the crew of *The Daughter of Rosie O'Grady* waited for Director David Butler to finish rehearsing the principals, June Haver and Gordon MacRae.

Someone shouted, "All right, let's shoot it!" The arcs snapped on with a hiss. Voices chased other voices around high up in the catwalks. The sound man buzzed for silence. Then the set went still, and the dialogue began, hardly a whisper to the people standing motionless out on the fringes of the set.

Director Butler said he liked the second take. That was the cue for a flood of noise. Grips and electricians began walking to their prearranged destinations to set up the next take. June Haver picked up her skirts and headed for her dressing room, oblivious to the noise. As she passed the camera crew, one of the men perched on the boom called down, "June, how's Doctor John today?"

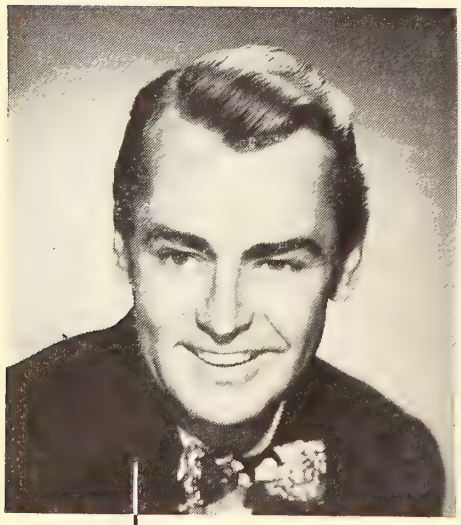
She paused momentarily to acknowledge the question, shook her head vacantly, tightened her lips, and continued to her dressing room.

That was the morning after June's fiancé, Dr. John Duzik, had the first attack of internal hemorrhaging following a routine operation for stomach ulcers at St. John's Hospital. His condition was "critical and unchanged" when June called from her dressing room. . . .

(*Continued on page 58*)



with J. M. KERRIGAN • ANGELA CLARKE • John Miljan • Nan Boardman • Executive Producer SAMUEL BISCHOFF • Producer EDWARD GROSS • Directed by LOUIS KING • Screenplay by Alfred Lewis Levitt and DeWitt Bodeen • Based on the novel by Benedict and Nancy Freedman • Presented by NASSOUR STUDIO in association with HUNTINGTON HARTFORD • Released thru UNITED ARTISTS





an open letter to the winners

men

1. ALAN LADD
2. CLARK GABLE
3. GLENN FORD
4. BING CROSBY
5. MONTGOMERY CLIFT

women

1. LANA TURNER
2. BETTY GRABLE
3. JUNE ALLYSON
4. ELIZABETH TAYLOR
5. SHIRLEY TEMPLE

still on top!

■ Dear Champions of 1949:

On this page are listed the final top standings on the MODERN SCREEN 1949 star-popularity poll—the most extensive survey of its kind conducted by any magazine.

It is a remarkable tribute to you, Lana Turner and Alan Ladd, that for the second straight year our more than 4,500,000 readers have voted you their favorite actress and actor. This is especially notable in your case, Lana, since you made no films during the past year. But your fans remained intensely loyal; the hold upon them of your honest, warmly human personality was as firm as ever. Perhaps an important factor has been the fine way your marriage to Bob Topping has worked out. You have proved how wrong were the cynics and gossip-mongers and how right were your millions of supporters in their unwavering faith in you.

You, Alan Ladd, have stayed at the top by continuing to deliver straightforward, forceful screen performances, by living a private life that's a model of wholesome family devotion, and by treating the public with simple, unaffected friendliness.

Betty Grable, June Allyson and Shirley Temple also repeated their 1948 success by again coming very close to the top spot. In announcing the winners last year, Betty, MODERN SCREEN said of you then: "Betty Grable made little news—she just kept right on being the one-and-only wonderful Betty." And, Betty—that's exactly what we'll say about you this year . . . You, June Allyson, have long been one of the great pets of our readers. Your growing stature as an actress, and the courageous way you and Dick Powell fought down vicious and absurd separation rumors, have put you in even more solidly. . . . You, Shirley Temple, continued to be so strongly popular that MODERN SCREEN broke publishing tradition by devoting an entire section of its April issue to you in celebration of your 21st birthday.

There's a newcomer in the front rank this time. That's you, Elizabeth Taylor. The extraordinary beauty into which you

have grown, your fresh charm, and the mixed-up romances into which your young heart has led you, have tremendously increased your already large following.

Among the close runners-up for first honor among the gentlemen, we find two repeaters: Clark Gable and Bing Crosby. Clark and Bing, you're very remarkable fellows. Wish we had something new to say about the magic you possess. Well, it's certainly more imperishable than any words we might find to describe it. . . . We're not a bit surprised to find two newcomers in the first five: Glenn Ford and Montgomery Clift. You, Glenn, have in the past few years been a man about whom our readers couldn't seem to hear enough. . . . And you, Montgomery Clift, are the most natural and vital young actor to come along in many a day. There's nothing flamboyant about you. You simply manage, somehow, to project your personality into third-dimensional reality.

To all of you, ladies and gentlemen, go our congratulations and best wishes.

William B. Hartley

EDITOR

"Your Hair'll Shine and Glow— so Dandruff-free

—all you've got to do is get ahold of me!"

Says Talkish the Tube



Prell Shampoo removes dandruff in as little as 3 minutes! Doctors' examinations proved it!



Prell leaves your hair gloriously radiant! Light-meter tests prove it!



THERE'S NO OTHER SHAMPOO LIKE PRELL -IT'S EMERALD-CLEAR!

● Prell's exclusive formula with the patented cleansing ingredient is *amazing!* For Prell not only removes unsightly dandruff *fast* . . . Prell leaves hair beautifully, *shiningly* radiant. More radiant than with the most expensive soap shampoos . . . more radiant, in *hardest* water, than leading cream shampoos. Radiant and easy to manage, curl, do in any style. And, by actual tests in hundreds of homes, Prell goes farther than any other known shampoo, because it's more concentrated. Get Prell *today!*

Prell SHAMPOO

CREATED BY PROCTER & GAMBLE

What secret tensions brought the world's most cherished romance to a tragic end?

why shirley's marriage failed!

BY JACK WADE

Ever since Shirley Temple's announcement that she was seeking a divorce from Jack Agar, the shocked public has speculated on just what the real reasons were behind it. In the following story, MODERN SCREEN *presents for the first time a complete and authoritative account of what wrecked a marriage that universally had been hailed as perfect*—THE EDITORS.

■ A few weeks before Shirley Temple publicly decided that life with Jack Agar was both unlivable and unlovable, these two were playing golf at the Riviera Country Club.

Jack, tall and graceful, was hitting the ball far and straight. Trailing behind came Shirley, a little wisp of a girl barely five feet tall, churning up the turf with a golf club almost as large as she, trying mightily and fruitlessly to send the ball flying onto the green.

As the Agars finished the ninth hole, Jack, walking beside Shirley, slipped his arm around her waist. "Maybe, Shirl," he said, "you'd better quit. This can be rough, you know, if you're not used to it."

Shirley looked up at him and shook her head. "Let's go around again," she said.

So they shot nine more holes. When they had finished and were ambling towards the clubhouse, Shirley happened to make a gesture which fleetingly turned her hands palms upward. Only then did Jack see the cruel mass of broken blisters which dotted them.

Tenderly, he took the two little hands and placed them in his. "Shirl!" he muttered. "You've sure got guts."

Shirley Temple (*Continued on page 56*)



When three-months-old Linda Susan posed for this, her first picture, no one dreamed that 18 months later her parents would separate



the private

Later on, maybe, he'll keep those kids of his firmly in line—but right now, the little rascals have Daddy where they want him.

By ARTHUR L. CHARLES



Billy and Jimmy Lancaster take off for a brisk trot on an amusement park carousel. At home, they delight in arousing their parents—at dawn.



Burt and Norma Lancaster skillfully execute a rhumba at Mocambo on a rare nightclub appearance. Norma was a USO entertainer.

■ The way Burt Lancaster greets every new day, Saturdays and Sundays painfully included, is like this:

Much too soon after dawn breaks over his Bel Air home, two small conspirators in one-piece sleeping suits (usually with flaps down) will bounce to the floor from their bunks. Whispering to each other, they will scurry out into the hallway and down to the master bedroom where Burt and his wife, Norma, are sleeping.

Then, with a whooping, scrambling rush, the pair will burst into the bedroom and immediately commence noisy mischief. Burt will awaken and threaten reprisals. Norma will do the same—or perhaps try some desperate entreaties. But this will avail nothing against the hardened little hearts of the invaders. Jimmy, who is three, will be tugging at the bedclothes. Billy, who is two, will be snapping up window shades or trying to climb the front of the dresser after first jerking open the drawers.

Just about this time a new voice, a tiny one, will be heard in a questioning wail concerned with such things as food and an immediate change of surroundings. Susan Elizabeth, who is only two months old, has been awakened by the commotion. Burt and Norma will accept defeat and sleepily struggle out of bed while Jimmy and Billy will howl with delight. Mission accomplished!

Can't Burt handle things around his household with a firmer hand—as might be expected of a man who plays the stern sort of roles he does on the screen?

Well . . . uh . . . *yes,* says Burt, working up a stern look. He plans to do that very thing! Very soon now. But . . . uh . . . at present, what with the boys still babies, practically . . . well . . . And his voice trails off as foolishly and humanly as that of any young father still so new to parenthood that he can't even mention his children without a fond note creeping into his voice. So it looks as if Jimmy and Billy have nothing to worry about for awhile.

With order eventually restored after the early-morning invasion, events will progress towards breakfast with Burt, Norma and the boys being joined by Burt's father, James; Burt's sister-in-law, Ruth; and, usually, Burt's partner from the vaudeville days, Nick Cravat, who is often on the scene even though he has his own home in the San Fernando Valley. Susan Elizabeth, of course, (*Continued on page 84*)

life of burt lancaster





June Allyson plays with Leslie Powell, her one-and-a-half-year-old adopted daughter.

by GWEN LITTLEFIELD

former President, June Allyson Fan Club

You know me, Allyson!

This is about an unforgettable friendship between two girls—a star and a fan.

Gwen Littlefield, who wrote the following delightful account of her intimate friendship with June Allyson, started the June Allyson Fan Club in 1944 and was its president until 1947, when she went off to college. The organization then disbanded, but a new one was founded soon thereafter by Lois Carnahan of McKeesport, Pennsylvania. Under Miss Carnahan's outstanding leadership, the June Allyson Fan Club is again one of the best.—THE EDITORS.

■ "Don't you have a home?" the manager of the Wilshire Theater in Los Angeles asked me.

I knew what he was thinking. He was thinking that I was one of those whacky, movie-struck fanatics. You see, for eight consecutive hours I'd been sitting in his theater watching June Allyson perform in four successive showings of *Two Girls and a Sailor*.

"I happen," I told him with as much dignity as I could summon, "to be president of the June Allyson Fan Club." I stressed the word, "president."

The manager laughed. "Well, that explains everything," he said. "Have a bag of popcorn—on the house."

That's how my exciting and unforgettable relationship with June Allyson began. I was 15 at the time, and to tell the truth, I wasn't president of the June Allyson Fan Club at all. In fact, I was president of nothing. I was just a Los Angeles high-school girl.

That night, however, when I went home and looked back on the fib I had told the theater manager, I suddenly thought, "Why *don't* I become president of June's fan club?" The thought kept going through my mind. "Why *don't* I?"

Well, I decided I would. I called a girl I knew at MGM and from her I got June's phone number. June, at that period, was classified as a starlet.

It seems a little silly now (*Continued on page 81*)



June Allyson shared Gwen Littlefield's pride when Gwen accepted Modern Screen's 1945 trophy cup for the best fan club in the U. S. and Canada from Hedda Hopper.



June and Dick Powell have a little fun at their family piano. June's marriage, in August 1945, did not alter the warm friendship between Gwen Littlefield and herself.

mistakes they never confess

by hedda hopper

Why do the great stars of Hollywood, blessed with so much, so often choose the high road to disaster?



BETTY HUTTON happily kisses her husband, Ted Briskin. Recently on the verge of divorcing him, Betty woke up to her responsibilities in time to prevent a tragedy.



GREGORY PECK and his family safely rode out rumors of trouble at home after he had left in a temporary huff. Greg's honest statement of the facts killed the gossip.

■ On a recent day in Rome, I listened to a Swedish beauty who had become an American idol pour out the story of her folly with an Italian director on a Mediterranean isle. But, although there was anguish in Ingrid Bergman's voice, what we talked about was obviously no folly at all to Ingrid.

On the contrary, she left me no doubt that she felt persecuted, hounded, unfairly treated—the victim of a vicious and cruel world. Ingrid could not, would not blame herself for the situation she was in.

How many times have I watched stars pay for their blunders with anguish and tears? How often have I watched indiscretion, impulsiveness, temper, bad judgment, lack of tact, fickleness and greed-for-glory grease the skids for Hollywood greats? Far more times, believe me, than I have fingers and toes.

Sometimes their boners only crimp a career, nick a nice bank account, tarnish a Hollywood tiara. But other times they bruise and blight.

Lawrence Tierney might well have turned into another Burt Lancaster if he'd joined Alcoholics Anonymous in time. Orson Welles could have rivalled the brilliant record of the Barrymores if he hadn't tried to make like a screwy one-man-band. The great Charlie Chaplin could still have the warming love of America if he hadn't made the mistake of angling his art towards Moscow.

When I consider the bulls and boners that dot the Hollywood landscape I sometimes wonder: How can stars go so wrong, act so blandly and (*Continued on page* 66)



ROBERT MITCHUM joins his sons for a mid-afternoon snack. Mitchum is concentrating on his family with renewed devotion since his near-disastrous misstep— for which he won forgiveness by taking his punishment without trying to cover up.



JEANNE CRAIN gives an autograph while husband Paul Brinkman smiles approval. His attempts to influence her career worry people who have seen the same thing work badly in other cases.



BETTY GRABLE, who gets a great thrill out of horses and horse races, settles down with Harry James for a day at the track. Friends are hoping that Betty's interest in racing will not get so intense that she'll let it interfere with work



DICK HAYMES and the former Nora Eddington Flynn endangered his future by the publicity resulting from their marriage. More damaging was his dismissal of the agent who had built him up.

In the living room of their new house, Alan and Sue Ladd talk over career matters—they're sometimes at it until 3 a.m. Alan stands under portraits



Alan catches up on current events as he relaxes on his special bedroom couch. He always wanted one so that he could stretch out during the day without having to rumple a neatly-made bed.



In their bedroom, which is decorated in the warm colors they both prefer, Sue (who doesn't mind sprawling on a bedspread) and Alan play with his pet boxer, Jezebel. The Ladds own four dogs, give them the run of the house.



the children, around whom the household revolves.



Alan confers with Jezebel on the patio. The Ladds had large windows put on rooms facing the patio "to bring the California outdoors inside." Pool is in background.

by Ida Zeitlin

For Alan Ladd, it was the day of fulfillment—the day he tied a ribbon to the door of a newly-built house and wrote on a card . . .

"...to susie from alan"

■ Like all of us, Alan Ladd's a product of his early influences. He wanted a couch in the bedroom of the new house. He likes to flop down on something, and you don't flop down on a bed till the spread's been removed—that's one thing his mother was always strict about. She couldn't stand hearing doors slam, so Alan's kids are trained not to slam doors. She had a great tenderness for animals—even when food was scarce, she'd manage to feed any pup that needed a hand-out. So today there are four dogs at the Ladd house, and a baker's dozen up at the ranch.

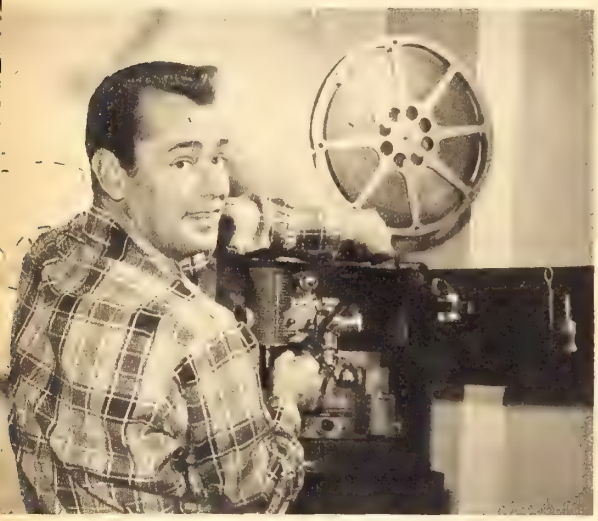
When he's not working, Alan loves to sleep late, and does. But with a guilty conscience. His stepfather—who was generally in bed by nine o'clock—thought that sleeping past six was the badge of a sluggard. Right now there's some building going on at the ranch, and the carpenters start their hammering early. Sue wanted to stop them one morning, so Alan could sleep. He wouldn't let her. "They'll think I'm a lazy actor."

He's an unobtrusive but consistent check-grabber. Once to a friend who protested, he replied: "I hate wrangling at the table. Seems a little juvenile. If you didn't have the money, you wouldn't be sitting there eating in the first place. Besides, I get a bang out of taking the check. There were so many years when I couldn't have picked it up for a blue-plate special."

Yes, like everyone, Ladd's a product of his past. But people react differently to the same stimuli. In some, early hardships create lasting resentments. Others, having won the battle, soon learn to take the victory for granted. Alan belongs to neither group. Success finds him humble, grateful and incredulous. In spite of tangible evidence to the con-



Sue and Alan Ladd pose with daughter Alana, while son David "shoots" them with a toy camera. He can't get too close, because Alana's in bed with a cold.



Alan loads up his new projection machine to run off *Chicago Deadline* in the family playroom. He's uncomfortable watching himself in a regular theater.



In their home office, Alan goes right on reading his mail, and Sue answers the telephone. Alan hates to talk on the phone, will let it ring when he's alone.

trary, he can't rid himself of the feeling that he's in on a temporary pass.

"Still feel you're working from week to week?" asked someone who hadn't seen him in a couple of years.

"I always will."

He explains it this way: "When you've lived most of your life with insecurity, often not knowing where the rent and food's coming from, you can't suddenly crow, 'I've got X things and X dollars, therefore I'm secure.' The other feeling's too deep in your bones. You're scared to death you'll make a mistake tomorrow, and it's going to be your fault and you won't be able to rectify it. Gets to be kind of an instinct with you. How can you reason with an instinct?"

In their early days together, he told Sue a story. Long before *This Gun for Hire*, Dick Wallace gave him a small part in a play. The cast met at Wallace's house. There Alan saw a silver dresser-set. "Why that hit me harder than anything else, I can't say," Alan told Sue. "But it did. I thought, to own such a thing, you must really be in solid." He smiled at his own naivete.

In spite of the smile, Sue filed the story away in her mind for future reference. She didn't go dashing right out for a dresser set. That would have been both extravagant and obvious. But from time to time she'd give him a single piece. Carol Lee, the Ladds' older daughter, who wanted to be in on it too, saved up enough to buy the shoehorn. When they moved into the new house, Sue added the piece that completed the set. It shines softly on Alan's dressing table and still makes him smile—in memory of the awestruck kid of years ago, in appreciation of the love that gathered it piece by piece. The silver as such doesn't matter. The symbolism does . . .

The ranch he and Sue bought is another symbol. "Some people buy pieces of paper called stock," says Alan. "That's not for me. I don't want to be left high and dry with a bunch of papers. I'd rather have something I can understand. Like the little wristwatch I used to own and hock all the time. It cost $25 to begin with, and they'd give me five for it. After a while they wouldn't give me more than two. But I knew I could always get two bucks on the watch. The watch was my security for a meal. Well, so's the ranch. When they put me out to pasture, the ranch'll *be* there."

And he'll know how to run it. He has a feeling for the land and for animals. What he doesn't already know, he sets out to learn from the ground up—through books, through people, through first-hand experience. Last year they spent Christmas at the ranch. Sue tied a tiny tractor to the tree, with a card that said, "Look out the window." Outside stood a real tractor, sporting a huge red bow. Alan rode it all over the place that day. Next day he had to go back to work. By the time he returned, the hired man had done everything about the place you could possibly do with a tractor. Alan stared gloomily over his well-ploughed fields—and then caught sight of a neighbor ploughing across the way. His face brightened. He approached the neighbor: "Say—could I go behind you with the tractor and help?"

Next to the tractor, the truck is his pride and joy. All the Ladds share his enthusiasm for it. (*Continued on page* 79)

FOURTH
in a series



Today, Robert Stack bears no noticeable scars from the injuries he received in an accident which could easily have been fatal.

As I lay there helpless, a life of disfigurement seemed worse than death itself.

My prayer was answered

by Robert Stack

■ It was a beautiful summer day about seven years ago, shortly before I was to go into the Navy. My friend Carey Loftin, the stunt man, and I were motorcycling to Lake Tahoe, where we expected to have a wonderful vacation.

I was winging along the road hitting about 60 miles an hour. Traffic was light that day, and I was experiencing that exhilaration which only speed can give. I was singing "Cow-cow Boogie" at the top of my lungs. I swung smoothly, confidently, into a curve. The motorcycle hit some loose gravel on the asphalt. I spun wildly and crashed into the cliff at the side of the road, with the motorcycle on top of me, pinning me down.

My back felt broken. My legs felt paralyzed. One side of my face felt crushed. The pain was excruciating, and under the weight of the motorcycle I was completely helpless.

Carey, riding just a short distance behind me, saw what had happened, braked his motorcycle sharply and ran to me. With his great strength, he lifted the motorcycle off my back.

"Try to bear it, Bob," he said. "I'll get help."

Then he stepped out into the center of the road, to flag down any approaching car. None would heed his frantic (*Continued on page 75*)



'Twas some nights before Christmas, when all through the store, not a creature was stirring— except a gay party of grown-up kids.

You're acting like a child!

by reba and bonnie churchill

■ A boisterous orangeade cascade is streaming down the side of a wall. Nearby, a thriving lollipop tree sprouts all-day suckers in six delicious flavors. Across the way, a pint-sized television set provides direct contact with Santa and the North Pole.

Well, there really *is* a place that has these wonderful things—and more! It's called "Uncle Bernie's Toy Menagerie" and it's in the heart of Beverly Hills.

The toy shop's entrance is guarded by two dancing blue elephants painted on a sunny yellow wall. Over the door there's a shingle which reads: "Through these portals pass little mortals with the finest toys in the world."

This particular evening, the sign referred to Esther Williams and Ben Gage, Larry Parks and Betty Garrett, John Ireland and Joanne Dru, Vera-Ellen and Johnny McKee, Candy and Mel Tormé, Barbara and Marshall Thompson, Nancy Davis and Peter Thompson, Glenn Denning, Phyllis and Don Taylor, and us Churchills.

We were all on hand to get a preview of the fabulous orangeade falls (it had just been installed that afternoon), do some Christmas shopping and— let's be frank—play with the toys. In this case, there'd be no sting in saying to a grown-up, "You're acting like a child!" Such behavior was expected.

Our host, Uncle Bernie, was holding the party after hours so his guests could have the run of the



In the course of an after-hours party at Uncle Bernie's, famous Beverly Hills toyshop, Don Taylor and Marsh Thompson finish a stirring horse-race. Opposite page: Uncle Bernie shows his wares to Vera-Ellen and Johnny McKee as Esther Williams and Ben Gage pause at the orangeade falls.



Fascinating though romping with playthings has been, Uncle Bernie finds it an easy matter to get the gang to take time out for food. Here, Mel and Candy Tormé, Reba Churchill, Babs and Marsh Thompson gather round for dessert—a two-foot cake decorated with candy toys.



At Uncle Bernie's toy shop, Joanne Dru and John Ireland choose a doll for their little girl. Below: Larry Parks and Betty Garrett are fascinated by the trains.



Below: Esther Williams and Vera-Ellen invade the boys' province to give trucks and boats a whirl as Ben Gage and Johnny McKee have fun with dolls.



you're acting like a child continued

store. Uncle Bernie is a genial, joyous person with puppy-brown eyes, a booming laugh, and a mania for making people happy. "This way," he figured, "the real kids may have a fighting chance to try out their toys on Christmas morning."

Our neighbors, the Mel Tormés, had told us about the toy preview. "Come along," urged Candy, "you can help me keep Mel from buying out the store." We, who are always eager for an excuse to visit Uncle Bernie's, didn't need any coaxing. "Howdy, pardners," called early-arrivals Marshall Thompson and Don Taylor as we entered. They had already started their juvenile high jinks. Astride a pair of sturdy metal hobby horses, they were jockeying them across the store in a race to the finish. Barbara Thompson and Phyllis Taylor were cheering their husbands down the homestretch.

Soon as we could control ourselves at the spectacle of six-footers Don and Marsh crouched earnestly on the tiny ponies —Don wearing a feathered Indian headdress and waving a rubber tomahawk, and Marsh sporting a tot's-size 10-gallon hat and cap pistol—we judged Don the winner of the race. We presented him with a yo-yo. For consolation, we gave Marsh a water gun.

Betty Garrett and Larry Parks had just arrived, but were already knee-deep in small-fry paraphernalia. Beaming and excited, they were in constant huddles on whether to get various wonderful items. You see, they expect their first child in February. They've already ordered a crib—in the form of a theatrical trunk.

Larry was intently studying a roller-coaster gadget. He'd push a button that started a figure on a motorcycle whirling around the loops and turns. "For the baby?" we asked. "For Larry," Betty answered.

Joanne Dru and John Ireland were more interested in the Winter Wonderland display. They're renting a cabin in the mountains—"so our five youngsters can enjoy a white Christmas and have a real chance at snow fun."

Joanne had carefully prepared a holiday list. For every item she crossed off, John added two. We glanced at the growing list. "Mittens, pipe, hat and scarf for snowman . . ."

But Joanne's list was nothing to Esther Williams'. Esther and Ben Gage had a little book filled with gift reminders. Whenever Esther would check off one name, another would pop up. Esther gives presents annually to 80 relatives and girlhood friends. Peter Thompson brightly suggested, "Wouldn't it be easier just to own a department store?"

"Don't mention it!" said Ben. "We already own five enterprises—a gas station, property in Acapulco, Mexico, a building project in Twenty-Nine Palms, and a new restaurant."

Sooner or later it was bound to happen—two-gun-totin' Mel Tormé spied Uncle Bernie's display of cowboy guns. Mel and Glenn Denning soon had our heads spinning with their talk of carbines, .38 calibers, and Winchesters. Mel has a collection of 200 rifles, while Glenn is an expert on guns. Glenn became an expert because, he says, "I figured if I knew enough about them, my agent might become impressed and get me a role in a Western. But so far, no luck. They always cast me as a pilot. And I thought I'd put my parachute in mothballs for good when I came out of the Air (*Continued on page 85*)

This love of ours

by Anne Baxter



Because we're apart so much, we know that only our shared life has meaning.

■ Happily married? At the moment—no, we're not.

And what has come between the Hodiaks, John and Anne? One continent and one ocean. Remove those two small barriers, and we *are* happy—just about the happiest combination in the world.

"After all, Anne," people tell me, "John will be home in another week or two. Lots of Hollywood actors are in Europe on location. You've got to be adult about such things."

Well, my answer to all that sort of well-meant advice is a loud, unlady-like, "Go, jump in the lake!" I refuse to be "big" and/or adult about the whole business. If lots of Hollywood actors must be in Europe on location, let 'em go. But please leave my John at home. And I'd like to stay there, too.

Even with the most wonderful husband in creation, how can I be happy when all that's left of him around the house (*Continued on page 74*)



seventh in a series



Three things led
Pat Neal to stardom—
the looks of a goddess,
the talent to go with them,
and the nerve
to make her own rules.

BY LOUIS POLLOCK

the Beautiful rebel

■ Patricia Neal, who was born in the South to be a small-town belle, and was reborn in the North to be a star, is a kind of rebel—the tall, beautiful kind. Her talent belongs to her studio, but everything else belongs to herself. A newcomer to pictures, an activity in which a girl is expected to throw herself into going places, meeting people, and soaking up a whole new curriculum of social and personal accomplishments, Patricia is happily doing nothing of the sort.

She swims little, plays tennis less and rides barely—"Barely ever, that is, I mean, honey," she says, in her musical Dixie drawl. As for sketching, painting, archery, soap-carving, or staggering around a dusty ballet floor on buckled-up toes—well, just the thought of it is too wearyin', thank you all.

And this goes also for most of Hollywood's standard leisure-time activities. Patricia has proven to be one of the staunchest non-joiners in the film colony's history. Not yet has she roasted as much as one weekend weenie with the Oh, So Young Set, worn a cellophane-grass skirt to any of the very chic parties thrown by the Smart Set, gotten pale from brain fag at a scotch-and-water seminar of the Intellectual Set, or even, despite her Broadway background, taken the usual blood-oath to sneer at the movies in general with members of the Theatrical Set.

"Then what *do* you do?" appealed a group of reporters who were interviewing her en masse one day and finding it puzzling to fill in her personal story with all the activities she wasn't active at. "With your evenings, we mean. And your weekends."

"Oh, I do right well," she assured them. "I let the evenings fall and the weekends just happen."

"And boys?" they asked pointedly.

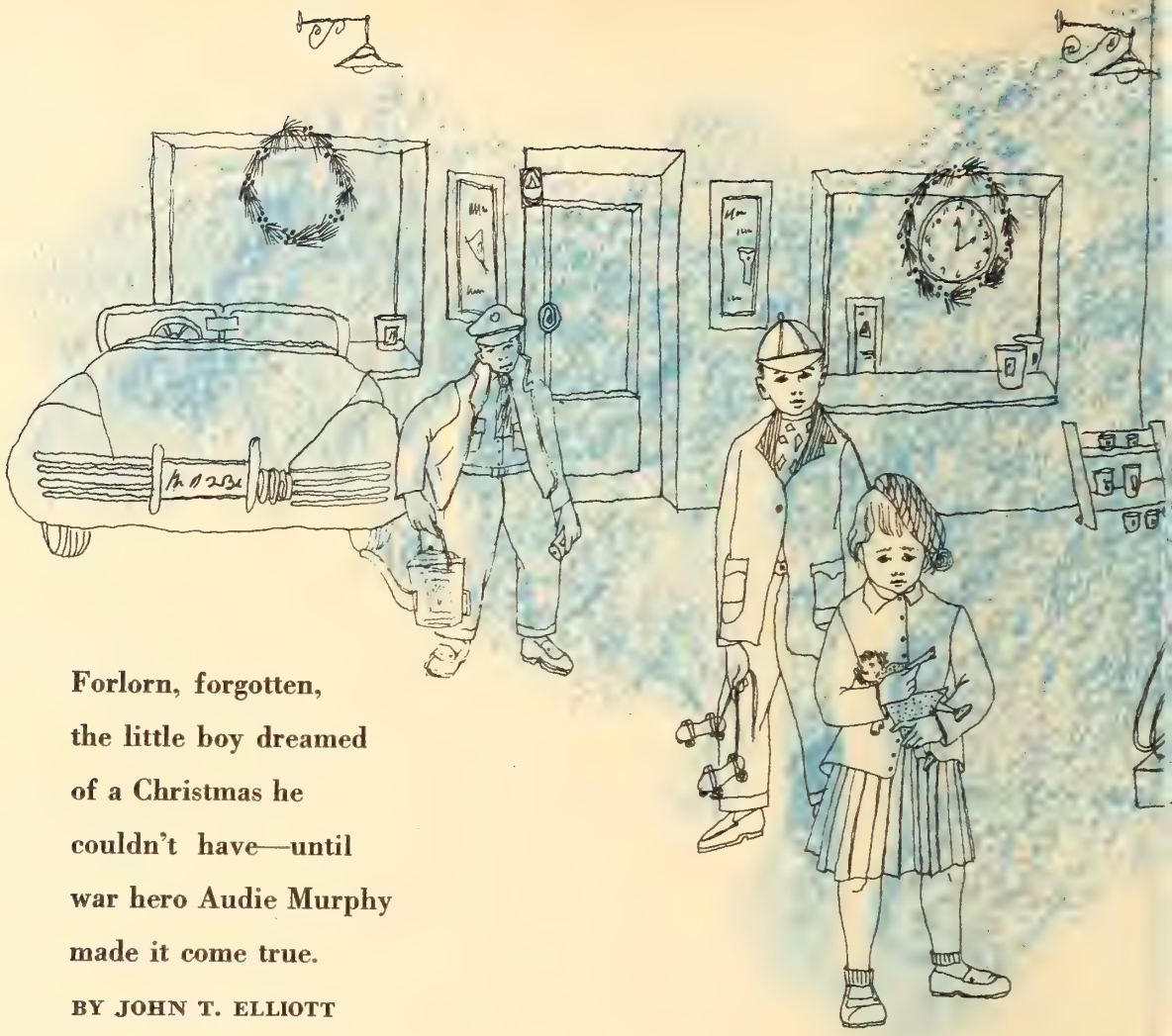
"I'm going to let that happen (*Continued on page 72*)

Pat Neal and her mother like to talk over the old Knoxville, Tennessee, days as they do the dishes together.



Pat at *The Fountainhead* première with Kirk Douglas. Tall dates are a preference with Pat, who's five-feet-eight.





Forlorn, forgotten, the little boy dreamed of a Christmas he couldn't have—until war hero Audie Murphy made it come true.

BY JOHN T. ELLIOTT

Hollywood's loveliest Christmas story

■ On Christmas Day of 1947, I was driving along Wilshire Boulevard, one of the main drags in Los Angeles. At the corner of La Brea, I stopped to pick up a thin young fellow who was bumming a ride.

He looked around 20 or 21, and he had brown hair, sad eyes, and a face that teased my memory. He was dressed in the kind of Army jacket General Eisenhower introduced in the last war, and a pair of unpressed grey flannels.

As he hopped into the car, he said softly—there was a trace of the South in his voice—"Thanks for picking me up." And then he smiled. But it wasn't a cheerful smile. It was the kind of telling smile with which a man turns the pockets of his soul inside out—and somehow I knew at once that here was a young man who was very much alone in the world.

Well, no boy, no human being should feel alone and neglected and unhappy on Christmas; so, to be friendly, I began to talk about the holiday spirit and what kind of Christmases I used to enjoy as a kid. And as I talked, this young fellow beside me started to loosen up and talk some himself.

"I don't want you to think," he said, "that I'm complaining, but I don't reckon I've ever had what you'd call a real Christmas—you know, with a tree and all the trimmings."

"How come?" I asked.

"Well," he drawled on, "I come from a pretty poor family. Matter of fact, 'poor' is too rich a (*Continued on page 83*)


Joan
Schaffer
'49



Unaware that vacationing Barbara Stanwyck is sitting among them, New Yorkers in Central Park pay her no attention. A hidden Modern

■ Recently in New York's Grand Central station, Barbara Stanwyck was struggling up a stairway, caught in a mass of impersonal humanity, when someone came down hard on her toe. Barbara immediately let out a colorful verbal reaction.

"Why," she heard a man up ahead say, "that's Barbara Stanwyck's voice."

She braced herself as the man turned his head, expecting the mass to become quite personal. He stared right past her. "Must have been hearing things," he muttered.

And the man behind her said impatiently, "Look, lady, let's get going. I ain't got all day, you know."

While most Hollywood stars complain of getting writer's cramp signing autographs while traveling the highways and byways, Barbara Stanwyck declares with mock plaintiveness, "People never recognize me unless Bob's along. In fact, sometimes they don't recognize *him* because I'm with him."

And, surprisingly enough, it's true. This has created situations which her friends tell about with great amusement—amusement in which Barbara joins, except on rare occasions like one which caused her to make a radical change in her life.

That was when she went to the première of *Stella Dallas,* in which she gave a performance that made her an Academy Award nominee. When Producer Sam Goldwyn learned she was to be escorted by the fans' rave of the year, Robert Taylor, he gave the special police officers orders to see the young actor wasn't torn limb from limb.

A good thing it was, too. The fans broke through the ropes to surround Taylor. Police went to his rescue. One officer pulled



reen photographer snapped these photos.

anybody here seen Stanwyck?

Sure—but they never know it. She's got a face that launches a thousand raves on the screen, and a thousand blank stares on the street

BY SANDRA SUE DRESKER

On another Central Park bench, Barbara's neighbor displays no excitement.



arbara, resisting and sputtering, from ob's good right arm. Taylor's fists went to action.

The nonplussed officer said ruefully, "I dn't recognize her. She's not dressed like ıy star. I thought she was one of them ıwdy kids."

Barbara pulled down her no-nonsense cket, straightened her good tailored skirt, ınked her sensible felt hat firmly down ıto her head and resumed her subtle stalk to the theater.

As a result, she (*Continued on page 70*)



by Lana Turner

my little girl

She travels in a magic world of her own imagination, of cowboys and cookies and distant lagoons— and sometimes, because she loves me, she takes me along.

■ My little girl is growing up, and the other morning she acquainted me with that fact. She was standing before me as I explained to her why she mustn't do a certain thing. As on previous occasions, I talked to her without condescension, yet tried to bring the subject down to her level of reasoning. When I had finished she looked at me quietly, then smiled a gentle smile.

"Mommy," she said, "I'm not a baby any more. I'm six years old."

And it struck me suddenly how far she'd come since the days when she reached out her plump baby hands to catch the sunlight as it danced across her play pen. I told myself I must remember from now on to discuss things with her on a plane a little above, rather than beneath her understanding. I could see I'd insulted her for the first time, and the knowledge made me unhappy. . . .

The mind of my little girl has a singular doggedness about it which I try hard to understand. The day I told her we were going to Honolulu, she and Bob and Nana—her nurse—and I, she was consumed by curiosity about this new place. I told her about the white beaches and the cocoanuts and the people with their golden skin and white teeth. She could think of nothing else and spent hours looking for pictures of places in Hawaii, and boats that travel there.

Then Bob and I changed our minds and decided to go to Europe instead. Cheryl was five years old at that time and to her Europe was, of course, a strange and marvelous place. We went to London and Paris and saw all the wonderful things of the Old World, and my little girl digested all that her young eyes could devour. When, after five months, we returned to New York and entered our room in the hotel, she sprawled on the bed and looked at me expectantly. I could see that something was about to burst forth and I asked what was troubling her.

"*Now* are we going to Honolulu?" she said.

I couldn't keep from laughing—yet while I laughed, I knew that I had disappointed her and, even more important, had broken a promise to her that she would not forget.

One day months later in Hollywood, I saw her walking away from our house, toward the hills in the (*Continued on page 76*)



Lana's six-year-old daughter, Cheryl, who's getting to be a big girl, proudly reaches up to the mantel of the Topping living room.

Earthy and spiritual, friendly and aloof, idealistic and skeptical, an intellectual who prefers his women not to be brainy . . . That's the puzzling Lew Ayres.



As soon as Lew's fondness for Jane Wyman became open gossip, the "romance" died.



South African Heather Walsh is one of the many beauties Lew has instructed in art.

the man BEHIND the RIDDLE

by sheilah graham

■ "Lew Ayres wanted on the phone!" yelled the doorman on Stage 11 at Warner Brothers.

"He's busy!" yelled back the assistant director.

"Who is it?" asked Lew quietly.

"Who is it?" impatiently repeated the doorman into the telephone. They were ready for another take and wasted time meant wasted money. A few seconds later the doorman shouted, "It's ex-Marine ————. Says he's passing through town and he wants to thank Mr. Ayres again under nicer circumstances for saving his life during the war."

"O.K., I'll take it," said Lew.

I happened to be on the set at the time. As Lew walked toward the telephone, my thoughts rushed back to the dark days at the beginning of the war when Lew went through a private hell. He was publicly branded "coward," because he preferred to be catalogued "Conscientious Objector" rather than forego his principles and fight. Lew was no more a coward then than he is now. But he has always seemed the most contradictory character in Hollywood.

Take the steady stream of girls in Lew's life. The newest, as of this writing, is pretty redhead Arlene Dahl. Lew is seen all over town with her, at the Beverly Hills Tropics, the Lanai Room, the (*Continued on page 77*)





modern screen's hollywood pictorial

■ On these pages MODERN SCREEN presents the first in a series of pictorial features devoted to exclusive picture stories and outstanding news photos of the month. Here, month after month, MODERN SCREEN's readers will be able to see the best current work of our own staff photographers and that of photographers attached to all major film studios and to world-wide press services. This section will, we feel, provide our readers with the most unusual, dramatic and entertaining pictorial coverage of the varied Hollywood scene that has ever been presented in any national magazine.—THE EDITORS

AVA GARDNER TELLS A LITTLE DINNER-TABLE JOKE, ALMOST FAILS TO GET A LAUGH.



DINING WITH British star Stewart Granger, Ava is, as always, full of conversation.



SHE'S REMINDED suddenly of a perfectly terrific story, animatedly launches into it.



HER AUDIENCE doesn't forget his salad as Ava, working hard, delivers her story's punch line.



HE GETS IT! The English actor politely rewards Ava with a restrained but genuine laugh—and Ava relaxes. For a moment there, she suspected her joke wasn't exactly going over.

STARS ARE GUESTS AT A HOLLYWOOD PHOTOGRAPHERS' PARTY, GET LAUGHS BY THE DOZEN.



THE BIG SENSATION of the annual Press Photographers' Ball is Vera-Ellen and Rock Hudson, covered with gilt as "Mr. and Mrs. Oscar."



PLAYING IT DEADPAN, Civil War soldier Red Skelton isn't fooling as he shoots away with a modern camera. Photography is his hobby.



EASTERN POTENTATE John Lund, known for the evening as the "Aga Salam," escorts an exotically-clad harem beauty—his wife, Marie.



HILARIOUS HELICOPTER Ann Blyth waxes merry with cover girl Joan Leslie. (MODERN SCREEN is on her skirt.) Roddy McDowall looks on.



GAY NINETIES bather Marshall Thompson finds it fun to make some rain over the umbrella of his wife Barbara's old-style beach outfit.



CARNIVAL QUEEN Joan Crawford in her *Flamingo Road* costume takes her gayety intensely. Her escort, Cesar Romero, is about to sneeze.

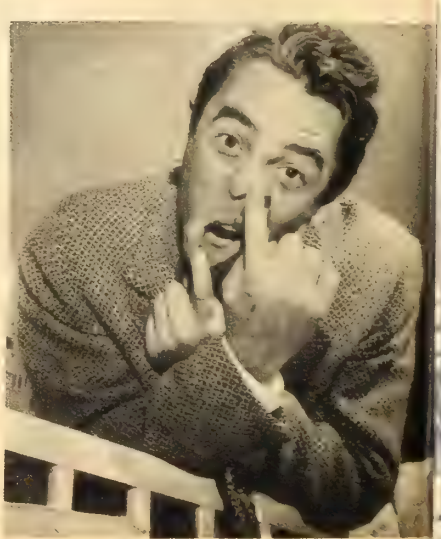
more pictures on following pages

JAMES MASON'S DAUGHTER, Portland—named for Fred Allen's wife, Portland Hoffa—inspects an apple offered by her mother, Pam Kellino.

Hollywood babies discover a brand-new world . . . explore it,







HOW TO DIAPER A BABY WHO APPARENTLY DOESN'T LIKE IT. Macdonald Carey wonders how to get his daughter, Liza, into the happy mood he

ESTHER WILLIAMS' SON, "Benjy" Gage, is given his daily "swim" by his mother in the plastic pool on the second-story porch of the Gage house.

rotest it, delight it. Here are three charming new examples.







ves necessary before putting a diaper on her. He tries funny faces. They fail to amuse. So he goes ahead, anyway—and she doesn't mind a bit!

the end

WHY SHIRLEY'S MARRIAGE FAILED!

(*Continued from page 26*)

knew she was no golfer. She's never been much of any sort of an athlete. Some girls aren't. As a schoolgirl, Shirley accepted this lack of prowess philosophically. She had many other compensations. But when she married Jack Agar and discovered after three years that time and circumstance had made her a golf widow, she decided to do something about it.

Golf, she felt, would give her more hours with Jack, more common ground to share with him. She began to take lessons and to play. She trudged down the fairways even though she didn't like the game, even though it meant blisters and sore feet and weary muscles.

She tried, as part of her marriage, to make a success of the sport.

You see, she figured that if only she could make a go of the various parts which constituted the whole of her marriage, then it followed logically that the marriage would have to succeed. But despite all her efforts, despite all Jack's—despite the most sincere, heartfelt and determined combined effort, the most celebrated screen marriage of modern times was announced a failure on October 13, 1949—exactly four years, 23 days, 11 hours and seven minutes after it was established.

tried so hard . . .

Six months before her divorce announcement, Shirley got together with her lawyers, George Stahlman and Grant Cooper, in a series of conferences concerned with the state of her unhappiness with John Agar.

"She discussed the possibility of divorce," her lawyers said, "and we all decided that first, everything must be done to avoid it. If however, it became unavoidable, then the divorce was to be conducted as quickly, quietly and respectably as possible, and Shirley was to say nothing to anyone."

By October, Shirley became convinced that she and Jack would never be able to see eye-to-eye on the really basic, important points of marriage. It was a conclusion she reached sadly, because it implied that she had failed in a woman's major work in life—wifehood.

"I didn't want to break up my home and my marriage," she sobbed later. "I didn't want it to be this way. I start to cry every time I think about raising the baby without her father."

The basic truth in the Shirley Temple-Jack Agar marriage is that for more than 30 months before Shirley decided to call it quits, the marriage had not been happy.

During that time, these two sterling young people had been living a brave lie. In magazine layouts, in newspaper interviews, on the screen and on the radio they had played the perfect young couple, the blissful young-marrieds; and yet through it all, Shirley knew in her heart that this was a horrible mockery.

More than two years ago she went to David Selznick and said, "My marriage is going on the rocks. What shall I do?"

Selznick, who has both Shirley and Jack under contract, could help the bewildered little actress very little. "In a case like yours," he said paternally, "you must follow the dictates of your own heart and your own mind."

For almost two-and-a-half years, Shirley followed those dictates. She gave birth to her daughter, and Jack developed into a rising young star; but even these two milestones had no adhesive effect on the marriage, and gradually it began to rend apart at the seams.

By last October, Shirley was convinced that a thorough disintegration had set in, that whatever hope there had once been for re-building the marital structure had completely dissolved. After a conference with her parents and lawyers, she decided to file for divorce.

She and her little daughter, Linda Susan, went down to Palm Springs and there joined Shirley's parents. Despite the fact that the Desert Inn was then officially closed, the management saw to it that Shirley and her family occupied a cottage.

"For six days," Shirley says, "I tried to think out the best thing to do. I didn't want to break up my home and my marriage, but there was no other way."

Shirley came back to Los Angeles and spoke with her lawyers. "I'm going through with it," she told them.

She then phoned her husband—he was staying at his mother's house in Beverly Hills—and told him that she was filing for divorce.

Jack was stunned. He had no idea that for six months Shirley had been confering with her lawyers. "When Shirley came home from Palm Springs," he says, "and told me that she wanted a divorce, I was shocked. It was the first news I had had about her intentions. I'm sorry it happened. I agree with Shirley that the divorce must be conducted in a dignified manner. But I don't have an attorney."

A day later, however, Jack hired legal counsel, because one afternoon after Shirley told him her fateful decision, he was presented with a copy of the formal legal complaint that had been filed one hour previously in the clerk's office at the California Superior Court.

By this time, of course, the news that Shirley Temple had filed a divorce complaint was emblazoned in headlines across the front pages.

Shirley, despite her lawyers' warnings, had also called many of the local journalists to explain her action. She told them, "I don't want to hurt Jack. He's a nice boy but he's a little mixed up. . . . We have been trying to make this marriage work. We both tried hard. We really did. But it just didn't work."

In Shirley's complaint, which was a legal masterpiece of brevity, she charged that Jack had "treated her with extreme cruelty and inflicted grievous mental suffering." No particulars were mentioned. The complaint also stated that Jack and Shirley had no community property; that Shirley wanted no alimony, no support, only the custody of the baby; and that Jack could have rights of "reasonable visitation"—which means he can visit his daughter almost any time he wants.

Now, once this complaint hit the press, the news-hungry public realized that to all intents and purposes it was a whitewash that said nothing. And they demanded to know the true story behind the divorce. The Hollywood reporters were compelled therefore to give rational explanations.

Shirley had filed for divorce, newspaper reports then implied, because:

(1) Shirley was more than fond of Johnny Johnston, crooning husband of actress Kathryn Grayson.

(2) Shirley's husband was more than fond of a number of girls around town.

(3) Shirley and Jack had been involved in a violent in-law mess.

(4) Career rivalry came between Shirley and Jack.

All these stories are false. *The true reason for the break-up is that Shirley and Jack were mis-mated from the very beginning.* At 17, Shirley was too young to get married, and at 24, Jack was too young to marry an American institution.

mix-ups . . .

But first, let's get to the reasons ascribed to the divorce:

Johnny Johnston, a slim, curly-headed blond crooner from Kansas City, is the husband of Kathryn Grayson and the father of three children—one by Kathryn, and two by a previous wife. He married Kathryn in Carmel, California on August 21, 1947, and while she was pregnant, he began shooting a lot of golf. On the golf links, he met Jack Agar, the two began playing together, and this naturally led to a fairly close friendship.

It was a friendship, however, that Kathryn Grayson didn't particularly like. She felt that her husband was seeing too much of Mr. and Mrs. Agar at a time when she was at home awaiting a baby.

"I didn't feel very well," Kathryn was quoted as explaining, "and thought Shirley wasn't very kind to invite Johnny to go with them . . . when I was home all alone. Shirley had a baby and she should have known how I felt, and I told her so, too. And then there was one time when we had a spat, and Johnny took off and went to live at the Agar house."

To this, Shirley is reported to have replied, "Kathryn is pretty silly to take such an attitude. John did ask my husband if he could come to our house and stay a few days when he was having trouble with his wife. But he stayed in the chauffeur's quarters, and Jack was always in the house as long as he stayed."

According to Kathryn, the man mainly responsible for the rumors about her and Johnny Johnston and the Agars is Joe Kirkwood, Jr., another golfing crony of Jack Agar, and the actor who plays Joe Palooka in pictures. Kirkwood recently married Cathy Downs.

"A few weeks ago," Kathryn explained, "I heard that Joe was telling different columnists about trouble between me and Johnny. I was so angry I went to see him to talk about it. When I left his place I slipped and sprained my arm."

"I wish she'd sprained her neck," Kirkwood was reported as saying. "I was just trying to help everybody out and persuade Kathryn that she was wrong in thinking



"You see the movie, dear—
I'm staying home tonight."

that Shirley was too interested in Johnny. That's what you always get for trying to help out. . . . All I want is to be left alone."

When Johnny Johnston, who'd gone to New York one week before Shirley Temple announced her divorce plans, heard about Joe Kirkwood's statement, he was quoted as saying, "There's a certain fellow in Hollywood who is trying to make trouble for me with my wife and when I get back out there I'm going to punch him in the nose."

Shirley's reaction to Joe's statement, was reported in these words: "Just find out about Joe Kirkwood, just find out all about him."

Kirkwood, prior to his marriage, was involved in a paternity suit in Boston.

Now, what does all this mean, these charges and counter-charges and innuendos and implications?

rumors are flying . . .

Actually, they mean nothing. The dialogue of recrimination is merely kid-stuff, verbal sparks set off by emotionally-immature youngsters. Shirley has not now nor has she ever entertained the slightest designs on Johnny Johnston. She has never been the cause of any of the tempestuous quarrels between him and Kathryn Grayson; and neither Johnny nor Kathryn has been responsible for her disagreements with Jack Agar. Shirley may have smiled and conversed with Johnny Johnston. In the course of two years and in the presence of her husband, she may have dined, danced, and sung with him. But as for supplanting Agar in her heart with Johnston—such eventuality seems far beyond the outposts of possibility. Kathryn and Johnny have settled their difficulties and are expecting another baby in April.

So much for the Johnny Johnston angle. Consider next the rumors that Shirley filed for divorce because her husband was spending too much of his spare time with other girls.

I've seen Jack Agar in a bar or two, maybe even tasting one drink too many, and so have dozens of other reporters, and I've also seen him talking to a girl or two who wasn't his wife. And, of course, the possibility exists that perhaps one of these girls, a non-professional, is genuinely in love with Jack. But that doesn't mean Agar has ever "cheated" on his wife.

Jack, today, is one of the most widely-admired actors in the screen colony. Girls fall for him the way coal shuttles into a cellar basement. But according to Shirley herself, disenchantment first reared its disillusioned head in her household more than two-and-a-half years ago—and back then, no one ever saw Jack Agar with any girl other than Shirley. So "the other woman" doesn't apply in this case.

Of course, now that he and Shirley have gone their differing ways, Jack will undoubtedly squire other girls around town; but this is not to say that any of these broke up his home or that his differences with Shirley centered about another woman who was less demanding, more subservient to his ego, more flattering to his vanity, more understanding to his aims, and more in tune with the tenor of his life.

No, Shirley didn't file her divorce complaint because she was jealous of another rival. Nor did she file it because in-law trouble had brought her and Jack to an impasse.

That in-law story is pure poppycock. Parents like Mr. and Mrs. George Temple, wise enough to rear Shirley in a normal, wholesome manner when she, as a child, was beset by all the temptations of the motion picture world, were surely prudent enough to stay out of her marriage.

It's true in a way that Shirley never left home after she became Mrs. Agar, for she and John moved into the guest cottage on the Temple property and in the past four years she's usually been within a hundred yards of her mother's beckoning. But stories to the effect that her folks sought to regulate the lives of the young couple are completely untrue.

As for the purported career trouble breaking up their marriage—in the sense of two picture careers in one household not mixing—that never applied to Shirley and Jack. There was never any career rivalry between these two. Who could possibly rival Shirley Temple's amazing career, anyway?

Jack was once asked how he felt about Shirley's continuing with her career. "I'm simply going along with her," he said flatly, "in anything she wants to do. She'll probably work as long as she gets pleasure from it. She can quit whenever she feels like it. I'm interested only in her happiness."

The failure of this marriage can never be attributed either to Shirley or to Jack. The responsibility for it belongs to them both.

PLEASE NOTE

. . . that the MODERN SCREEN FAN CLUB ASSOCIATION has been discontinued, due to limitations of editorial space. All club presidents will be notified by letter.

THE EDITORS

They were both sadly unprepared for marriage.

They married during the heat and haste and passion of war.

They never really knew each other.

They didn't realize that marriage is the toughest kind of human relationship in the whole pattern of human behavior.

A lot of movie fans made the mistake of believing when Jack and Shirley got married that this was the typical, ideal American marriage. What is typical about a bride who is worth $2,000,000 and a bridegroom who himself doesn't have to work for a living? No one back in those halcyon days ever asked that question.

Let us, however, just for the record and for the basic understanding of this marriage, take a look at Shirley Temple in 1945. This beautiful, apple-cheeked child, barely out of the Westlake School for Girls, had never gone around with boys very much. When Jack first met her she was 15. How Jack met Shirley is of course, old hat, and there's no point in re-hashing the story here, but the very vital point is that he first proposed to Shirley when she was 16.

Now, what sort of man wants a 16-year-old wife? Certainly not a mature, well-rounded man of the world. But certainly an immature, eager, infatuated soldier; and that's exactly what Jack Agar was back in those days of '44 and '45.

Moreover, he was a fatherless boy, quiet and well-bred, not too well-educated, without trade or occupation but heir to a considerable sum left by his father—who had been head of a Chicago meat-packing house, the Agar Packing and Provision Company.

Two months before Shirley was graduated from the Westlake School for Girls, she and Jack became engaged. Though prior to their engagement, he and Shirley had been together less than 20 times, both were sure they knew the other thoroughly. All young lovers feel that way, and doubtless they always will; but after a year or two of marriage, they discover moods and behavior patterns in their mates that they never thought existed.

Jack had never intended to become a motion-picture star. His plans called for him upon discharge to go to Cornell University and study business administration and learn the meat-packing business. But David Selznick had looked him over very carefully at the wedding, and he had decided that Jack might be developed into a young star after his discharge from the service.

For 18 months following his screen test, Jack Agar worked hard, learning how to walk, talk and act on the screen.

in the beginning . . .

Those 18 months, according to Shirley, were the best years of their married life. They moved into the little cottage on the Temple estate. They played cards and records at night. They ran all of Shirley's old pictures, only one of which Jack had ever seen before. The marriage was good, golden and glorious.

And then, Jack got his first job. John Ford signed him for a role in *Fort Apache*. Later, Shirley was signed for the same picture. During the shooting of this film, Jack learned what really tough work acting is.

When *Fort Apache* was released, Jack was billed on many theater marquees as "Shirley Temple's Husband."

More than anything, this kindled a fire in him to make good on his own. Not—let me repeat—that there was any career rivalry between him and Shirley. He simply wanted to be accepted by the public on his own merits.

In the past two years, he has been. *Fort Apache* was followed by *Adventure in Baltimore*, *She Wore a Yellow Ribbon*, *Iwo Jima*, and *I Married a Communist*. In all these, Jack has performed adequately and has captured the loyalty and interest of movie-goers everywhere.

Why is Jack Agar being divorced by Shirley Temple?

Perhaps he has not been as attentive to Shirley as he was when they were first married. Perhaps he has played too much golf in his spare time and made Shirley a golf widow.

Perhaps he has fallen out of love with Shirley and she with him.

Perhaps, despite his growing success, he is still beset with doubts about his acting ability and needs a wife who, rather than sometimes offering constructive criticism, will constantly build and maintain his ego.

Perhaps he needs a wife he can dominate, a wife who has not been accustomed to every luxury that money can buy and who will look up to him as her superior, as the family bread-winner.

Perhaps all this is why he and Shirley Temple no longer need each other.

As a matter of fact, it is. THE END

VALIANT LADY

(*Continued from page 22*)

That afternoon, June sat with a bright smile on her face while Gordon MacRae sang a sweet little song. Later, for her daily contribution as *The Daughter of Rosie O'Grady*, June danced a gay Irish jig which you are sure to like when you see it on the screen. When you do, remember that June Haver is an actress—a very great actress.

That night, Director Butler gathered the cast together and told them that the book—or dialogue—portion of the film had been completed. Next week the entire company would start rehearsals for the big winter production number which ends the film. June only half heard the call as she rushed to St. John's.

It was a silent group that spent the weekend in the tiny family waiting room just three doors away from John's room on the third floor at the hospital. June, John's mother and father, and his brother and sister. Down the hall, John's doctor worked to curb the hemorrhaging. It didn't stop, and an urgent call was sent out for positive-O blood. The Studio Club at 20th Century-Fox responded with 40 pints.

The transfusions seemed to be the answer, and on Sunday night, June went home to rest. She had hardly reached her front door when the hospital called her back with the news that John had taken a turn for the worse. She spent the night in the hospital chapel, praying.

The next morning at nine, June called dance director LeRoy Prinz and apologized for not coming in that day.

"I want to get the picture finished as badly as anyone," she said brokenly. "But I'd never forgive myself if . . . I weren't here."

When the man you love is close to death, it's hard to think that anything else matters. June stayed at the hospital through Wednesday, as Dr. Duzik's condition grew steadily worse from the added complications of uremic poisoning. On Thursday morning, however, June came in for rehearsal at eight. Everyone on the set sensed June's heartache, and tried to make it easier by curbing their own concern and curiosity.

"There's no change," June told them, as she methodically set about learning her dance routine.

On Friday, October 7th, the company began shooting the big finale number, a winter scene resplendent with singing and dancing. By noon they had finished with a number of close-ups, and June left the lot to have lunch at the Smokehouse with several members of the cast. She was just finishing a salad when a messenger from the studio rushed in and told her that the hospital was trying to reach her. June put through the call from the restaurant and got John's brother at the hospital.

"John is not expected to live beyond six o'clock this afternoon," he said. "You'd better get here if you possibly can."

silent prayer . . .

June moaned—and ran back to the studio. With Shirley Clark, her stand-in and close friend, she rode to the hospital in the car which the studio had waiting outside the set for her use. All the way cross-town to Santa Monica, the two girls sat in the back seat of the big black limousine, and prayed silently.

Somehow, John passed through that night's crisis. The next afternoon, he came out of coma and asked the doctor the score of the Ohio State-USC game. He smiled happily when he learned that his alma mater had held the Buckeyes to a tie. By Sunday night, his condition had improved—and June felt she could go back to the studio next morning and finish the finale.

June was in the make-up department at Warner Brothers at 6:30 the next morning. After a slow start, the entire cast worked all day, and at 10:30 p.m., the last bit of gaiety was recorded on film. Each time June had called the hospital, Dr. Duzik's condition was the same. She told everyone: "No news is good news to me." Before she went home, a very weary June said to LeRoy Prinz, "I'm so glad we got it finished. Thank you and everyone again for being so very wonderful to me."

the greatest girl . . .

That night, Director Prinz, who has seen a lot of show business in his time, went home with an enlarged respect for the little blonde girl whose heart and courage were as big as she.

The assistant director, Eddie "Mecca" Graham, who has known June since they worked together on *Look for the Silver Lining*, said, in effect, what was on everyone's mind when the production broke up that night: "June is the greatest girl I've ever met in motion pictures. She's so young to have found the strength within herself to keep going through this experience. All of us are pulling hard for June and her Doctor John."

When June came back to Warners' to make *The Daughter of Rosie O'Grady*, everyone was delighted to see her. June seemed brighter and friendlier than ever; this was going to be a good picture to work on. On the first day, she buzzed around the set, saying hello to her old friends. To a few of them, she confided the reason for her special happiness . . . after she finished this picture, she hoped to be married. Her fiancé was entering the hospital for a routine operation, and in just a few months, she said, they might be honeymooning in the Grand Teton country in Wyoming. June talked about Wyoming as if she had discovered it—as, in a way, she had when she visited John's folks last summer at their ranch near Jackson Hole.

And when John first went into the hospital, June wasn't at all worried. "Doesn't he have the finest surgeon in town? You couldn't find a better man than Dr. Stevens," she told her friends. Every evening, after his operation, June would stop by to see John at the hospital and tell him all the entertaining things that had happened at the studio during the day.

That was before the hemorrhaging started. Before it happened, there wasn't a person on the set who hadn't been aware of June's happiness, and the reasons for it. Now, that knowledge helped them to understand just a little what her courage really meant. . . .

In the next two weeks after that last grueling Monday on the sound stage at Warner Brothers, June spent most of every day at the hospital with John. A strong, athletic man with an intense will to live, he was kept alive by the skill of his doctors through recurring crises.

But at 6:30 the morning of Sunday, October 30, with June at his bedside, holding his hand, death came to John Duzik. . . .

In three short years, Hollywood has seen June grow from a pretty but uncertain girl to an intelligent, mature woman, who has squarely faced her problems. And Hollywood is praying that, out of her enduring faith and courage, June Haver will find the strength to surmount her great tragedy. THE END

salute to the daytime dress department

connie bartel, fashion editor

■ We want to devote this entire column to a fabulous spot for fashion finds: the daytime dress department of your favorite department store.

We think it's practically unequalled for terrific fashions at unbelievably low prices. We would like to make certain that you know about it, because we've found that while lots of girls practically live in the DDD, others have always passed it by, believing that it features nothing but housedresses! And what a mistake *that* is!

First of all, the Daytime Dress Department has a very high level of style sense. The minute shawl collars, or big pockets, or low necklines turn up in expensive clothes—bang, the DDD has them ready for you, with tiny price tags.

But it's one thing to offer style at low prices, and another to offer style-plus-quality. And that's where the DDD really shines. The fabrics are downright good—sometimes the identical fabrics used in much more expensive clothes. The workmanship is excellent—buttons sewn on properly, hems deep and generous, seams nicely finished. The cut is good; the buttons, zippers, hooks are right. And all this, for prices usually under $10.

It's wonderful—and it's a little amazing. The only thing that makes DDD fabulous fashions possible, of course, is mass production. You'll find that most of the fashions featured carry labels you recognize—the trademarks of manufacturers so well established and so big that they can afford to offer tremendous value for very little.

As you can tell, we're mad for the Daytime Dress Department. On pages 59 through 64, you'll see why.

Audrey Totter wears classic with T-square pockets

■ Audrey Totter, currently in MGM's *Tension*, wears the sort of smooth classic that's a must in every girl's wardrobe. The fly front conceals a long zipper for good fit; the stitched t-square pockets have pearl buttons for emphasis.

It's made of fine Sanforized vat-dyed broadcloth by Ameritex, in blue angel, sloe gin rose, creme de cocoa, mint green. Also pastel blue, pink, aqua. Sizes 12-20. Also 16½-24½. By Stefi—$5.95.

In the Daytime Dress Department of Bloomingdale's, New York. Other stores, page 65.

Jewelry by Coro.


modern
screen
fashions

the best buys
are likely to be in
the daytime dress
department



7.95

Above: The bliss of silky dark cotton, ready and right anywhere, anytime. Sweetheart of a dress with tiny heart buttons, a heart dangling from a bright belt. Dan River broadcloth, in burnt orange, grey, grape or lime. Sizes 12-18. By Billy Marrow. Where to buy, page 65.



8.95

Below: Dress with an air of bravado. Bright plaid buttoned to the hem with smoky pearl buttons—styled in a high pitch with wing collar, jut pockets. Galey and Lord gingham, in rust, purple or green. Sizes 12-20. By Hope Reed. Where to buy, page 65.

8.95

Opposite: Jewel of a dress for the girl 5′ 5″ and under . . . superbly cut in superb combed chambray. Handsomely buttoned neckline, to wear open or not; dashing lapels; enormous triangle pockets. Aqua, copen, brown. Sizes 10-20. A Georgianna Petite. Where to buy, page 65.





a modern screen fashion

the best buys
are likely to be in
*the **daytime dress***
department

5.95

Right: Fashion is mad for puckered fabrics—and here's dark glamour in combed (that means it's good) cotton matelasse. When you're through gasping at the price—look again at the rolled collar, the zipper to the waist, the full skirt and the shoestring ties. When and where couldn't you wear it? Navy blue, green, brown. Sizes 12-18. Styled by Ted Cohen
Where to buy, page 65.

8.95

Opposite: The dress with the side-drape fin, sophistication plus. The top is a pearl-buttoned classic, very smart, very simple. The skirt—ah! The skirt wraps and hooks to the left, ends in a wordly pleated fin on one hip! Divine colors: tangerine, maize, kelly, grey, powder, aqua, cocoa, Beford blue, pink, navy. In Pima cotton. Sizes 10-20 and 14½-24½. By Kay Windsor. Where to buy, page 65. *Coro Jewelry*



the best buys are likely to be in the ***daytime dress*** *department*



12.95

Embroidered beauty—especially proportioned for the lucky girl with the 5′ 4″-or-under figure. Romantic eyelet embroidery outlines the V-neck; tiny embroidered daisies are scattered over all. In Crown-Tested Soap 'n' Water linen-like rayon—washable, of course. Pink, blue, aqua, daffodil, beige. Sizes 10 S to 20 S. By Brief Measure. Where to buy, page 65.

WHERE YOU CAN BUY MODERN SCREEN FASHIONS

(Prices may vary throughout country)

FASHIONS pages 59-64 are in the DAYTIME DRESS DEPARTMENT of these stores:

T-square pocket classic dress worn by Audrey Totter (page 59)
Baltimore, Md.—*The Gaxton Co.*, 214 N Charles St., Main Floor
Boston, Mass.—*R. H. White Co.*
Chicago, Ill.—*Mandel Brothers*, State & Madison Sts., Third Floor
Miami, Fla.—*Byron's*, Flagler St., Main Floor
New York, N.Y.—*Macy's*, Fourth Floor
Washington, D. C.—*The Hecht Co.*, 7th & F Sts., NW

Silky dark cotton dress (page 60)
New York, N. Y.—*Bloomingdale's*, 59th St. & Lexington Ave., Second Floor
Washington, D. C.—*The Hecht Co.*, 7th & F Sts., NW

Bright plaid cotton dress (page 60)
Boston, Mass.—*Filene's*, Sixth Floor
Houston, Texas—*Levy's*, Third Floor
Indianapolis, Ind.—*Wm. H. Block Co.*, Illinois & Market Sts., Fourth Floor
Minneapolis, Minn.—*The Dayton Co.*, 7th St., & Nicollet Ave., Fourth Floor
New York, N. Y.—*Bloomingdale's*, 59th St. & Lexington Ave., Second Floor
Portland, Ore.—*Lipman, Wolfe & Co.*, 521 SW 5th Ave.

Dress with big triangle pockets (page 61)
Boston, Mass.—*Filene's*, Sixth Floor
Chicago, Ill.—*Carson, Pirie Scott & Co.*, State, Madison & Monroe Sts., Second Floor
Houston, Texas—*Foley's*, Third Floor
New York, N. Y.—*Bloomingdale's*, 59th St. & Lexington Ave., Second Floor
Philadelphia, Pa.—*Strawbridge & Clothier*, Market & 8th Sts., Third Floor

Sophisticated side-drape dress (page 62)
Boston, Mass.—*Jordan Marsh*, Washington & Avon Sts., Third Floor
Brooklyn, N.Y.—*Abraham & Straus*, 420 Fulton St., Second Floor
Cincinnati, Ohio—*H. & S. Pogue*, 4th & Race Sts., Third Floor
New Orleans, La.—*D. H. Holmes Co., Ltd.*, 819 Canal St., Second Floor
New York, N. Y.—*Bloomingdale's*, 59th St. & Lexington Ave., Second Floor
Washington, D. C.—*The Hecht Co.*

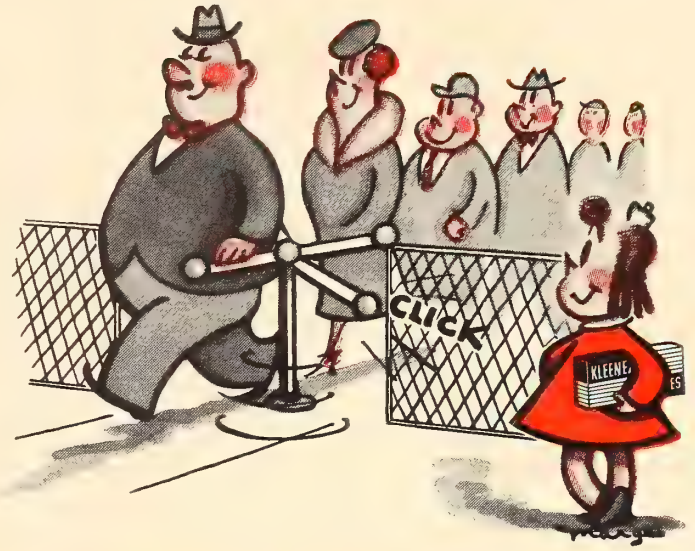
Dark glamour puckered dress (page 63)
New York, N. Y.—*Gimbels*, 33rd St. & Avenue of Americas, Third Floor
Washington, D. C.—*The Hecht Co.*, 7th & F Sts., NW

Embroidered beauty for 5'4" or under (page 64)
Boston, Mass.—*E. T. Slattery Co.*, 154 Tremont St., Second Floor
New York, N. Y.—*Bloomingdale's*, 59th St. & Lexington Ave., Second Floor
San Antonio, Texas—*Frost Brothers*, 217 E. Houston St., Fourth Floor
Springfield, Mass.—*Albert Steiger Co.*, Main & Hillman Sts.
Topeka, Kans.—*Crosby Bros.*
Washington, D. C.—*The Hecht Co.*

HOW TO ORDER MODERN SCREEN FASHIONS

(1) Buy in person from stores listed.
(2) Order by mail from stores listed.
(3) Write Connie Bartel, Modern Screen, Box 125, Murray Hill Station, New York 16, N. Y.—for store in your vicinity.

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MISTAKES THEY NEVER CONFESS

(*Continued from page 32*)

and blindly stupid? Maybe it's a gift. Anyway, it's been going on for years in Movieville, and I suppose it always will.

If stars would only stop and think—and some of them do—so many fatal foolish missteps could be so easily avoided in both their professional and private lives. Betty Hutton came dangerously close not long ago to hurting the very people she loves most in this world—her children and her devoted husband, Ted Briskin. In the nick of time she saw what she was about to do and recoiled. A few steps along her mistaken path, though, and Betty might have been sorry the rest of her life.

Betty's made mistakes before—career mistakes, that is. She deserted her absolutely inimitable screen self to do *Dream Girl*, learned from the licking she took and ran right back to the high-voltage cut-ups she does best.

Betty was frightened when they teamed her with Fred Astaire in *Let's Dance*. She told me in terror, "I don't know how I'll *ever* be able to dance with Fred Astaire. He'll make me look awkward and clumsy and silly. I can't keep up with him." But she did—as I knew she would—and Fred praised her to the skies. The relief from that fear turned into a giddy wave of self-congratulation that made Betty's head spin dizzily. She lost her balance momentarily and forgot her family in the all-absorbing thrills and demands of her exciting job.

little reminder . . .

Her decision to split up with Ted was hasty, unfair, and unbecoming to Betty's good sense. Betty found the minute the news was out that the idea was very unpopular with her friends in Hollywood. They all love and respect Ted, a swell, attractive guy, successful in his own business and a model husband—which is a hard article to find in this town.

I was as distressed as anyone, and I remembered something Betty Hutton had told me one afternoon when I dropped in. Little Rebecca Welles, Rita's baby by Orson Welles, had just left. Her nurse had brought her over from across the street to play with Betty's kids. Finally the nurse said, "Come on, it's time to go home now, Rebecca." Whereupon Rebecca burst into anguished tears, crying, "I don't want to go home! I don't want to go home!" She ran to Ted, threw her arms around his neck and sobbed, "I wish you were my daddy! I wish I lived in a house like this!" With her mama away whizzing around the world with Aly Khan and Rebecca's irresponsible dad chasing his career in Italy, no wonder little Rebecca longed for the warmth and affection she found at Betty and Ted's.

That was the story Betty told me. So at that crucial juncture of her own home life, I reminded her of it and I said, "How would you like to have *your* babies as lonely, mixed up and pitiful as Rebecca?"

"Oh, my Lord," Betty answered, "I can't do it. I can't do it."

I have no idea whether my reminder had anything to do with Betty's reconciliation. I like to think so. In any event, Betty Hutton came quickly to her senses and saved her home, which she must know means the world not only to her, but to some other people who are her flesh and blood—and her responsibility.

Stars, who play so much fiction in their careers, can cherish delusions in their private lives to such an extent that sometimes you wonder if they refuse to see reality. For some reason, Joan Crawford told herself for months that Greg Bautzer was going to marry her. Greg told me he was considering no such thing. Yet, until they finally parted a few weeks ago, Joan continued to stir up her own unhappiness with sighs for that handsome, cagey playboy.

And while I'm on the subject of Cupid's errors, there are a couple of romances usually placed in that category which I believe just don't belong there. I mean Ann Sheridan's long-distance romance with Steve Hannagan, now cooled, and Lana Turner's widely-lampooned marriage to Bob Topping. Both have been taken for rides time and again. But both couples knew what they wanted, and they got it, make no mistake. They made no mistake.

Ann and Steve were two people who saw eye-to-eye on all things—love, fun and the dangers of matrimony for two people like themselves. For five years they kept up a cross-country romance, built strictly for good times and companionship, and what both Ann and Steve always said about marriage was, "we never will." Yet Steve supplied the steady man in Ann's life that she needed. He backed her up in her Hollywood battles, gave her seasoned advice, got her free from Warners' to make *Good Sam* and get going in the career that had reached a belligerent stalemate.

They liked their easygoing, episodic relationship, that pair, with good times in New York and Hollywood, where one or the other was always flying. She was his girl; he her guy—but no more than that. That's the way both wanted it. As Annie once told me bluntly, "Steve and I will never be pushed into matrimony to make anybody a headline."

They had several years of happiness and now it's a case of "Thanks for the Memories"—and the line that goes, "no tears, no fuss, hurray for us." When Annie went to make *I Was a Male War Bride* 6,000 miles away from Steve, their lives angled off in different directions, and the spark cooled. The daily letters they started writing dwindled . . . and that was that.

So I can't call that romance a mistake. I think for Annie and Steve it made very good sense. And about Lana Turner and Bob Topping, I feel exactly the same way.

Lana is a girl born to follow her heart—to make mistakes, to act impulsively and honestly, following the endearing human traits that make her Lana Turner, a girl who *should* act that way, a girl who draws sympathy and love from her public as honey draws bees. While columnists were taking her apart and bringing tears to Lana's eyes, while critics were shouting "bad taste," Lana herself was swamped with thousands of sincere wishes for happiness from the people who count—her fans.

Yep, the sophisticates booed Lana raucously for marrying "playboy" Bob Topping. They pointed to his brief, broken marriages, and to Lana's. It wouldn't last six months, they said. Another mistake, another heartbreak—and the end of Lana's career.

So? Well, I wish you could see Lana Turner today as I see her. She's glowing and happy and more beautiful than ever. She's cemented to a family and a husband who loves her, for the anchor she needed. She's had a taste of real living—away from Hollywood frowns and studio trouble. She's had some of the fun she long ago deserved; she's developed a new, more confident personality. With Bob she's moved into a beautiful new Beverly Hills home. Bob wants her to keep on with her career, although there isn't the pressure of money anymore.

And about that career—who is tumbling all over itself, rolling out the red carpet, lining up stories to star her with its greatest stars, including Clark Gable? MGM, which only a few months ago was reading the riot act to Lana and making her do pictures she didn't want to do, disciplining her, making her tremble. It has a new respect for Lana, now—and so has the world.

A mistake? Finding love, happiness, security, contentment? I hope Lana makes more mistakes of that kind!

error, error, everywhere . . .

But I can point out plenty of Hollywood-star stumbles at the marriage altar and in the divorce courts. Deanna Durbin married an older man who promptly made Deanna grow up too fast, turn sexy on the screen, and kill a budding adult career.

Greer Garson helped her "first lady" prestige very little by marrying young Richard Ney, who'd played her son in *Mrs. Miniver*, and then treating him like a little boy around the house. Marrying Broadway producer Mike Todd and letting him take her away from Hollywood did Joan Blondell no good. I'm sure Virginia Field must be gnashing her pretty teeth for ever letting Paul Douglas get away from her too soon.

Virginia and Paul were married when Paul got his chance to show his terrific talent in Garson Kanin's Broadway hit, *Born Yesterday*. Up till then, Paul had been making only a comparatively modest living in radio. But when he was signed for the play, Hollywood studio scouts immediately swarmed him with movie offers. Paul turned them down. Hollywood had handed him the cold shoulder before; this time he thought he knew how to play his cards. But Virginia disagreed violently. "Are you crazy?" she asked him. "This is your big Hollywood chance."

"Uh, uh," said Paul, "that comes later." He was looking long-term this time. He knew he could come out to Hollywood the way he wanted, later on—with a Broadway hit under his belt. Virginia, I suspect, was too impatient. She couldn't wait for Paul's success. Anyway, she left him. Then Paul, in his own good time, came to Hollywood with a big-money contract and great expectations, well realized in *A Letter to Three Wives*.

He's still playing it long-term. Not long ago he turned down $20,000 a week—$10,000 at New York's Paramount Theater



"I came here last night with Bill, so I thought I'd come tonight and see what the picture was like."

Are you in the know?



What to do if Mom says you're too young for dating?

☐ *Try crowd psychology* ☐ *Play Hannah the Hermit* ☐ *Stick to hen parties*

Chances are, it's *solo* dates the family vetoes . . . they're not against your having friends. Why not get your schoolmates to rally at your homestead, now and then? Show Mom you can cope with a mixed crowd. Dating first on the "gang" plan is good practice for solos later. And whatever the doings, whatever the day, remember—those *flat pressed ends* of Kotex prevent revealing outlines. Even when you're togged for a gala evening, you know you can brave the limelight with confidence . . . (and Kotex!).



Should you break a movie date with Bill—

☐ *For a Big Man On Campus*
☐ *If you're asked to a formal fray*
☐ *To meet a blind find*

You're booked for Saturday night at the cinema. Then the real Bikini comes along. Should you call Bill and beg off? Check *no* on all three counts above! Breaking dates is a rating-buster. And "calendar" time, too, is no excuse . . . for new Kotex is made to stay soft while you wear it; gives softness that *holds its shape*. And your new Kotex Wonderform Belt won't twist, won't curl, won't cut! Made with *DuPont Nylon* elastic: feather weight, fast drying!



It's a mighty sharp student who—

☐ *Snags the prof*
☐ *Has the Tweedy Look*
☐ *Majors in poetry*

Competition's keen when the prof's cute. True, you may not be a ball of fire at scanning. But your tweeds'll tell him you're on your toes, style-wise. For this year, tweed's terrific . . . new, inexpensive, with a "high fashion" look. In coats, suits or dresses, it's for you! And just for you on problem days, there's a Kotex absorbency you'll find exactly right. How to tell? By trying *all 3:* Regular, Junior, Super. Each has a special *safety center*—pledging *extra* protection!

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And right here's a thought that may never have occurred to you. Except for getting the family's permission, you don't have to ask anyone else. Certainly not Uncle Sam.

Now . . . which job? Baby sitting? Clerking part time at the corner drug, or at your town's department store? Whichever job you choose, you find you can snag your heart's desire in time for the shindig!

It Only Happens Here

But—if you lived overseas, you'd learn things just don't happen that way. Because in one country across the Atlantic, it would take *twice* as long to earn the price of that dress . . . while in others it would take *up to 10 times* as long.

Only one example of how much it can mean to *you* to live in this free country. Whether it's a matter of earning some little special luxury—or your daily bread—you know you have a *free choice*. A chance to earn more in *less* time than any other people on earth. And that's how it can always be, as long as you do your part to keep our American way of living the very *best* way.

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Learn *why* Americans live better . . . how machines make jobs . . . why freedom and security go together! *Right now*, send coupon below for the fascinating free booklet, "The Miracle of America."

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and another $10,000 at the Copacabana—and chose instead to go to Berlin to make *Two Corridors East.* Paul knows the terrific hike that this Air Lift epic will give his Hollywood career—and that comes first with him. Maybe Virginia Field could be sharing that fame and success of Paul's, if she hadn't been so hurry-up about it. But Marion Hutton's got him now.

Of course, Hollywood's marriage mistakes are a penny a sack—everywhere you look. I think a lot of unions which survive are headed for trouble when the husbands start telling their star wives how to handle themselves. That didn't work for Deanna Durbin, or Gene Tierney, or Ingrid Bergman, and it won't work for Jeanne Crain to listen to Paul Brinkman, too much, about her screen life. Kibitzing should be left to the experts—and by the way, some of the biggest professional mistakes stars have made came when they stopped bending an ear toward the Svengalis who made them.

Dick Haymes' troubles stem from just such a pilot-dropping. Dick made a Hollywood splash principally because of the help and brains of his agent, Bill Burton. Bill worked for Dick night and day, made him movie box-office, a radio Hooper hot-shot, a juke-box front-runner. Well, Dick got too big to take Bill's advice and Bill's no longer representing him. Dick needed that guiding hand. Without it, his career has plummeted. Bill himself is only sad, not bitter, about Dick's actions. "After all," he told me philosophically, "you can't take care of a star unless he has some judgment of his own. All I can say is I'm sorry about the whole thing."

Practically every star in Hollywood has career mistakes to be ruefully remembered—even Clark Gable, who still gags today when you mention his disastrous *Parnell,* and should at mention of *Adventure,* too. Jeanette MacDonald made a big error in refusing ever to sing with Nelson Eddy on the radio. They were a hugely popular, perfectly-matched duo that could have become an American institution except for singing jealousy, which destroyed them. I still get letters from all over asking when they're going to get together again. Jimmy Stewart let Frank Capra almost destroy him with the "cutes" in *Magic Town.*

Why should America's greatest war hero, Audie Murphy, let producer Paul Short present him as a criminal and a killer? He began as *Bad Boy* and now, I understand, they want him to play Billy the Kid. If you can make a hero out of Billy the Kid, I give up! Sometimes the ways stars let themselves be mishandled is incredible.

More so than at playing ridiculous roles, stars should shudder to remember the times they've snubbed and insulted the public which makes them—and the press which obligingly ballyhoos them day in and out. Margaret Sullavan was and is a great actress who didn't last in Hollywood half as long as she should because she just couldn't be civil to her curious admirers. Maggie's just coming back to Hollywood after six years' absence for a second try and I hope she's mellowed enough to help instead of hinder herself.

The smarter stars don't bite the hands that feed their egos—and when they do they usually come to their senses fast. When Bette Davis was at the crest of her popularity she went on location in Arizona. The picture limped along with little or no publicity, so Warners sent a special exploitation man there in a hurry to beat the ballyhoo drums. He sized up the situation, went into deep thought, and then told Bette, "We'll toss you into a cactus bed—that'll hit the papers."

"Nothing doing!" flared Bette.

"Not *real* cactus, of course—it won't hurt," explained the p.a. But Bette still raged. "I'm no clown!"

He shrugged. "I couldn't care less whether you do or don't," he told her, "I'm just doing my job. But it'll get your picture in the papers." Bette snorted, "Ridiculous." But finally she let them toss her in anyway, and the picture that enraged her was plastered all over the land. She still wouldn't speak to the press agent who'd pincushioned her ingloriously with prop cactus spines. She stayed furious for—oh—maybe three months. By this time, the press again was being very silent about Bette Davis.

One day she buttonholed the exploitation man at Warners, gave him a load of her big blue eyes. "Don't you think it's about time you found another bed of cactus or something for me?" asked Bette sweetly.

Ah, well, to err is human. And stars are human, believe me—very. Only when *they* commit errors, they have, unlike ordinary mortals, a press agent—or a squad of 'em—standing by to make a misstep look like a strut to glory.

But it might just prove something or other that the erring stars who've admitted their boners have been coming off pretty well lately. Bob Walker and Bob Mitchum both were in pretty hot water but came out unscaled because they admitted their follies, faced up to facts, won sympathy instead of suspicion—suspicion that they were covering up or being covered up by some nimble press agent, lawyer, studio, or what have you.

Gregory Peck has made mighty few mistakes since he took over one of Hollywood's top star spots. But those he has made he's come right out with, like the Honest Abe he is. So they haven't bothered him a bit. His first picture was awful. Greg admitted it. "I'm not ready yet for Hollywood," he said. "I'm going back to the stage and learn some more about acting." He had his bags all packed, when Darryl Zanuck caught him, before Greg could catch his train, for *Keys to the Kingdom.* But that didn't steer Peck away from learning. He's still at it as I write. His La Jolla summer theater is just winding up, and the ambitious year-round legitimate theater he's sparkplugging for Beverly Hills is about to get started. Greg's never stopped improving his art. He told me, not long ago, he never will. "I don't know anything yet," he said. But he knows enough to keep from kidding himself—or his public.

away in a huff . . .

Not too long ago Greg made a slight mistake in his private life. He had an unimportant tiff with his wife, Greta, and roared away in his car to cool off without telling her where he was going. Then Greta had the bad luck to have a columnist call her the next day and ask where Greg was. "I don't know," she said simply, "He left and didn't say where." As a matter of fact, he'd driven to Del Mar, stayed overnight, then had flown to Mexico with a friend for a few days' fishing. So the Pecks had to fend off a flock of divorce rumors and all sorts of things which their happy home didn't deserve. Greg came back, kissed his wife, and they went on as if nothing had happened—even while all the calamity crows were cackling. But Peck's complete candor soon killed all that gossip.

Ginger Rogers is another dead-level lady who looks life straight in the eye. Yet, being a stubborn Irisher whose real name is McMath, she'll seldom admit she's wrong. And Ginger has been very wrong. But I want to pat her before I spank.

Ginger faced trouble with her marriage to Jack Briggs at an awkward time. For one thing, the very week the bad news broke—that Jack and Ginger were about to split—their picture showed up on the cover of a national magazine with Ginger giving Jack a loving kiss. It made everyone, including the Briggses, look pretty silly. What the public didn't know, of course, was that the shot had been taken one whole year before.

Ginger's career had just got into high gear again, after a dangerous dip. This was no time for unpleasant publicity, with *The Barkleys of Broadway* making her an American idol for a second time.

Ginger knew she'd get the blame for the bust-up, with whispers of "swelled head . . . too much success . . . no time for a husband now," and so forth. That didn't influence her actions for a second. Ginger has never cared a rap for what people said. First she pleaded with the reporters to give her a break so she and Jack could work out their trouble. They couldn't, so she came out with the separation news.

I went out to see Ginger before I left for Europe last summer. Sometimes I'm old Miss Fix-it and I did like that pair. I



"No, no, Griswold! You tear the *ticket* in half!"

thought Ginger was making a mistake because a happy marriage is a hard thing for a Hollywood star to find and hers had looked so happy. She convinced me it wasn't, and wouldn't be, and told me why.

Still, Ginger can muff the duke. She did with her own career, but to this day she'll never confess it. Briefly, she insisted on running her show too much, forgot she was the All-American girl and tried to play grand ladies. She made some pretty poor pictures and was very close to closing out a classic Hollywood career. Luckily she snapped back into the old Ginger Rogers in the nick of time. But to this day that stubborn, tawny-topped harp has the nerve to tell me to my face about miscast things like *The Magnificent Doll*, "I don't care what people say—I liked it."

Many of the antics I observe on all sides of me today I can theme-song with the hop-scotch jingle we used to chant as kids, "a river and a lake—and a big mistake."

horses, horses . . .

I think Olivia de Havilland and Joan Fontaine have long been wrong in letting career rivalry set up any kind of a silly feud in their personal lives, when they could mean so much more to each other as sisters without it. I think it's a mistake for a wonderful gal like Betty Grable to go in so earnestly for horses and horse races. I do hope Betty won't let it interfere with business. While it's scarcely an obsession with her, she has had written into her contract that production plans or no, she has a complete vacation when the ponies run at Del Mar each year.

And I think—surprise!—that what looks like the greatest good fortune ever to befall a Hollywood star might well wind up a blunder for "Princess" Rita, certainly as far as her happiness goes. There have been mistakes from the beginning of that glittering modern Scheherazade legend which don't spell happiness-ever-after to me. Rita was a queen in Hollywood before she fell for the Aly ballyhoo—despite the obvious differences in their backgrounds and interests. Now she's a very doubtful princess. Only the important months ahead will tell how great a mistake she's made.

Without being the seventh daughter of a seventh son, I think I can predict pretty certainly that bulls and boners and foolish fluffs—private and professional—will continue to muddle up the Hollywood heavens where the stars hang by the gossamer threads of their own frantic weavings. And I think I can safely say something else without being a seer: They'll darned seldom confess them.

In fact, about the only case I can remember of such shocking humility concerns an actress who could have been one of the greatest stars Hollywood ever had—if she hadn't taken an instant deep and determined dislike to the movies and all their works.

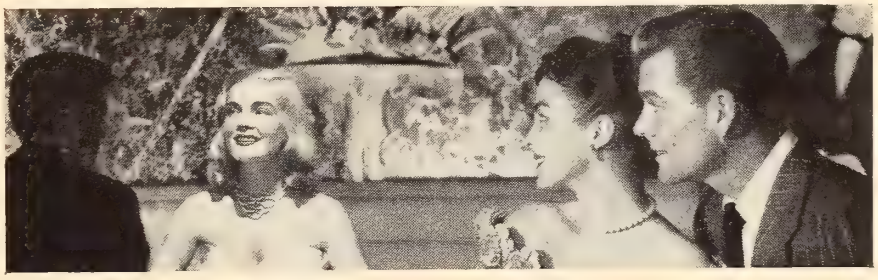
She made a picture years ago, and after one look at herself decided she'd committed something like murder. She tried to buy it back so her disgrace would never be seen by the public. For months she wouldn't speak to the people who'd talked her into her fiasco.

Well, it won an Academy Award and it's still pointed to as a milestone in Hollywood's artistic progress The star sensibly concluded at last that everyone couldn't be wrong except herself. She swallowed her pride one night in public and her apology has become a Hollywood salute ever since. Helen Hayes came humbly up to the late Edgar Selwyn, who produced *The Sin of Madelon Claudet*, wearing an honestly sheepish smile.



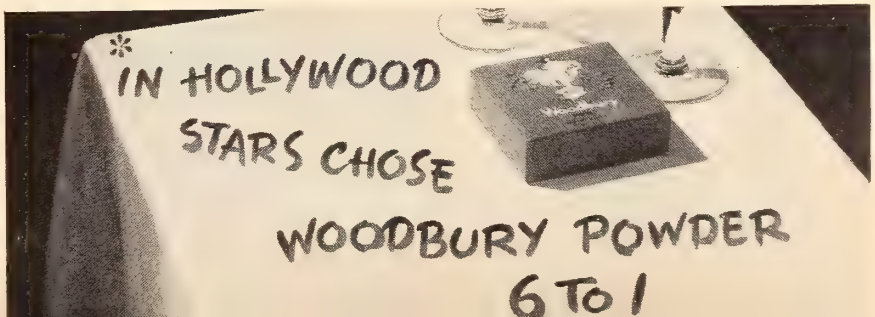
Don't look now...

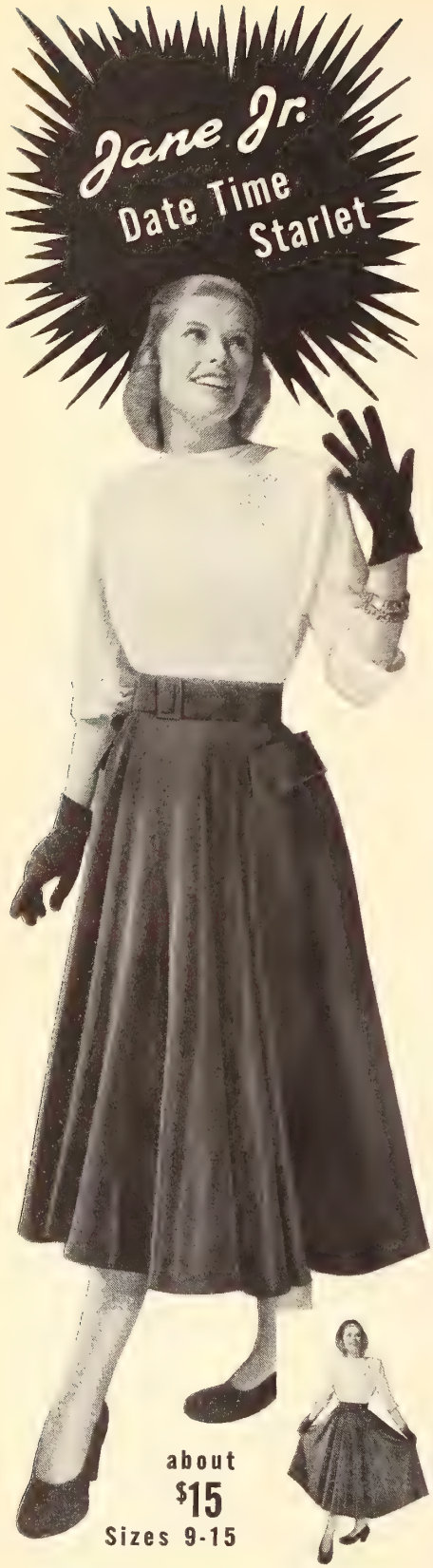
You're at the Mocambo. Over at the next table is Lizabeth Scott. It's not polite to stare—but what do you do? You look up from your crepe suzette, steal a glance. Think she doesn't know it? Of course she does! She's a star . . . she expects it! That's why she wears Woodbury Powder (Fiesta for Lizabeth) on her radiant features . . . and carries it in her compact.



there's Lizabeth Scott...

Lizabeth is one of the Hollywood stars who chose Woodbury Powder, 6 to 1, in response to a recent survey.* Something wonderful in Woodbury Powder — a new ingredient — gives your skin a smooth-as-satin look. The delicate fragrance clings as long as the powder. 7 heavenly shades glorify every skin type — no obvious "powdered" look. 15¢, 30¢, $1.00, plus tax.





Twinkling rhinestones on this dress of white wool jersey and swishing black taffeta.

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ANYBODY HERE SEEN STANWYCK?

(Continued from page 47)

was quite receptive when Designer Edith Head made suggestions about her personal wardrobe. And since *Stella Dallas,* she has worn mink, gold lamé or other standard star-identification when attending premières, thereby managing to keep out of the clutches of the police.

Not that the lass doesn't look well enough in ordinary dress to be a star. And if producers in their hue-and-cry for new faces ever let Barbara go behind the scenery, she knows a fellow who can help her. He approached her not too long ago at Schwab's drug store in Beverly Hills and earnestly identified himself as a talent scout for a major studio Then he said, "I'd like to arrange a screen test for you. We're always looking for interesting new faces, you know."

Barbara smiled. "I'm very flattered—but this face isn't new. I've had it a long, long time. Anyhow, I've got a job I wouldn't dream of giving up."

Several weeks later the scout was introduced to her at a Hollywood party. Bumping his forehead with the heel of his hand, he exclaimed, "And to think I missed recognizing you!"

"Doesn't everyone?" she grinned.

amazing resemblance . . .

She sometimes wonders now if the aura of anonymity that surrounds her is contagious. Recently she and Bob Taylor were playing golf on a public course in Westwood, without making any stir among the other players. Then she heard a voice say, "You'd never believe anyone could look as much like Robert Taylor as that man does, would you?"

After the Grand Central stairway incident, Barbara went, still unrecognized, to the Waldorf-Astoria, which she entered without fuss or furore. Wise to registrations, the fans soon became alert once she was there. Then, every time she left the hotel, she passed through an "honor guard" whose autograph books almost crossed in a frenzied arch.

But when she went to 21, having made reservations by telephone for herself and guests, she was told by the headwaiter, "Miss Stanwyck hasn't arrived yet."

"No fooling?" asked Barbara. And the headwaiter did a double take, gulped, bowed and led her to the table, apologizing elaborately.

Sounds unbelievable that he should have been fooled. But I myself once was welcomed by a headwaiter in an exclusive Beverly Hills restaurant who said to me, "Miss Stanwyck, right this way. Mr. Blank is waiting for you."

I told my host what had happened. "Sure," he smiled. "Somebody probably told him, 'You'll know her. She'll wear a tailored suit, sensible shoes and no hat.' Stanwyck wouldn't be caught dead dressed in the fussy clothes most of the women here are wearing. Wait till she arrives—I'll bet you and she will be the only ones here dressed to fit that description." He was right.

Then there was the driver who suddenly screeched her car to a halt just after passing Barbara and a friend out walking in Holmby Hills.

Jumping out, the woman dashed toward her, saying effusively, "Darling! How wonderful to run into you! It's been so long since I've seen you!"

Embarrassed because she didn't recognize the woman, Barbara listened patiently as the "old friend" chattered along until she asked, "And, Jeanette, how's your dear mother?"

"Jeanette?" Barbara asked blankly. "Uh—I think you've made a little mistake."

"Why, Jeanette MacDonald, you tease, you!" the gushy one exclaimed reproachfully.

"Sorry, I'm not Jeanette MacDonald," Barbara said quickly and firmly.

"Why, Jeanette!" Bewilderment replaced assurance then.

"Really, she isn't Jeanette," Barbara's friend said helpfully. "She's Barbara Stanwyck."

"That's the silliest thing I ever heard of," the woman said vehemently. "Insisting she's not Jeanette, then trying to pass herself off as Barbara Stanwyck. I'm surprised!"

With that she indignantly departed, leaving Barbara and her friend to continue their walk, their shoulders shaking with laughter.

On another occasion when Barbara was out walking, this time alone, a car drew up beside her, filled with sight-seers and tagged Nebraska. The driver leaned out and asked, "Girlie, can you tell me how to get to Benedict Canyon?"

After she'd given the information, one of the passengers said, "I'll bet you're in the movies. Aren't you?"

"Yes," she answered.

"I knew it! You're Bette Davis!"

"No," she said and started to walk on.

"Aren't you Deanna Durbin?" another asked.

"Oh, no!" Barbara laughed.

"I've got it! It's Margaret Sullavan!" another voice declared firmly.

Barbara called back over her shoulder, "Be seeing you later, Quiz Kids."

Barbara also smilingly remembers the young bank clerk who occasionally cashed checks for her under the impression that she was her own secretary—a person who doesn't exist. After a few times, he suggested a date. When she explained her boss never gave her an evening or weekend off, he exclaimed, "What a slave-driver!"

Barbara herself is quick to recognize anyone whom she's known or whom she's admired from a distance. Not long ago she warmly greeted an actress whose fame and beauty were at their height when Barbara was little Ruby Stevens, trying to emulate Pearl White by leaping fearlessly around the rocks in Brooklyn's Prospect Park. The veteran actress, glowing over the encounter with a fan—an experience she hadn't had for some time—cooed to Barbara, "You know, *you* ought to be in pictures yourself!"

THE END

I SAW IT HAPPEN



One night at the Hollywood NBC parking lot, my girl friend and I saw Red Skelton sitting in one of the cars. We hurried over and asked for his autograph. He was so busy talking to his wife that he didn't seem to notice us as he signed. However, the very next night we saw him again and as we smiled and walked by, he yelled, "Hey! Do you two girls board together?"

Dee Hicks
Montebello, Calif.

sweet and hot



by leonard feather

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JOLSON SINGS AGAIN—"Toot Toot Tootsie Goodbye" by Tony Martin* (Victor); Art Mooney (MGM); Marion Hutton (MGM). "I Only Have Eyes For You" by Kate Smith (MGM).

LOVE HAPPY—title song by Marion Hutton (MGM).

MY FRIEND IRMA—"Just For Fun" by Jane Harvey* (MGM).

SONG OF SURRENDER—title song by Dick Haymes* (Decca).

CHRISTMAS SPECIALS

GENE AUTRY—"Country Christmas Songs" (Columbia long playing).

BING CROSBY—"Christmas Greetings Album"* (Decca).

DORIS DAY—"Here Comes Santa Claus"* (Columbia).

BOB EBERLE—"Here Comes Santa Claus" (Coral).

ROY ROGERS & DALE EVANS—"Christmas On The Plains" (Victor).

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"BOPULAR"

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THE BEAUTIFUL REBEL

(*Continued from page 43*)

too. But with one difference, maybe . . ."

"Yes?" they all urged.

"Happen that he's nice and tall, I might encourage things a bit," said Patricia—who wouldn't need more than four-inch heels to look a six-footer right in his (preferably blue) eyes with her own hazel ones.

This correctly indicates that Patricia is not unmindful of romance. As a matter of fact, she went on the stage because of a man. But outside of inspiring this move, the man was a terrible disappointment.

This occurred when she was 15 and going through the not-unusual phase of girlhood in which she was having difficulty maintaining poise in front of boys. With her family she attended the performance of an amateur theatrical group, the Tennessee Valley Players, in Knoxville, Tennessee—where her family had moved from her birthplace in Packard, Kentucky. She took one look at the leading man and fell hard.

She began planning furiously how she could meet him. By the end of the first act she had decided on her course of action. So—the next afternoon Patricia was a member of the company.

She has no recollection of how she managed it. But she does remember that the very first time she talked to her idol, he asked if he might call on her at her home that evening!

Whereupon Patricia concluded that she was now definitely grown into ladyhood and ought to do something about it. After the rehearsal she did two things. First she gathered up all the glasses, spoons, salt-shakers and other knick-knacks she had gathered as souvenirs from various high-school eating "joints," and set about returning them. She wanted to start her new life with a clear conscience. She felt wonderfully honest and clean as she went about downtown Knoxville from Miller's Grill to the Blue Circle, to Lane's Drug store to Todd and Armistead's, handing back cutlery and glassware long since written off as breakage and loss by the owners of those establishments.

Then she returned home and sat down at her make-up mirror—not to get up until the doorbell rang and she knew *he* had come.

disenchantment . . .

She let him in. He smiled. She swayed giddily, but somehow got the door closed. Then she introduced him to her parents, and promptly had her heart broken.

Her big moment gave her not another glance. He concentrated all attention on her father, launching into a vigorous sales-talk on insurance—which, it seemed, he was selling. A sickening realization that she had just been used to flush up a prospect came over Patricia. Numbly she crept away and left the two men alone.

The next day, knowing that she must get over this tragedy somehow, she decided to attend a rehearsal. There wasn't a part in the play for her, but she wanted to prove to herself that she could watch him and still put him right out of her mind. She was looking at him and suffering horribly (not having sold her father a policy, he was upstaging her) when someone asked her to read a few lines. Somehow she got them out and they seemed to be received favorably. A few minutes later she was told she could have a leading role in the company's next production.

She was so scared by the prospect that she'd never have considered it had she not sensed that her fright was beginning to overshadow the pangs of her broken heart. In view of this desirable development, she said "yes." Three weeks later, the 15-year-old Patricia stepped out on the stage to play a fallen woman.

"Miss Patricia Neal," reported a newspaper critic the next morning, "posed about the stage a great deal with a cigarette in her hand. It is doubtful that she knows anything about acting—or smoking either, for that matter."

Hardly more than five years later, she was a star on Broadway in *Another Part of the Forest,* playing a younger version of the same character Tallulah Bankhead had portrayed in *The Little Foxes.* Patricia played it so well that she won five awards for her performance.

She got the part as a result of trying out and failing to get a part in another play. She did a reading for a Theater Guild production of Eugene O'Neill's *Moon for the Misbegotten.* They were not quite satisfied, but she met O'Neill and he was instrumental in her getting a part in a Guild summer stock production. Lillian Hellman, who wrote *Another Part of the Forest,* saw her in this and was sure that Patricia could handle the lead role in her play.

By this time Patricia could count among the great whom she had gotten to know, not only O'Neill and Hellman, but such other prominent theatrical folk as Richard Rodgers, Herman Shumlin, Alfred de Liagre and, of course, the great Tallulah.

"Darling," said Tallulah throatily to her at a party one night, "you were as good as I am—and if I said *half* as good it would still be a whale of a compliment."

With her success, Patricia soon began to add more names to the roster of her friends and acquaintances—and, it shouldn't surprise anyone, Hollywood names. They came bearing great gifts they were anxious to hand over in exchange for her signature on a contract.

There was Sam Goldwyn. She wore flat shoes to meet him, because someone said he didn't like tall girls. (Patricia says being tall gives a producer a good excuse for saying "no." But, once you get started, the height doesn't matter a bit.) There was David O. Selznick, with whom she was quite impressed because she heard him say that he doesn't get ulcers, he gives them. There was Dore Schary, who offered her a personally-guided tour of RKO (which he headed at the time, before going to MGM). There was Matty Fox of Universal-International, who picked up the telephone while she was sitting in his office and tried to buy *Another Part of the Forest* to offer her as her first picture if she would sign with his company. And then, last but mightiest—because he saw eye-to-eye with her about her being allowed to return to the stage any time she wished—there was Jerry Wald of Warner Brothers. She signed with him and went to star in *John Loves Mary, The Fountainhead* and *The Hasty Heart.*

so in love . . .

From Knoxville and not knowing how to smoke a cigarette, to Broadway and London (where she made *The Hasty Heart*) and Hollywood, all while you are growing from 15 to 21, may seem like a magical transition—but don't forget that Patricia was in love. Oh, not still with that slick young insurance agent. That heartbreak was long gone. Patricia was in love with the stage.

She loved it so much that in this same period she hastened her pace of living and crowded in two years of college at Northwestern University to improve her general knowledge of English and classical literature and drama. She loved it so much, too, that instead of going home between summer stock in Colorado, Pennsylvania and Connecticut, she stayed near the producers' offices in New York—working at modeling, assisting a doctor, cashiering in a restaurant and clerking in a jewelry store. (She is one girl who is not overly impressed by a diamond. She has handled hundreds of them!)

The most distinguishing trait of any rebel is certainly individualism. It was during this string of busy years that Patricia learned to be quite individual. For instance, at Northwestern in Evanston,

hollywood cook book



by nancy craig,
amc can
broadcasting company
women's editor

■ When Jimmy Stewart married at last, his bride got not only a handsome guy but one who can cook. When a really earnest cooking urge possesses him, he's likely to bustle around a hot stove creating the following delectable dish—chicken and wild rice. He swears it's easy to do—and, though at first glance it may seem elaborate, it's really quite simple.

- 4 pounds stewing chicken, cut in pieces
- 2 celery stalks, chopped
- 2 green peppers, chopped
- 1 medium-sized onion, chopped
- 2 teaspoons salt
- ½ teaspoon light pepper
- Hot water to barely cover chicken
- 1 cup washed wild rice, soaked in water while chicken cooks
- 1 small can mushrooms
- 2 tablespoons butter
- 2 tablespoons flour
- 1 cup chicken broth
- Pinch of savory
- Bread crumbs

Have chicken cut in serving size pieces. Cook with celery, green peppers, onion, salt, pepper and just enough water to barely cover chicken pieces. Cover and cook about 1½ hours, or until tender, over low heat. (Wild rice should be washed and soaked for an hour while chicken is being cooked). When chicken is tender, remove meat from bones and cut into small pieces. Cook wild rice in 1 quart boiling, salted water for 30 minutes, or until almost tender. Drain and add to chicken. Make a sauce of butter, flour and 1 cup of the chicken broth. Cook, stirring constantly until thickened. Add a pinch of savory and sliced mushrooms. Combine with chicken-rice mixture. Spread in buttered baking dish, 9x12 inches, and sprinkle with buttered bread crumbs. Bake in moderate oven (350° F.) for 1 hour. Make gravy from remaining chicken stock and serve with chicken-rice casserole. Makes about 6 servings.

Illinois, she conformed to the extent of accepting a bid to join a sorority. But this, she soon discovered, brought her under the jurisdiction of certain rules—most of them unwritten, but nevertheless effective—that were beginning to rubber-stamp her life. There was approval and disapproval of whom she went with and whom she brought to the house. There was comment on what she did and how she did it. It kept on until, in the finest tradition of the South, she revolted.

"I've seen mothers of some of the college girls weep because their daughters hadn't made a certain sorority," says Patricia. "How silly! It's fine if you want to be just a little old pawn being shoved around. But if you feel like you can be a somebody—and being *any* old somebody is better than being just a type—then you're so much better off skipping it!"

Patricia did. The break-up came more or less as the result of a weekend vacation during which Patricia planned to accompany a classmate on a trip to the latter's home in Sturgeon Bay, Wisconsin, and announced they would travel by hitchhiking! Since sophistication was *the* keynote of the sorority attitude, this was greeted by the sisters with high horror. Just the same, Patricia and her girl friend went. And en route, Patricia learned that she wasn't sophisticated, anyway!

The first car to pick them up and take them part of their way was a jalopy in which rode a middle-aged couple who seemed enchanted about something. It soon came out. After nearly 20 years of marriage they were expecting their first child. It was like an impossible dream to them and they could talk of nothing but plans for the baby, the woman's eyes filling again and again with tears of joy. When it came time for the girls to get out, Patricia found that she had twisted her scarf into a shapeless string, so deeply touched had she been. That day she not only learned a little about the real values of life, but also that she was not the blasé kind.

Patricia loves acting so much that she knows now that she will not give it up when she marries. That is definite. And the way she tells it, it not only makes sense but explains the "rebel" in her:

"It just seems to me that if a man is attracted to a girl by the sort of person she is, and she's the sort of person who loves her career—then it's positively dangerous for her to wash out this strong background and give it up. She might be washing out part of herself."

Patricia hopes that some day she will make some man happy. Right now acting is making *her* happy. She thinks it is a good and simple bargain and she thinks she can keep it better without any distractions like taking fencing lessons, yachting to Honolulu, or studying Sanskrit.

So she lives in her little house in West Los Angeles with her mother and younger brother, Peter, and once in a while she will go out with a Kirk Douglas or a Farley Granger or a Joe Carpenter.

Joe Carpenter? Who's Joe Carpenter?

"Oh . . . he just happens to be a tall boy," says Patricia. THE END

You'll find the complete screen story of Patricia Neal's new picture, *The Hasty Heart*, as one of the many absorbing features in the January issue of Dell's SCREEN STORIES magazine.



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THIS LOVE OF OURS

(*Continued from page 41*)

is his picture on my dressing table, his favorite old beat-up smoking jacket hanging forlornly in the closet, and Shoo-fly.

Shoo-fly, an animated, furry black ball with shoe-button eyes, is a French poodle puppy—and she was John's latest birthday gift to me. I've never figured out where he hid her the night before, but that morning when I awoke, there was Shoo-fly, sitting demurely on the foot of my bed, wearing on a ribbon around her neck a large, heart-shaped sign which read, "I will love you, if you will love me."

But Shoo-fly is small consolation now. Especially when she keeps trotting into the living room with one of his slippers in her mouth, when she knows darned well he isn't home.

John and I have run up some mighty staggering long-distance telephone mileage since John arrived in London to make *The Miniver Story.* And the principal theme of our conversations could be entitled, "Never again!"

"No more roles for the Hodiaks that break up the home team for more than three weeks at a time," John vowed the other night, as we tried to figure out over the telephone the exact minute when we'd be together again. Like every lesson learned the hard way, this we know for sure: Life and work and play lose all their zip and sparkle when the one person in the world who puts meaning into these treasures isn't around to share them.

fate can be cruel . . .

Through her very uncooperative manipulation of picture schedules, Fate has dealt some decidedly crushing blows to life on the Hodiak home front. It all started last spring when John went to Gallup, New Mexico, for shooting on *Ambush.* "Goodbye," I waved, with a phony cheeriness and a distinct sniffle, as his train pulled out.

"Goodbye," we repeated, practically passing each other in Union Station weeks later when he returned and I lit out for a personal-appearance junket to Chicago —where *You're My Everything* had its Eastern première.

I was home in time for another "goodbye" as I joined the cast for *A Ticket To Tomahawk,* setting out for location in Durango, Colorado. And our running drama of farewells reached a ludicrous, if nonetheless disheartening, climax when John, New York-bound, got off the plane at Albuquerque and took a bus to Durango for a final farewell before sailing for London and *The Miniver Story.*

"It's a fine state of affairs, Annie," John said with a sad smile, "when a guy has to fly almost a thousand miles to kiss his wife goodbye before he goes to work."

And what an unromantic sight I was when John swung off the bus at Silverton, the little ghost-town 50 miles from Durango where we were shooting! I had a fleeting regret that I wasn't all dolled up in glamorous lace-and-ribbon frippery instead of that weatherbeaten old leather jacket and buckskin cowgirl skirt, with a murderous-looking knife strapped to my back and a trusty six-gun at my side.

"Honey," he grimaced, backing away after that first kiss, "this is just like making love to a well-stocked arsenal."

(*For a picture of Anne in that get-up, see page 10.*—Ed.)

That night after he had gone and I was sitting with the rest of the company around a big camp fire, listening to the cowboys' pleasant harmony, I decided that John would now have new respect for me as a wife. At least, he should have after seeing some of the accomplishments I'd mastered in my role of a female U. S. Marshal of the Old West. Getting into the spirit of the story, I'd learned a whole new repertory of handy skills, conducive to maintaining domestic peace and discipline. Gregory Peck had taught me to shoot a pistol. Richard Sale, the director, had been tutoring me in the fine art of knife-throwing. And between scenes that day, John himself had taught me to "fan" a gun. I had hoped to become adept with a tomahawk, too, but when I approached my Navajo cronies on the matter of teaching me, they insisted they didn't know how to handle one themselves. Even so, I assured myself, after watching me wield all those other dangerously business-like gadgets, Mr. Hodiak would think twice before making fun of my infrequent biscuit attempts or my unskilled way with a Sunday breakfast omelet.

But John was a little doubtful about a new parlor trick I picked up in my spare Durango moments. I'd learned to play the Indian drums and by the time he arrived, had collected several fine specimens to bring home. One of these is an authentic Indian war drum, measuring three feet in diameter—a real beauty, fashioned from a burned-out log covered with deerskin. John was as enthusiastic as I about owning this interesting piece of Americana, but when I broke the news of my recently-acquired musical ability by almost breaking his eardrum with a masterful sample, he winced. "Darling," he said, "couldn't you take up a quieter hobby—like stamp collecting?"

Well, maybe after that day at Durango, John wished we had stuck to our rule about not visiting each other on the set. The arrangement works fine when we're on the home lots of Hollywood, reasonably certain of being together for dinner and spending a quiet evening. But last spring when John was on location in Gallup, New Mexico, I became the first to break our rule. With our third anniversary just a day away and the New Mexico weather apparently determined to delay shooting long enough to keep the company there past the big date, I broke down.

"It's been raining cats and dogs," John moaned over long distance. "We won't get out of here on time, I know. Do you think you could . . . No, I guess it's silly."

That was enough for me. "Want me to come over there and get that sun out full blast?" I asked him. His answer was a roaring affirmative.

That night I took a plane to Gallup and arrived early the next morning—our anniversary. Luck was with me, too. The sun popped out like a big yellow ball of butter and stayed out all day. Shooting was finished late that afternoon, and John and I had a glorious third anniversary celebration, just the two of us, at El Rancho, Gallup's colorful old Western inn.

"Were you surprised when I brought the sun with me?" I joked as we sat before the great fireplace in the Inn's big lounge.

"Surprised?" John smiled, holding my hand in both of his. "No, I wasn't surprised. You always bring the sun for me, Annie, even though it keeps on raining."

John says the nicest things. And this is invariably a surprise to people who know him only through his roles. John, soft-spoken, gentle, the most considerate person I've even known, is usually knee-deep in hissing skulduggery on the screen.

that wonderful guy . . .

If you'll forgive a slight rave, the real John Hodiak is easygoing, never critical, never impatient, ever appreciative and understanding, with a wonderful disposition and a sense of humor to match. Tease me? He teases me a lot, but that's half the fun and I love it.

I know that when we celebrate our golden wedding, if we're that lucky, there will still be the spell of romance in life with John. Unlike most husbands, he isn't ashamed of being sentimental. He remembers anniversaries and my birthday, with no wifely prods from me. He sends me flowers on the slightest excuse—when I'm blue or have a cold or a bad day on the set, and for important occasions like the Hollywood première of *You're My Everything.*

In a way, that was the biggest moment of my career, I guess, and the most heartbreaking because he wasn't there to share it. That night I had to drive up to Grauman's Chinese Theater, where the première was held, in a 25-year-old jalopy reminiscent of the flapper era of the picture. It chugged and jerked like a bucking broncho, but I concentrated on pretending that John was sitting beside me and somehow I made it.

Scared to death as I always am in a crowd of people, I just took a good, deep breath of John's gardenias on my shoulder and clutched that beautiful lace scarf that was his Christmas gift. And that's how I managed that endless walk down the long foyer, without having my knees buckle as I feared they would. Afterward, there was a lovely party for the cast and their friends at Romanoff's. Everyone was wonderfully generous in their praise of the picture and because it was my first première, it was truly a thrilling evening. But let's face it: That night I'm sure I was the lonesomest gal in Hollywood.

It was after two when I finally got home, opening the door to the tune of the telephone ringing insistently. When I answered, there was my favorite voice saying gaily from Gallup, "Hi, honey! How did it go?" Even with a five o'clock call for the following morning, John had waited up to make this really a night to remember.

When we're apart I worry about John, I'm not ashamed to admit. Not about



HOW TIME FLIES!

■ Dick Powell said wistfully: "If there's one thing I hate it's being known as a boy who is always ready to break into song, and I think audiences, after too much of it, will begin to hate it too. That's the thing I want to look out for. I love to sing, as every singer does. But I want to act, without singing, now and then. The only non-singing pictures I ever did was when I first came to the screen. I did one with George Arliss and another with Will Rogers. But people have already forgotten about those."—*From a 1938 issue of Modern Screen*

what he eats or wears, and certainly not about whether or not I can trust him. I don't think either of us has a jealous thought. But I worry because, like any wife worthy of the name, I feel that I have a certain special job to fulfill in my husband's life. With John, it's a job of morale boosting. An idealist, he is up in the clouds one moment, down in the dumps the next. He's a perfectionist in his work and impatient of any flaws in his own performance. He thrives on big dreams, great plans—plans for picture-making and dreams of the day when we can see faraway places together. . . . Well, it's my job to keep him up there on that cloud. When hundreds of miles separate us, I can't do that.

We have been very fortunate in avoiding the tragic and poisonous "rumors" that play havoc with so many career marriages. Only once has one of these stories, usually manufactured from whole cloth on a dull Hollywood news day, touched us. That happened when John was in Gallup. I picked up a newspaper one morning to be startled and shocked by an item telling how John and I had agreed that we would both have dates with other people while our picture commitments kept us apart for such long intervals.

I was furious, because it was absolutely without foundation. We had never discussed such a thing. That night I called John and read him the "news." Man-like, he laughed at my sputtering anger. "What'll I do?" I wailed.

"Do? Why, I'd just forget about it," he counselled wisely. "And if anyone wants to know who the other man in your life is, just say, 'Hodiak—John Hodiak—H-o-d-i-a-k.' As for my love affairs on location—honey, the way I look under three layers of New Mexico dust and a stubble of genuine Western whiskers, I couldn't get a date with Li'l Abner's grandma!"

Bearded and dusty or spruced-up and handsome, John is . . . well, have you ever heard of a picture called *You're My Everything?* THE END

MY PRAYER WAS ANSWERED

(*Continued from page 37*)

signals. The rushing motorists must have thought, "He's another hitchhiker trying to get a free ride." They whizzed by, too fast to see me lying off to the side, bleeding profusely, my face badly gashed.

Finally a car did stop. The driver got out and came with Carey to where I lay.

"Good Lord!" he said. "He's as good as dead. Look at the way he's bleeding! I won't have a corpse in my car!" Nothing Carey said would change his mind. He drove away.

Carey kept trying to flag down another car. Then a truck stopped. The driver took me about a mile down the road, to a service station. At the back of the station was a cot. Carey put me down on it as gently as possible and made for the telephone to call an ambulance.

In those days, it was difficult to get an ambulance in a hurry. I lay on that cot for two hours, in almost unbearable agony, bleeding, sweating—and scared.

Death has never seemed too frightening to me—I've been close to it many times. But I admit, without apology, to a dread of disfiguration. To be disfigured is an actor's nightmare. One of the most frightening things in any man's life is the prospect of having to start a career over again, when he hasn't qualified himself for anything else.

I've seen that fear many times among servicemen for whom death held no terror. The fear of being crippled to such an extent that they wouldn't be able to go on with their work after the war, lived with them. They didn't know what they would or could do with their lives if they couldn't go back to the work they knew.

With my whole heart I prayed it would not be impossible for me to make my living again as an actor. I had visions of myself with a grotesquely shattered face—visions that made me desperate.

And yet, as I prayed, those visions seemed to fade away. As I prayed, I began to feel a great spiritual relief, even though I continued to have great physical pain.

The ambulance took me to the hospital in Bishop. There I was given an anesthetic, X-ray photographs were taken, and the doctor removed, with a stiff brush, the dirt and gravel embedded deeply in the whole right side of my face—which was one big swollen mass of raw meat. I would wear bandages for a long time, the doctor said. My back was [illegible] broken. Both ankles were broken and I would be off my feet for several weeks.

"What about my face?" I asked. "Will—will I be disfigured?"

He shrugged. "It's not as bad as it could be," he said and left the room. I lay in bed, my face covered with bandages, wondering exactly what he meant.

Eventually my brother arrived. He had driven from Tahoe, and now he took me to our family physician in Reno, Dr. Frank Muller, an old family friend. I knew that if I wished, Dr. Muller would be blunt and to the point with me.

"Frank," I begged, "tell me: Will I be scarred for life?"

"Well," he said, "you'll have a few marks, I guess." I turned away from the sympathy in his understanding eyes. My prayers started again. For weeks, until the bandages came off, I prayed constantly. By placing myself in the hands of God, I came to the end of my fear.

The day the bandages finally came off, a feeling of great confidence flowed over me. Dr. Frank Muller's smile as he looked at me confirmed that confidence. He handed me a mirror. The marks were almost imperceptible—in time would be entirely gone. My prayer was answered.

There may be some who will say that this was just a matter of luck, that my prayers made no difference. That I cannot accept.

I must admit that when I lay with my face in bandages, I didn't know for sure how my prayer would be answered. Say what you will about faith, one cannot know what God's will is. But I hoped that in my case the will of God would be that I would emerge unscarred. And I asked for strength to bear it if that was not to be.

Prayer is power—the greatest power in the world. It affects not only outward events, but puts strength deep into the heart and soul of the man who prays.

There was a time when the scientists thought that man could discover everything and solve all his problems through his own reasoning processes. Now most of the scientists realize that there are spiritual truths which science has never touched—but which are the only valid explanation of things that go beyond science and reason.

One of these truths is the power of prayer. Only fools today deny it.

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MY LITTLE GIRL

(*Continued from page 49*)

distance and the sea beyond them. She was wearing a hat that was much too large for her, perhaps borrowed from Nana, and she was carrying a large suitcase. I leaned out of the window and called to her, "Where are you going, Cheryl?"

"I'm going to Honolulu," she informed me.

She was back within a half hour, and Bob playfully rumpled her hair. "That was a short trip," he said.

She looked at him sorrowfully and then her eyes flashed for an instant. "No, it wasn't, Papa. It was a long trip, and I had a very good time." . . .

I try hard always to give my little girl a reason for things being right or wrong. It's often difficult for me, because I've lived in an adult world so long that I've lost the ability a child has to stop and reason about these things. When I tell her to put on the blue dress and she so desperately wants to wear the yellow, I realize that her wish is much bigger and more important to her than is my reason to me. Yet I must insist, for she has to learn discipline—but I try to avoid the time-worn reason that I so dislike— "You must do this because I'm your mother and I say so."

pinch of vengeance . . .

My little girl is far from a model child in many ways. She has lately developed a habit of pinching people. Since she always chooses as her victims Bob or Nana or myself, I'm convinced that in her own small way she's exacting vengeance on the grown-ups who are forever wielding their authority over her.

One evening after a pinching episode, she was reprimanded by my husband and grew defiant. I told her she must leave the room, and her small face immediately puckered into the grimace that tells of tears on the way.

"Cheryl, don't act like a baby," I told her. "If you're going to be defiant, like an adult, you must behave like an adult and leave the room when you're asked." With this, the tears stopped and I saw my chance to reason with her. "You know, dear, that if Papa and I had guests and someone became unpleasant, we'd ask them to leave, and because they're grown up, they'd go without arguing." Now she was all attention, because she had understood. "*Why* do you pinch people?" I asked her.

"Because I think it's fun."

"I don't. I think it's very dull."

"What does 'dull' mean?" Here was the stall, the quick ability of a child to dodge and miss the intended punch. "It means unattractive," I told her—and I changed the subject right back again. "You wouldn't want people to pinch *you*," I said.

She drew herself up with all the dignity of her six years and said, "They wouldn't dare!"

"They wouldn't try," I said. "It doesn't interest them."

Now she has stopped pinching people. . . .

I wish I had the power really to look into the mind of my little girl. So much goes on there, such fascinating things, and I'm unable to share them. She has a little game she plays all by herself. The game is to pretend she's someone else. Sometimes this someone is a fictitious Missy Murphy. My little girl seems to get great joy from the portrayal. More often she pretends she's Stephanie Wanger, the daughter of Joan Bennett and Walter Wanger and Cheryl's best friend. There's a great bond between the two of them, and I'm not allowed within it. Every once in a while when I call my little girl by name she will look up at me with impatience in her face.

"I'm not Cheryl," she says. "I'm Stephanie now, and you must call me Steffie."

"I'm very sorry, Steffie. I didn't realize."

"Oh, Mommy," she says, "when *will* you learn to understand?"

And an hour or so later she'll come to me and put her head on my shoulder in that enchanting way she has, and tell me that she's my little girl again. . . .

My little girl was getting a glass of water one afternoon when we heard the crash of a glass dropped on the kitchen floor. Then we heard something that brought both my husband and me to the edge of our chairs: "God!" said my little girl.

We didn't say anything until she came to us in the living room. I didn't think it wise to show I was shocked, for then this word would become forbidden fruit and she'd delight in saying it. Instead I asked her casually what the word was she'd just used.

"I said 'God'."

"Oh," I said. "Were you speaking to Him?"

My voice must have betrayed my feelings for her eyes suddenly clouded over and she answered me in a small voice. "No, Mommy. I just—said it."

"*Why* did you say it, dear?"

She was puzzled by the importance attached to this word and said, almost apologetically, "I heard Papa say it once."

What was I to tell her? We make an effort to set a good example in all ways, but it's so easy to forget. And when she left the room without, I'm afraid, a proper answer from us, I looked at my husband. He grinned sheepishly and retired behind his paper. "It won't happen again," he said. . . .

Nana, my little girl's nurse, is from England and her heart is understandably with her people in their time of poverty and stress. I hadn't known it, but for months Nana had been telling Cheryl about the "poor, hungry, small ones in England" who would so love to live in this nice house and eat the good food and wear the lovely clothes that belong to my little girl.

I first learned of it the day Cheryl came to me a week or so before her birthday. "Mommy, you don't have to buy me anything for my birthday."

"I don't?" I said. "Why not, dear?"

"Well, you see, there are all those poor, hungry, small ones in England, and I don't think I should have anything. I'd like you to send all my things to them and I'll just wear my cowboy clothes."

While I was very pleased about her generosity, I was sorry that she'd learned about unhappiness in the world so soon. It's true that she's very fortunate to have all the material things she has, and someday I want her to realize it and be thankful for it. But she's too young for this knowledge, and it serves only to make her feel as if she's being selfish.

I could see that she was greatly upset.

"That's very nice of you, dear," I said, "but you know that Papa and I send things to England and Europe all the time." I explained the CARE agency and told her of the things we send—but it didn't satisfy her and she left the room slowly, her eyes sad and thoughtful.

It's too late for me to spare her. It's so hard trying not to hurt these little people. . . .

A few days ago, my little girl had just come from school, a place which seems to raise her self-esteem to great heights, and she was saucy with me.

"You mustn't behave this way," I told her.

bad examples . . .

She looked down her nose at me. "The other kids do," she said.

I lost my temper and I told her, "I don't care *what* the other children do!"

"Mommy!" Her eyes were wide with reproach. "You *should* care—because I care what they do."

I was at a loss for a moment—and finally said, "We won't talk about it now."

And after thinking it over I called her back and took her hand in mine. "Mother was wrong," I said. "Of course we must care what the other children do. We'll watch them closely from now on, but if they do anything that's unattractive, you must not do it."

"Why? Am I different, Mommy?"

"No, dear, you're no different from anyone. But you're special to me, and I try to know what's best for you.

I don't think this has been sufficient, but I can hope that she'll trust me to be interested in the customs of her schoolmates. She has taught me to be. . . .

My little girl has an open heart and an open hand. She wants to give away her things to everyone, and when she's given candy or a cookie, she offers it to her friends before tasting it herself. I'm proud of her for it, but at the same time I'm sorry, for I know that this can lead to her being hurt.

I stood in the garden one day and watched her when the cook had given her a handful of her favorite cookies. She was playing with a friend at the time, and at once she went to this little boy and held out her hands to him. His eyes gleamed and he took the cookies, every one of them, and ran away. I saw Cheryl stand rooted to the spot. She looked down at her empty hands and a great sadness came into her face. She was stunned by this selfishness —she did not understand it because she has none herself. When she looked after the running boy, there were tears in her eyes. A lump came into my throat and I turned and went into the house. There was nothing I could do to help her. She must learn this lesson by herself. . . .

I've always wondered just how my little girl regards my being a motion picture actress. She has seemed to accept it without its meaning too much to her. Although

I SAW IT HAPPEN



One day I was lunching at the Brown Derby, when in walked a large, messy, dirty man in an old, plaid shirt and levis. I overheard a young woman seated at a table near me say, "I thought this was a respectable place—just look at that filthy man." She probably would have been quite surprised to learn that it was John Wayne just off the set of Tall in the Saddle.

Barbara Wooll
Los Angeles, Calif.

he sees my picture in magazines and omes running to show me, she has never een me on the screen and has shown no nterest in doing so. But the other day she aught me a lesson.

She came into my bedroom after a walk n the hills with Nana. Her face was shin-ng and there was a bit of the devil in er eyes. I wondered what was coming. hen she tilted her head to one side and here was a scoffing tone in her voice.

"Hello, Lana Turner," she said.

I smiled at her. "Hello, Cheryl."

There was sudden disbelief written on er face, and she burst into a storm of ears as she threw herself into my arms.

"What on earth is the trouble?" I said, till not understanding.

"Oh, Mommy—Mommy!" she choked etween sobs. "You *are* my mother—my nommy!"

Only then did I realize what had hap-ened. In her mind she had separated her nother and Lana Turner, the actress, into wo different people, and when I answered er as Lana Turner she was frightened.

I held her and soothed her as best I ould. When at last she was quieted and ooked up at me with a tear-stained face told her, "There's no difference, Cheryl. one at all. I'm your mother and always ill be and I love you very much. . . ."

My little girl, as you may have guessed, fond of cowboy clothes, cowboy mo-ies, cowboy songs—anything that relates o the subject. One day she came to me nd told me that she would like to have a sso.

"How much money do you have?" I sked her.

"A nickel and three pennies."

"I'm afraid that isn't enough to buy your sso. Haven't you saved any more than ght cents from your allowance?"

"Yes, but everything except my eight nts is for the poor hungry, small ones n England."

"Then you can't very well have your sso."

"I'll charge it," she announced.

Bob, who was in the room, made a face nd muttered something about a chip off ne old block. I made a face back at him nd turned my attention to my little girl.

"I suppose you could do that," I told er, "but then, you see, you'd have to use our allowance for next week, and many eeks after that, to pay on your charge ccount. It isn't a very wise way to handle our money."

"I guess not," she said thoughtfully. hen she straightened up, filled with re-olve. "I'll charge it anyway," she said, nd marched out of the room.

"Now, where do you suppose she arned about charge accounts?" I said ab-ntly.

"I can't imagine," said my husband. I rew a cushion at him. . . .

The day my little girl hurt herself, she came running to me holding one hand with the other, and I saw blood on the injured hand. The tears were ready to come as I took her arm and put it across my lap so that I might see the injury.

"This is very interesting," I said. "What happened?"

"Well, I put my hand in the puppy's dish."

"When he was eating?"

"Yes, Mommy."

I had told her repeatedly not to do this. Now, at last she had learned. Perhaps it wouldn't have happened if my husband had warned her, for she's more obedient to him. The male authority is good for Cheryl. Before, there was only myself, and I admit I say "no" too many times.

At any rate, my job now was to stop the tears before they started. "My goodness," I said, "how long do you suppose this scratch is?"

My little girl was interested. "A foot long?" she said.

"Well, I wouldn't say *that* long. Maybe an inch. Now we'll stop the blood. You see, this is how it's done."

I wish it could be that easy all her life to take her mind from pain. . . .

I'd been away from my little girl more than four months when I finally came home. She'd been sent home from New York with Nana when I had been ill, after our trip to Europe. Bob and I had been fishing while I recuperated, and though we were enjoying ourselves, I felt I couldn't stand to be away from Cheryl any longer. Bob, who's a better fisherman than I and therefore was having an even better time, was very understanding, and he said we'd go home. Our plane arrived in Los Angeles in the very early morning and dawn was just breaking as we arrived at the house. I ran up the stairs two at a time to Cheryl's room.

She was sleeping when I tip-toed in, and for a long moment I stood by her bed and looked at her. Her hair was tousled on the pillow, and on her face was that lovely, pure expression of a sleeping child. When I could stand it no longer, I sat on the bed and pulled her gently to me. She wakened slowly. At last she opened her eyes and looked at me through the sleep that was still in them. And when she realized it was I, her mind jumped in the peculiar way that children's minds do.

"Oh, Mommy, I went for a walk yesterday and saw the prettiest horses!" And then, as the sleep rolled away she hugged me to her and said, "Mommy—it is really you? Oh, you're really home! You won't go away any more, will you?"

I won't ever again. I don't think I'll ever separate from my little girl until the day she wants to go herself. When that day comes, I hope I have the strength and wisdom to let her travel alone.

She has given me so much, my little girl.

THE END

THE MAN BEHIND THE RIDDLE

(*Continued from page 50*)

nanteclair, etc. He seems devoted to her. aybe Arlene is *it*. Until now, Lew has emed almost too spiritual for affairs of e heart.

Frankly, I'm puzzled. Saint or sinner, ystic or man-about-town—which is the ue Lew Ayres? He's ethereal and earthy very kind, sensitive, but sometimes un-nsciously cruel. A thinker, a dreamer, d a philosopher—and yet completely terested in matters of the flesh, like od food, good living—and girls. He's a an who is, the longer you know him, e harder to understand. But the longer know him, the more I have to respect him for, above all things, Lew Ayres is completely sincere.

He was sincere when, not long ago, he almost had a fist-fight with a photographer who snapped his picture with Jane Wyman at a night club. He loathes publicity. He was sincere when he told a friend of mine recently that the only movies he wanted to make were "helpful" movies.

Lew will talk as little about his war heroism as he will about the dozens of girls he dates. (But they come later in our story.)

Early in 1942, he was sent to an Ore-

Advertisement

Have You Heard?



JOAN LANSING

PULL UP A PILLOW, pretty, and let me tell you about my dreamy F.M. That's my Favorite Man — and he answers to the familiar name of JOHNNY OLSEN, one of the great entertainers on the air. Of course, I have to share him with millions of admiring mademoiselles from 6 to 60, but he's still the lad who elicits "oh Johnny's" from me whenever I tune in on his "LADIES BE SEATED" program. Why, I'm just about glued to the chair while JOHNNY cavorts through a half-hour of fun with the females. And all those wonderful games and prizes! Incidentally, you'll find it most rewarding, too, participating in the "LADIES BE SEATED" Kindly Heart Award. JOHNNY tells all about this heart-warming listener feature on the program every week-day afternoon. You can join my generous JOHNNY (dear F.M. that he is) over your local ABC station at 3:30 P.M. (EST). When he says "LADIES BE SEATED" . . . kerplunk! . . . down I sit for a relaxing time, enhanced by pleasurable puffs on the F.M.'s (and my) favorite cigarette, Philip Morris, of course.

BE IT EVER SO HUMBLE, there's no place like home . . . especially when it houses ART LINKLETTER'S happy "HOUSE PARTY," one of the nicest places to visit come high noon any weekday. This jovial jamboree takes the cake for being one of the gayest sessions sparking the airwaves. Hear Pillsbury's "HOUSE PARTY" (better batter that cake with Pillsbury, pretty!) with ART LINKLETTER, than-whom-there-is-none-better, noon to 12:25 P.M. (EST) on ABC.

GIVE ME FIVE MINUTES MORE, (wasn't that a "pop" tune once?) 'cause there's five minutes more to complete the half-hour link with "LINK." In this gal's opinion WALTER KIERNAN can't be beat when it comes to humanizing the news and making complicated, world-wide events seem simple, even to me. He's really been around, too . . . and how I do envy the experiences he's had interviewing the outstanding personalities of the day. Catch KIERNAN keynoting the news with "ONE MAN'S OPINION" every Monday through Friday, at 12:25 P.M. (EST) over your local ABC station (yep, it's another wonderful Philip Morris program).

MY TUNING TIPS

Breakfast Club 9:00 A.M. EST
Don McNeill's wake-up-time.

Modern Romances 11:00 A.M. EST
Stories of human emotions.

Bride and Groom 2:30 P.M. EST
Boy meets girl—and weds.

Joan Lansing

your letters...

UPSET BY SHIRLEY

Dear Editor: When I heard that Shirley Temple and John Agar had split up, I was so mad I could have cried. Out of plain curiosity, I'd like to know what the mental cruelty is that Shirley is charging John with. If only movie people could learn that personal happiness is so much more important than having their faces splashed on a screen!

MARJORIE HANCOCK,
VINEYARD HAVEN, MASS.

Dear Editor: Although I'm only a few years older than Shirley, I've watched her grow from a darling little girl into a beautiful young woman. She always had a sweetness that most of the other stars seem to lack. And when she married, I was sure this marriage would last—even in Hollywood. There are always excuses made, and in Shirley's case I suppose it will be said that she married too young. Well, maybe, since 17 is pretty young. But I married at 18, and I've been married eight years.

VERDIA MARTIN, SO. HOUSTON, TEXAS

OLIVIA'S BABY

Dear Editor: I was really thrilled to learn the good news about Olivia de Havilland's baby boy. All through the long anxious months she spent in bed, my thoughts were with her. I'm sure that many of her admirers felt the same way and got a little lump in their throats, as I did, seeing the beautiful look of happiness on Olivia's face as she held her baby in her arms.

ANNE RINKEL, NEW YORK CITY

A MOTHER COMPLAINS

Dear Editor: I read your magazine from cover to cover each month—chiefly because the teen-agers at our house *will* bring it in, and I prefer to know what manner of material they are reading. Many of your articles are good, but I wish to protest the constant effusive eulogies on such persons as Lana Turner, Rita Hayworth and Jennifer Jones. I do not presume to judge the dramatic capabilities of these women, but they are *not* the proper sort to be so held up to the young people who, I think, form the larger part of your readers.

MRS. R. A. MAGGY, SAN FRANCISCO

(*The movie personalities you find in our magazine are the ones requested by our readers in a very accurate month-to-month readership poll.*)

AVA'S INTENTIONS

Dear Editor: It seems to me that someone who really has Ava Gardner's interests at heart should give her a piece of sisterly advice. Why does she continue to keep that wonderful guy, Howard Duff, on a string? Ava may be a stunning girl and a great star, but she's making a big mistake if she thinks those things are going to bring her happiness. Howard is sweet, handsome, successful, and he loves her. What more does she want?

CONSTANCE MILLER, CLEVELAND

DISILLUSIONED

Dear Editor: As a staunch defender of Hollywood, I've been having a hard time of it lately with more and more divorce and separation announcements hitting the headlines. What's wrong out there, anyway?

PHYLLIS DAVIDSON, BALTIMORE, MD.

(*We've been wondering about it, ourselves, and have done some investigating. Next month's issue of* MODERN SCREEN *will have an article telling what we've found out. Title: "Divorce, the Shame of Hollywood."*)

gon camp for conscientious objectors. But soon he was placed in the regular Army in a non-combatant status—as a medical corpsman and chaplain's assistant. After service in New Guinea forward areas, he went ashore in the first wave of our invasion forces on Leyte in the Philippines. He helped to set up the first hospital there—to treat not only the military wounded, but also the civilian population injured in air-raids before the landing.

But Lew wanted to do more in the war than just heal men's wounds. Then, as now, he wanted to help heal their minds. He was a familiar and beloved figure in the very front lines, giving first aid and mental comfort to men who were dangerously wounded.

Through an associate of Lew's I heard the story of the terribly sick soldier who opened his eyes and saw Lew bending over him. "Why, it's Doctor Kildare," the GI said with a faint smile of astonishment. "Yes, it's Doctor Kildare. And remember, he always cures his patients," said Lew in a voice he contrived to make as brisk and confident as his screen counterpart. "Well," said the soldier, grinning, "I feel better already."

And once while Lew was in the conscientious objectors' camp, another objector was chopping wood and accidentally cut himself badly. Lew rushed to his help and by his prompt attention saved the man from bleeding to death. This helping of people is a wonderful fixation with Lew. Even before the war he used to teach first aid with tremendous patience in his open-to-all classes on the Metro lot. He also taught two nights a week, every week, at the Beverly Hills chapter of the American Red Cross. His clear-thinking brain believed that war was inevitable and he wanted people to know how to help themselves.

lust for life . . .

Just before the war ended, Lew's friends in Hollywood heard that when it was over he would enter a monastery and devote the rest of his life to prayer and meditation. But Lew's lust for living was too vibrant to disappear behind the stone walls of any religious order.

When he returned to Hollywood he resumed his movie career—and, naturally, the pursuits of female companionship.

And on the subject of the latter, I have a bone to pick with Lew: He still refuses to accept women as intelligent companions or admit them as co-partners to the fascinating side of him that is intellectual and very adult. He just wants to love women as "mere" women. He's as clear as a sunny day in California on everything else, but in my opinion he's a bit mixed up about the ladies.

"I don't like intellectual women," he once told me. And he had an unhappy experience with one woman, Olivia de Havilland, because of his persistent segregation of mind and matter.

Lew was terrifically interested in Olivia in the years before she married Marcus Goodrich. He maneuvered a meeting with her, even though his pal and Olivia's, Billy Bakewell, warned him at the time, "She's very brainy." But Miss de Havilland was so round, so firm, so pretty, her eyes so soft and appealing and the overall picture so feminine, that Lew still reasoned it just wasn't possible that she could have a mind, too. He decided to risk it.

Brother! Was *that* an intellectual one-night stanza! Poetry, history, psychology and psychiatry spewed forth in endless streams from Olivia's rosebud lips. Lew never saw her socially again.

But don't get Lew wrong. He's always the gentleman. Whether it's a palpitating romance you've heard he's involved in or just a casual dinner date, he'll attemp to shield the girl's privacy by looking yo straight in the face and saying he's neve even heard of her.

I remember when I wrote in my colum that Lew was feeling tender toward Jan Wyman. He called me and raised th roof and swore he'd never met her. Min you, that was after Lew had given tha fine performance with Jane in *Johnn Belinda!*

It wasn't until the exciting night whe Miss Wyman was given her Academ Award that Lew came into the open a her very proud escort, making no bone about his admiration for her. Bu strangely enough—and this follows th pattern of most of Lew's romances—onc the cat was out of the bag, so to speal the romance or friendship was at an end To my knowledge Jane and Lew hav never had a date since the Academ Award.

One of Lew's passions is painting. An I can usually tell which Hollywood gir is interested in Mr. Ayres, and vice versa when she tells me, "I'm going to an classes three times a week." That's ho I learned about Love and Lew fro Audrey Totter, and Arlene Dahl. The both suddenly became madly enthusiasti about painting.

But don't get Audrey or Arlene wrong either. Or Heather Walsh, the South Af rican beauty who learned how to pain under Lew's expert tutelage. I don think any of them, except maybe Heathe was in love with Lew. They just foun him an attractive and interesting escor And whether they tired of Lew, or he c them, I'll never know because, as I sai before, Lew is a Gent—and Arlen Audrey and Heather are Ladies. All I do know is this, that as the publicity in each case grew, the friendship or wha have you diminished.

Lew is never without a book or a gir but never together. You can't blame hir for loving both equally, but I do thin he's making a mistake to separate them I'm told he carries a mental notebook i his head with a list of all the available girls in town—the good-looking, the girl who are just amusing, the girls who ar simply using his name to get their name in the columns. But none of them ar fooling Lew. He has them mentally cata logued with the same precision and dee thought that he gives to helping peopl or to indexing his magnificent library c classics.

Well, it's no crime to love the ladie (Where would we be if men didn't? The thing is that with Lew, his adoratio for the fair sex stands out sharply be cause of his almost saintly approach t the other aspects of living.

the spiritual approach . . .

There are weeks at a time, sometime months, when he doesn't see girls. That when he goes off secretly in his trailer t paint and ponder in the desert. No on has ever caught up with Lew on thes trips. But he is probably camped some where on the huge tract of land he owr near Newhall. He takes along as man books and as few clothes as possible an there in the desert, I'm told, he com munes with nature-in-the-raw. Mayb that's why he likes women so much whe he comes back to our Hollywood civili zation. We're such a change from na ture-in-the-raw! (Or are we?)

Lew has a phenomenal memory. H can remember word for word whole chap ters of terribly difficult-to-understan works on philosophy and religion. H can also remember the telephone num ber of every girl he calls, and every on he doesn't.

He hasn't too much sense of humo

have found that men as intense as Lew ldom have. But he has a quality that perhaps more attractive to a woman. hen he talks to you, you and your roblems are the most interesting subject the world to him. His eyes never leave our face while you talk. I don't think it a pose. He is genuinely interested in eople. He is very kind, always gentle—kcept when he's angry about something e doesn't like in some newspaper. He is orshipped by his butler, Joe Smith.

Joe came in when Ginger Rogers went t. Lew's interest in astrology went out about the same time. Always on the ystic side, Lew worked out from the lanets the right day, hour and minute marry Ginger. Perhaps his figuring was rrong, or perhaps he misread the astral gns that might have told him that he nd Ginger had nothing in common. She ked to dance and go to parties. Lew ked to fish in solitude. The only parties, ther than for two, that Lew has ever iven on his mountain top have been for roups of scientists or writers. (Ironic-lly, Ginger now prefers fishing to party-g. And I think Jack Briggs, from whom ne is getting divorced, would rather ance!)

When Ginger married Lew, her luck Hollywood changed for the better. ew's luck changed, but for the worse. He had made a big success in *All Quiet on the Western Front.* Ginger was one of a hundred Hollywood ingenues. Then Fred Astaire latched onto her as his dancing partner. Lew, after the first good picture, remained static. And in Hollywood when you're static, you travel backward. It was too much for his ego. The divorce was friendly and Lew and Ginger are still friends.

Before Ginger, Lew had married Lola Lane. This mating can best be described as mutual combustion. Before Lola there was Lili Damita, who later became Mrs. Errol Flynn. Lew—or maybe Lili—was smart enough to know that marriage between them could only ruin a beautiful friendship.

Today there is no special girl in Lew's life. But I think that one day, and a day not too far off, he will realize that a book is incomplete in itself for happy living, and that a friendship with a girl could be so much better than casual if he would admit her to the secret and exciting life of his mind. Then, perhaps, he will find what all philosophers since the world began have been seeking—true happiness.

Lew Ayres deserves it—because few men in Hollywood, or anywhere else, have given so much to their fellow men.

THE END

" . . . TO SUSIE FROM ALAN"

(*Continued from page 36*)

ne day the principal of the school at-nded by Carol Lee and Lonnie—as they all Alana—sent for the girls. "There's a uck driver here, ready to take you two ut to the ranch. But I'll have to check ith your mother before you can go."

Carol Lee laughed. "That's no truck river. That's Pat Lane, Daddy's best riend."

Alan's friends are the people he feels t home with. A few happen to be names. lost of them aren't. He's not a good ixer. You've got to be around quite a hile before he'll loosen up with you. trangers leave him self-conscious and is tongue bungles at small talk. "I wish were the type who could walk into a oom and have everybody love me. But m not, and there's no use wishing."

In people, what he most dislikes is pre-nse. In gadgets, what he most dislikes the telephone. If there's no one else round to answer, he'd as soon let it ng. To Sue, who leaps at the first tin-le, this is incomprehensible. "I'd die curiosity," she says.

"When you do," he assures her gravely, nstead of a lily, I'll put a phone in your and."

Perhaps because of his early acquaintance with life's seamy side, Ladd has that faculty for putting himself into the other fellow's skin which makes for true gentleness. In his business, the star is king and often acts like one—but never Ladd. On the Paramount lot, his unfailing consideration of his co-workers is a byword. But any allusion to it embarrasses him. "We're a team," he says. "I'm lucky enough to be the guy who's picked to carry the ball across the line."

Outwardly, Alan very rarely loses control though he can tie himself into knots over scripts and stories. Sue is his safety-valve. Except when he has an early call sometimes he and she are up till three in the morning, batting ideas around. "Keeps me from arguing with a lot of people," he says.

The heart of his personal life rests with Sue and the children. In the unsure world of his youth, his mother's love was the one stable element. Therefore he knows how to value love when he finds it. One of his proudest days was the day he tied a bow to the door of the new house: "This is to Susie from Alan."

They'd been wanting to build ever since they were married. At first they couldn't afford it. Then came priorities and the shall-we-buy-now-or-wait-till-we-can-build routine. They looked at dozens of places that were either too expensive or didn't meet the family needs. Finally they bought a lot in Holmby Hills. But not till last year did they take the bull by the horns and go to an architect.

"We'd like lots of windows," they told him. "We've always felt that in California you can't get too much of the outside inside."

"Maybe modern's what you want, then."

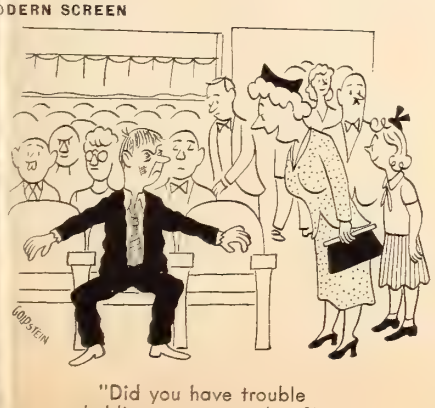
"Maybe," said Sue, eyeing Alan a little dubiously.

"Okay by me."

The plans were drawn. In September the ground was broken, the foundation laid, the cement poured. Sue and Alan watched. "I hope this is what you want," said he.

She turned quickly. "Why? Don't you?"

ODERN SCREEN



"Did you have trouble holding our seats, dear?"



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"Now, wait a minute. You *did* want a modern house, didn't you?"

"No. If it had been left to me, I'd have had French provincial."

"That's what *I* wanted!"

"Oh Alan, why didn't you say so?"

"I thought you wanted modern!"

All was not yet lost. Using the same foundation and floor plan, they had the roof and exterior changed. Big windows facing the patio bring the outside inside. The rest is French provincial. Sue set her sights for a June house-warming, while friends laughed merrily over the notion that you could build a house and be settled in eight months. Alan bet on Susie and won, though her system did involve some minor discomforts. Coming home from work, ready to fling himself into a pet chair, he'd find it gone. Next day a sofa would join the vanishing act. Sue was having the stuff sneaked out to be re-upholstered. They wound up sitting on the floor. One night Alan got hungry, went down for a bowl of soup, and couldn't find any. "Exit the canned goods?" he inquired. Sue looked guilty. Thanks to her foresight, however, they moved in June and to a well-ordered home.

sentimental gentleman . . .

That was the day Alan pulled a gag that didn't come off. His timing was wrong. For both it had been a day of fulfillment, long in coming. Inside, Alan felt as elated as Sue. But being a woman, she had her feelings nearer the surface. In the bedroom she discovered a cherished picture of her father, re-framed by Alan as a surprise. This fresh evidence of his thoughtfulness sent her cup brimming over. "Oh, Alan!" was all she could quaver, when he returned from an errand to the hardware store.

"Like it, honey? Well, come on outside. I've got something else to show you."

At the store he'd picked up a For Rent sign, which was now tacked to their beautiful new front door. One gander, and Sue looked ready to burst into tears. Unprepared for this reaction, Alan could have kicked himself. "I'm a dope," he consoled her, ripping the sign away. "Might have known you're too tired for anything to be funny."

"*I'm* the dope," she conceded. "But let's go burn that thing."

He has the kind of male humor that's tickled by feminine inconsistencies. Every night after dinner Sue goes around turning off lights. "Get my wife!" he chuckles. "We've just built a new house. Every time I look around, we've got a new piece of furniture. But my wife turns out lights. That's her contribution toward saving the Ladd fortune."

Unperturbed, she continues to turn off lights. As for furniture, by adapting and recovering, she was able to use most of their old stuff. But of course in a new house, you always need some new pieces. Every now and then Alan feels he should put his foot down.

It's not a heavy foot. By temperament, he's generous to a fault and calls it self-indulgence—"like everything else you do for your own pleasure." Every year they go through the same routine. He gives Sue his Christmas list.

"Are you sure that's all, Alan? Because I want to get the shopping done early."

"That's all."

So through long experience she buys three dozen extra presents for him to give, knowing he'll need that many at the last minute.

He does his own shopping for his presents to Sue. Comes home laden, sneaks the loot into a closet, hauls it out the same night and planks it in front of her. The first time this happened, she protested. "But I won't have anything to open at Christmas! I *like* to open boxes at Christmas, even if they're empty."

"Open 'em now, I want to see if you like 'em."

On Christmas Day there were more boxes under the tree—half of them filled with presents, half of them empty except for a card: "Your wish is my law."

But now and then he feels he should take a stand. As when Sue decided they needed some plates for over the mantel in the dining room.

"We've got lots of plates," Alan objected.

"But they're not just the right kind."

"Better make 'em do."

"Okay," said the docile Mrs. Ladd.

A few nights later he said casually, "Guess you really want those plates, don't you, Susie? Might as well have 'em."

It was obviously a load off his chest. Denying Susie the plates bothered him a lot worse than it did her.

Jezebel, the boxer, sleeps beside his bed. If she wants out, she scratches gently at his hand or rattles the chain-collar round her neck. As above noted, Alan's a guy who loves to sleep. But let it be a dog who disturbs him, and he'll never say boo. Same way in other departments. He's a stickler for neatness. When the kids leave things in a mess, he really gets after them. The dogs can tear cushions to shreds or try out their teeth on the new porch furniture, and it's fine with Alan. "People have sense, dogs haven't," he explains.

Frank Freeman gave them Jezebel as a puppy. She was raised with Lonnie. Snoopy belongs to Laddie, Junior. Happy, the collie, is Carol Lee's dog. Each of the kids owned a dog but two-year-old David. Last Valentine's Day Alan appeared with a baby boxer, sired by Vic Mature's *Genius*. "This is David's dog," he announced.

"Look!" Carol Lee pointed to the puppy's chest, marked by an almost perfect A. "Let's call her Scarlet, after *The Scarlet Letter*."

Because people have sense and must sooner or later come to terms with reality, Alan believes in discipline for children. To him, discipline means character-building. "I want my kids to have nice things. They're entitled to that as long as I can afford it. But I also want them to earn it. Developing good qualities will make life easier on them. If they're courteous, they'll be better liked. If they learn the difference between honesty and sham, they'll like themselves better. If they take responsibility, they'll be stronger inside. If they know how to feel for others, they'll be happier people."

Dinner time is family time at the Ladds'. Sue and Alan like to listen to the kids' problems. The kids like to hear what goes on at the studio. Every aspect of th business is freely discussed in their pres ence, every question answered. This i deliberate policy on the part of their par ents. Neither Sue nor Alan has any clos relatives. "If anything happened to u we'd want the children to understand ou affairs."

When Alan took his suspension, Carc Lee was a sophomore at high school. Th day the news broke, she appeared in th principal's office. "Please, if there are an extras from now on, I'd like to pay ther out of my allowance. My daddy's nc working and I'd rather not have any extra charged on the bill."

Then there's the other side of the meda One Sunday night, Sue and Alan were in vited to a birthday party. There were ne servants in the house, and while the seemed entirely satisfactory, they wer still new. So, because of the younge children, Carol Lee and Laddie were tol to stay home that evening. Complicatior arose when Booboo Howell, son of th groceryman at Camarillo, dropped in an offered to take them to a movie. Carc Lee called her mother.

a job to finish . . .

"Lonnie and David are fast asleep, an the new people said they'd stay up till w got back. D'you think it would be all righ for us to go?"

Sue gave her permission. A little late she mentioned the matter to Alan. It wa one of the rare occasions when he ble his top. "Come on. We're going home

"I'm sorry, Alan. But don't blame th children, it's my fault."

"It's their fault, too. When they're give a job, they should finish it."

To impress that fact on their mind they were deprived of certain privilege and though Sue insisted that the blam rested with her, they took their medicin cheerfully. For the most part, they meas ure up to standard and beyond. Sinc there's nothing arbitrary about the dea since all the whys and wherefores are ex plained, they're proud of their place i the family set-up. When Alan goes o location, Sue goes along. Being togethe is part of their psychology for a happ marriage. So they've got to leave some one behind whom they know they ca trust. That someone is Carol Lee.

While Sue and Alan were in Chicag she took charge of the kids up at th ranch. One day Lonnie tumbled from th swing and knocked out two teeth. He sister hustled her to the dentist—then, i case of a shock or something, to the pe diatrician. Having handled the emergenc as capably as Sue herself could have don she polished things off by calling Chicag and putting Lonnie on the phone for adde reassurance.

Alan thinks rewards are just as im portant as discipline. For a job well don Carol Lee was rewarded. But the kic seem to feel that the top award for mer is their father's approval.

For himself, he's got a silver dresse set. His name ranks high on all popu larity polls. His pictures roll up record And he can't get rid of the sense that he in on a temporary pass. He's incredulou —but grateful. Grateful to Sue, who stood shoulder-to-shoulder with him. Bu then, Susie loves him. Grateful to Para mount, who gave him his break. Bu Paramount doesn't love him so much tha they'd pay him good money except for or reason.

"And that," says Alan, "is—people. Pec ple out there in the audience. They' been wonderful to me, I still can't figu why." He doesn't express emotion easil but the quiet voice goes deep with feelir when he says, "I wish I could find son way to thank them." THE E



"Cut!"

YOU KNOW ME, ALLYSON!

(*Continued from page 31*)

But back then when I was 15 and had never spoken to a screen star, I didn't at first even have the courage to try out the telephone number. Each time I approached the phone, a lump would come into my throat, butterflies would zoom up and down in my stomach, and I'd hang up.

But one Sunday I finally got up enough nerve. I grabbed the phone and quickly dialed the number. As soon as a voice answered, I leaped headlong into my prepared speech. "My name is Gwen Littlefield. I've been an admirer of yours for some time. I think a fan club would do you a world of good. It's a lot of work, I know, but I'm prepared and qualified to go through with it. I'm sure, Miss Allyson, you're going to be a big star. . . ." And on and on I went, giving the voice at the opposite end of the wire no opportunity to say a word.

When at last I finished, the voice, patient and soft, said, "I'm very sorry, Miss Allyson isn't at home. This is the maid."

I almost died.

But the next day I actually got June herself on the phone; and somehow, I immediately lost all my nervousness.

"Why, yes," said June, after I'd explained my purpose, "I'd just love to have a fan club. I think it's awfully sweet of you to volunteer. But what exactly do fan clubs do?"

"Oh," I said, "they make you a big star. I'll call you up again in a few days and give you all the particulars."

"You be sure and do that," June said. And I sat down and wrote MODERN SCREEN, asking for information on how to start a fan club.

The magazine told me that the first thing to do was to get the star's permission. When I wrote back and told them that I already had it, they printed my name and address. Readers wrote to me by the hundreds, and before I knew it, the club was under way. The dues were one dollar a year, and for that sum members received a membership card, four club journals a year, and a large photo autographed by June.

For about a month I phoned June regularly, and we talked about the club and our future plans for its development. Near the end of October, June must have become a little curious about me and what I looked like, because she phoned me one night and said, "Gwen, I wonder if you could come up to my apartment right away."

Fortified with my "Allyson Scrapbook," to prove what a loyal fan I was, I rushed over to her Wilshire apartment.

My knees were actually shaking as I pressed the doorbell. I was positive June would be gracious and refreshing, I told myself, but my knees wouldn't listen.

June's maid showed me in. I sat down on a sofa. I waited for what seemed an eternity. I was on the verge of dashing out, scrapbook and all—when June came into the room. She wore a very tailored black suit, a white blouse and, over her tawny hair, a flaming red bandanna. She looked exactly as I had imagined.

The words I had planned to say tangled in my throat. June came to my rescue. "What beautiful red hair you have," she said. "I really envy you. Tell me, how's our club coming?"

I stammered a few words.

"Let's look at the scrapbook," June said. As we turned the pages, she became more expansive. "These pictures were taken in New York before I'd ever seen Hollywood. . . . This was my first magazine layout. . . . Don't I look silly in that one?"

June got up and left the room for a moment and then returned with two baby orchids. "A fellow in Hawaii," she said, "sent these to me yesterday. I want you to have them in honor of our meeting."

That night when I went home, bedecked in orchids, I felt like the screen's number one glamor-girl myself. To me, June Allyson was the most thoughtful, genuine, and wonderful actress in the world.

The following day she asked if I'd like to go to the studio with her and pick up a script. I sure didn't turn *that* opportunity down. For years I had stood outside the MGM gate wondering if ever I'd be able to get in—and now, here was June Allyson, asking me to go with her, asking me to walk in as if I'd done the same thing every day for years.

As I drove with her to the studio, little bubbles of excitement simmered inside of



"See if I wait until 8:15, I miss the comedy, but get out at 10:20. Right? Or suppose I go in now at 7:20 . . ."

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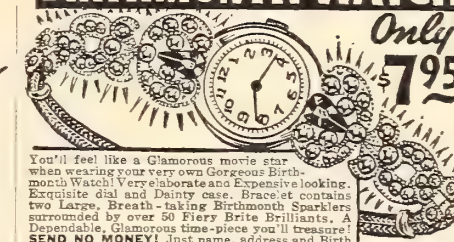
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me. I tried to stay calm, but I couldn't. June didn't help, either. Her driving was terrible. She did things to her Ford convertible that were simply out of this world. She drives like a demon, and if they ever hold a speed classic in Indianapolis for women, I'm sure she'll win it hands down!

At MGM, we strode directly into the office of producer Joe Pasternak—at least, the outer office, anyway. June was escorted into Mr. Pasternak's inner sanctum, and I waited in the reception room. Within two minutes, Mr. Pasternak came out and asked me to join them inside. I was flattered no end.

The producer then began to tell June the story of her next picture. I sat on a long, low, leather couch, lost temporarily in the massiveness of all this luxury, while he flailed his hands, described all sorts of characters, explained bits of dialogue and, in general, carried on the way producers are supposed to carry on.

I tried to listen attentively, but I couldn't understand what Mr. Pasternak was talking about. He has, or at least had at that time, a thick German accent that couldn't be swept away by a tractor.

After narrating the story, Mr. Pasternak turned to me and asked a few questions. I couldn't understand him, but I didn't want to appear too stupid, so I just nodded yes, and smiled my most toothy smile. I was sure I was doing the correct thing, playing the sweet, agreeable young girl.

embarrassing moment . . .

En route to June's apartment, however, June burst forth with a typical gusty, lusty roll of Allyson laughter. I couldn't see what was so funny. "Gwen," she asked, "did you find it difficult to understand Mr. Pasternak?"

"Frankly," I admitted, "I did. Why?"

June laughed some more. "Because," she explained, "when he asked you if you thought the story was very bad, you smiled and said, 'Yes.'"

I went home that day so embarrassed that I felt I could never face June again, let alone preside over her fan club. But the next day, she called me and said, "Gwen, I just wanted you to know that I had a lot of fun with you yesterday, and I just know you're going to be the best fan club president an actress ever had. You go ahead with all your plans and I'll cooperate as much as possible. In fact, you be sure and come up to my place some day this week."

I did, of course—and between us we made an arrangement whereby June personally signed all the membership cards and club photographs. We used to spend one night a week together while she signed and I blotted. On these nights, formality was forgotten. We just lay sprawled on the floor, wearing blue jeans and sloppy sweaters and comfortable loafers, and after the work was done, we'd talk or listen to records or just watch the fire.

June loves a fire, and even on the warmest nights, she'd start one going in the fireplace. And it's not because she's cold-natured, either!

As I look back on those many nights I spent with June, they seem so wonderful, and I remember with what strict and rapt attention I would listen to her every word and hang on to her every sentence. I got to know her ways and habits and moods, and I learned that it was best never to ask her any personal questions —especially about her love life. But like all girls, she betrayed the state of her heart in a dozen different little ways.

I remember one night when she seemed particularly moody and she looked as if she had been crying. I didn't have to be a Sherlock Holmes to figure out that June and Dick Powell (with whom she was going at the time) had had a spat.

Sure enough, the story came out. In her characteristically frank manner, June had said to Dick, after seeing him regularly for five months, "What are your intentions?" Dick had replied with a smile, "Why? Have you had a couple of other offers?" And June had said, "Yes, I have."

Well, Dick went on to explain that his divorce from Joan Blondell wouldn't be final for months. And after two marriages, he thought he'd better go slow about a third. He had two children to look after and a lot of other responsibilities. The upshot of the whole thing was that June had said, "Please take me home."

The Allyson-Powell romance was apparently over that night, and June showed it. But a week later when I dropped by, June was all smiles and sparkle. Dick had thought the whole thing over and had raced to June's place 24 hours after their "falling out" and had taken her in his arms and said, "I love you, June. I love you." June had started to smile and cry, all at the same time, and mumbled into his chest, "Oh! I love you, too, Tommy. I love you *so* much." (Tommy was June's favorite name for Dick.)

Then Dick had proposed marriage, and June had accepted, saying, "I'll make you the most perfect wife in the world, honestly I will, darling. We'll share everything, our work, our play. It'll be heaven. I know it will."

June and Dick were married in August, 1945. But the marriage didn't alter the relationship between June and me. The fan club by this time was going great guns, and so was June's career. Despite the fact that she was only five years older than I, she seemed to take an almost maternal interest in me.

She began to teach me many things. For example, the first meal I ever had served by a maid, was with June. She noticed my little blunders. When the maid came around to me and paused at my right, I started to reach up and take my serving. Just as I did, the girl moved to the correct side, and I blushed with embarrassment. June said nothing at the time. We finished the meal, laughing and joking as usual, but after dinner, we settled down to a lengthy discussion of Emily Post and proper etiquette.

little white lie . . .

It wasn't that I didn't have good manners. At least, I hope I did! But June understood that my family and friends lived under circumstances far different from hers. Her method was never to reprimand, but always to explain. The only time she reprimanded me about anything was when she found out that I had lied to her about my age. I had made myself out to be one year older than I actually was. When June learned the truth, she got angry—the only time I ever saw her genuinely angry—and she let me have some verbal punishment. I deserved it.

All other times, however, she was gentle and kind and understanding. For example, there was a period in our early acquaintance when I would get flustered upon meeting her friends. The first time I was introduced to Peter Lawford, I mumbled a faint "How-do-you-do." I was the same way with Gloria DeHaven and Frank Sinatra and Gene Kelly.

"You must never be frightened of these people," June explained. "When you're introduced, open your mouth and speak distinctly, and when you shake hands with anyone, make sure that your handclasp is firm."



that's hollywood!

"America really is the land of opportunity," Bing Crosby insists. "Look at us," he says pointing to Bob Hope and himself. "Where else could a piece of spaghetti and a meat ball both wind up with so much gravy?"

Irving Hoffman
The Hollywood Reporter

To be perfectly truthful, June's handshake is *too* firm. It leaves a cramp in your hand. But she's a stickler about it. The same way with grammar. One night, I said, "It's me," instead of saying, "It's I." June carefully explained how the verb "to be" always takes the nominative case. And she should know! She was graduated from Roosevelt High School in New York with the highest average of any student in the school—something amazing like a 97.3%.

Our friendship, though, wasn't completely one-sided. I did a lot of things for June, too. For instance, when newspaper columnists started panning June for the way she dressed, I got my club members to swamp them with our combined opinion. We deluged them with letters and, on one occasion, with a 90-foot scroll that contained more than 19,000 signatures. That was too much for the critics. They retreated.

In one year, the club grew to 2,000 members, all active. We entered a contest run by MODERN SCREEN to determine the best fan club in the United States and Canada. We won, and Hedda Hopper presented us with a huge, beautiful silver trophy cup. June was as thrilled as I. She had the studio take pictures of us with the cup, and she ran around showing it to everyone she knew. I beamed like a strip of newly-polished chromium.

June also took the cup home with her to show Dick, and one night she carried it with her to dinner at Ciro's. She promised to return it to me the next day. She never did. The last time I saw it, the cup was filled with roses and resting on the table next to her bed in her twelve-room Bel Air home. It's one of her most prized possessions, and I want her to keep it.

Christmas always posed a big problem to me, because I never knew what June wanted. The fan club members always sent donations for a gift, the sum usually amounting to more than $100. Before I spent it, I'd always canvass June's friends as to what she really wanted or needed. One year, it was an antique sterling silver coffee-maker, more than 100 years old. Another year, it was two sets of beautifully-bound books. Another, a complete ski outfit. My personal Christmas gift to June was usually a book.

As for June, she gave me some wonderful treasures—but the one I value most is a miniature dual picture-frame made of sterling. It carries the engraving, "Gwenn from June."

June explained the misspelling of my name with, "I know you only use one 'n' but two 'n's' look much prettier."

When I went off to college, I couldn't continue with the June Allyson fan club, largely because I didn't have enough time, what with studies and dates and extra-curricular activities. One afternoon, I started to explain this to June. Before I could, she raised her hand. "Your education comes first," she insisted. "You must drop the club. That's an order."

Before I left June that afternoon, I made one last request. "I've blotted over 20,000 autographed pictures for you," I said, "but I've never had one of my own. May I?"

For a minute, June could hardly believe that. Then she smiled, excused herself, and walked over to her desk. She took out a large photograph and on it she wrote these words: "For Gwenn. Thanks for being so wonderful to me and I'll always be grateful. Fondly, Junie."

Then she took me to the door. As we said goodbye, I took her hand and we hugged—and then I ran out.

And tears were streaming down my face. THE END

HOLLYWOOD'S LOVELIEST CHRISTMAS STORY

(Continued from page 44)

word to describe us. My father was a sharecropper in Texas. He always had a tough time supplying us with food, never mind clothing, and more kids kept coming along through the years. And then one year, I guess it just got too much for the old man. He gave up and walked out on us, and we never heard from him again.

"There were nine of us kids by then, and my mother tried to look after us, but that's an awful lot of kids for one woman all alone. When Christmas Eve used to come around, all of us would hang up our socks, and if we were lucky, we'd find an apple or an orange in one of them the next morning. Sometimes, there weren't enough apples to go around, so only the youngest would get them. We used to go into the woods and cut down a birch branch and use that for a tree.

"I don't mean to bore you with a long story. But my ma died when I was 16. The young kids in the family were put into an orphanage and those of us who were a little older scattered over Texas. Well, the birch branch for a Christmas tree."

Now, all of this was spoken matter-of-factly. There was no self-pity in this boy's voice. He wasn't feeling sorry for himself or mad at anyone. He wasn't leading up to a hand-out. I had reminisced about my youthful Christmases, and that had simply reminded him of his own.

I asked his name.

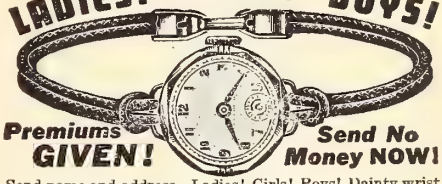
"Audie Murphy," he said.

I swallowed hard at that one. "Not *the* Audie Murphy?" But even as I asked the question, I knew the answer. Yes, this was Audie Murphy all right, the most-decorated foot soldier of World War II, the kid from Texas whose picture had been splashed across the cover of Life, the handsome young kid who'd been signed to a movie contract by Jimmy Cagney. No wonder his face looked so familiar!

"But what are you doing," I asked in astonishment, "dressed like this and bumming a ride? You're a national hero; you've got a screen contract; you should be having Christmas dinner with L. B. Mayer or

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Audie grinned. "You should've used the past tense," he said. And then he explained what had happened to him in Hollywood.

He had arrived a year before and Jimmy Cagney had signed him to a contract at $75 a week. He'd been dined and wined by industry big shots, rushed by celebrity hunters, given the Grade A treatment. But then Cagney changed his plans and dropped him—and suddenly, Audie was just an ex-veteran like ten million others. He couldn't find any place to live unless he paid an exorbitant bonus. He had very little money, because he was using the $59 per month he got on his disability pension to support his young brothers and sisters whom he'd taken out of the orphanage in Texas. "To be absolutely honest," he said, "I'm living on a cot in the back of Terry Hunt's gym and Terry is staking me to food money while I'm trying to write a book about my war experiences."

Well, when I heard this from one of the greatest war heroes of all times, my insides tangled into one big knot. "What a sweet way," I said to myself, "we have of showing gratitude to our war heroes. What a great way for this kid to spend Christmas." I reached into my pocket and took out a twenty. "Take this," I said.

Audie pushed my hand away. "No," he said. "I don't need it. I've got enough money. I've got 11 bucks. Terry gave it to me yesterday. It'll last the week."

I tried to get Audie to accept my money. I told him it wasn't a hand-out. It was a loan. He could pay it back any time. "Take it," I said, "and have a Merry Christmas."

"Don't worry," Audie said. "I'll have a Merry Christmas. Could you drop me at Earl McCaskell's filling station? It's near here."

I drove into Earl's filling station on Sunset Boulevard. As Audie got out, two little kids belonging to Al Foster, the mechanic, jumped all over Audie. "Hey, Audie, look what we got for Christmas!" they shouted. And they began to pull guns from holsters, puzzles from pockets, and all sorts of little toys from their persons. Audie joked with them, and in a minute their father came out and shooed the kids inside. As he did, one of the boys dropped a miniature plastic airplane on the sidewalk.

A freckle-faced urchin suddenly dashed from somewhere across the station, picked up the airplane, and started to sprint off.

In three strides, Audie caught and collared the kid. He brought him back and sat him down on the fender of my car. The kid couldn't have been more than eight or nine. "Why'd you take that plane?" Audie asked. "You know it doesn't belong to you."

The freckle-faced little redhead began to whimper.

"You know the penalty for stealing?" Audie asked with mock seriousness.

The kid began to cry. "I didn't mean to take it," he bawled. "It's just that all the other kids around here always get somethin' for Christmas. And I don't never get nothin'."

"Where's your folks?" Audie asked.

"My ma works in a laundry on week days," the kid sobbed, "and in a drive-in on Sundays."

"Where's your old man?" Audie asked.

"I don't know," the kid cried. "He just ran off last year and he never came back." And then tears started to cascade down that dirty little face and the little body shook with sobs.

Whereupon Audie slid his fingers into his cash pocket and came up with two bills, a 10 and a one—all the money he had in the world. He pressed the 10 into the kid's palm. "Here—go buy yourself some toys," he muttered.

The kid stared at the 10-dollar bill in disbelief. He wiped away his tears with a motion of his sleeve. "No, Mister," he said. "I don't need all this."

Audie looked down at the little fellow. I'm sure he saw in him the poor, deserted ragamuffin that he himself had been a dozen years ago. His eyes were misty, and he swallowed hard.

"Take it and spend it," Audie said gruffly. "Today's Christmas. Everyone should have a Merry Christmas."

THE END

You won't want to miss the complete screen story of Audie Murphy's newest movie, *The Kid from Texas*, in the entertainment-loaded January issue of SCREEN STORIES magazine.

THE PRIVATE LIFE OF BURT LANCASTER

(Continued from page 28)

is still taking all her meals privately.

But that still counts up to seven sitting down to a meal—which will have been completely prepared by Norma herself. There is a maid in the house and a woman who comes in by the day to help out, but Norma does all the cooking. She loves to fix food, and so does Burt. Unless otherwise directed he will make the salad before dinner, with his favorite dressing consisting of olive oil, vinegar, grated Parmesan cheese, dash of lemon, a raw egg and a touch of Worcestershire sauce. However, his culinary art doesn't go much beyond salads.

Burt's last fling at making the more important ingredients of a meal happened just recently when Norma was in the hospital having Susan Elizabeth. Burt decided he'd feed Jimmy and Billy, though the maid stood ready to take over.

"Nothing to it," Burt told Nick Cravat, reaching for a box of cereal. "You just pour this stuff in water and boil it a while and it's all set."

"I dunno," said Nick, looking a little worried. "Isn't there more to it than that?"

"Nah," said Burt, pouring until the pot was almost full.

The water boiled. The cereal swelled and swelled. It began rising over the edge of the pot. Burt clapped the cover on and held it down tightly. It was no use. The stuff began to work its way out anyway.

"Where's it all coming from?" the astonished Burt wanted to know.

"I told you," said Nick. "There's more to it."

Eventually Burt got the stove more or less cleaned off, filled two dishes and called Jimmy and Billy to the table. Jimmy tasted his and said, "I don't like it." Then find the two he wanted. "No good!" he pronounced.

Burt made way for the maid.

Following breakfast, Burt will leave for the studio if he's making a picture. Otherwise he may have an acrobatic work-out with Nick or else decide to fix up a few things around the house. In this last decision he never gets much encouragement. Because of his work with acrobatic gear earlier in his career Burt can splice a wire cable or a four-ply rope most expertly. But, he has found, there is remarkably little need for this sort of skill around a home. And Burt doesn't do too well at what is required—simple stuff like wielding a paint brush, repairing a light socket, or beating a nail with a hammer. He paints and he repairs and he hammers, but invariably the paint job is streaky, the fuses blow and the hammer mashes his thumb. This is where Nick has to come to the rescue.

Burt's last attempt at being handy saw him erecting a fence to keep the boys from wandering away or tumbling down the hill. After finishing the job and discovering that the fence sort of weaved around the house, instead of taking straight lines, and also that in places it gave like a springboard, he took the usual step necessary to save the day. He went to the phone and called Nick.

While he may not shine at carpentry, Burt has other duties around the house which he performs most proficiently. Norma, for instance, thinks his judgment about her clothes is infallible. And up to about a year ago Burt was most honest in his pronouncements of that kind. Then it came to him one day that whenever he said he didn't like something Norma had bought, say a hat, she would never wear it again. She'd go out and buy another

pered with the truth slightly. He almost always likes Norma's hats now. And whatever other purchases she comes home with.

It is also important that Burt be present when the children play their records. He is expected to sing along with them. Burt, in the opinion of experts, has a pleasant singing voice—but no more than that. There is one man though, who stands in open defiance of the experts. He is Burt's father.

James Lancaster thinks his son has an excellent voice. To quote him exactly: "Not bad, not bad at all. If Burt took up singing he would be better than any of them, Tibbett, John Charles Thomas, Crosby, any of them!"

Burt will wink to his friends at this exhibition of fatherly pride. But what confuses these same friends is Burt's opinion of his singing of *his* son, Jimmy. Jimmy's voice, according to impartial critics, is loud and clear and youthful—but no more than that.

Says Burt, however: "Listen to him! That's really good! I'll bet that if Jimmy takes up singing when he grows up he'll be better than . . ." *et cetera* and *et cetera!*

So father is proud of son, generally around the Lancaster home. But only lately have the younger sons been impressed with their father! Not that Burt hasn't tried to win a little standing with his boys. It was just that he didn't quite know how to accomplish it.

He learned some time ago that his picture work means nothing to Jimmy. (As for two-year-old Billy, very little means anything to him as he is still far too active physically to hold still for any contemplative moods.) Once Burt took Jimmy and Billy to a showing of his latest picture in a studio projection room

The picture had been on for a little while when Burt heard the boys buzzing to each other. He felt a surge of pride within him.

"You like Daddy in the picture?" he asked, as he turned to them. To his surprise he saw that they were not even watching the screen. They had their heads bent down, looking at the floor along the line of seats.

"What is it?" he asked. "Look, boys, Daddy is in the picture on the screen."

They raised their heads for only a fleeting second and then turned back again.

"See, Daddy?" asked Jimmy, pointing and seemingly quite taken with something.

Burt looked. Jimmy was pointing at the little set-in lights strung at floor level along the rows of seats to guide people walking into the room in the dark. It was plain that both Jimmy and Billy were fascinated by this remarkable new method of interior illumination.

A number of times Burt has noticed the boys skipping through the pages of a magazine or newspaper and passing up a picture of him without comment to go on to more interesting possibilities—such as the comics or illustrations of trains.

Burt has understood. He's even big about it and put himself in their places. "Why should they care about seeing a picture of me in the paper?" he has asked himself. "Don't they see me continually in real life? Naturally it means nothing to them."

Yet, when by accident one day he won that bright look of sheer adulation that will thrill any young father when he sees it in his child's eyes, it was a red-letter day for Burt. And he doesn't think he'll ever forget it.

No, no mighty deed was involved. As a matter of fact, he had no idea he had done anything special until he noticed the reaction.

He was shaving one afternoon when Jimmy and Billy wandered into the bathroom. They watched with no particular interest as he scraped away and were still hanging around when he had washed and was drying his face. Then, quite unconsciously, Burt flipped the towel up in the air so as to fall over the shower curtain rail. He has done this for so many years that it is an instinctive motion and one so practiced that the towel always lands just right to hang evenly over the rod.

"Gee!"

Jimmy had said that. His mouth hung open in admiration and so did Billy's.

"Do it again, Daddy," Jimmy begged.

Wondering, Burt pulled the towel down and flipped it up again expertly.

"Gee! How do you do that?" asked Jimmy, who has heard dozens of times that a towel must always be hung up after using but never dreamed that it could be done so nonchalantly.

"Gee!" echoed Billy.

And that's how Burt Lancaster finally came to be quite a somebody in the eyes of his sons.

Recently, with the formation of his own production company, and the beginning of preparations by him and his production partner, Harold Hecht, for the group of pictures they will do together, starting with *The Hawk and the Arrow*, Burt has had to spend more time away from the house than is to his liking. He has had to take refresher courses in riding, tennis, archery and fencing with *The Hawk and the Arrow*. There are also long sessions with Hecht and the script writers on Norman Mailer's *The Naked and the Dead* and on other properties they have in work. But there are certain activities at home that he tries not to miss.

Tossing that dinner salad together is one. But before that, there comes a walk with the boys to a nearby corral where they "feed" the horses the piece of carrot or apple each boy has saved for that purpose from his lunch. After dinner there is the record-playing and singing session, and then—then Burt clears his throat and launches into a sales talk.

Most parents will know this talk. It is an attempt to convince small fry that bedtime has come. Burt has hopes that some day he will achieve real salesmanship along this line, but up to the present, he admits, every talk has had to end with a demonstration—the boys are undressed and put to bed.

Now the evening belongs to Burt and Norma. Almost always it is spent at home. Almost always Burt will put on some of his favorite records, first having had to collect and put away the children's records.

If friends drop in, there will be bridge, with thorough analyses by Burt of each play after the hand is over—a bad habit he has not yet managed to overcome. If enough people gather there will be charades, a game he throws himself into with such enthusiasm that he has occasionally been known to blurt out the answer in the process of acting it out.

When the games are over and the guests are gone, quiet finally comes to the Lancaster home. But Burt and Norma know it is not for long. A new day is on the way, and just about the time it shows its first glimmer Jimmy and Billy will wake up and ride noisily right into their bedroom.

There is no time to lose. Burt and Norma hurry to bed. THE END

YOU'RE ACTING LIKE A CHILD

(*Continued from page 40*)

ransport Command and the Marines!"

While Mel and Glenn were whooping up downstairs, Larry led a contingent pstairs to view the electric trains. The econd floor is devoted to games, nursery ooks, a party shop, and a mammoth trainack that weaves rails across a 20-foot iniature town.

"Trains always fascinate me," said arry as he turned on the switch and atched the tiny engine start climbing o an incline. "When I was a kid I earned for an electric train. I didn't get for a long time, and when I did I really ept that engine polished and shiny. I still ave it in our garage—just as good as ew . . . say, maybe I'd better get it oiled o for Garrett."

Garrett is the name he and Betty have picked out in case the new addition is a boy—as Larry is confident it will be. But if it should be a she, then she'll be called Laurie.

Larry probably would have spent the entire evening up here if Betty hadn't come up from downstairs to join us. She was carrying a tiny figure wrapped in a blue blanket. Larry did a double-take when he saw the bundle.

This "baby" turned out to be a rubber doll. But Larry decided to sit down for awhile.

When Uncle Bernie announced it was time to eat, we all rushed downstairs.

The sandwiches were round, square, oblong and delectable. There were also



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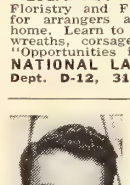
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HOLLYWOOD FILM STUDIOS

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dozens of hors d'oeuvres. For beverage we had either pink lemonade from the lemonade tree (you squeeze a lemon and the lemonade comes gurgling out) or orangeade from the falls.

This orangeade falls has been Uncle Bernie's pet scheme for some time. It covers half of one wall. An illuminated wall painting depicts a group of industrious elves sawing oranges in half, squeezing them in a press and pouring bucketsful of juice into the orangeade pool that supplies the falls. There's a little doo-dad in the forest-green rocks beneath which you press—and the orangeade comes spouting forth.

Vera-Ellen and her date, Johnny McKee, came late. The gang at once clamored for Vera to dance for her supper. An obliging gal, she did. Picking up a mammoth rag doll, Vera pirouetted gracefully about the shop. She twirled by the buffet table and in so doing picked up a sandwich. We all applauded and let her have a full-sized meal.

Peter Thompson and Nancy Davis sat down in front of Santa's Workshop to eat their dinner. Nancy was brought to Hollywood by MGM to play Glenn Ford's sister in *The Doctor and The Girl*, and since her arrival she's had to move three times. Peter pointed to Santa's castle and suggested, "Maybe you could rent *this* place."

Nancy wasn't interested. She thought a workshop might be a bit noisy to live in. Anyhow, she was moving to a fine new place the next day—and Peter had promised to bring over his jeep and help. "I've just had all my furniture shipped here from New York. There are so many boxes and items, I'd forgotten I even owned some of them."

Pete groaned. "How many boxes did you say?" Before she could break his spirit by telling him, her attention was diverted by Uncle Bernie. He was carrying in a two-foot-long cake.

Among its extensive decorations was a miniature waterfall which had a tiny angel skiing down it. There was also a truck loaded with lemon drops marooned in a winding road of chocolate icing. The sides of the cake were sprinkled with small pieces of peppermint candy, lemon drops, chocolate drops and cherry Life Savers.

It was so large and beautiful that we found it hard to believe it was a real cake. But when Uncle Bernie cut it and gave us a light-as-a-feather slice, we believed.

Barbara Thompson suggested Marshall have a second slice—"he has to play Santa Claus this year and we only have two pillows to stuff the suit." At this Marsh, who will be Santa for his three-year-old nephew, Stevie Long, was given a few pointers from Glenn Denning, who has appeared as the whiskered gent several times on YMCA Yuletide programs.

We began reminiscing about Christmas experiences. The Don Taylors recalled the first Yuletide after their marriage. "We were in Chicago with the roadshow of *Winged Victory*," Don said. "We were staying at a hotel and it didn't seem too happy away from friends in a strange city."

"But Don fixed that," put in Phyllis. "He went out and bought a 10-foot Christmas tree and carted it right through the lobby up to our room. What with wartime shortages, you couldn't get ornaments at that time so we sat up most of the night cutting out cardboard decorations and hanging them on the tree."

This year is certainly different. The Taylors have a nice home and are busy fixing up the nursery for the expected baby. Don cornered Uncle Bernie and asked if he would give him copies of some of the storybook characters that line the walls of the store. Uncle Bernie said he'd be delighted. Don plans to trace them on wood and make four-foot figures gaily skipping along the border of the nursery.

Johnny McKee volunteered to help cut them out. He'd had lots of experience making toys. Besides chalking up 52 missions with the 8th Air Force, he also managed to fashion makeshift toys out of old plane parts which helped to brighten several British tots' holidays.

Betty Garrett and Larry Parks also had a Christmas they'll never forget. They were 3,000 miles apart. She was on Broadway in *Call Me Mister* and he in Hollywood making *The Jolson Story*. But they still managed to give each other a Merry Christmas. Larry received from Betty a motorcycle all wrapped up in red cellophane. Larry air-expressed Betty her gift—an engagement ring. "We'd been married for two years," Larry explained, "but I had just got a raise and since she didn't have an engagement ring I splurged my salary on one."

Uncle Bernie too had his Christmas memories. It wasn't many Christmases ago that he was making toys and childrens' plaques in the basement of his home in Brooklyn. They were so unique and educational and so in demand that he soon expanded into a chain of toy-manufacturing companies on Long Island. Then he came to California to retire. "But once a toyman, always a toyman," says Uncle Bernie—and soon he had opened up the Toy Menagerie. That was two years ago, and it's been going strong ever since.

Everyone seemed to finish eating at the same time. We decided on an after-dinner concert. Each picked out some kind of a toy instrument, which we were assured would really play—and started on a different tune.

Mel Tormé was at the miniature piano, Candy and Nancy on the xylophone, Larry beating the drums, Betty squeezing the accordion, Marsh on the clarinet, Barbara thumping a ukulele, Reba on the slide trombone and Peter, Bonnie and Glenn playing—well, they're still hunting for the names of their instruments. Glenn just blew into his nameless object, turned a handle, and it played, "I'm Popeye the Sailor Man"—which sounded great, since the rest of us had by this time gotten together on "Home Sweet Home."

With all this mad melody going on, Larry Parks seemed too content. "Must be tone deaf," suggested Peter Thompson. We finally learned that the helmet Larry was wearing was just another two-purpose toy: It contained a built-in radio, and Larry was listening intently to the prize fights.

Uncle Bernie suggested a little "real" music for a change. He slipped a carol onto one of the miniature phonographs.

And as the small, clear strains of "Silent Night" filled the toyshop, it was a stilled and lovely place—a place waiting for Christmas. THE END

IS BETTE DAVIS AFRAID OF LOVE?

(*Continued from page 20*)

had achieved what appeared to be a pinnacle of happiness. This was her marriage to Arthur Farnsworth, an aeronautical engineer who seemed a perfect mate. He was handsome, considerate, strong enough to control her flashing moods, tender enough to make her a blissfully contented young wife.

In August 1943, barely two-and-a-half years after the wedding, Farnsworth was stricken suddenly while walking on Hollywood Boulevard. Three days later, he died. It was discovered that in an earlier fall he had suffered a skull fracture. For a time Bette blamed herself for not having realized he had been so dangerously hurt.

Undoubtedly, this tragedy deepened her haunting fear of relaxing herself in happiness—"something might happen. . . ."

Actually, Bette Davis has been afraid since she first came to Hollywood. Striving to remain worthy of the critical opinion that brought her the title "Queen Bess," she has worked more strenuously on each succeeding picture. Scornful of failure, she has driven herself to that point of exhaustion which makes normal living with people—especially husbands—nearly an impossibility. Once, when told that she must take things easy, she retorted, "I've never relaxed in my life. And I guess I'll never learn to."

At the time of the announcement that she was seeking a divorce from Sherry, Bette said that his violent fits of temper, during which he sometimes would break up furniture, had caused her to fear that if she remained with him she, and perhaps their baby daughter, Barbara, might suffer bodily harm. Sherry admitted his violent tendencies, but said, "It's just a matter of controlling my awful temper. We can patch this thing up if we can see each other again and talk it over." He then announced that he was going to consult a psychiatrist to see if something could be done toward helping his disposition.

Whatever temper Sherry has, it could hardly exceed in fireworks the explosive temperament of Bette, who has alternately shocked, amazed and delighted her friends in Hollywood for years with her beautifully-timed outbursts. When she is angry, she chooses the most important man in any conference and verbally lashes him unmercifully. But, until recently, she had never done battle except with those who could afford to fight back, never did anyone hear of Bette becoming sarcastic or unreasonable with the average run of studio workers.

Yet, as a master of illusion in her profession, Bette has never kidded herself. She once told a writer, "I have one of the homeliest faces that I've ever seen. . . . I loathe my mouth. It resembles, of all things, a small rosebud. It is ineffectual meaningless, skimpy." And another time she said, "My neck is long, like an ostrich's. . . . If I could only look in the mirror one fine day and find something else reflected there!"

She might never have become world-famous if it hadn't been for her fear of being considered by others the way she

The complete screen story of Bette Davis' latest film, *Beyond the Forest*, is one of the many dramatic features you'll enjoy in the January issue of Dell's SCREEN STORIES magazine.

considered herself. "If I have anything to offer to the world," she said, "it's certainly not any raving beauty. It is, if anything, reality."

Yes, fear seems to have been the dominant driving force in Bette's life. It has driven her far, to great professional success and fortune. Can it be that now it is beginning to have a destructive power, to upset her to the extent of damaging her personal relations?

"I've never relaxed in my life," she has said. Perhaps if she could do so now, she could find her domestic difficulties not insurmountable, and come to an understanding with her husband that might banish her fears of herself and the future.

It might be wise for both Bette and William Sherry to read again what they said about each other on the pages of MODERN SCREEN not too long ago.

"Sometimes," Bette declared, "to see the two of us together you'd think we were having a fist fight."

Said husband Bill: "In one basic way we differ. My theory is that most things work themselves out. You work, you eat, you sleep, you take the good or bad as it comes, and do the best you can with it. Bette does not feel this way; she worries about the universe. In worrying about others she hasn't time to solve her own problems . . . single-handed she'd like to mould the scheme of things closer to her heart's desire. But I am curing her of her brooding —she laughs more than she used to. The baby makes so much that used to be important seem unimportant. Barbara smiles one of her enchanting smiles and it's magic. Bette's face lights up, her troubles drop away. That's my favorite picture of Mrs. Sherry."

Perhaps he'll still be able to enjoy that picture again. He has said, "We were made for each other and I am not going to let her go."

But will one fundamental fear of his wife's make that impossible? Though she may not herself realize it, is Bette Davis afraid of love?

THE END

MOVIE REVIEWS

(Continued from page 18)

casional murder doesn't mean the law should be broadened to allow women the same privilege. Spencer's a serious believer in law; he thinks it should be more generally respected. Besides, he's supposed to prosecute this pot-shot-crazy woman, and he doesn't want his own wife defending her. ("We'll look like uncivilized nuts," he says.) Katie's got a cause, though, and there's no stopping her. But the bare outline can't convey the charm of the picture. Spencer and Katie are a marvelous married couple—warm and relaxed. Judy Holliday is the last word in injured wives (she got her gun in a hock shop, along with a free instruction book on how to use it); Tom Ewell is her equal as the luckless husband-target. ("I want her put away," he cries in the hospital. "She's a fruitcake!"); and Jean Hagen, a homewrecker de luxe, completes the triangle in elegant style. David Wayne has a sizeable part as Katie's and Spencer's next-door neighbor, who loves Katie. "Lawyers shouldn't marry lawyers," he tells her seriously. "It's inbreeding. Makes for idiot children, and more lawyers. Lawyers should marry song-writers and piano-players." That's because he's a song-writer and piano-player.) There's a magnificent parody of home-made movies; there are a million other sparkling tidbits, too.

THAT FORSYTE WOMAN

Cast: Errol Flynn, Greer Garson, Walter Pidgeon, Robert Young.
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

Here we have a movie based on Book I of the monumental "The Forsyte Saga" by John Galsworthy, and I'm ashamed to admit I don't remember if the movie is faithful to the book. This being the case, I'll just talk about the movie. It's set in the 1800's. Greer Garson is a beautiful, impoverished music teacher, with the soul of a captive bird. She once loved a gay, useless young man, and he spoiled her for more solemn types. Like Soames Forsyte. Rich, handsome, stuffy, Soames (Errol Flynn) is a fine catch. He collects works of art, and he wants to add Greer to the collection. They marry, but it's not a good idea. Greer doesn't act as dignified as Soames thinks she should, the clannish, elderly Forsyte family appalls her, the only comfort she has is Soames' niece, June (Janet Leigh). June is young and high-spirited, and also Forsyte-smothered. Her father (Walter Pidgeon), Soames' brother, was cut off by the family when he ran away to Paris with a lady friend, shortly after the death of his wife. He'd left June with the Forsytes because they could give her advantages he—a struggling artist—could not. June meets a young man (Robert Young) and falls in love with him. When Robert meets Greer, *he* falls in love with *her*. Stark tragedy and several broken hearts result, and the Technicolor is something gorgeous. Myself, I like a period piece now and then, and this is one of them.

BEYOND THE FOREST

Cast: Bette Davis, Joseph Cotten, David Brian, Ruth Roman.
Warners

Bette Davis goes to the dogs in a long black wig for Warner Brothers. She's married to a nice small-town doctor (Joseph Cotten) but he bores her. She wants to be rich, she wants to hang diamonds all over her bosom, and dance the black bottom in Chicago. (Or whatever they're dancing in Chicago when our story takes place.) To this end, she seduces a rich businessman (David Brian) who has a hunting lodge on the outskirts of town. He seduces easy, but marriage is something else again. "I could marry anybody," he says. Bette marches around town prying money loose from all the poor souls who owe her doctor husband, and then pursues her rich lover to Chicago. He tells her to run away and roll her hoop, he's engaged to a society lady, and Bette realizes all is lust (pun). She goes home. Joseph binds up her wounds, they're about



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Beyond the Forest: Bette Davis, married to small-town doctor Joseph Cotten, hankers after gay living, and takes up with a rich city man.



The Reckless Moment: James Mason, a blackmailer gone soft, has just killed his partner to protect their intended victim, Joan Bennett.

to have a baby, when rich lover reappears. "It's you I really want," he mutters. "Fly with me—" Now there's the question of the baby. In order to keep David from finding out, Bette coolly murders a man, visits an abortionist, and rolls herself off a cliff. She doesn't die on any of these accounts, but justice catches up with her, never you fear. The best performance of the picture is given by Dona Drake, as an Indian servant in Joseph and Bette's house. She's sensational. Bette seemed a trifle hammy—like one of those imitations of Bette, in fact—and David Brian and Joseph Cotten appeared to be embarrassed by the proceedings. Not without reason.

THE RECKLESS MOMENT

Cast: James Mason, Joan Bennett, Geraldine Brooks, Henry O'Neill.
Columbia

Joan Bennett's husband is in Germany, building a bridge. Joan Bennett's daughter (Geraldine Brooks) is a problem. She loves an unsavory gambler (Shepperd Strudwick). With no husband to take care of such nasty matters, Joan herself goes to see the unsavory gambler. He offers to stay away from daughter—for a sum of money. He's so pleased with this idea he makes the mistake of repeating it to daughter, later that night, when he meets her by the boat house in her back yard. Daughter's shocked, offended, furious. She whops gambler over the head with her flashlight, and goes on home. Little does she dream he's going to walk out, fall off the dock, and decease himself by running a motorboat anchor through his throat. Poor Joan finds the body in the morning, is afraid daughter killed the man, takes the corpse out in the boat and dumps it across the bay. When the police find the body, they call it murder. Now James Mason shows up. The dead man had borrowed some money from Mason and his racketeer partner, Nagle, on a group of letters written to him by Joan's daughter. Mason and Nagle want their money. Joan says it's blackmail, Mason says he knows. But she doesn't want her child mixed up in a murder, does she? And the police might like to get those letters. While Joan's trying to raise the money, Mason's falling in love with her. In the end, there's a big blow-up between him and Nagle, he kills Nagle, and is himself fatally injured while disposing of Nagle's body. He manages to get daughter's letters back for Joan, before he dies, and also to tell police *he* killed the anchor-in-the-neck man, thus gallantly clearing up the matter. Mason's very appealing as the black sheep with the gentle manners and the soft heart. He raises the picture to a level it couldn't possibly have attained without him.

CHAIN LIGHTNING

Cast: Humphrey Bogart, Eleanor Parker, Raymond Massey, Richard Whorf.
Warners

During the war, Humphrey Bogart's a bomber pilot, Richard Whorf is a plane designer, Eleanor Parker's a Red Cross girl. Bogart and Parker fall in love, but nothing comes of it. Years later (postwar) they all meet again, at a party given by Raymond Massey, a flashy operator who's planning to make a pile of money by manufacturing a new jet plane for the Air Forces. Eleanor's currently working as Massey's secretary, Whorf is working as Massey's right arm. Naturally Bogart ends up working as Massey's test pilot. He's glad to have the job, he's been bumming around since the war without finding his proper niche; he's glad to see Eleanor, he's always loved her, he was just never sure he was the right type for a nice kid to get mixed up with. Bogart tests the new jet successfully, but Whorf begs him to wait another 60 days before telling Massey the plane's ready to fly. Whorf's perfecting a safety device—he calls it a "pod"—which ejects the pilot from the cockpit and brings him down with automatically released parachutes. Bogart isn't one to worry about safety, though, and when Massey offers him $25,000 to make an over-the-Pole flight, Nome to Washington, he accepts. Massey figures the publicity will bring Navy orders for the jet. Whorf and Eleanor disapprove heartily; they don't think it's ethical to sell planes before the life-saving pod is ready. Bogart makes the flight anyhow, and makes it successfully, but Whorf, who's off somewhere testing the pod, is killed. Eleanor's mad at Bogart now. Thinks he let Whorf down. So against everybody's wishes, advice and orders, Bogart himself tests the pod, vindicates old Whorf (the pod works dandy) and gets the girl.

THE BIG WHEEL

Cast: Mickey Rooney, Thomas Mitchell, Michael O'Shea, Mary Hatcher, Spring Byington
United Artists

A story about that grisly sport, auto racing. Somebody gets burned to death every 20 minutes, but it's all yours if you can take it. Mickey Rooney's father is the first victim, and him we don't see killed, we just hear about it. Father was known as "Cannonball," and he was quite a famous racer. Mickey's determined to go and do likewise, so Mom can come out of the kitchen. Mom (Spring Byington) is understandably hysterical about his choice of professions; auto racing took her husband, she has no illusions about its sparing her son. Old beau Thomas Mitchell, ex-racer, and present owner of racing cars, tries to calm her nerves and explain things. Racers have to race, is the gist of the explanation. Spring marries Mitchell (now she won't be alone in the world, after Mickey gets his) and Mickey races his fat little head off until the day he's blackballed. He's been acting terrible, anyhow—drinking, kissing women, staying out late—and then he tries to help a pal whose car is out of commission, he only succeeds in burning his pal to death, and nobody believes it's an accident. They think Mickey was trying to win the race by "driving over" the other man, and they call him "Killer." The only person who believes in him is young Mary Hatcher. Her faith is vindicated, so don't you worry. The dialogue in *The Big Wheel* is tough, fresh, and curiously realistic. The acting is also high-level, especially Spring Byington's, Richard Lane's (he's the track owner) and Michael O'Shea's (he's a racer). There's humor, too. Mary steals a super-charger out of father Richard Lane's car. O'Shea looks at Lane, and shakes his head. "I warned ya not to have them kind of children," he says dourly.

PHOTO CREDITS

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6 *T. Lt.* Bob Beerman, *T. Rt.* Bert Parry, *Bot. Lt.* Warner Bros., *Bot. Rt.* 20th Century-Fox—7 *Lt.* Stork Club, *Rt.* Acme—8 *T.* Wide World, *Bot.* 20th Century-Fox—10 20th Century-Fox—12 Bob Beerman—14 Acme—20 Acme—22 Bob Beerman—24 *Lt.* MGM, *Rt.* Paramount—27 M. S. Staff—28 *T.* Wide World, *Bot.* Bob Beerman—29 Bob Beerman—30 MGM—31 *T.* M. S. Staff, *Bot.* Bob Beerman—32 *T.* M. S. Staff, *Bot.* Bert Parry—33 *T.* & *Bot. Lt.* Bert Parry, *T.* & *Bot. Rt.* Bob Beerman—34-36 Bob Beerman—37 Bob Beerman—38-40 Bert Parry—41 M. S. Staff—42, 43 Bert Parry—46, 47 Nelson Morris—48 MGM—49 Bert Parry—50 *T.* Bob Beerman, *Bot.* Bert Parry—51 Bert Six—52, 53 Bob Beerman—54 *T.* Wide World, *Bot.* Bob Beerman—55 Bob Beerman.

Abbreviations: Bot., Bottom; Cen., Center; Lt., Left; Rt., Right; T., Top.

THE IMPORTANCE OF A SENSIBLE BEAUTY ROUTINE IN WINTER

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Barbara Brown

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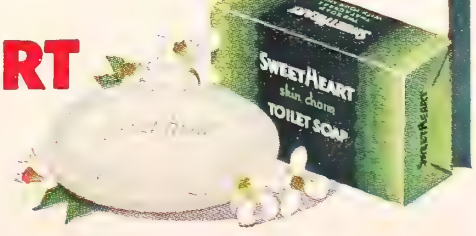
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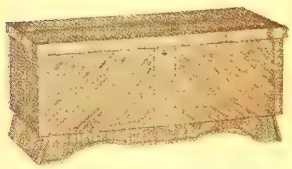
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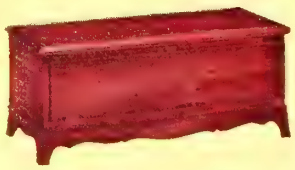
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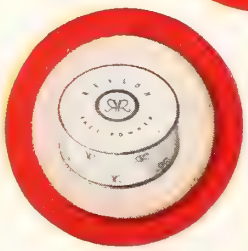
the only cream-wafer face make-up in the world

You've never known a make-up base like Revlon's Fashion Plate! Just fingerstroke it on ever so lightly...no more than a misty film. Instantly your skin seems flawless, blemish-free! Now...fluff on matching Revlon face powder. When have you had such an ultra-velvet glow!





Smooth it on, light as a mist.



Apply matching Revlon face powder.

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Revlon makes the fabulous difference in make-up!

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DENTAL SCIENCE EXPLAINS HOW IPANA FIGHTS TOOTH DECAY!



No other dentifrice—paste or powder—has been proved more effective than Ipana in fighting tooth decay. For dental science says that tooth decay starts with acid-forming bacteria trapped in a sticky coating on your teeth. Every time, *any* time you use Ipana, it fights tooth decay by helping remove this bacteria-trapping coating.

DENTISTS SAY THAT IPANA CARE PROMOTES HEALTHIER GUMS!



In thousands of recent reports from all over the country, 8 out of 10 dentists say the Ipana way promotes healthier gums. *That's just as important as fighting decay,* for dentists warn that you can't have healthy teeth without healthy gums! Try this dentist-approved Ipana care—for healthier teeth and healthier gums *both.*

HERE'S THE DENTIST-APPROVED IPANA WAY—EASY AS 1, 2:



***The Ipana way** is doubly effective. **1.** *Between regular visits to your dentist,* brush all tooth surfaces with Ipana at least twice a day. (Ipana's own formula helps prevent tooth decay—leaves teeth cleaner.) **2.** Then massage gums the way your dentist advises. (Ipana's unique formula also stimulates circulation—promotes healthier gums.)

GUARD AGAINST TOOTH DECAY AND GUM TROUBLES BOTH!

Dentists warn you must do both to save your teeth.

You can help prevent tooth decay as you guard your gums—with doubly-effective Ipana care!*

You realize, of course, that fighting tooth decay is vitally important.

But you may not realize that *fighting gum troubles is just as important!* It's true—for leading dental authorities warn that most tooth losses are caused by *gum troubles.*

You can help prevent tooth decay and gum troubles BOTH—with doubly-effective Ipana care.*

No other dentifrice—paste or powder—has been proved more effective than Ipana in fighting tooth decay. *And no other leading tooth paste* is specially designed to stimulate gum circulation—promote healthier gums.

So get Ipana for double protection—for fighting tooth decay and gum troubles *both.*

HEALTHIER TEETH, HEALTHIER GUMS

IPANA for Both!



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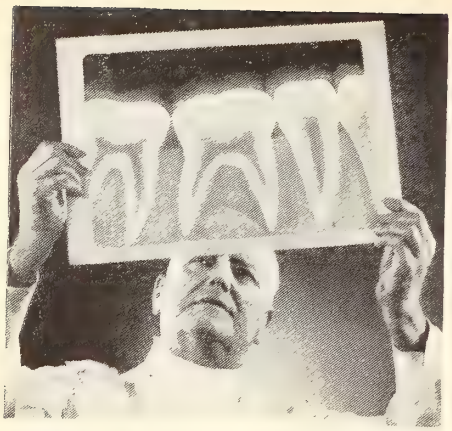
Refreshing Ipana leaves your breath cleaner, your mouth fresher, too!

THIS BEAUTY GUARDS TEETH AND GUMS BOTH—WITH IPANA CARE!



With a smile like this, popular Jean Fritz of Long Island, N. Y., never risks halfway dental care. As a highly successful junior model, she knows that healthy teeth and healthy gums are *both* essential to an attractive smile. So Jean (like thousands of other smart girls) fights tooth decay and gum troubles, too—the pleasant Ipana way. Give yourself this same doubly-effective dental care. Get Ipana Tooth Paste today!

P.S. For correct brushing, use the DOUBLE DUTY Tooth Brush with the *twist* in the handle. 1000 dentists helped design it!



NOW! PROOF THAT BRUSHING TEETH RIGHT AFTER EATING WITH

COLGATE DENTAL CREAM HELPS STOP TOOTH DECAY!

Exhaustive Research by Eminent Dental Authorities Proves How Using Colgate Dental Cream Helps Stop Tooth Decay Before It Starts!

Now, the toothpaste you use to clean your breath while you clean your teeth, offers a *proved* way to help stop tooth decay before it starts! 2 years' continuous research at leading universities—hundreds of case histories—makes this the most *conclusive* proof in all dentifrice research on tooth decay! Colgate's contains all the necessary ingredients, including an exclusive *patented* ingredient, for effective daily dental care. No risk of irritation! And no change in flavor, foam, or cleansing action!

No Other Dentifrice Offers Proof of These Results!

Modern research shows tooth decay is caused by mouth acids which are at their worst right after eating. Brushing teeth with Colgate's as directed helps remove acids before they harm enamel. And Colgate's penetrating foam reaches crevices between teeth where food particles often lodge. No dentifrice can stop *all* tooth decay, or help cavities already started. But brushing teeth with Colgate Dental Cream as directed is a safe, *proved* way to help stop tooth decay!



FEBRUARY, 1950

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"I was married to a man other women pursued!"



There are two sides to anybody's town—the high hat side and the lowdown side, and the two rarely meet—in public places that is. But when they do, and they do in M-G-M's new picture—you get a drama like this! Barbara Stanwyck plays the woman in it, a woman who knows the heartbreak of dream street. She's one of the dazzle girls of the social columns married to a man other women pursue. Watch James Mason play *this* part! Of course there's the other woman—there usually is—but not like this other woman. Ava Gardner plays the role. Watch her go for James Mason!





Yes, this is the story of night life, the kind of night life that leads to newspaper headlines—and once in a while to murder! Marcia Davenport's exciting best-seller has come to the screen with stars that make it live!

M-G-M presents

BARBARA STANWYCK · JAMES MASON

VAN HEFLIN · AVA GARDNER

EAST SIDE, WEST SIDE

CYD CHARISSE · NANCY DAVIS · GALE SONDERGAARD

A MERVYN LeROY PRODUCTION

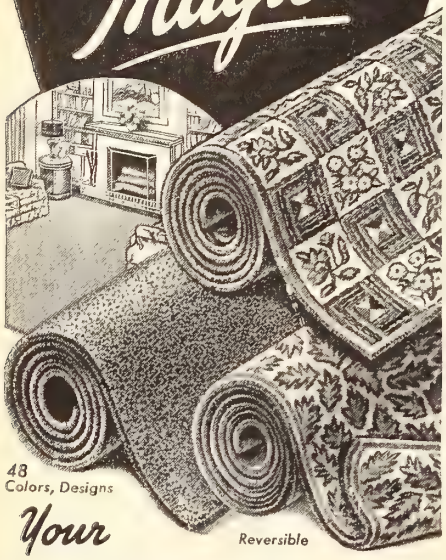
Screen Play by ISOBEL LENNART

Based on the Novel by MARCIA DAVENPORT

Directed by Mervyn LeROY · Produced by Voldemar VETLUGUIN

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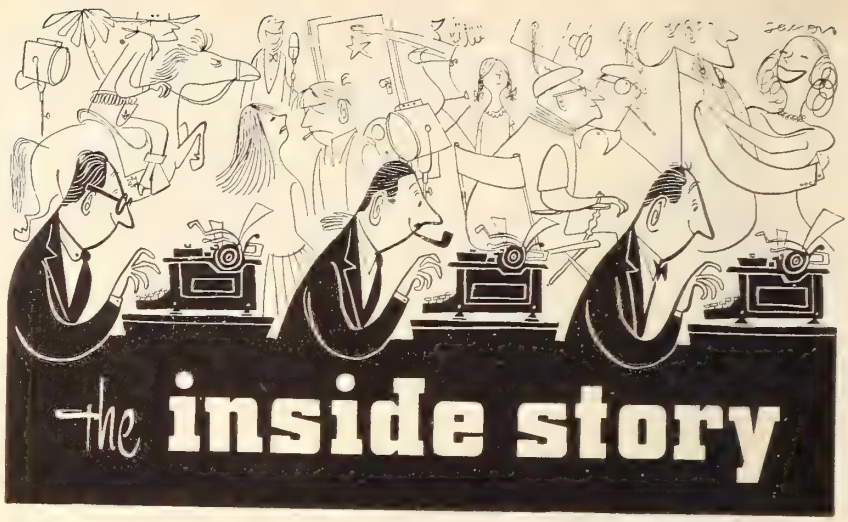
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WHEN ESTHER WILLIAMS married Ben Gage, she married a hazard. He's not a hazard to her, you understand. He's one to himself. You see, he's six-feet-five and what with bumping his noggin on door jambs, taxi roofs, and headboards, he's lived dangerously. But Esther has a new fella now—a little guy called "Benjy," with enormous eyes and hands. Only trouble is *he's* only a foot-and-a-half tall and she keeps worrying that he might go out with the laundry. You'll find further details on *My New Guy* on page 32.

HEDDA HOPPER, that fearless lady, is living way out on the breezy end of a limb these days. We got her to climb out by daring her. "Go on!" we dared. "Predict what'll happen in Hollywood in 1950." And darned if she didn't—with *My Predictions for 1950*, on page 30. She has some fine—and some surprising—things to say about Farley Granger, Susan Hayward, Ruth Roman and a whole passel of others.

SEVERAL MONTHS AGO, when Rory Calhoun felt the great out-of-doors beckoning to him, he did not, as you might suspect, shut the window. Instead, he bundled wife Lita into their roadster and took the high and lovely road to Ojai. Seventy-five miles from Los Angeles, in a beautiful valley, they found a dilapidated ranch house and fell in love with it. With a combination dude-ranch and resort in mind, they've been dusting beds, installing swimming pools and currying favor with the horses. If you can't drop in on the Circle-B ranch, try reading *Home Is Where You Hide It* on page 48. It's better than a vacation.

WE'LL BE BACK on the newsstand next month with a terrific, sparkling new issue—a special Elizabeth Taylor issue, with an entire section devoted to her life and times. Then there's a fine love story about the Ricardo Montalbans, and more on your other favorites and ours—such as Kirk Douglas, Jane Powell, Joan Crawford and Lana Turner. Please, please don't miss this!

AS WE STRODE by our row of files the other day, a hand suddenly reached out and clutched us. "Want some hot facts, huh, bud? They're new, never been used before." "Henry Malmgreen," we said, "what does all this mean?" So he wiped away the dust and told us. It seems that he and Al Delacorte—MODERN SCREEN's former editors—have been working on their Hollywood Yearbook and now have it crammed with everything important that happened in Hollywood or to a Hollywood star for the past 12 months. Sections for newcomers, best movies, a pictorial on night life—all kinds of wonderful things. Only in Hollywood Yearbook will you find *The Most Dangerous Marriage of the Year*. Look for it on your newsstand now! It costs a quarter, and it's something you'll want to keep.



with HUGH MARLOWE • GARY MERRILL • MILLARD MITCHELL • DEAN JAGGER • ROBERT ARTHUR • PAUL STEWART • JOHN KELLOGG • BOB PATTEN

Produced by DARRYL F. ZANUCK *Directed by* HENRY KING

Screen Play by Sy Bartlett and Beirne Lay, Jr. • Based on the Novel by Sy Bartlett and Beirne Lay, Jr.



LOUELLA PARSONS' GOOD

■ Princess Irene Ghica, who will marry Errol Flynn, is slim, green-eyed, attractive and titled. But it wasn't her obvious sex-appeal or the "Princess" in front of her name that made the fascinatin' Flynn fall for her like a ton of bricks.

The Princess is mad about children and nothing could have struck a more potent blow at Errol's heart. He adores his little Rory and the older child, Diedre.

The first time Errol met the Princess was at the Paris apartment of his good friends, the Freddie McAvoys. Freddie has a little daughter (by a previous marriage to Irene Wrightsman) and his new French bride also has a small child.

The Princess could not have made a more smashing hit than she did romping and playing with the youngsters and chattering with them in French. They are just as devoted to her as she is to them—also well noted by Flynn, plenty lonesome for his little Rory at that time.

The girl who has succeeded in taking Errol off the bachelor lists is Rumanian-born and before the advent of the Commies her family was wealthy and very high in social circles. She is 20 years old and just LOOOOVES emeralds.

That is the main reason her engagement ring is a big emerald. I can tell you first-hand, because I spent quite a bit of time with them when I was in Europe last summer.

* * *

The gay and glittering parties which always start the holiday season, came with a rush, each one seeming more festive than the last.

Your friend and mine, Clifton (Belvedere) Webb, said he was too old for anybody but his mother, Mabelle, to remember his birthday —so he tossed himself a party in his beautiful Spanish home.

It was the first social appearance of the Tyrone Powers since their 18-month absence from Hollywood, and vivacious Linda was the center of all eyes in what was the most elaborate gown of the evening, a white, embroidered satin, created in Rome by the fabulous designer, Fontana. It was really the most beautiful dress I ever saw—entirely strapless and sleeveless and embroidered in flowers with rhinestone centers.

She and Ty seem so happy and so in love. He was constantly coming over to her to plant a kiss on her cheek or on the top of her pretty hair.

At the height of the party, many of Clifton's friends adjourned with him to the den to

JANE POWELL BECOMES GEARY STEFFEN'S BRIDE WITH



Three of the bridesmaids enter the church. Left to right: Marjorie Dillon, Jane's stand-in; star Elizabeth Taylor, a close friend; Betty McDowall, Roddy's sister. Roddy, who was an usher, has been a friend of Jane and Geary for many years.



Jane Powell Steffen proudly shows her wedding band to Geary's father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Steffen, as bride and groom and their respective parents stand at the head of the reception's receiving line. Jane's parents are at her left.

NEWS

ALL THE CUSTOMARY WEDDING GAIETY



Smiling happily, the bride-to-be steps toward the church, escorted by her father, Paul Burce, and one of her friends. Jane's dress is white taffeta with lace sleeves and bodice.



After the ceremony, a rather nervous Jane holds firmly to her bridegroom's arm as they leave together for the wedding reception at the Beverly Hills Hotel. Geary and Jane met three years ago, but delayed marrying until he had established himself.



Looking pleased about the whole thing, Geary and Jane help themselves to wedding reception champagne. The big day was preceded by pre-wedding parties for them.



Jane tosses the handsome bridal bouquet with an energetic swing while the wedding attendants watch to see which lucky girl will catch it. Standing next to Liz Taylor is Jane's young matron of honor, Barbara Steffen Covington, Geary's sister.



You can lose him in a minute!

IT has happened to thousands of girls . . . it can happen to you.

One little moment's carelessness and he will be through with you *that quick!* You will probably ask yourself over and over again, "Why? Why? Why?"

How About You?

Never let halitosis (unpleasant breath) nullify your other charms. Never, never omit Listerine Antiseptic before any date where you want to be at your best.

Listerine Antiseptic is the *extra-careful* precaution against offending because it freshens and sweetens the breath . . . helps keep it that way, too . . . not for seconds . . . not for minutes . . . but for hours usually. Get in the habit of using Listerine Antiseptic night and morning, and, we repeat, always before any date.

While some cases of halitosis are of systemic origin, most cases, say some authorities, are due to the bacterial fermentation of tiny food particles clinging to mouth surfaces. Listerine Antiseptic quickly halts such fermentation, then overcomes the odors fermentation causes.

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC

. . . the extra-careful precaution against Bad Breath

Cold coming on? Gargle early and often with Listerine Antiseptic . . . it kills millions of germs on throat surfaces . . . often helps head off much cold misery.



Who's the Santa about to go on the air with Louella Parsons? It's jolly old Dan Dailey! Dick Riggs, show's producer, is the other jolly soul.

listen to his album of *South Pacific* songs. This elicited a cry from Lauren Bacall in pseudo-melodramatic-romantic fashion "Gimme Pinza!"

"Did she say *'Panda'?"* yelled her ever-lovin' man, Humphrey Bogart. The Bogarts are another very happily married couple with a wonderful recipe for staying that a-way. They howl at each other's jokes. "Baby" Bacall looked very cute in a short, but *très* elaborate evening gown.

Among the other Hollywood lovelies, I saw Patricia Neal in severe black, Gertrude Lawrence in delicate pink and that lovely character actress, Gladys Cooper, in pale gray. I thought Miss Cooper one of the most charming women present.

However, the party spotlight was really stolen by Clifton's mother, Mabelle, who brought down the house when she did a solo dance to "Happy Talk" from *South Pacific* —and was so good she should be in the show!

* * *

If Dr. Peter Lindstrom was totin' a torch a mile high and eating his heart out over Ingrid Bergman, he's succeeded in dousing his heartache rather noticeably. No longer a recluse, he has been stepping around a little—and his favorite date seems to be Signe Hasso, another Swedish charmer. He certainly sticks to the Scandinavian belles.

I heard a very funny story about the Doctor's social habits. He is crazy about dancing, even on crowded floors in over-heated night clubs. But he is fastidiously neat, and always carries along two extra shirts!

At one party, where he did not know there would be dancing, he forgot his "spare" linen —and borrowed two shirts from his host!

* * *

Personal Opinions: I've heard more than one attractive bachelor opine that Janet Leigh has more sex-appeal, off screen, than any other belle—including Ava Gardner! . . . Just when some Hollywood reporters (not me) were blaring the news that Ingrid Bergman and Roberto Rossellini had cooled, and Ingrid was on her way home, Joe Steele was talking from Hollywood to Ingrid in Rome. He point-blank asked her how things were. "I am still deeply in love," Bergman told him, "and I am not returning to America." Hope this ends *that!* . . . I'm worried about Judy Garland's health again. I'm afraid she tried to come back to work too soon. And it is unfortunate that she had to take off those 10 pounds she needed so much, because she registered too much poundage in front of the

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HELP THE MARCH OF DIMES
IN ITS CRUSADE AGAINST POLIO!

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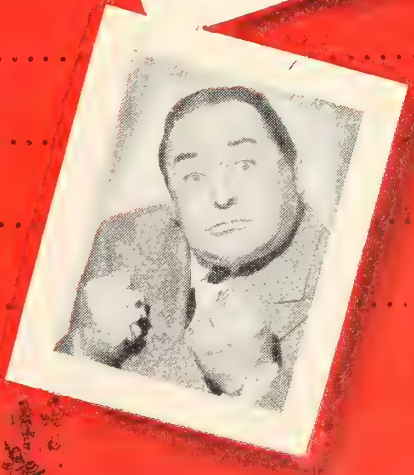
It's MORE FUN Than "Dear Ruth"

"Dear Wife"

FOR THE HOWL OF YOUR LIFE!







starring

WILLIAM HOLDEN ..... Bill Seacroft

JOAN CAULFIELD ..... Ruth Seacroft

BILLY DE WOLFE ..... Albert Kummer

MONA FREEMAN ..... Miriam Wilkins

EDWARD ARNOLD ..... Judge Wilkins

All the wonderful people who made "Dear Ruth" such a *riot* . . . are back—to invite you to come along on this hilarious honeymoon!



with

ARLEEN WHELAN

MARY PHILIPS

Produced by

RICHARD MAIBAUM

Directed by

RICHARD HAYDN

Written for the screen by Arthur Sheekman and N. Richard Nash as a sequel to Norman Krasna's "DEAR RUTH"



Which Twin has the Toni?

Jany and Joey Pope of Los Angeles, popular U. C. L. A. majorettes. Can you tell which has the expensive salon wave and which has the Toni? See answer below.

Attractive hair styles in this picture by Don Rito, famous Hollywood Hair Stylist.

Now! Toni with SPIN curlers

twice as easy—twice as fast!

Now it's doubly easy for you to have a flattering Toni Home Permanent. For new patented Toni SPIN Curlers save half the time and work of winding curls. They grip the hair, spin up curls . . . lock with the flick of a finger! No more rubber bands. Fewer curls to wind, for you wind more hair on each curler. And SPIN Curlers fasten curls closer to the head—give you a better, longer-lasting wave.

What's more, with Toni Home Permanent you'll get the most *natural-looking* wave you've ever had! Because Toni Creme Waving Lotion is so different. An exclusive, gentle formula that *coaxes* your hair into soft, springy curls. So gentle and fast. No other home permanent waves hair faster yet leaves it so natural looking—so easy to set and style. Jany, on the left, has the Toni.



At the game *all eyes are on Jany's spinning baton—and her shining, natural-looking curls. Jany says, "The new* SPIN *Curlers have spin action, too. They grip—spin—and lock with the flick of a finger!"*

Toni Refill $1.00

Special Combination Offer



Refill Kit and complete set SPIN Curlers $3.00 value **Only $2.29**



Still the center of attraction *at the dance. And Jany knows her hair has a lot to do with it. She says, "Even after a strenuous day, my Toni waves are still in place and look just as soft and natural."*



Barbara Stanwyck gets no rise from Robert Taylor as she tells him at Mocambo's that she's about to dance with newsman Armand Archer.

cameras. . . . That rising lass, Joan Evans, who is 15, has to look 21 in *Edge of Doom*. After experimenting with all kinds of hair-dos, they found she looked older with a very short hair cut. Which is just opposite to why most of us trim our hair short!

* * *

Getting back to the social whirl—the return of Sir Charles Mendl from France was the occasion for many dinners in his honor, one of the most charming being given by Mrs. Dolly Walker, whose father planned and developed most of beautiful Beverly Hills where most of our stars live.

Sir Charles arrived with Joan Fontaine on his arm. She was completely exotic in a bright red Parisian gown, and to set off this daring ensemble, Joan had cut her blonde locks almost as short as Mary Martin's. Joan told me she had done the snipping herself!

Red was certainly the favorite color of the evening for the gals' gowns. Ann Miller, in flame-colored chiffon, was escorted by good-looking lawyer William V. O'Connor. Mrs. Walker, the hostess, was also in red—almost matching the colorings of her drawing room.

Just by way of being different, red-headed Arlene Dahl, one of the town's great beauties, wore emerald green—but it remained for Janet Gaynor to appear in the most startling frock of all.

Inspired by her recent trip to Africa with her husband, the noted designer, Adrian, Janet's silk and clinging gown resembled a tiger skin, stripes and all. On her, it looked good—but on anyone else, it would have been terrible.

PHOTO CREDITS

Below are page by page credits for photographs appearing in this issue.

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Abbreviations: Bot., Bottom; Cen., Center; Lt., Left; Rt., Right; T., Top.

THE WAVE THAT GIVES THAT NATURAL LOOK — TONI

1950'S 'TEN-BEST' LIST WILL START WITH Warner Bros.'

Hasty Heart



WAS IT LOVE... WAS IT PITY...?

"So good it tops the stage play! A new star is born!" — LOUELLA PARSONS

"Richard Todd gives the greatest performance of the year!" — HEDDA HOPPER

"Bravo! An 'Oscar Contender'!" — EARL WILSON

"'The Hasty Heart' will win your heart!" — LOUIS SOBOL



"The comment's terrific! Richard Todd's sure to be nominated for an oscar!" — DOROTHY KILGALLEN

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"It's No. 1 on my Movie-Hit Parade!" — GUY LOMBARDO

Winner of Parents' Magazine Medal Award

"It's enormous!" — PHOTOPLAY

MOST TALKED-ABOUT, RAVED-ABOUT PICTURE SINCE 'JOHNNY BELINDA'!

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RONALD REAGAN · PATRICIA NEAL · RICHARD TODD

DIRECTED BY VINCENT SHERMAN SCREEN PLAY BY RANALD MacDOUGALL

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To win attention, which should you be?

☐ *Stand-offish* ☐ *A specialist* ☐ *The helpless type*

Feel like a little lost sheep, in your crowd? Learn to *shine* at something. Whether your specialty's skating, boogie, or beating up delish cookie batters, you'll find it's a magnet to males. Buoys your poise! You needn't retreat on "those" days, either. Not when you have the cushion-soft comfort of the new Kotex. *This* softness *holds its shape* . . . for Kotex is *made* to stay soft while you wear it! What's more, your new Kotex Wonderform Belt won't twist, curl, cut. It's made with *DuPont Nylon* elastic!



Is a gal most likely to see green—

☐ *When a new cutie comes to town*
☐ *On March 17th*
☐ *Under her charm bracelet*

For some gals, the wearin' of the green isn't just reserved for St. Patrick's Day. They're the belles who live in their charm bracelets—come sleep or showers. Does telltale green lurk beneath *your* bangles? Remove it—if you'd rate in grooming! Dabbing your wrist with cleaning fluid does the trick. As for banishing telltale *lines* (on trying days), that's no trick at all, for Kotex. You see, those *flat pressed ends* prevent revealing outlines . . . keep you super-poised!



What does "campus copper" mean to you?

☐ *A monitor*
☐ *A prom chaperone*
☐ *A sharp shade*

Pst—Big *Bother* is watching you! So? Ten to one he's admiring that bright-as-a-new-penny outfit of yours: the new copper color that's wowing the school. Add copper pearls, coral lipstick—it's knockout! You're fashion-right with any shade of the russet family, if it becomes you. And on problem days, you're right (protection-wise) with any of the Kotex "family" of *3 absorbencies*. Whichever you choose, you'll have *extra* protection with that special *safety center*.



More women choose KOTEX than all other sanitary napkins*

3 ABSORBENCIES: REGULAR, JUNIOR, SUPER



Louis Jourdan and Jack Agar, flanked by bagpipers, attend the New York première of *The Fallen Idol* during their Eastern p.a. tour.

Vivacious Ann (Mrs. Jack) Warner, whose dress was much admired, confessed that she had taken a very expensive Paris gown of a few years ago and shortened it to give it that chic 1950 look.

At our table was Patricia Kennedy, daughter of our former ambassador to the Court of St. James. She is crazy about Hollywood and its people.

I asked her if she had heard anything about Princess Margaret's proposed visit to Hollywood. Pat said she hadn't, but she assumed if the attractive little Princess is given permission, she will visit here with her close friend, Sharmon Douglas.

The British Consul General at Los Angeles, R. H. Hadow, told me he had a book of enchanting pictures of Princess Margaret, actually a pictorial biography commencing with babyhood and carrying on up to her 19th birthday. Mr. Hadow said he hoped King George would permit the Princess to visit America.

"She would be a great ambassador for England," he added. "Her youth and vivacity are positively contagious and would strike a warm response from the American people—just as the Duke of Windsor did when he was Prince of Wales and visited the United States."

Among the glamorous beauties who came to Dolly's party was Myrna Loy—unescorted, because her husband, Gene Markey, is still abroad.

* * *

The night of the opening of Hollywood's new little intimate revue, *A La Carte*, was an evening to drive the autograph hounds mad. It was also the night of the première of *All The King's Men* and, I swear, every star in Hollywood attended one event or the other.

Dining at La Rue's in pre-theater dinner parties, I saw:

Jimmy Stewart and his pretty wife, Gloria; Margaret Sullavan with Bill Dozier (Maggie's been getting around with Joan Fontaine's ex-husband, lately), and Van Johnson and Evie.

Across the room, good-looking Bob Stack was at a table for two with Elizabeth Taylor—and those two were an eyeful!

Out on the terrace, Jimmy Cagney was buying dinner for his relatives—quite a tableful of them.

I had already seen *All The King's Men*, so I went on to *A La Carte* to get a look at Gale Robbins and Bill Shirley, borrowed from the movies, who were making their stage debut in *A La Carte*. Gale reminded many people of Rita Hayworth. She's a beautiful girl who can sing and dance—and you'll be seeing more and more of that lady on the screen.

Want to know what the Inspector General inspects?



DANNY KAYE

is the Inspector General

The All-time Comedy Kayo from WARNER BROS.

IN COLOR BY Technicolor

WITH WALTER SLEZAK BARBARA BATES ELSA LANCHESTER

PRODUCED BY JERRY WALD

DIRECTED BY HENRY KOSTER

Screen Play by Philip Rapp and Harry Kurnitz • Suggested by a Play by Nikolai Gogol • Lyrics and Music by The Associate Producer SYLVIA FINE • Musical Direction and Incidental Score by Johnny Green

LEARN THE SECRET OF "PERMANENT" PIN CURLS ...*even in damp weather*



set your hair tonight with **DeLong** *bob pins*

stronger grip—won't slip out

Yes, *you* can set your permanent in this chic salon style. Just be sure to use stronger-gripping De Long Bob Pins for lovely long-lasting curls that resist drooping—even in damp weather. Rounded smooth ends slide in and out easily. And De Long pins *stay in* day or night! Look for the blue De Long card on your counter.



The **brush bob** *by Enrico Caruso, famous hair stylist to New York stage stars. Set top in 4 rows—turn front row toward face, back 3 rows away from face. Begin at right, set vertical rows, turning curls toward face, around head to back of left ear. Set left side counter-clockwise. Brush in all directions, then up in back, down from crown and up off face with rotating motion.*



You're always "set" with De Long Hair Pins • Curl Setting Pins • Safety Pins • Hooks and Eyes • Snaps • Pins • Hook and Eye Tapes • Sanitary Belts

Top producers Sam Goldwyn and Joseph Schenck were on hand in the second row.

Ginger Rogers, with one of those small black hats perched on one side of her head, was with Greg Bautzer—natch. I noticed that, like Joan Fontaine's, Gloria Swanson's hair is so short that Mary Martin will have to look out for her "most shorn" honors.

Red Skelton laughed longest and loudest at the comedy antics. Red was with both his present and his ex-wife, Edna. Edna's escort was Merrill Pye—they're quite a romance these evenings. Oh, yes, Jack Oakie was there—at least 60 pounds thinner.

When Mrs. Zachary Scott gets her divorce, no one will be surprised if she becomes Mrs. John Steinbeck. But I'm certainly not hinting that the famous novelist had anything to do with the surprising break-up of the Scotts. Elaine and Zach were practically estranged before she ever met Steinbeck.

In fact, the Scotts had had one of their tiffs when Elaine decided to accompany Joan Crawford on a 10-day jaunt to Carmel. Joan met Steinbeck at a party and introduced him to Elaine.

Since the official rift between the Scotts, the famed author and Elaine have seen a lot of each other.

* * *

And now—the Letter Box scores for this month: For the third month running, Glenn Ford is the actor most mentioned in your letters—but just barely topping Montgomery Clift, who's red-hot again since the release of *The Heiress*. Answering Anne Loven, of Astoria, N. Y.—I agree with you about Glenn and all the letters I receive about him are as flattering as yours.

Janet Leigh is gaining in fan attention—you seem to like her "natural" and unaffected type of beauty.

A few brickbats flew about Peter Lawford—not at Pete but at the writers (not this one) "who are picking on him!"

Also, plenty of "disillusioned" letters about Shirley Temple's divorce.

That's all this time—see you next month!

FREE SUBSCRIPTIONS!

If you can't be first, at least you can be among the first 500 to return this questionnaire to us. We receive thousands each month, but only 500 can be the winners of our free three-month subscription to MODERN SCREEN. All we want to know is which stories you liked in this issue and which stars you'd like to read about in future issues. It's so simple, we'd like to send back a questionnaire ourselves—but we're not allowed. Remember—the March, April and May issues free to the first 500.

QUESTIONNAIRE

Which stories and features did you enjoy most in our February issue? WRITE THE NUMBERS 1, 2, and 3 AT THE RIGHT OF YOUR 1st, 2nd, and 3rd choices.

Somewhere Over the Rainbow (Judy Garland) ☐
Someday Her Prince May Go (Rita Hayworth) ☐
Barefoot Boys With Shows On (Monty Clift) ☐
My Predictions for 1950 by Hedda Hopper ☐
My New Guy (Esther Williams) ☐
The House They Love In (Bill Holden-Brenda Marshall) ☐
My Prayer Was Answered (Van Johnson) ☐
Hallelujah! We is Bums (Bob Stack, Ruth Roman, Lon McCallister) ☐
This Love Of Ours (Larry Parks) ☐
I Don't Run Betty's Life (Betty Grable) ☐
My Kind of Man (John Derek) ☐
Hollywood's Ten Best Citizens ☐
Home is Where You Hide It (Rory Calhoun) ☐
Divorce—The Shame of Hollywood ☐
Hollywood Pictorial ☐
Modern Screen Fashions ☐
Louella Parsons' Good News ☐

Which of the above did you like LEAST?.....

What 3 MALE stars would like to read about in future issues? List them, 1, 2, 3, in order of preference.....

.....

What 3 FEMALE stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them, 1, 2, 3, in order of preference.....

.....

What MALE star do you like least?.....

What FEMALE star do you like least?.....

My name is.....

My address is.....

City..... Zone..... State..... I am ..... years old

ADDRESS THIS TO: POLL DEPT., MODERN SCREEN

BOX 125, MURRAY HILL STATION, NEW YORK 16, N. Y.

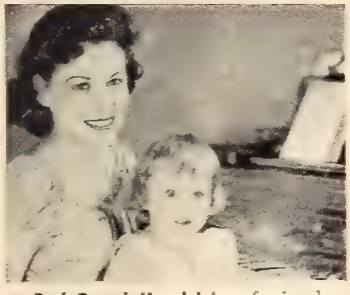


"External-caused **blemishes** were a *real* problem," says Cover Girl Carmen Lister. "Then a friend recommended Noxzema. I used it as my powder base and in no time my skin looked so much softer and smoother. Now it's my regular beauty aid."



"**I had dry skin** before I started using Noxzema," says pretty Doris Moore of Houston, Texas. "Now my skin feels so smooth. I always use Noxzema to help keep my complexion looking soft and lovely. It's a wonderfully soothing hand cream, too."

LOOK LOVELIER IN 10 DAYS ...OR YOUR MONEY BACK



Red, Rough Hands! A professional pianist must have lovely-looking hands! Mrs. Carolyn Suiter of Kansas City, Mo., says, "I use Noxzema on my hands every night to help keep them soft and smooth."

Doctor Develops New Home Beauty Routine! Helps 4 out of 5 Women in Clinical Tests!

● Practically every woman has some little thing wrong with her skin. If you're ever bothered with dry rough skin, externally-caused blemishes...if your hands are red and rough from housework—here's real news!

A famous doctor, using one cream—medicated Noxzema—developed a New Beauty Routine. In clinical tests it helped 4 out of 5 women! Here is the Doctor's Simple 4-Step Routine.

Morning—1. "CREAMWASH WITH NOXZEMA." Apply Noxzema all over your face. With a wet face cloth actually wash your face with Noxzema—as you would with soap. Note how clean your skin *looks* and *feels*.

2. After drying face, smooth on a protective film of greaseless Noxzema as a powder base.

Evening—3. Before retiring, again "CREAMWASH WITH NOXZEMA." See how easily you wash away make-up, the day's accumulation of dirt and grime—how *really clean* it leaves your face.

4. Now massage Noxzema into your face. Pat a little extra over any blemishes to help heal them. Noxzema is *greaseless*—no messy pillow smears!

Remember—this new "Home Facial" was *clinically-tested* by doctors with amazing results!

Softer, Whiter Hands

And if your hands get red and rough from dishwashing, housework or painfully chapped from exposure—try medicated Noxzema. In clinical tests, 7 out of 10 women showed softer, whiter-looking hands in 24 hours!

Money Back Offer

So sure are we that Noxzema's results will delight you, we make this sincere money-back offer. Tonight—smooth Noxzema on your hands. Tomorrow—start using this New Home Facial. See if your hands don't look softer, whiter in 24 hours. See if your complexion isn't smoother, softer and lovelier looking in just 10 days. If not completely satisfied—return the jar to Noxzema, Baltimore, Md.—your money cheerfully refunded. But you will be delighted! Try Noxzema. Remember—it's clinically tested—used by millions.

Special Trial Offer: To win new friends for Noxzema, we offer you the regular 40¢ size jar for only 29¢ plus tax. But you must hurry—time is limited. So get your jar *right away*.



Chapped Hands! "I use Noxzema as my regular hand cream to help them look soft and lovely," says Mrs. Lois Heerdt of Buffalo. "I like Noxzema because it's not greasy—and it vanishes so quickly."



"Housework Hands!" "Two business girls and I live together—and share household chores," says Doris Hamilton of Boston. "We all use Noxzema to help keep our hands looking soft and white."

She was a little girl destined for great things. But, gaining them, Judy Garland lost one of the greatest things of all—her childhood.

BY ARTHUR J. RAWLSON

somewhere over the rainbow



Judy Garland embraces her daughter, Liza. Judy returned to work soon after her illness.

Once again, there have been rumors of trouble between Judy Garland and her studio. Whispers of temperamental outbursts, whispers of dissension have appeared in various columns. In the following remarkable story, the true nature of Judy Garland is examined with penetration and sympathy.—THE EDITORS.

■ Thirteen years ago a chubby-cheeked, bright-eyed youngster stood on an MGM sound stage, gazed earnestly into the heart of a heavily blanketed camera and sang these words. *"Somewhere over the rainbow, 'way up high. . . . There's a land that I heard of once in a lullaby. . . ."*

The stage was crowded with veteran movie-makers—grips, electricians, gaffers, assistant directors, men immune to the a-la-carte emotions displayed daily by the cardboard characters of Hollywood. As though a spell had been cast on the set, these workers stood silently rooted to their posts listening to the little girl sing.

"Somewhere over the rainbow, skies are blue. . . . And the dreams that you dare to dream really do come true. . . ."

The child sang the song in a rich, thrilling voice, mature in quality and splendid in tone. But there was something more rare in her singing, something that held her hardened audience enthralled. It was a cry, a prayer, a belief in the words, an inner warmth—a feeling that the singer really understood what she was singing and believed in the words.

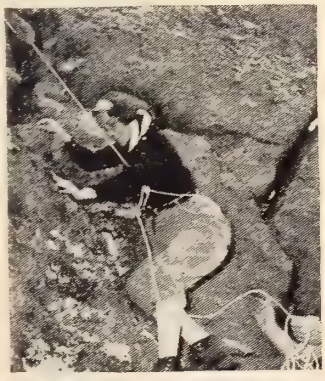
"Someday I'll wish upon a star, and wake up where the (*Continued on page* 79)

"I took two days to climb three feet!"

says **VALLI**, starred in RKO's **"The White Tower"**



WE MADE "THE WHITE TOWER" IN THE ALPS. TO GET ONE SCENE, I SPENT TWO DAYS CLIMBING THE SAME THREE FEET!



LATER, I had to claw my way up a "chimney" barehanded . . .



EVEN RESTING, my hands were burned by the hot Alpine sun . . .



I LOVED the way Jergens Lotion kept my hands soft . . .



BEAUTIFUL HANDS are so important in romantic close-ups . . .



BEING A LIQUID, Jergens is quickly absorbed by thirsty skin.

CAN YOUR LOTION OR HAND CREAM PASS THIS "FILM TEST"?

To soften, a lotion or cream should be *absorbed* by upper layers of skin. Jergens Lotion contains *quickly-absorbed* ingredients doctors recommend — no heavy oils that merely *coat the skin.* Proof? Water won't "bead" on hand smoothed with Jergens Lotion (left hand) as with a lotion or cream that leaves a heavy, oily film (right hand).

YOU CAN PROVE it with this simple test described above . . .



YOU'LL SEE why Jergens Lotion is my beauty secret . . .

Jergens Lotion

used by more women than any other hand care in the world

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AND IS USED by Hollywood stars 7 to 1 over other hand cares!

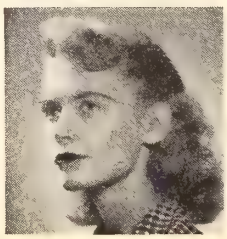
Picture of the Month



Betty Garrett, Frank Sinatra, Ann Miller, Jules Munshin, Vera-Ellen and Gene Kelly have a wonderful time in MGM's great musical, *On the Town*.

MOVIE REVIEWS

by Christopher Kane



ON THE TOWN

■ People who love New York in the spring will go for this; so will people who like good dancing, gay music, high spirits, and innocent merriment. The adventures of three sailors let loose in the big city with a one-day pass leaps from a Broadway run to the movies, still as fresh as an April morning. Don't expect too much plot. Gene Kelly (sailor number one) falls in love with Miss Turnstiles (Vera-Ellen) whose picture is in all the subways, and whom he thinks is a big celebrity, but who's really a cooch dancer at Coney Island. Frank Sinatra (sailor number two) gets tangled up with a lady cab-driver (Betty Garrett) with man-eating instincts, and Jules Munshin (naval hero number three) falls prey to Ann Miller, a passionate scientist. More passion than science, really. Every time she kisses Munshin, she claims it's for a survey, and Munshin's pals all call her, "Dr. Kinsey, I presume." I guess that's quite a bit of plot, after all. But mostly, *On the Town* is music, and wonderful Technicolor shots of the Brooklyn Bridge, the Battery, Times Square, the East River, the skyline, and a terrific cast kicking up its heels and acting as if it's having a wonderful time. The stars are all swell; so is a featured player named Alice Pearce, who plays an ugly and delightful girl named Lucy Shneeler. *On the Town* should contribute vastly to the gaiety of the population.

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NOW! MORE FOR YOUR MONEY! More Beauty! More Style! More Value!



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NEW! PARIS COLLAR AND POCKETS
Flattering new collar and pockets in white pique. Smart striped pattern, perfectly matched in front and back. COLORS: Blue, Red, Grey. SIZES: 14, 16, 18, 20; 40, 42.
Guaranteed Washable
Order **STYLE 206**
Only **2.98**

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CHECKED CHARMER
Bold checks flatter the winged collar and cuffs, the big Paris pockets, the full swirling skirt. Simulated leather belt. COLORS: Dark Green, Navy, Brown. SIZES: 9, 11, 13, 15, 17; 12, 14, 16, 18, 20; 40.
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Two-piece
LACE-EDGED BEAUTY
Lovely-to-wear solid color pastels set off by rich eyelet embroidery. Double peplum all around. Graceful flared skirt, cap sleeves, square neck. COLORS: Aqua, Pink, Light Blue. SIZES 12, 14, 16, 18, 20; 40, 42, 44, 46.
Guaranteed Washable
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WHIRLING, SWIRLING PLEATS
Peek-a-boo pleats all around, in floral pattern on two-tone stripes... Beautiful! Button front, notched collar; truly amazing value! COLORS: Pink, Lime-Green, or Blue predominating. SIZES: 12, 14, 16, 18, 20; 40.
Guaranteed Washable
Order **STYLE 600**
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STRIPE JACKET DRESS
for all year-round wear
2-piece outfit . . . wear it 2 ways . . now with the brief jacket, *later* as a smart sunback. Unusual contrasting stripes get wider and wider down the skirt and jacket. COLORS: Wine with Pink; Navy with Copen-Blue; Steel with Light Grey. SIZES: 12, 14, 16, 18, 20; 40, 42.
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(A)

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Terrific Two-Tone Fashion Hit!
...NOW in MIMIKINS* too!

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BRAID BEAUTY PRINCESS STYLE
16 Flashing Rows of Braid
Smart, comfortable cape sleeve. Flattering princess lines. Easy-on button-front style. Two roomy pockets. Ties in back. COLORS: Black, Green, Blue. SIZES: 14, 16, 18, 20; 40, 42.
Guaranteed Washable
Order **STYLE 208**
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THE ZIP-FRONT FAVORITE
Gorgeous Roses-'n-Lace Pattern
Sweetheart neckline, two roomy pockets, set-in belt. Quick and easy zipper closing to way below the waist. COLORS: Navy or Black background with multicolor print. SIZES: 14, 16, 18, 20; 40, 42.
Guaranteed Washable
Order **STYLE 204**
Only **2.98**

2.98 Sizes 14 to 42

Lovely 2-tone solid colors in our own fashion success . . . flattering for grown-ups, cute as a wink for Big and Little Sisters. Contrasting yoke and insert gores in light colors make you feel slimmer, look smarter. COLORS: Dark Green with Light Green; Brown with Pink; Navy with Light Blue.

(A) Coat Style SIZES: 12, 14, 16, 18, 20; 40, 42, 44.
Order **STYLE 304** *Guaranteed Washable* Only **2.59** ea.

**JUST LIKE MOTHER'S*

(B) Big Sister SIZES: 7, 8, 10, 12, 14.
Order **STYLE 1705** *Guaranteed Washable* Only **1.98** ea.

(C) Little Sister SIZES: 3, 4, 5, 6, 6x.
Order **STYLE 1705-L** *Guaranteed Washable* Only **1.69** ea.

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Quan.	Style	Size	Color	2nd Color Choice	Price	Total

(C)

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PINKY

Cast: Jeanne Crain, William Lundigan, Ethel Barrymore, Ethel Waters.
20th Century-Fox

As a child, Pinky (Jeanne Crain) is sent North from her Southern home by her Negro grandmother (Ethel Waters) to be educated. Pinky looks entirely white, and no one at school knows differently, so she has no contact with prejudice while she's there, learning to be a nurse. But she falls in love with a young white doctor (William Lundigan), and since she feels she can't tell him she's a Negro, and she can't marry him without telling him, she runs home to her grandmother the minute her training is completed. Being proud and sensitive, she now finds the South even more intolerable than she'd expected, and she's planning to leave again, when her grandmother begs her to help out a lifelong white friend and employer, Miss Em (Ethel Barrymore), who's dying. Crotchety old Miss Em lives alone in a big old house. Pinky thinks she doesn't like the white woman, but eventually they become good friends, and before Miss Em has her final heart attack, she wills her house to Pinky. Now there's trouble. The town claims Pinky doped the old lady, and Miss Em's only relatives sue for the property. Despite the local prejudice, Pinky wins the case, and she starts a nursing home in Miss Em's old house. Lundigan, still in love with her after chasing her all over the country, and discovering the truth, begs her to marry him and come away. Pinky says she can't run away, she has to be what she is, she has to stay and fight where there's fighting to be done if she's to keep her self-respect. She says goodbye to Lundigan, and he leaves. It's a touching picture, and Fox has bent over backwards to give the South a break. Many of the townspeople are shown to be lewd, ignorant and cruel, but the doctor, the judge—the few educated men—are fair and decent. There's a magnificently savage portrayal of a bigoted, faded aristocrat by Evelyn Varden, and there's a courtroom scene which is spellbinding.

INTRUDER IN THE DUST

Cast: David Brian, Claude Jarman, Jr., Juano Hernandez.
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

This is the story (based on the William Faulkner novel) of a near-lynching, in the deep South. It concerns an elderly Negro, Lucas Beauchamp (Juano Hernandez), jailed for the murder of a no-account white man named Gowrie. The Gowrie boys are drinkers and fighters; by and large they deserve to be murdered, but that's not the point. Lucas' color is the point. Lucas is proud. He owns a little house and a stretch of land, he refuses to be put "in his place" by the white townspeople. So even if he says he didn't kill anybody, it's a good idea to lynch him. But an adolescent boy named Chick (Claude Jarman, Jr.), believes Lucas was framed. "They have to make a nigger of him just once," he says bitterly. When his family teases him, Chick loudly denies that Lucas is his friend (his upbringing has taught him that colored people should act respectful to white people, and Lucas' dignity is an insult) but he's determined to save Lucas' life, nonetheless. He and an ancient lady named Miss Habersham (Elizabeth Patterson), who also wants to see justice done, go rattling off through the night to dig up the grave of the recently-murdered man, check the kind of bullet that killed him, etc. There's excitement, suspense, and marvelous acting from everybody involved. Claude Jarman lays bare the seething, complex emotional structure of a growing boy, David Brian is excellent as the boy's lawyer uncle, Porter Hall is excellent as the murdered Gowrie's father, the Sheriff (Will Greer), Miss Habersham, the blood-thirsty lynch mob—they're all fine.

THE STORY OF SEABISCUIT

Cast: Shirley Temple, Barry Fitzgerald, Lon McCallister.
Warners

Barry Fitzgerald, a horse trainer, arrives from Ireland with his niece, Shirley Temple, a student nurse. Shirley hates racing (her brother was killed in the Grand National, when his mount missed a jump) but Barry, whose heart is with the horses, takes a job on a breeding farm. He falls in love with a knobby-kneed colt called Seabiscuit, per-

Doctors Prove Palmolive Soap Can Bring You A Lovelier Complexion in 14 Days!

Not just a promise—but actual proof from 36 leading skin specialists that Palmolive Soap facials can bring new complexion beauty to 2 out of 3 women

Never before these tests have there been such sensational beauty results! Yes, scientific tests on 1285 women—supervised by 36 leading skin specialists—proved conclusively that *in 14 days* regular facials with Palmolive Soap—using nothing but Palmolive—bring lovelier complexions to 2 out of 3 women.

Here is the easy method:

1. Wash your face three times daily with Palmolive Soap—each time massaging its beautifying lather onto your skin for sixty seconds.
2. Now rinse and dry—that's all.

Remarkable results were proved on women of all ages, with all types of skin. Proof that Palmolive facials really work to bring you a lovelier complexion. Start your Palmolive facials tonight!



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- Complexions clearer, more radiant!
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DOCTORS PROVE PALMOLIVE'S BEAUTY RESULTS!

For Tub or Shower Get Big Bath Size Palmolive!

suades the farm's owner not to sell him, despite the head trainer's advice. Then jockey Lon McCallister falls in love with Shirley, but she won't let herself think of him That Way because of his line of work. Seabiscuit, meanwhile, does nothing. Even as a two-year-old, ridden by top jockey Lon, he can't win a race. Barry, who's sickly, goes West, takes a job with William Howard (Pierre Watkin) on his ranch, persuades Howard to buy Seabiscuit, and also Lon's contract. First thing you know, Seabiscuit's winning races. Second thing you know, Seabiscuit's the most popular horse in the country. At one point, he pulls a ligament, is expected never to run again, but confounds everybody by getting better, and breaking a world's record the next time he races at Santa Anita. Shirley and Lon work out their problem, too.

THE GREAT LOVER

Cast: Bob Hope, Rhonda Fleming, Roland Young, Roland Culver.
Paramount

If you're a Boy Forester, you aren't supposed to drink, smoke, or kiss females not your mother. This is very hard on Bob Hope, in charge of a group of Boy Foresters (they've been touring France on bicycles) and subject to the same rules. One puff at a cigarette, and a certain rat of a Boy Forester named Stanley will surely squeal to his rich old man, and lose Hope his job. Next prospect: Starvation. When we meet them, the happy Foresters and their repressed leader are returning to America on a luxury liner. Also aboard are a Duchess (Rhonda Fleming), her father, a Grand Duke (Roland Culver) and a cardsharp-murderer (Roland Young). Hope falls madly in love with the Duchess (she rests his eyes, after all those spindly-limbed boys) and since she's a female not his mother, there's danger ahead. The Duchess thinks Bob's a millionaire, and Bob thinks the Duchess is a millionairess, but they're both really impoverished, and after awhile they sing a song about being plain Mr. and Mrs. Jones, and living on love. "Jones?" says the Duchess. "What's Jones?" "Oh, that's just a very common name in my country, like, say, in your country, Slobbovitch," Bob explains gallantly. Meanwhile, Roland Young, the viper, is murdering detectives, and playing crooked poker. That he gets caught is a tribute to Bob Hope's stout—uh—heart.

THE LADY TAKES A SAILOR

Cast: Jane Wyman, Dennis Morgan, Eve Arden, Robert Douglas.
Warners

Jane Wyman's a regular one-woman Good Housekeeping Institute (they call it Buyers' Research Institute in this picture) and anything she puts her seal of approval on is guaranteed to last a hundred years. To crown her triumphant career, she's just won a permanent endowment for the Institute (and a confirmation for herself as Director) from rich eccentric John Tyson (Robert Douglas) and the trustees of the Tyson Foundation. But Jane

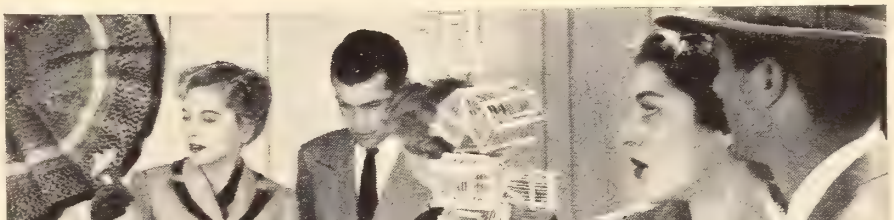
CONTRIBUTE TO THE MARCH OF DIMES!



JOAN FONTAINE soon to be seen in
Hal Wallis' **"SEPTEMBER"**, a Paramount Picture

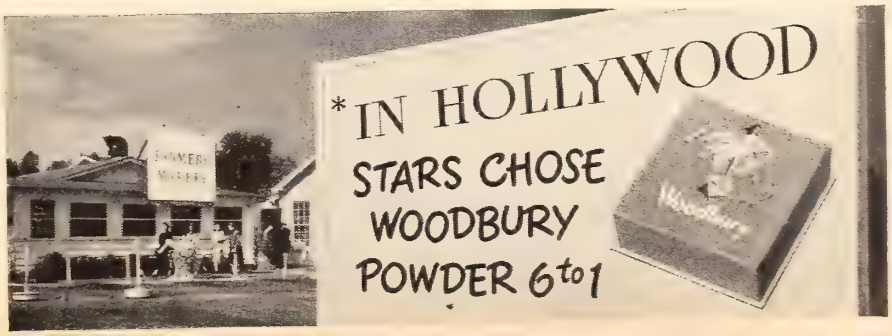
Don't look now...

So you're wandering through the Farmer's Market—on your first trip to that Hollywood landmark. Joan Fontaine's at the next stall! She's looking at curios so you can steal a glance. Even if she catches you, do you think she minds? Not at all! It's part of being a star! And she knows the Woodbury Powder she wears (in lovely Rachel) helps her look her beautiful best!



there's Joan Fontaine ...

In Hollywood, where women are easy to look at, stars chose Woodbury Powder their favorite 6 to 1*. And no powder can make you look lovelier! A new ingredient gives a satin-smooth glow to your skin. And u-m-m! The exciting fragrance clings like this unbelievably fine-textured powder! For every skin type ... in seven heavenly shades. 15¢, 30¢ and $1.00 plus tax.





I dreamed
I went skating
in my
*maidenform bra

A figure eight! Wonderful! But my Maidenform figure . . . spectacular! I never knew how much a bra could do 'til I tried Maidenform. Improves my form, gives me a lift I love. How wonderful if only I could skate so dreamily! One dream, at least, is real . . . a bra with perfect fit . . . my Maidenform.

Shown: Maidenform's Maidenette* Strapless in white satin and lace designed for young uplift.

This is only a hint of a come-hither collection! For strapless, hug-me-close support, for fuller figures, it's Maidenform's Hold-Tite.* Inter-lude* for classic roundness, deep-down cut And for deep, deep down necklines, your bra is Dec-la-tay.*

There is a Maiden Form for Every Type of Figure

*REG U. S. PAT. OFF.



The Lady Takes a Sailor. Jane Wyman goes for a little sail in a sailboat and gets picked up by submarine skipper Dennis Morgan.

goes for a ride in a sailboat, and gets capsized by a submarine, and picked up by the submarine's captain, a man who says his name is Davey Jones. He shows her an octopus, and gives her some sleeping pills, and plants her on the beach, some hours later. When she's found by the Coast Guard, naturally nobody believes that story. The newspapers call her crazy, she gets an award as Liar of the Year, and her endowment is imperiled, since truth is the keystone of her business. But Jane took some pictures while she was down in that sub. If she could produce *them,* she'd be cleared. But Davey Jones (Dennis Morgan) has swiped the film out of her camera. (Truth is, he's a Navy commander, doing secret underseas work, and he's responsible for the security of his mission. He's sorry for Jane, but he could not love her, dear, so much, loved he not honor more.) Jane hires a private detective who's part crook and part maniac to help her trace Morgan, and the rest of the picture's a series of pursuits, with the roll of film changing hands periodically. In the end, Jane sees the light, and lets *her* career be ruined (she doesn't want the country to go to pot on her account) and Dennis is so grateful he marries her.

HOLIDAY AFFAIR

Cast: Robert Mitchum, Janet Leigh, Wendell Corey, Gordon Gebert.
RKO

I've been sitting around trying to analyze the charm of this one—and it's unusually charming—but why bore everybody? It's enough to say *Holiday Affair's* characters are nice, its dialogue is extra-good, its acting is warm and real. Janet Leigh, widow of a soldier, is trying to bring up her little son (Gordon Gebert) to be just like his father. Janet's more-or-less engaged to a lovely man (Wendell Corey) who wants to take her away from the pots and pans and buy her a dishwasher. With a built-in wedding ring. But Janet thinks it's disloyal to her late husband to get serious about romance. At which point she meets Robert Mitchum, who's working in a department store, and loses him his job. (She's a comparison shopper; Mitchum fails to turn her in, so the store turns him out.) Mitchum's not backward, he gets to know Janet, and he and Corey now form two sides of a highly civilized triangle. Mitchum doesn't approve of Janet's obsession with the past;



Holiday Affair. Janet Leigh is more interested in the department store clerk than the merchandise. Naturally—he's Robert Mitchum.

Janet doesn't approve of Mitchum in general (he eats with seals in the park), but they fall in love anyway. Janet's little boy's crazy about Mitchum too, and when man buys boy an electric train for Christmas, boy hauls it clear back to the store for a refund because he doesn't think man can afford it. Other man (Wendell) behaves admirably throughout, though he gets the short end of things. There's a gay, Christmassy feeling about the whole picture. But little Gordon Gebert is the real thing to talk about. That kid could open an acting school, just like Madame Ouspenskaya, if he wanted.

PRINCE OF FOXES

Cast: Tyrone Power, Orson Welles, Wanda Hendrix.
20th Century-Fox

Paramount recently made a movie called *Bride of Vengeance* in which the small Italian state of Ferrara successfully turned back from its gates the armies of Cesare Borgia (the Renaissance ruler who ran most of Italy). Now Fox comes along with a little duchy called Citta del Monte, and permits said duchy to triumph over Cesare's forces. What with all these small towns beating him right and left, the wonder is that Cesare ever got to be a big shot. But that's not our story. Our story has Cesare (Orson Welles) sending his trusty aide (Tyrone Power) on a series of messy missions—the most important of these missions being to get the wife of the Duke of Citta del Monte all starry-eyed about him and then murder the Duke. Tyrone's reward will be the lady (Wanda Hendrix) and the duchy. The Duke of Citta del Monte (Felix Aylmer) is an old man, and he's not especially averse to dying, but he doesn't want his wife made love to, and he doesn't want Borgia's armies putting their big feet all over his flower beds. Tyrone, who's not really a bad sort, comes to see the Duke's point of view, and ends up fighting his former master. This is a typical semi-historical-swashbuckling-adventure movie. The only thing particularly notable about it is that the Italian scenes were shot in Italy. (In fact, the whole picture was shot in Italy, at Heaven knows what fearful price.) There's a nice gruesome moment where an assassin pops Tyrone's eyes out, too.

Wonder-working lotion brings new beauty to your WHOLE HAND!



1 SOFTENS CUTICLE. Nails look neater with New Hinds helping to keep cuticle pliable. No ragged edges to "catch." Your manicures stay lovely longer!

2 SMOOTHS KNUCKLES. Dry knuckles yield to the smoothing action of New Hinds. Effective emollients "sink in." Hinds dries fast—never feels sticky!

3 SATINIZES PALMS. Even rough palms are soothed and smoothed. New Hinds' "skin-affinity" ingredients actually help to soften calluses.

4 BEAUTIFIES SKIN. New Hinds is enriched with lanolin to make your hands feel softer instantly—protect them longer. Works wonders on rough, dry skin!



WORKS WONDERS! Lanolin-enriched for *extra* effectiveness, New Hinds Honey and Almond Fragrance Cream keeps your *whole hand* feeling soft in spite of ravages of work and water. Use it to smooth elbows, arms and legs...try it as a powder base. Use Hinds to help protect babies' and children's tender skin from chapping! 4 sizes, 10¢ to $1.00.

Hinds Honey and Almond Fragrance Cream

NOW IN NEW LARGER BEAUTY BOTTLE

PRODUCT OF LEHN & FINK



someday her Prince may go

Is Rita Hayworth still happy? If she should cease to be a princess, would Hollywood still have a place for her? Her father answers frankly.

BY GEORGE FISHER

■ If you like movie stars, and I certainly do, it's tough to watch their lives unfold over the news teletype, which chatters away endlessly, spilling over with such items as:

THE ALY KHAN TODAY DENIED THAT HE AND RITA HAYWORTH WERE HAVING MATRIMONIAL TROUBLE. . . . LONELY RITA HAYWORTH TELEPHONES FATHER FREQUENTLY. . . . RITA HAYWORTH HAS SENT FOR AUNT AND CHINESE SERVANT TO BE WITH HER.

Every day, just before my broadcasts from Hollywood, I go to the news room, tear the news sheet from the machine and step before the microphone to relay the latest movieland events to the public. Sometimes, on a hunch, I pocket the latest lowdown and wait until I have a chance to check an authoritative source.

Such was the case when the flash came that serious developments were pending in the household of Aly and his Princess, my old friend (*Continued on page* 95)

new faces



HUGH MARLOWE *had been to Hollywood twice before he finally clicked in 20th Century's* Come to the Stable. *The third time he came straight from his Broadway hit in* Voice of the Turtle. *He decided on being an actor just after graduating from high school and did some little-theater work around Chicago where he spent his boyhood. Hugh is 6 feet tall, weighs 170 lbs. and has brown hair and blue eyes. He married K. T. Stevens, who was once his leading lady, and they have a son. Hugh's next is* 12 O'clock High.



DONA DRAKE *was born Rita Novella in Mexico, on Nov. 5, 1920. She began her theatrical career at the age of 13 and soon after organized her own orchestra. They played theaters, hotels, college dances and anything else they could find. The road was long but it finally led to Hollywood. There Rita, who had become Dona, got her first break in* Louisiana Purchase. *Dona is five-feet-one and weighs 100 pounds, and has blue-green eyes. Her latest is* Beyond the Forest.



MARIO LANZA *comes from a very musical family. They were too poor to give him music lessons, so they bought Caruso records and when he was old enough—he got a job moving pianos. He moved one for Serge Koussevitsky and sang at the same time. Serge was very impressed and thus Mario began his formal training. After serving in the war, Mario began making records and radio appearances. MGM discovered him at the Hollywood Bowl and he was signed for* That Midnight Kiss. *Mario was born in New York; has black eyes and is married to Betty Hicks.*



LINA ROMAY, *whom you'll soon see in* The Big Wheel *with Mickey Rooney, has been in show business for quite a few years. She was discovered by a Detroit newspaperman who found her singing at a party and arranged a radio audition for her. The radio people signed her for a weekly show and that's where Xavier Cugat heard her. She appeared with him in* You Were Never Lovelier *and* Week End At The Waldorf. *Lina's five-feet-three, weighs 110 pounds and has brown eyes. She's divorced from John Adams.*

Beauty is my business—

says

GILLIS MacGIL,

Enchanting Cover Girl

And SweetHeart is my Beauty Soap



9 out of 10 Cover Girls Use SWEETHEART SOAP

• All the glamorous girls on the covers of America's leading magazines this year were asked, "What beauty soap do you use?" And *9 out of 10* replied, "SweetHeart Soap."

"I Owe My Success to SWEETHEART CARE"

—says Gillis MacGil, famous cover girl, "because it helps prevent chapping. I couldn't face the camera with rough, chapped skin. That's why I play safe with SweetHeart Care. It leaves my complexion like soft, smooth velvet—with a fresh young glow that photographs radiantly."

And now you, too, can guard your delicate skin's true fresh beauty. Discover pure, mild SweetHeart Soap that helps prevent unsightly chapping.

You'll adore the beauty benefits of gentle SweetHeart Care. For you'll quickly see results! One week after you change from improper care, your skin looks softer . . . smoother . . . younger.



Beauty is my business, too!

• Donna Lee Archibald, at the early age of 6 months, has already started her modeling career. And, like so many grown-up cover girls, she has a lovely SweetHeart complexion. For Donna's mother always bathes her with pure, mild SweetHeart Soap.

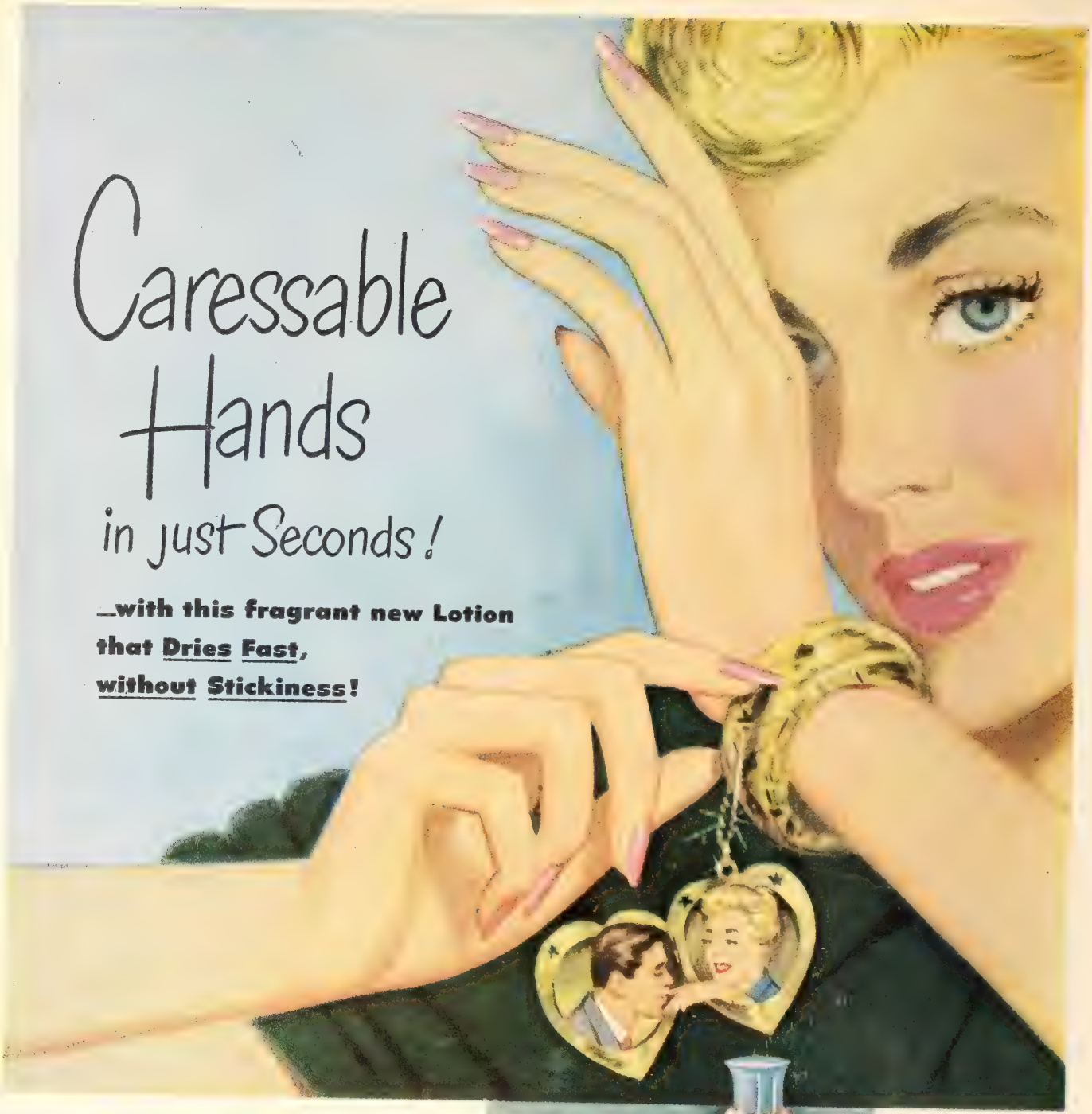


SWEETHEART *The Soap that AGREES with Your Skin*

• *Today get gentle SweetHeart Soap in the new, large bath size.*

Caressable Hands in just Seconds!

—with this fragrant new Lotion that Dries Fast, without Stickiness!



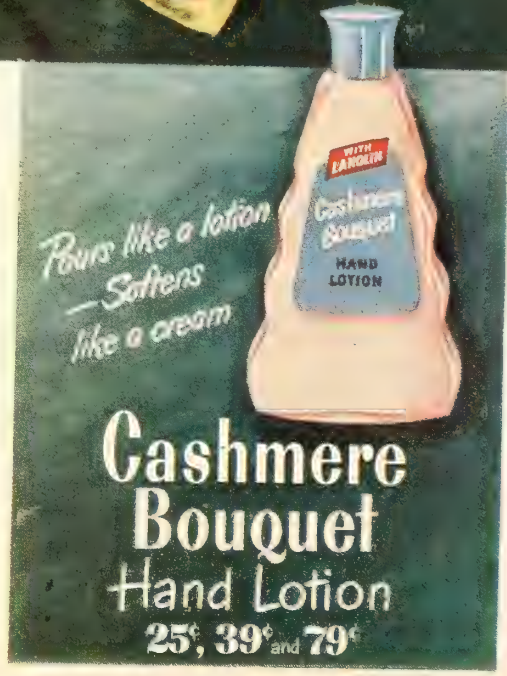
Prove It for Yourself with This 10-second Test!

Want hands that are soft as any flower petal? Just as fragrant, too? Then it's New Cashmere Bouquet Hand Lotion (*with lanolin*) for you! Do *this* and you'll understand why!

Use Cashmere Bouquet on one hand, any old-style lotion on the other. Wait, then compare.

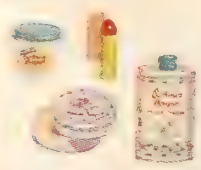
Your "Cashmere Bouquet" hand? This fast-drying lotion that *softens* like a cream has already done its wonderful work. Not a trace of stickiness or tackiness. Your hand feels smooth, is excitingly fragrant, excitingly soft to the touch!

Your *other* hand? No comparison, of course! In just 10 seconds you've seen for yourself, that *caressable* hands call for Cashmere Bouquet!



Remember!

There's a Cashmere Bouquet Cosmetic for Almost Every Beauty Need!



LIPSTICK
Creamy, clinging—in 8 fashionable shades!

FACE POWDER
Smooth, velvety texture! 6 "Flower-Fresh" shades!

ALL-PURPOSE CREAM
For radiant, "date-time" loveliness—a *bedtime* beauty "must"!

TALCUM POWDER
A shower of spring flowers!

this is your year!

an open letter to wanda and audie— and some others



Dear Wanda and Audie:

As 1950, the half-way point of the century, rolls around, it's an occasion for reflection—and for hope.

During 1950, we hope you two young people will make a success of your recent reconciliation. You, Wanda, and you, Audie, represent a bright young dream for many thousands of persons. It seems to us that, in facing squarely the issues between you, you stand as an example for many young couples.

We also hope the numerous published rumors of domestic trouble between Glenn Ford and Eleanor Powell are as false as they were in 1949, and that this fine couple will continue to make the whispers of dissension sound silly.

We hope that June Haver, after the heartbreaking tragedy she suffered because of the death of Dr. John Duzik, will be able to rise above it with the shining courage she has already demonstrated.

We hope that Ingrid Bergman, despite the strange situation into which her heart has led her, will forget her announced decision never to return to Hollywood. The film world is Miss Bergman's world; she can't renounce her citizenship in it without causing unhappiness both for herself and others.

We hope Bette Davis will not find occasion to press her action for divorce from William Sherry—an action which, despite their current reconciliation, she has not withdrawn.

We hope that Joan Evans, having shown she is an actress of stature in her first film, *Roseanna McCoy,* will continue to develop toward the high position she seems destined to occupy.

We hope the stories we hear, which give the impression that Lana Turner is jealous of the build-up given Elizabeth Taylor, turn out to be idle rumors. There's plenty of room at the top.

We hope Montgomery Clift and Guy Madison will see the wisdom of adopting a friendlier, more cooperative attitude toward the public and press.

We hope Bing Crosby will get through 1950 without hearing that he is (1) washed up, (2) slipping, (3) sick, (4) selfish, (5) uncooperative.

We hope that John Derek will go forward to even greater accomplishments than those already achieved in such films as *All the King's Men.*

We hope that Van Johnson continues to get roles such as he had in *Battleground*—roles that give him an opportunity to demonstrate his considerable and hitherto underrated acting ability.

We hope Frank Sinatra will continue to keep the chip off his shoulder. Chips belong in woodpiles.

William B Hartley

EDITOR



Barefoot boy with shows on

He just won't live his life the way a movie star's supposed to— yet Hollywood accepts Monty Clift's individualisn It's the only way they can have him.

BY ARTHUR L. CHARLES

■ "You'd think the guy was a derelict. I've seen sharecroppers dressed better than he. And the places he lives in! That sixth-floor walk-up apartment he lives in in New York, a soda-jerk would want to move out of. And over at Paramount, you know, they were so embarrassed by that 1939 junk heap he drives around they begged him to get a new one—but he's still driving the wreck. What a barefoot boy!"

The speaker was a Hollywood starlet. She was referring to a young actor who, after being seen by the public in three pictures, has become a major star, with a major star's income—Montgomery Clift.

Gus Goetz, who, with his wife, wrote the screenplay for *The Heiress,* was stunned the first time Clift walked on the set.

"He was wearing," Gus says, "a pair of tattered blue jeans, a T-shirt and a jacket full of holes. He looked like a bum. 'Good Lord,' I said to myself, 'is this the fellow who's going to play the suave, elegant character of Morris Townsend? This will be ridiculous.' But when Monty got into costume, the transformation was really startling—he seemed the most fastidious youth you ever saw. Still, it took me a couple of days to get over my first impression of him."

Why does Montgomery Clift seem to choose deliberately to appear a vagabond? The answer is simple. In a sense, he *is* a vagabond.

"I like to travel," he says. "I like to keep going. People who have lots of possessions—big houses, Cadillacs, swimming pools, lots of clothes—usually are tied down. Without a huge clutter of worldly goods, and wearing old clothes, I feel the way I want to be—comfortable and free."

Aside from his trip to Germany to make *Two Corridors East,* Clift has in recent months been on the move from Los Angeles to Paris to Switzerland to Italy to Israel to London to New York to Los Angeles to New York and to numerous way-stations. "Why does he travel so much?" people ask. "Is he *(Continued on page 74)*

Here they are—Hedda Hopper's favorites for 1950. These are the golden ten whom she



KIRK DOUGLAS. Dynamic, virile and canny, Kirk followed up his sensational success in *Champion* with a million-dollar contract at Warners. Excellent roles will keep him rising.



RUTH ROMAN. Playing it smart, this ex-carnival girl took small parts in order to learn. Now she'll get roles planned for Bette Davis.



PAUL DOUGLAS. Plain-faced, 45-year-old Paul's warmth and charm have put him solidly in the glamor-boy class.



JANET LEIGH. A natural-born actress, Janet worked hard and kept her head after her Cinderella break. MGM has big plans for her.



MARIO LANZA. This sweet-natured boy from across the tracks sang his way to singing stardom with one picture.

MY PREDICTIONS

From her intimate knowledge of the Hollywood scene, Hedda Hopper ventures prophecies of things to come. What new stars will emerge in the next twelve months . . . which romances will flourish and which will fail?

■ Anybody got a 1950-model crystal ball handy? Or a few magic tea-leaves? Anybody around who's the seventh son of a seventh son? I could use you right now—and a transfusion of gypsy blood, too. Because the editors of MODERN SCREEN have just pitched this puzzler at me:

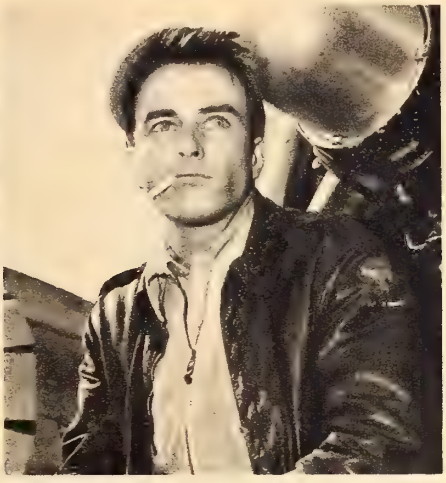
"How about telling what's going to happen in Hollywood during the next year, Hedda? How about your own private star-predictions for 1950?"

Me, predict the unpredictables? Prophesize filmland's Fantasia for a full year ahead? What do they think I am—crazy?

ects to come out on top in the Hollywood race for fame and fortune during the new year.



SUSAN HAYWARD. Her great triumph n *My Foolish Heart* was final proof r her top-drawer talent and appeal.



MONTGOMERY CLIFT. Matinee-idol allure and shrewd script-selection are raising him sky-high, but his performances must measure up.



SHELLEY WINTERS. Colorful Shelley combines a socko personality with dramatic talent, which she's working eagerly to develop. Only her temperamental streak can jinx her now.



BARBARA HALE. Friendly, sincere and wholesome, she seems set to succeed Myrna Loy as the perfect screen wife.



FARLEY GRANGER. He has the deep emotional insight of the great stars, has never muffed a part, gets one of 1950's strongest roles.

FOR 1950 by hedda hopper

They do. "Anyway," they say, "we dare you."

Well, could be they're right about my state of mind. Sometimes n my dizzy beat I feel ripe and ready for a strait-jacket. Also, I aven't taken a dare since I jumped off the chicken shed back in Altoona, Pennsylvania, with pretty sad results. That's sort of the way I feel now—set for a bump but willing to try. So out goes ny neck—where it's often been before—and on goes my swami hat o peer into the future and up at the stars.

Let's see—which Hollywood Forty-Niners will strike 1950's onanzas of fame, fortune and popularity at this momentous mid-century mark? The prize nuggets are already uncovered and shining bright. They line up for me like this—with ladies, naturally, first:

Susan Hayward—Barbara Hale—Ruth Roman—Shelley Winters—Janet Leigh.

And the men: Kirk Douglas—Farley Granger—Montgomery Clift—Paul Douglas—Mario Lanza.

New? you ask. What's new about those? Most of those Hollywood hot-shots are already up in lights. Well, they're my New Year's prize babies just the same, because (*Continued on page 58*)



Proud parents Ben Gage and Esther Williams, from the stairway of their Hollywood home, listen happily to the sounds coming from the nursery above.

■ Motherhood? Girls, as the old phrase goes, I "just sailed through it." True, there was a little "tossing" of a morning or two (or 20!), a bit of wallowing around and not seeming to make any headway, a time here and there in which I thought I'd founder completely, and in between the old engine clanking and knocking. But outside of these tiny (what am I saying?) inconveniences—well, I just sailed through it. Oh, my, yes!

Away back (it seems ages ago now) when I first got the idea that I was being followed by something that could easily turn out to be a stork, I didn't know exactly what to think.

It was a happy prospect except that at the studio we were getting ready to start on my latest picture, *Neptune's Daughter*. Pictures, especially big musicals, can sometimes take as long as five or six months to finish. How would this work out for me? Now, you see, I had something to think about.

I kept hoping the producer would hurry preparations—and I also kept wondering if maybe I was wrong, maybe I wasn't being followed. Maybe I was seeing an exciting shadow that wasn't really there. Having sold myself on this possibility one night, I went to bed convinced all was as before . . . only to wake up the next morning with absolutely no appetite. In fact, I had no

In this delightful story, written in her own words exclusively for Modern Screen, Esther Williams tells for the first time of her emotions as a mother.

MY NEW GUY

by Esther Williams



This is how Esther and her Ben were "caught" for our cover.



Benjamin Stanton Gage, all freshly bathed and talcumed, merrily grasps his adoring mother with what she fondly describes as his "great, big hands." Benjy was born soon after midnight on August 6, and weighed seven pounds, nine ounces.

appetite retroactively—I seemed to be regretting everything I had eaten for the past week. This was strange, I thought—yet sort of promising, too. I dressed quickly, kept well away from the kitchen, and hurried to the studio.

The next day I seemed better. In time the picture got under way and we began our swimming sequences. Every time that old bothersome thought came up, I would neatly drop a (*Continued on page 77*)



At the fireplace side of their huge living room (above), Brenda and Bill Holden have a reading session with sons Scott and West. At the opposite, picture-window side (below), Bill drapes his feet on the antique coffee table. All the Holden furniture can—and does—take wear and tear.



Like their deep devotion, Brenda and Bill Holden's home is a creation of happy sharing, and warmth, and much laughter.

BY DUANE VALENTRY

The house they love in

■ A house can be many things. It can be walls around you and a roof above you—and not much else. Or it can be a happy, echoing place, filled with children's shouts, and the whisper of memories shared, and things lovingly acquired.

In Hidden Village, in the San Fernando Valley, Bill and Brenda Holden have that kind of house—a house that love built, room by lovely room and hour by remembered hour. The glow that touches the front door and lingers over the upstairs windows is the sunshine, but seems more to be the warm radiance of that intangible thing that makes Home.

The dogs greet you first, and walk with you up the hedge-bordered, red brick pathway. Two great, gentle beasts, Duke and Rex wag their tails hospitably, then make off over the soft green lawn.

The imposing house is a French Provincial type, with shake shingles and fine stonework. Boxed shrubs stand on either side of the wide doorway. The letter box is of well-shined brass.

As you enter the spacious entrance hall with its rose-beige carpeting, there's an ornate, old-fashioned hatrack, quaintly complete with umbrella racks. Bill and Brenda have a passion for antiques. They're constantly hieing themselves to towns near and far to hunt for some old piece that has the feeling they both want in furniture.

After Bill and Brenda have greeted you and taken you into the large living room, *(Continued on next page)*



In the den, Bill enjoys a moment of quiet triumph over Brenda in the course of a game of Canasta—to which they're addicted. The den, their favorite spot, is where they usually entertain.



Above: Brenda waters a plant in the old lavabo—or washbasin set—that she uses as a potted-plant holder. Below: She and Bill in the bar, with its antique two-and-three-seater stools.





Brenda Holden, wearing the white-and-gold hostess gown Bill likes, combs her new, short hair-do in the small, green-and-red powder room off the den.



Bill and Brenda pause on the stairway for an affectionate moment. Audubon prints line the light green walls here; the carpeting is a rose-beige.



Three-year-old Scott and six-year-old West get a steadying hand from their parents on Scott's new bike. Virginia, 11, was off taking a ballet lesson

you notice other fine old pieces. There are 18th-Century tavern tables, holding huge brass lamps, on each side of the gaily-patterned sofa. And a sturdy, seven-foot coffee table. "If this," says Bill of it, "has stood the wear and tear for 200 years, I figure it can stand rough treatment for another couple of centuries."

"And a good thing, too," says Brenda with a smile. "Bill's always got his feet up on it. . . . We never get old furniture just because it's old. First of all, it's got to be comfortable and sturdy. We want a place we can really live in."

That's what you'd expect from the Holdens—two solid citizens who haven't got a nickel's worth of sham between them, and who make you think of one possible answer to the question of what's wrong with Hollywood marriages: Maybe the other couples don't laugh enough.

Bill and Brenda laugh a lot—at and with each other. Their eyes meet often in silent, happy agreement. Then you get the impression they're saying, "This is our house, and we love it."

They take turns telling you about the things they plan to do with the house—as quickly as the budget allows. "We've been slowly doing the house over ever since we bought it from Leon Errol two years ago," Bill tells you. "It's on a strictly 50-50 basis—nothing is added that we don't both agree on, and have thought about until we're completely sure we want it."

One side of the living room is taken up by a picture window that looks out over the garden. Opposite it is the large fireplace. There are bookshelves that contain a number of first editions, a grand piano on which stands a bowl of crimson gardenias and, at the living room's far end—dominating all else—is the painting.

This, the pride and joy of the Holdens, is the wonderfully alive portrait by Paul Clemmens of Brenda and the three children. Done in leisurely fashion over a six-month period by the artist, a close friend, it is one of the things they most wanted.

An 18th Century cupboard is below the painting. On this, until a few months ago, the television set rested. It isn't there any more—and for a very good reason.

It was a Sunday afternoon and a particularly wild and woolly Western was unfolding on the television screen. The Holden small fry—Virginia, West, and Scott—and several of their small friends grew more and more loudly anguished with each scene of derring-do. Finally came an unbearable moment when the fuse was lit—burning nearer . . . and nearer . . . and nearer to the prone figure of the cowboy hero.

"Put it out! Put it out!" yelled several of the young ones, jumping up and down in near hysteria.

It was too much for Scott, aged three. Dressed in full Western regalia—as are most of the neighborhood children most of the time—he pulled his toy gun from its holster and hurled it with all his three-year-old might at the screen. Fortunately, his aim was wild—but the missile struck with a bang a scant two inches below the painting.

The television set is now upstairs in the boys' room.

"Before," says Bill, "you could hardly get through the living room, the way the kids would be packed in here! And it's still a thoroughfare, any summer day, for 17 or 18 of 'em playing cowboys and Indians—with the dogs right behind them!"

Brenda laughed. "Remember the (*Continued on page 84*)

FIFTH
in a series

MY PRAYER WAS ANSWERED

by Van Johnson



A life whose purpose was destroyed seemed to lie ahead for me—even if I survived. And then I learned how God works His will with those through whom His love flows.

■ I was one of the happiest actors in Hollywood, playing my first important role. How I had hoped and dreamed of getting that role in *A Guy Named Joe*.

When Fred Datig, of MGM's casting office, told me I was to test for the picture with Irene Dunne, herself, I stayed up most of the night studying the script. Just to make certain I wouldn't miss a cue, I memorized everybody else's lines as well as my own. The next morning I was in my tiny dressing room on the set bright and early. I was in there when Miss Dunne walked onto the set. I watched her across the stage and saw her looking in my direction. It was clear she was curious as to what I was like.

The minute we started shooting I got so nervous I couldn't get my words to match my actions, and I rattled off my lines like a machine gun.

Miss Dunne was wonderful. She took me aside and told me to relax, that I would be all right so not to worry. She gave me confidence in myself. If she had complained about me, I would probably have lost the part. But she put up with my awkwardness and gradually I lost my self-consciousness.

For two weeks everything was wonderful. And then, in a few nightmarish seconds, everything was changed: I was in an automobile accident.

I lay on the curb, blood pouring from my head. I heard a woman whisper, "He's dead." Dimly, I wondered how long it would be before her words were true. Death—just when I was beginning to live. A feeling of terror surged over me—then I lost consciousness.

The next thing I knew, I was in a hospital bed. A doctor was bending over me. I felt as though my head would explode and I gripped the sides of my bed, trying to forget the pain.

From what seemed a great distance, I heard a doctor's voice saying, "It's a question whether he can pull through. He's lost three quarts of blood."

Maybe I wouldn't live. Somehow, I now faced the prospect with a strange calmness. *Maybe* (*Continued on page 83*)

Lon McCallister strums the evening's theme song, 'Brother, Can You Spare a Dime?' on his guitar as his hobo-party guests listen politely.



Bob Stack unsuccessfully tries to startle Nancy Olson in the backyard in the course of festivities. Nancy's outfit, borrowed from Paramount, was one worn by Marlene Dietrich in *Golden Earrings*.



Ruth Roman, Diana and John Lindsay and Ruth's date, Ivan Volkman, line up for some of Lon's Mulligan stew, which they'd taken turns stirring. Sadly enough, it was so burned they couldn't eat it.

hallelujah! we is bums

by reba and bonnie churchill

The highway beckoned, the night was clear. So tattered and battered but gay as larks, we hit the road to Lon McCallister's rollicking hobo party.

■ The night was elegant in black velvet and diamond stars, crowned with a new moon. The people were inelegant in patched cast-offs and battered hats. In fact, they looked like a bunch of bums.

In fact, they were Diana Lynn and her husband, John Lindsay; the Donald O'Connors; Ruth Roman and Ivan Volkman; Nancy Olson and Robert Stack; John Barrymore, Jr.; Lon McCallister, and we Churchills —all dressed up, or maybe down, in gunnysacks, levis and assorted tatters appropriate to the hobo party Lon was giving.

It must have been an interesting sight to see the shiny convertibles skim up the hill to the three-story Spanish apartment building Lon owns and lives in—and then observe the grimily disreputable-looking drivers get out to open the doors for their equally unsightly dates.

On the wall of the building, by the flight of steps leading up to his first-floor apartment, Lon had posted a sign—"Hobo Haven." With Diana Lynn and John Lindsay, we were the first arrivals. Diana sported John's old levis, which were secured at her waist with a flashy red tie. Her plaid shirt was decorated—or, as she preferred, "given the Park Avenue touch"—by a wilted orchid corsage.

"It was a birthday gift from John," sighed Diana fondly, stroking the shrunken brown petals. Eyeing it, we (*Continued on next page*)



As Lon pours hobo-style coffee right from the can for latecomers Don and Gwen O'Connor, Reba stands by with the cake that was donated by Lon's grandmother.



Ruth Roman, in levis and bare feet, takes advantage of a lull in the evening's hilarities to admire John Barrymore, Jr.'s less-than-classic profile. His blooming nose, like his monstrous feet, was of course, strictly artificial.



John Barrymore, Jr., gallantly assists Diana Lynn (now in *Paid in Full*) with the king-sized snack she constructed at the hobo party.



Foolishly allowing his curiosity to get the best of him, Lon McCallister leans forward to examine Bonnie Churchill's boutonniere—and is rewarded by a well-aimed squirt of milk.

hallelujah! we is bums continued



Gwen O'Connor holds out her tin cup for a handout while husband Don suddenly realizes his sandwich filling consists of Lon's fingers.



Still the perfect host, Lon doesn't want his guests to go. "I hate to tear myself away," says Bob Stack—as Nancy helps him tear.

asked, "When *was* your birthday?" "Two weeks ago," she replied.

There was a tapping at the window. It was Ruth Roman and Ivan Volkman. "Hey," they called, "let us in! We can't find the doorbell."

Lon opened the door. "No one ever uses the doorbell," he said. "I can usually hear my guests puffing before they reach the porch." The apartment building stands on a steep hillside and Lon's apartment is reached only by panting up 35 steps.

Ivan is an assistant to director Mark Robson and met Ruth while they were working on *Champion*. Ruth now introduced him to the others. Lon shook hands with him, but kept his distance from Ruth. He eyed her like a wary prizefighter. They sparred around for a few minutes, making idle conversation—then both burst out laughing.

Everyone else wanted in on the joke. Lon obliged. According to Lon, this Roman gal carries quite a wallop. They first met on the Warner lot when Ruth was working in *Always Leave Them Laughing* and Lon was in *The Story of Seabiscuit*. Ruth was hurrying from the set to the make-up department, and Lon was just leaving Make-up for the sound stage. They collided in the hallway. Ruth remained vertical, but Lon went sprawling down the corridor. "From that meeting on, I've regarded Roman as a dangerous gal," he said.

Diana and Ruth soon appointed themselves the de-beautifying squad and set to work to make sure each guest was facially "in character" with the outfits they wore. Diana studied Ivan for a second. "He's definitely the beard type, don't you think?" Ruth nodded and fished out a flaming-red walrus moustache and beard from Lon's prop box—which contained a collection of false faces, patches, whiskers, and so forth that Lon has been accumulating since junior high-school.

But when John Barrymore, Jr., arrived, they just couldn't improve his appearance. Johnny, who makes his screen debut in *The Sundowners*, had his classic profile disguised with a putty nose and wore a giant pair of false feet and a pint-sized orange opera hat.

While we girls busied ourselves stirring and sampling judiciously the Mulligan stew Lon had cooking in an open kettle over the fireplace, the men started an involved discussion of automobiles.

After a while, stirring that stew began to be warm and heavy work. Diana looked sternly at the boys. "Why is it," she asked pointedly, "that fellas always get so talky (*Continued on page 90*)



This love of ours

Our joys are small and tender—our clouds have silver linings.

by Larry Parks

■ No, it wasn't love at first sight. Nor did I ask Betty Garrett to marry me the first time I took her out.

Indeed not. I fell in love with the sound of her voice, minutes *before* I saw her. It was at a party shortly after Betty came to Hollywood. That same night I blithely told her that she was the girl I was going to marry. I didn't really have a date with her until the next day.

Comparing notes later, we discovered that Fate had shuffled us around in the same New York environs for a long time without letting our paths cross. We had both worked in the theater in New York, had many mutual friends, had attended parties in the same apartments but never at the same time.

That night in Hollywood when we finally met, I out-maneuvered three other actors, one lawyer and a radio producer to squire home the future Mrs. Parks. On the way, we stopped on a high hill to look down over Hollywood in its jewelled evening (*Continued on page 86*)



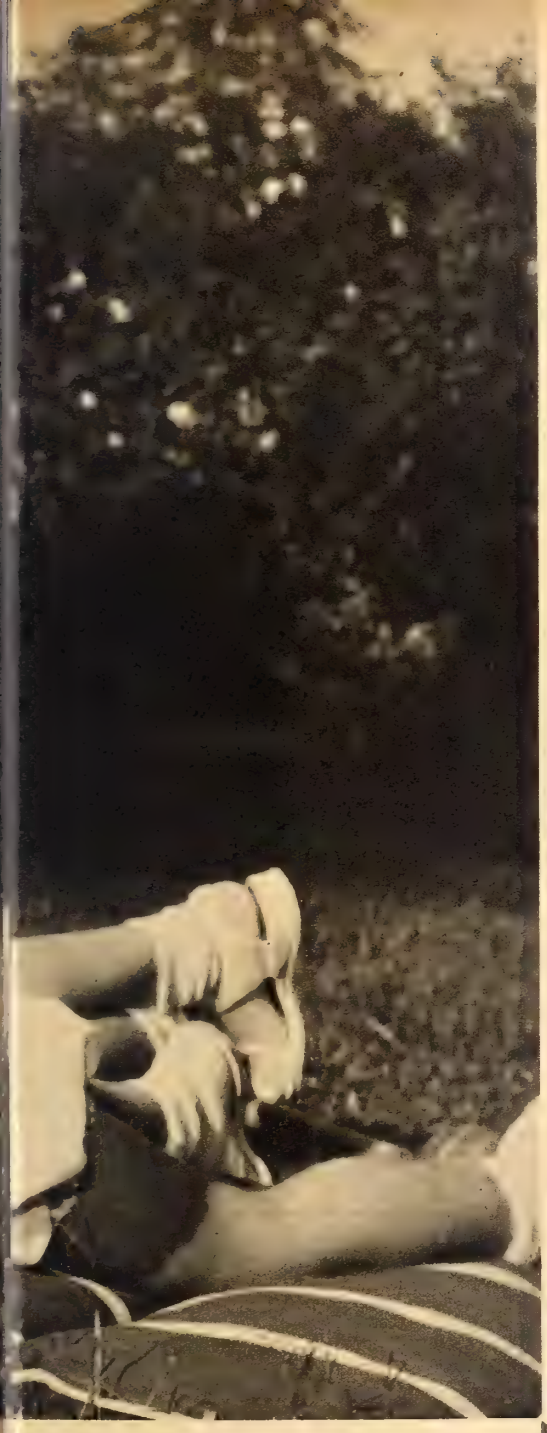
eighth in a series



The bright faces of Betty and her two scamps, Vicki and Jessica, clearly show the harmony of their life. She's raised them on love and common sense.

I don't run Betty's

by Lillian Grable



This is the story of a mother who guided her daughter—but never meddled. It's also the story of her deeply affectionate daughter who trusted her wisdom.

■ I was minding my own business that day when MODERN SCREEN telephoned and asked, "Mrs. Grable, would you give us a story on how come you and Betty are such good friends?"

At first I thought it was a gag. Then I became a little annoyed. "Why shouldn't we be good friends? We're mother and daughter."

In the next few minutes I was given a statistical rundown on family feuds, inside Hollywood and out. I was told about the gulf that separates two generations, about the inevitable friction between children and their elders, about why Mary leaves home and Mother turns gray. My jaw dropped. When people throw figures at me, I've got nothing to throw back. It sounded as if parents and children were natural enemies.

Well—this is something I don't believe. From personal experience, I know too many families who get along fine. On the other hand, I'm not so naïve that I don't realize there are problems. I also realize that I'm a very fortunate woman. Because with my daughters, such problems never came up. Except for their illnesses, neither of them ever caused me a moment's worry.

I'm not an analytical person, so I can't put my finger on any one reason for this state of affairs, except that I'm blessed with a couple of grand girls. What holds true (*Continued on page 60*)

Betty has dinner with her parents, Conn and Lillian Grable, at the Brown Derby.



life

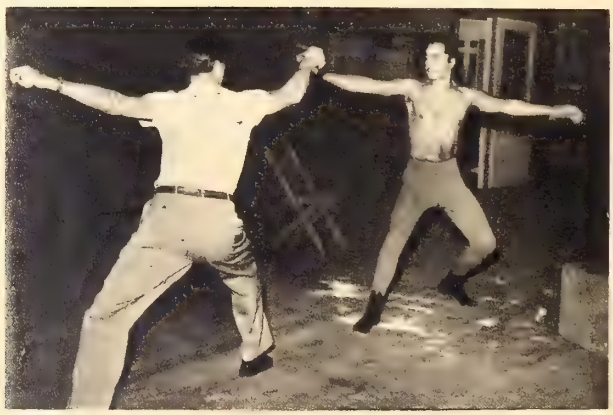
My kind of man

by Patti Behrs

Love can change your mind about a lot of things. I didn't know that until I met John Derek and lost my heart for keeps.



John Derek and Pati Behrs clinch expertly—they've been rehearsing love scenes ever since they discovered each other at a studio dramatic school. (Today, their love scenes aren't acting!)



Preparing for his swashbuckling role in *Rogues of Sherwood Forest,* John skillfully parries a thrust from his fencing master. He's no longer bothered by his former "pretty boy" tag.

■ Marriage, I told myself, was out of the question. I was in love—but with my career. Men were merely incidental, being an actress was all that really mattered. "Pati Behrs," I kept informing myself, "you are a very sensible girl."

This was back in 1946, when I'd just arrived from France clutching a 20th Century-Fox contract, all set to become another Sarah Bernhardt. My ambition and I went steady every morning in drama class on the Fox lot. It was a fine romance—until the day a set of eyelashes came between my ambition and me. The eyelashes belonged to a young actor named John Derek.

Helena Sorrell, the studio dramatic coach, made the dramatic announcement to me that was completely to disrupt my plans: "You are now going to meet a new classmate with the most beautiful eyelashes of any actor in existence."

I thought, "A fine recommendation for an actor!" Then I turned and glanced up—and into a pair of the most expressive eyes I'd ever seen. As we were introduced, I thought further, "He *is* wonderfully handsome—but can he act?" I was conscientiously trying to shake the fascination I instantly felt.

Later, I discovered that John was also wondering if he could act. He'd given it a fling once—at the wild young age of 17, when David Selznick had chosen him from a group of 20 prospects to play a scene with Jennifer Jones. After a four-hour make-up job, John was converted into a wounded soldier and placed on a hospital bed where he watched Jennifer do all the acting. This great role of his became merely another phase on the cutting room floor, but John won a contract anyway.

Did he then work hard to rise in his profession? Scarcely! Every seven days, he'd pick up his check and romp (*Continued on page 88*)





Bob Hope, here with Jerry Colonna on an Air Force benefit trip, has travelled tirelessly to entertain servicemen at home and abroad, works hard for many causes.



Jack Benny makes one of his regular visits to the paraplegic ward of an Alabama hospital. He accompanies his contributions to charity with constant personal efforts, presides at fund-raising affairs continually.



Loretta Young plays hostess to L.A. orphan asylum girls. She devotes herself intensively to a hospital for unmarried mothers, helped Father Peyton get his Family Theater program started on the air.

HOLLYWOOD'S TEN BEST

The General Federation of Women's Clubs honors these ten players for

■ On these pages, the editors of MODERN SCREEN proudly present one of the most important features ever published in a magazine reporting the Hollywood scene.

The men and women pictured here have been chosen as Hollywood's Ten Best Citizens. This honor has not been bestowed upon them lightly or carelessly. For more than 16 months, researchers have painstakingly studied the civic activities of hundreds of Hollywood players.

Why did MODERN SCREEN undertake this tremendous project? The answer is simple: the editors have long believed that too little emphasis is placed, in newspapers and in magazines, on the positive contributions of Hollywood players to civic life.

To make certain the judging would be unbiased and in no way influenced by the personal friendships of MODERN SCREEN's editors with various Hollywood stars, the General Federation of Women's Clubs was asked to make the final choice. Mrs. J. L. Blair Buck, president of the organization, agreed to cooperate in the project. As judges, she suggested the Federation's Motion Picture Committee, whose members are Mrs. Joseph R. Chesser, Chairman; Mrs. Dean Gray Edwards, Chairman of the Eastern Preview Division, and Mrs. P. E. Willis, Chairman of the Western Preview Division. Their task, obviously, was a difficult one, in view of the splendid records of each Hollywood individual in the group from which their final selections were made.

Space limitations make it impossible for *(Continued on page 73)*



Irene Dunne with Archbishop Mitty and Monsignor Sheen at the dedication of a center for homeless boys. She's been cited for her inter-faith work by the National Conference of Christians and Jews.



Jean Hersholt shows his wife some orchids to be sold at a charity event. Famous for leadership in welfare organizations, he is president and a founder of the Motion Picture Relief Fund.

These officials of the General Federation of Women's Clubs made the selections.

Mrs. Joseph R. Chesser,
Chairman, Motion Picture Committee, G.F.W.C.

Mrs. Dean Gray Edwards,
Chairman, Eastern Preview Division.

Mrs. P. E. Willis,
Chairman, Western Preview Division.

CITIZENS

outstanding service to their community.



Red Skelton trades yarns with servicemen who were his guests at a broadcast. He is a leading supporter of a Kiwanis home for delinquent boys, and he is noted for the extent of his personal generosity.



Roy Rogers introduces Trigger to a group of enthusiastic youngsters with Dale Evans' assistance. He spends much of his time cheering up sick children, has been honored for his national work in child safety.



Bing Crosby greets two young victims of polio with Jimmy Dorsey before a Sister Kenny appeal broadcast. Crosby hardly ever permits publicity on his many civic and philanthropic activities.

Bud Abbott and Lou Costello at a party given for Lou's daughter. Their Youth Foundation medical clinic and play center was founded in memory of Lou's son.



High in the far-flung mountain country where he grew up, Rory Calhoun and his bride have embarked on a great adventure

BY TOM CARLILE

Home is where you hide it





Lita and Rory Calhoun lead his favorite mount out of the barn on the long-neglected ranch they bought last spring. It lies along a hidden valley in mountains 90 miles north of Hollywood.



Lita, a city girl until her marriage, brings Rory some cool water as he works on clearing sage-brush around the house. They hope to start operating their 155 acres as a $10-a-day guest-ranch next summer.





After a busy day, Rory and Lita settle down before a cozy fire in the living room of the 75-year-old pine lodge. Rory had set his heart on the Circle-B from the time he came upon it as a youngster.

■ It was a whippy cold day in late February one year ago, and in the mountains above Ojai, the wind was especially sharp to anyone riding in an open car. Lita Baron, bundled up in a hooded parka, looked anxiously at her husband, Rory Calhoun, as he plummeted their hot-rod roadster over the bumpy dirt road in the back country of the Los Padres Forest. For 20 minutes, they bounced in and out of chug-holes until they came upon a sagging gate which blocked the road. It was locked with several chains and prominently posted with an immense sign which fairly shouted, "KEEP OUT."

But the sign didn't seem to bother Rory. Producing a key, he unlocked the chains and swung open the gate as though he owned the place.

Lita repressed her strong urge to ask where they were going. She'd been on this sort of mysterious Sunday drive with her handsome husband before, and she knew better. Rory liked to keep his secrets intact until the last moment.

She drew in her breath as Rory shot the car ahead, up a tiny road which (*Continued on next page*)

home is where you hide it

twisted and bumped up the mountainside. She closed her eyes a couple of times when the car skidded. Finally, somehow, they reached the summit. Rory stopped the car, and dramatically, like a master of ceremonies introducing a headline act, exclaimed, "*There* it is, honey!"

Lita looked down. Below her, at least a thousand feet, lay a beautiful hidden valley, surrounded on every side by snow-capped ridges. A gently-winding stream, fed by melting snows, flowed down the valley floor and out of sight around a canyon wall. In the pasture to the right, a few scattered horses, shaggy in their winter coats, grazed on the first spring grass.

Shivering against the mountain wind, Lita filled her eyes with the view, and said, "It's simply breath-taking, Rory. But—where are we, for heaven's sake?"

"Shangri-la," Rory answered, his eyes dancing. "Hang on and we'll drive down to it." He kicked in the clutch and the car started downhill.

A few minutes later, they rolled into a dilapidated ranch yard at the very foot of the mountain. To Lita, the place looked simply awful. An old, weather-beaten lodge, a number of scattered cabins, an unpainted pitch-roofed barn, and a stunted apple orchard. There was rubbish everywhere—tin cans, boxes, old auto tires. A real mess. From eye-level, it seemed as though the valley were an endless expanse of barren loneliness. After the car motor died, there wasn't a sound. But she decided to let Rory give her the cue. He obviously had something on this mind, for he was looking at her with a strange, inspired look.

"Come on," he said. "Let's get out and look around."

"All right," Lita replied, after a slight hesitation.

They walked onto the porch of the lodge. Two giant elk-heads hung from the heavy pine-log wall. As Rory absently picked a piece of chinking out of the wall, Lita noticed that that look had come into his eyes again.

"This cabin," he confided, "is more than 75 years old. It was built by the Lethrop family, who originally homesteaded this valley in 1879. Fine people. It's a real shame the place has deteriorated so badly."

Then Rory conducted her through the old lodge. It consisted of two adjoining bedrooms, a bathroom, a big living room with an immense rock fireplace, a barroom, a huge dining room, kitchen and pantry. Yet all Lita could see were the cracked boards, the broken furniture, and the two inches of dirt which covered everything.

Outside, Rory started talking again, as he took her arm and began walking her down to the barns.

"Honey, this is the old Circle-B ranch. There are 155 acres of it, running all the way down the valley." He stopped to make a sweeping gesture with his arm, like the last (*Continued on page 92*)



PLENTY OF WORK. Rory Calhoun, working hard to get his mountain ranch into sound repair, discourages the crows with a slingshot. Assisting him is Ralph Mantiz, a



JOB FOR A COWBOY. Rory practices with his lariat—this afternoon, he'll be roping two calves which are to be branded. He has always liked cowboy life



PLENTY OF FUN. Lita Calhoun shows Rory how well her horse-shoe pitching has come along under his instruction. Lita, a night-club singer and dancer since her



college chum of Lita's brother, Pete. Pete, the Calhouns' partner in the Circle-B Ranch, helps Rory repair one of many fences blown down last winter. They devote almost all their spare time to fixing the place



for its opening as a guest-ranch. With Lita standing by, Rory mends one of the saddles in the tack room—the ranch has 17 saddle horses. Also on the long work agenda are planting, painting and plastering.



and, though still a novice, he hopes to grow expert in the skills of a working rancher. After a chase of half an hour, Rory finally pulls down the bigger calf. Pete (left) holds the animal still, and Ralph (right)



stands ready to help as Rory tightens his lasso. Then, while Ralph keeps a grip on the rope and wife Lita watches proudly, Rory presses a branding iron on the calf's leg. His try at a cowboy's job is a success.



early teens, has taken to the outdoor life with gusto after initial misgivings. She enjoys the relaxed pace, loves the happy give-and-take at the evening meal when the hungry, hard-working men sit down to



simple, solid food. Lita and Rory, newlyweds of little more than a year, go off for long walks and rides through the lovely country—a perfect setting for the honeymooners they still very much are.

By Cynthia Miller

DIVORCE

—the shame of Hollywood

The real tragedy of divorce is always this—that its cruelest blows almost inevitably

Statistics do not necessarily prove that there are more divorces among Hollywood players than among other sections of the U. S. population. Yet the vast publicity that invariably accompanies the divorces of screen personalities has resulted in a rising tide of criticism against the entire film industry. Modern Screen *recognizes that this criticism may or may not be justified. The following challenging article is concerned with what is, not only in Hollywood but everywhere else, one of the most unfortunate aspects of the divorce problem—the involvement of those innocent, tragic victims, the children.*—The Editors.

■ The boy was seven years old, the child of a Hollywood star divorced from her husband. Christmas was coming. His parents had agreed that he should spend Christmas Day with his mother, Christmas Eve with his father. He ran to tell his news to the cook, his confidant.

"I bought a tree with Daddy today," he told her excitedly. "Tomorrow I'm going to buy a tree with Mommy."

"Well, isn't that fine!" said the kindly cook. "Just think, you'll have *two* Christmas trees."

With that the light died out of the small face, the eyes that had been so eager looked suddenly lost. "I'd rather have only one," he said. He turned and went slowly from the room. . . .

This little story, and others like it, speak a poignant commentary on the subject of Hollywood divorce—the tragedy of which is so much deeper when there are children concerned. Now Hollywood, of course, didn't invent the divorce court, and the John Agars of Hollywood have the same right to dissolve an unhappy union as the John Joneses of Kansas City. But in either case, if children are involved, the children are the real victims.

Shirley Temple herself put her finger on the spot. "The worst thing about my divorce from Jack is Linda Susan. She adores her daddy."

Psychologists tell us that children thrive best in the warmth of harmonious homes. They also tell us that, even for the children, divorce is preferable to the tensions of constant discord. Yet with patience and understanding, people can sometimes mend a broken love. Sometimes, with all the good will in the world, they can't. Apparently the



all on the innocent heads of the children.

Agars couldn't. As an inescapable result, Linda will suffer.

Here are two strong-willed people, with a child as their only remaining bond. "I want our divorce on a high and dignified level for our little daughter's sake," Shirley told the press. But all the height and dignity of Mt. Everest wouldn't serve to conceal the bitterness behind this break. With more than a trace of condescension, Shirley announced that Jack was a nice boy but a little mixed up. She assured one reporter that careers had nothing to do with it. Yet a month earlier, she'd been telling Louella Parsons: "I've grown up with the motion picture business. Jack hasn't, and he can't understand the difficulties of a career. He doesn't like the publicity that's a necessary part of any star's life. You don't know how hard it is when you go out to a nightclub and everything you say is magnified into something important. Sometimes after a quarrel, Jack doesn't come home, and it's very heartbreaking. . . ."

Her friends say that Jack neglected her, that she was a golf widow, that he was rude to her in public. His friends say that the marriage never had a chance, that he was expected to act as first gentleman-in-waiting to (*Continued on page 70*)

hollywood's divorce statistics

★ about 500 players currently are active in motion pictures.

★ approximately one out of every six has been divorced.

★ of the 500, 48 have been divorced once.

★ of the 500, 24 have been divorced twice.

★ of the 500, 8 have been divorced three times.



modern screen's hollywood pictorial

■ Last month, MODERN SCREEN started a new pictorial series made up of exclusive picture stories and outstanding news photos of the month. Here is the second in the series. It contains more of the same kind of unusual photographs—which reveal with swift drama the underlying character of a personality. These pictures have been selected from the best current work of the best photographers covering the Hollywood scene. The final basis of selection was, as it will continue to be, the impact of the varied emotions which the camera succeeded in capturing.—THE EDITORS.

Romantic Elizabeth Taylor gets interested in a new beau.



Vic Damone and Elizabeth Taylor, a new twosome, arrive at the opening of the Chianti Restaurant, where they celebrated with other screen and night-club celebrities. Elizabeth, who is said to regret the spotlight thrown on her romances, has been seeing a great deal of the young singer. She's been going to the Mocambo to hear him, and they've gone on many horseback rides together.

Kirk Douglas contributes some hot licks on the trumpet at a jam session with the nation's top jazzmen at Eddie Condon's New York club.

Musical Kirk Douglas gets fascinated by a new pastime.



Eddie Condon (left), famous hot guitarist, and trombonist George Brunis give eager-to-learn Kirk the lowdown on how mouthpieces work.



"Pucker up your lips—so," instructs Brunis, as his willing student complies. Kirk visited Eddie Condon's for briefing on his *Young Man with a Horn* role.



To his teachers' delight, Kirk succeeds in making enough musician-like sounds to indicate that he's a potential jazzman.

more pictures on following pages

when some hollywood stars go to Palm Springs, it's for a



Joanne Dru, who is in Palm Springs to perform in location shots for *Wrong Guy,* happily greets husband John Ireland at the airport. John, having just finished *Cargo to Capetown,* is here strictly for fun.



Joanne helps John unpack—and, with wifely indignation, finds that he's managed to bring along a sock without its mate. John defends himself as most husbands would—he looks helpless.

but most movie folk go to the famous resort to sit in the



Ginger Rogers and Greg Bautzer, seen everywhere else together recently, are tennis partners at the Palm Springs Racquet Club—where they wait for their turn to play in the Pimm's Cup Tournament.



They've reached the finals—in which they're matched against Pat de Cicco and Gussie Moran, the gal who made lace-edged panties famous last year at Wimbledon. Ginger gets set to play the net.

combination of work and play.



While a scene is set up by the pool, John hears Joanne's lines. For a gag, during the shooting he got in camera range—he thought. He hadn't, but they got even with him by then telling him he'd ruined the shot.



Though John spent all his time having a holiday, Joanne could relax only a part of the time—for she and her *Wrong Guy* associates even worked a number of nights. Here she does a scene with Edmond O'Brien.

sun, enjoy sports and parties.



After a titanic battle, Rogers and Bautzer finally emerged triumphant—11-9, 4-6, 6-2. William Powell presents the silver trophies, watched by the Racquet Club's beaming owner, silent film star Charlie Farrell.



That night, Ginger and Greg—obviously interested in each other beyond the tennis court—have a victory dinner. (Joan Crawford, who'd been at Palm Springs the week before, filming *The Victim,* was not present.)

the end

MY PREDICTIONS FOR 1950

(*Continued from page 31*)

they've all got new deals, new prospects, new pictures, new promise. It's been slow going for some of them and fast for others. But right now they all stand at the doorway of their rich rewards. They're fit and ready for 1950.

Let's see why.

Personally, I'm mighty pleased to pick a redhead from Brooklyn to lead the grand promenade. I've watched Susan Hayward for a good many seasons now, and always I've thought, "If that girl ever gets the right part—watch her go!" All the time Susan was ripe as a pink-skinned peach for her big break—and now she has it. Her sad-sweet triumph in *My Foolish Heart* will, I predict, set her off toward a top-notch starring career at long last and someday an Academy Award—which she just missed once before, in *Smashup*. I'm not the only one who's betting on Susan, either. Darryl Zanuck—and they don't come cannier—has just shelled out an even $200,000 for the privilege of hiring her for seven long years, special scripts are in the works for Susan and her prospects couldn't be rosier.

Barbara Hale, after *Jolson Sings Again*, is my candidate to succeed Myrna Loy as the screen's perfect wife. In person, too, Barbara's the perfect wife—sweet and wholesome as they make 'em, warm, friendly, sincere. Those are qualities Hollywood has never lost on and they'll not lose a nickel on Barbara Hale from now on out. She's worth a million dollars in the bank.

stars are made . . .

Ruth Roman hit Hollywood with exactly $100 to her name, and not a friend in town. She lived in a tiny hotel over a drug store while she set out bravely to bat down the studio gates. Suddenly she showed up as the sleeper gal in *The Window* and came through with a solid smash in *Champion*.

Could it all be a flash for Ruth, and will that flash blind her eyes? Listen—Ruth grabbed at a small part in *Beyond the Forest* when her agent and all her friends told her it was too dinky. "Think what I can learn, acting with Bette Davis," came back Ruth. Next, she played a straight girl to Milton Berle in *Always Leave Them Laughing*, again not for a splash but because "I think the experience of working with Milton might be darn good for me." Then Ruth mixed her shots to play a dipsomaniac in *Rock Bottom*. What will the ex-carnival kid do next? It looks as if she'll be Gary Cooper's leading lady, no less, in *Bright Leaf*, and she'll be getting all the stories Warners had planned for Bette Davis, before Bette walked out. Ruth is on a ride to a star's throne where not even a bulldog will be able to shake her loose.

Shelley Winters is—let's face it—a screwball. But a talented, bouncy, cute and sassy one. And Hollywood has always had room for a girl like that, when she could act, since before the days of Clara Bow. Shelley caught on like the one-girl bonfire she is, when she played the sexy waitress with Ronald Colman in *A Double Life*. Since then, Shelley has scored bull's-eyes in *Larceny*, *The Great Gatsby* and *A Place in the Sun*.

Shelley's eager as a beaver to make a name for herself, dying to learn her job and learn it right. She's a member of Charles Laughton's Shakespeare study group, which means that every night, including Saturday nights, she works hard to gain real acting ability, because Charles doesn't fool with them a minute unless they do. Has it paid off? Well, George Stevens, who can direct any day for my money, picked Shelley for the tragic little factory girl in *A Place in the Sun* (the remake of *An American Tragedy*), a part with twice the guts and opportunity of the role drawn by everybody's pet and bet, Elizabeth Taylor. I'll predict that Shelley will get right to the top—if she'll watch her step, which is inclined to be high, wide and handsome. Anyway, she's on my first team for 1950.

Now, what about Janet Leigh? The girl Van Johnson named and started off in *Romance of Rosy Ridge* has made more pictures this past year than any other young star in Hollywood—and every one with prize leading men, including Robert Mitchum, Glenn Ford, Van Heflin and Peter Lawford. I happen to know that Louis B. Mayer puts her right up with Elizabeth Taylor as his biggest bet for 1950. She's made the best of her opportunities, worked hard, kept her head. 1950's her great year for sure, with *Holiday Affair* following up *The Red Danube* and *That Forsyte Woman*, and *Jet Pilot*—with John Wayne—all set to send her zooming.

You can't overlook Elizabeth Taylor, of course—and *I'm* certainly not, with the whole world looking her lovely way. At 18, which she'll be in February, Elizabeth can never be more beautiful. Next spring she'll do *Quo Vadis*, in Rome, MGM's biggest picture from all standpoints since *Ben Hur*, filmed back in 1924. I, for one, can't wait to see Elizabeth as *Lygia* strapped to a bull's back and fought for by Roman gladiators.

There are others who can come through this year to make big names for themselves. I think Ava Gardner will make the really stand-out star grade with James Mason in *East Side, West Side*. You may hate her in that slutty part but if she clicks, Ava's in—and *Carriage Entrance* with Bob Mitchum can keep her there.

Virginia Mayo, whom Jimmy Cagney uncovered as a real actress in *White Heat*, shows signs of making a serious bid for stardom at Warners. And don't overlook teen-age Joan Evans, either, who came through beautifully in her first test, *Roseanna McCoy*. Joan is Sam Goldwyn's pet and Sam can pick 'em—and build 'em. *Our Very Own*, her latest, and *Edge of Doom* are Joan's big-time career insurance for 1950. I'll also place side bets on Ann Blyth, Audrey Totter and Betty Garrett.

Now, what about the men in your Hollywood life for 1950? The five I'm picking are loaded and couldn't miss if you aimed them in the dark. First on that list, of course, is Kirk Douglas.

Today, the movie world is absolutely Kirk's oyster. He has *Champion* behind him, the more sensitive *Young Man With a Horn* ready to tear at your heart and *The Glass Menagerie* shooting as I write. He has a million-dollar contract at Warners—which gives him the right to make other films for any other studio he chooses. Nothing can stop that guy. He's still calling his shots as cannily as he ever did. He picked a comparatively small job in *The Glass Menagerie*, when he could have had the biggest. Why? "Gives me a chance at a comedy character," he said—right after he'd played a brooding, complexed trumpeter in *Young Man With A Horn*. And *that* after *Champion*, which was all muscle and action.

Kirk hasn't a pebble in his path to the all-time Hollywood greatness I predict he'll reach in 1950. The only puff in his sky is a mixed-up marriage, and in 1950 he just might straighten that out, too.

all hits, no errors . . .

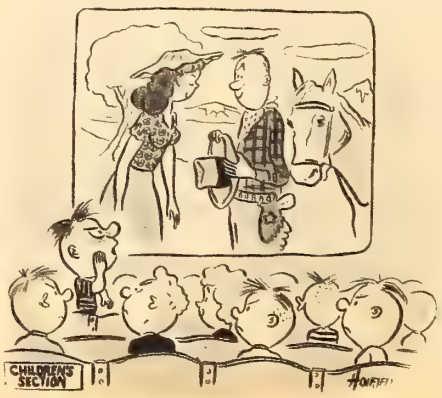
But who's next—Montgomery Clift? Not for my money. Before Marvelous Monty hits the top rung he'll have to climb past Farley Granger. So far, Farley hasn't given a bad performance, hasn't missed in one single flicker of film. I can't say that about Montgomery. He was swell in *Red River* and *The Search*. But he missed in *The Heiress*, especially in the scene that should have wrapped up his part in the picture—the important one with Olivia de Havilland's tough old pa, Ralph Richardson. Monty played that wrong and in so doing lost what might have been a decisive star in his crown. (Incidentally, right here let me predict that Olivia will cop an Oscar for her performance.)

I know Monty's shrewd about his scripts and I know he'll be a big rave with millions of girls everywhere. I'm not running him down as an actor, either, because he's good. I think he's a great star bet for 1950. But I think Farley Granger is better.

Farley's deeper and more sensitive and he's landed a role that could make 1950 an Academy Award year for him, even at his age. In *Edge of Doom* he'll play a man who accidentally kills a priest and then wrestles with his own soul. Farley will have Mark Robson, who directed both *Champion* and *My Foolish Heart*, to guide him. I'm betting on Farley to have the world at his feet when it's over.

Now, you can't exactly call Paul Douglas a boy—he's splitting his forties right now—but just a few years aren't enough to keep him off my glamor boy list for 1950. A lot of the younger charm lads could take a lesson from Paul—and borrow some of his youthful pep, good humor and virility. Ever since *A Letter to Three Wives*, Paul has romped away with female hearts from six to 60. Everybody loved him in that whacky *Everybody Does It*, he's got *Two Corridors East* coming up and Darryl Zanuck, a fervent Douglas fan, is going to throw his best scripts Paul's way. Why? Paul isn't good looking—in fact, he's a big, dog-faced Joe. He's got a voice like a buzz saw and manners you could call uncouth if you wanted to. He's a scamp for sure. When I was in New York last, Paul was also present, and in happy hot water as usual. He'd asked two girls to meet him there—one from Europe and one from Hollywood—and when they both showed up, Doug was having one heck of a time keeping them apart! Behind the brass,

MODERN SCREEN



"Get a grip on yourself, Mac, and kiss the dame!"

though, Paul's definitely a sterling actor.

But Mario Lanza is pure gold through and through, which makes it a thrill for me to include that wonderful Italian boy from across the tracks who made America's unbounded dream come true. Mario studied under Caruso's old voice coach—and he showed it in his first movie, *That Midnight Kiss.* I predict Mario will be Hollywood's new Nelson Eddy in 1950. *Kiss of Fire,* his next, looks too much like his first one—too frail a story for his golden voice. But when MGM digs deeper, as it will, and comes up with a real plot to mount Mario's voice, then watch for something which I, for one, have sadly missed—another golden age of song on the screen.

But I don't want to miss a mighty strong second string of fast-stepping young stars who'll sprint to glory in the year to come. Arthur Kennedy, for instance, whom Kirk Douglas calls "the best young actor of them all"—including himself. Richard Basehart, whose contract was worth $75,000 to Darryl Zanuck the other day. Mel Ferrer, whose performance in *Lost Boundaries* was superfine. David Brian who's first-rate in another MGM bid for the Academy Award, *Intruder in the Dust.* Since Joan Crawford discovered David in *Flamingo Road,* every star in town has been dying to get him—but there's just not enough Brian to go around. And keep your eye on John Derek, Richard Conte and Scott Brady—they've all got big steps ahead and the stride to make them. One really hot picture and they'll be off.

Now, let's turn from careers to Cupid and see what the outlook is for the little guy in the months ahead. What romances look altar-bound and what couples will tell their troubles to the judge? Well, my crystal ball gets a little cloudy here.

To start off, however, I can say that Bette Davis and Bill Sherry look a very good bet to stay together after their reconciliation. Bette's trouble is that she has always taken her career too seriously. When she's in a professional stew she takes it out at home. When she comes to her senses, she's sorry. But Bette's never had a baby in her former marriages and I predict her baby's father, temperamental as he too may be (after all, he's an artist), is too real an emotional tie to give up. And I also predict that her peace and happiness will fluctuate along with the luck Bette has in getting the right roles.

state of the unions . . .

I'm not too sanguine, though, about Kathryn Grayson's chances with her Johnny Johnston. Betty Hutton's marriage with Ted Briskin has been saved once, but if the pressure of her greatest career year—which, with *Let's Dance* and *Annie Get Your Gun,* it's bound to be—proves too much for Betty, there could be another, and a permanent, separation. There are clouds of misunderstanding that Alexis Smith and Craig Stevens must fight free of, and the same goes for Linda Darnell and her Pev Marley. Don't worry, though—I'm not—about Dan Dailey and his Elizabeth. Dan has got whatever bothered him out of his curly hair and has come to his senses—I have Dan's word for that. The Sinatras are set to grow old together, now that Frank appreciates Nancy for keeps. All that Mark Stevens has to worry about with Annelle is that touchy temper of his. All's well with Rory Calhoun and Lita Baron. Guy Madison and his Gail Russell couldn't be cozier—Guy even took suspension from Selznick because he just couldn't tear himself away from Gail for a personal appearance tour.

There've been all kinds of silly rumors about Lana Turner and Bob Topping since they came back to Hollywood. But I happen to know Lana wants this marriage to last and she's dedicated herself to that. I've never seen her look lovelier or happier—and, by the way, I'll predict right here that her career will blossom bright again in 1950.

It's always orange-blossom time in Hollywood, and there'll be plenty of new brides and grooms by 1951 that you'd never guess now. I'll predict three who'll stay bachelors, though, in spite of all the moonlight and beautiful girls in the world: Lew Ayres—because he likes his fun with no strings attached; Peter Lawford—because he prefers freedom to play the field; Cary Grant—because he's too contrary, Betsy Drake or no.

But I have the word of one young man that he's mighty eager for the girl to say "yes." That young man is Farley Granger and the girl is Shelley Winters. They don't add up as a team, as they come at you on the screen, but I've a hunch they'd be mighty good for each other. At any rate, I'm doing my darndest to make a match!

And how would you like to see Ava Gardner become Mrs. Howard Duff, in spite of her protests, sometime before 1951? I know Howard will go for that idea and, while Ava's said she doesn't love Howard enough, when you don't love a person you don't keep fighting and making up and have him hanging around all the time, do you? You get rid of the guy—which Ava has never done. I'm predicting she'll weaken before next New Year's Eve. He's a mighty stubborn man, that Duff.

And what about Ginger Rogers and Hollywood's beau boy, Greg Bautzer—wedding bells for them? Not in 1950, I'm afraid—but only for legal reasons. Ginger hasn't got her divorce yet, and that takes time, even if Greg is a lawyer. But I'll say this: If she were free right now, at the turn of the New Year she'd be Mrs. Bautzer. Greg's a mighty hard fish for the girls to net, and dozens of our best sirens have tried unsuccessfuly before. But I think he's met his match in Ginger.

That same legal barrier is Clark Gable's greatest protection against a married man's fate. Paulette Goddard is still married to Burgess Meredith—otherwise, I think that clever gal would have been the King's queen by now. I never sell Paulette short in getting whatever she wants, and it certainly looks as if she wants Clarkie. I'm keeping my fingers crossed there for a long time to come, because I think Clark secretly longs to be wed again and he's going to fall pretty hard when he does at last.

Joan Caulfield will marry Frank Ross, Jean Arthur's ex, that's certain enough. Janet Leigh and Arthur Loew, Jr. have wedding plans that can come true. And whenever Doris Day's manager, Marty Melcher, is free from Patti Andrews of the Andrews Sisters, Doris and Marty are fairly sure to make a home together. And what about Ruth Roman and Bill Walsh? Not from what Ruth tells me—but there's a hint of yes, yes in her eyes.

But there are others who might take that lover's leap in 1950, so I'll boost their chances along by holding the thought: Jane Wyman, because she's lonely and beautiful—to somebody, but not to Lew Ayres, Hedy Lamarr, if she can find the right man. And, for sure, a romance for lovely Elizabeth Taylor—it could well be Bill Pawley again. When he came out to Hollywood for Jane Powell's wedding, he talked long and seriously with Liz, and I do know that heart affair was very, very deep. They've never stopped their long-distance calls. But whoever it is, I know Elizabeth will fall in love and, if she can, get married. Her parents are for it and so is Elizabeth. I don't know any star who is more ripe-and-ready for mature life and a home of her own.

Well, there you are—that's how the movieland merry-go-round looks to me as I watch the chubby kid with "1950" on his diaper climb in the window and heave that wizened and worn 1949 character out. Another year of Hollywood history is written and the book closed for keeps on the stars' lives, loves, and luck.

But another is wide open and the pages blank. I'm just crazy enough to try to fill in a few in advance, when I should know better by now. Maybe I'll never learn. Oh, well—come along, 1950, and cross me up good. I double dare you! THE END

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I DON'T RUN BETTY'S LIFE

(*Continued from page 43*)

of Betty holds just as true of Marjorie. But this is about Betty, so I'll stick to her.

We've never been a gushy, demonstrative family, but we've always known where we stood with each other. Children feel your love, even if you're not forever making a to-do. We loved our kids, and wanted to do our best by them. That's why we sent them to dancing school—not with any career in mind, but for poise and grace. Marjorie was just average. Betty took to it like a duck to water. By the time she was five, people were asking me to let her go on in this review or that. From the first, she had a professional attitude. She hated showing off for friends and relatives, but let her get up on a stage, and she seemed to love it.

I'd always been a little stagestruck myself. As a girl, I had a good voice and hoped to be able to use it professionally. Nothing came of that. Also, my father was a student of Shakespeare, and he'd have me playing Juliet to his Romeo, which must have been pretty funny, though to me it was divine. However, a career for Betty never entered my head till her teachers and others began telling me she had talent. Even then, all I did was have her go on with her dancing. She was so little, and the future seemed far away. But I did insist on the lessons. And like any child, Betty would sometimes say: "Oh, I'd rather go out and play."

That's where I could have made my first mistake, by using—or abusing—parental authority. Only I don't believe that, just because you're older and stronger, you have the right to be arbitrary with children. As clearly as I could, I'd explain why the lessons were important, mix some judicious praise with the explanation, and wind up saying: "Of course you don't *have* to go, Baby. But I'd be awfully pleased if you did."

Loving me, she wanted to please me. Besides, she was born with a sense of responsibility. Already she felt somehow that dancing was her job. "That's all right, I can play tomorrow," she'd say, and off we'd go. The minute she got her dancing shoes on her feet, she was happy as a lark.

We spent a couple of vacations in Hollywood, so she could study with dancing teachers there. But St. Louis was home, and we always bought round-trip tickets as a matter of course. One summer we were all packed to return, when some of the kids from dancing school dropped by. "Mrs. Grable, they're holding auditions at Fox for a musical. Why not let Betty try out with the rest of us?"

"That's silly", said Betty. "I'm only 12."

I felt the same way. Then on an impulse, I said, "Let's go anyway. Of course they won't take you, but we've never seen the inside of a studio. That'll be something to tell the folks about."

Well, I was wrong. Out of 500 girls, ranging from 16 to 22, my 12-year-old was the first one picked. When they offered us a contract, I didn't quite know what to do. I asked Betty how she felt about it. It was her life, and she certainly had the right to help make a decision. What's more, I trusted her judgment just as she trusted mine. I could see she was pleased, but not wild with excitement the way some girls would have been. She thought it over, and came up with a characteristic answer. "I guess I'd like to stay, Mother. After all, I've put in a lot of work on dancing, and the idea is to get somewhere with it. Maybe here's my chance."

"Okay, honey, but we'll have to talk to Daddy first."

I called Mr. Grable, and gave him the story. He said, "If you'll promise to stay with Betty all the time, it's fine with me." And that's how the whole thing started. Marjorie went back to college, and we two stayed.

Through the next eight years we had plenty of ups and downs as far as the career went, and more downs than ups. Yet, in our relationship as mother and daughter, I look back and recall nothing but pleasantness. Naturally, I devoted myself to Betty. That was my job, just as dancing was hers. I'd get up at 5:30, fix breakfast, then drive her to the studio in our little Ford that leaked so badly when it rained we had to cover our heads and laps with newspapers. Then I'd sit on a hard bench all day long while she worked, take her home, cook dinner, have her in bed by nine, and set the alarm for 5:30 again next morning. Sunday was a big day for us. We'd go out to dinner and a picture show, and that was the extent of our social life.

Two things seemed to motivate Betty—her desire to please me and to "get somewhere" with her dancing. Not that she was crazy to be a star—that's the funny part—it was more of a practical angle. "It would be a shame", she'd say, "for all those hours of effort to go for nothing." I never saw her bothered about her work, except when she thought her career was bogging down. Otherwise, no matter how tough it got, she was always happy. If she hadn't been, believe me, we'd have quit.

Another reason Betty was satisfied with our quiet life is that she's a quiet person, reserved, and definitely shy. To this day she avoids big parties, because she hates walking in on a roomful of strangers. But what made me realize she was a born trouper was the way she'd lose all her shyness up on a stage.

too down-to-earth . . .

Betty's always maintained that she wasn't ambitious, and gives me the credit for egging her on to success. That's true up to a point. She wasn't ambitious the way some girls are—with that terrific drive that won't let anything stop them. Also, glamor never meant anything to her, she's too down-to-earth. If you pay her a compliment, she gets embarrassed. I remember a newspaperman asking her once about all the proposals she's supposed to get in the mail. She laughed. "They don't say, 'Fly with me'. That's only for movies. They say, 'Give me $5,000 and I'll marry you.'"

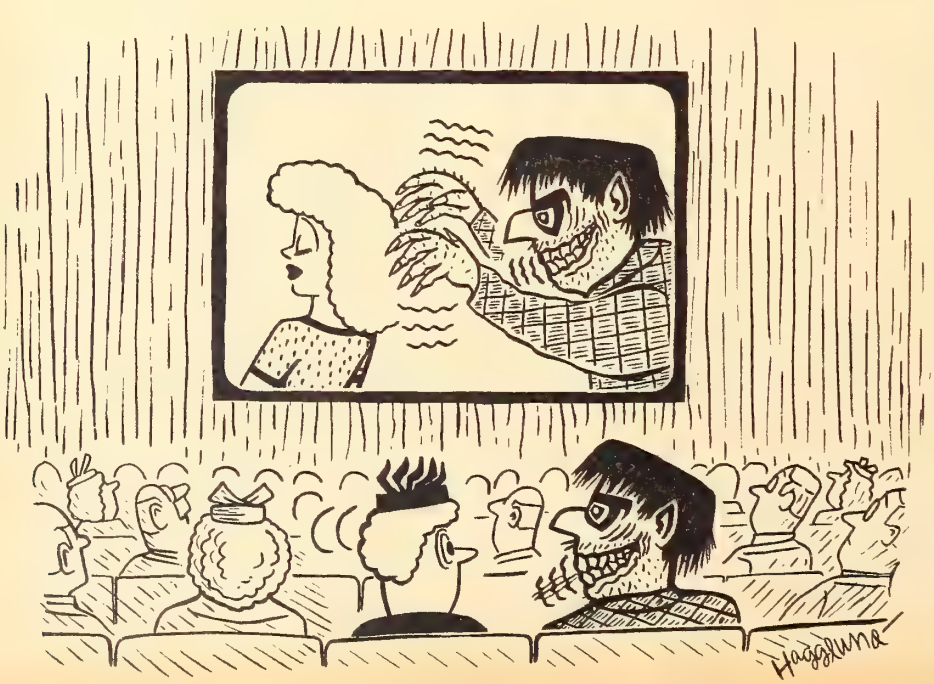
Actually, she always wanted the solid values of love and home and children that she's found with Harry. That was her real aim in life. At the same time, she had plenty of grit and persistence and, given the chance, she'd dance her feet off. What she couldn't do was push herself. She'd never say at auditions, "I can do so-and-so." But if they asked her, she'd get up and do it. And she's no different today. Betty devoted more time to the study of ballet than anything else. But has she ever used it in a picture? No. Because they didn't ask her. Some players in her position would have said, "Look, I like ballet, why don't we put in a ballet number?" She lets it go. Not from lack of interest, but because she hates to make demands.

Now I'm not exactly a pushy person myself. But I had absolute faith in Betty's talent, and I feel that a talent ought to be used. I encouraged her and helped her all I could. I'd be the one to find out where auditions were being held. I'd say, "Would you like to go, Betty?" She was perfectly willing as long as I was there to do the talking for her. I guess you might have called me sort of a liaison officer. It was to me Ted Fio-Rito came after seeing her in *Tattletales*. "Would Betty be interested in singing with a band?"

"Oh, Mother, I can't sing," she said when I told her.

Fio-Rito talked her out of that. "With your looks and personality, it doesn't matter how you sing."

And I've got to admit that I came in handy on *DuBarry*. All through rehearsals Betty was miserable. Her part was inferior, her costumes were nothing to brag about. And as usual, she wouldn't go to



bat for herself. "I can't, Mother. Mr. De Sylva's tops. I can't go complaining to him."

"Would you like me to go?"

"No, Mother, please don't. He's got enough on his mind and I'm not a very important part of this show."

Naturally I disagreed with her. But I hesitated to approach Mr. De Sylva against her wish, so I kept my mouth shut till Louis Shurr, the agent, walked into the theater one day.

"What's wrong with Betty? She doesn't seem happy in her work."

"Well, I'm supposed to keep mum, but as long as you ask me, I'm going to tell you. She's *not* happy." I explained why. He went straight to Buddy De Sylva, and right away the whole picture changed. New routines were ordered, new costumes designed, and my daughter was a new girl. She sparkled. After the opening, even Betty couldn't doubt that all those hours of practice had paid off.

no questions asked . . .

Close as Betty and I were, I made one rule for myself and stuck to it. I think everyone's entitled to the privacy of his own thoughts. I think mothers who try to force the confidence of their children defeat their own ends. If Betty came home cross or upset, I'd ask no questions. In her own good time I knew she'd tell me what was wrong. If I'd tried to pry, she'd have closed up, and in her place I'd have done the same. Being a mother gives you the privilege of standing by to help, it doesn't give you the right to meddle.

There was one boy Betty went with, whose driving I wasn't crazy about. "I'd appreciate it," I'd say when they left on a date, "if you'd call me when you get there." And Betty would always call and say, "Mother, we're here." That's as far as I ever went in making demands.

And I never exacted but one promise from Betty. She was 16, and got the first crush of her life on a boy in the band. I'd watched it coming, but waited for her to tell me about it. One night, after the lights were out, she did. "Mother, I think we're in love. Maybe—someday—we'll want to get married."

Every mother knows how she feels when this happens, especially with a girl so young. In my heart I felt pretty sure it was puppy-love, but puppy-love can be very real while it lasts. I wasn't going to spoil it for Betty. I listened and sympathized exactly as if I thought it would last forever. After a while I said, "Betty, will you make me one promise? You're only 16, and he's not much older. Just to make sure, will you promise me not to marry till you're 21?"

"Oh yes," she said dreamily, "I can promise you that. I'm in no hurry."

Then I knew it was puppy-love.

When Betty's picture career started after *DuBarry*, it was like old times. The alarm would be set for 5:30, and I'd fix her tray. She protested at first, but I asked her to look at it my way. "If you can get up this early to go to work, the least I can do is give you your breakfast and see you off."

Now, if there's a thing I just can't abide, it's an interfering in-law. I think half our broken marriages could be saved, if parents learned to stay on their side of the fence. I'd no more dream of dropping in on Betty uninvited than on anyone else. I don't think it's fair and I don't think it's courteous, and I think you owe your children at least as much courtesy as you'd show a stranger. Sometimes, if I have something special to see her about, I'll phone to find out whether or not it's convenient. Otherwise, I wait till I'm asked.

I make no suggestions about how she should run her home or bring up her children. That's her business, and she doesn't need my suggestions. She's doing all right. If you want the truth, she's come way above my expectations in that line. As a home-maker, Betty's been a revelation to me. Here was a girl who'd worked all her life on the stage, who could hardly brew a pot of coffee and didn't know a thing about children except how to love them. As a matter of fact, she had me lined up for special duty on the nurse's first day off after Vicki was born. "You'd better change her, Mother. I'll watch." Two seconds later she was telling me how to do it. "That's a new kind of diaper. You fold it square. Here, I'll show you."

She took over from there. I don't know a household that runs more smoothly than hers. I don't know two happier, better-behaved children than the James girls. And they aren't raised out of psychology books. "Common sense," says Betty, "tells you not to disturb a child when she's resting. Common sense tells you not to overindulge her, or she'll get wrong notions of her own importance and grow up to be a pain in the neck."

I remember the time Jessica locked herself into a room. It was quite a while before the locksmith came. All that time Betty knelt outside the door, talked to the baby, told her stories, sang songs, kept her laughing and happy until the locksmith got there. Handled differently, an experience like that could have left its mark on a child. But thanks to her mother, Jessica wasn't frightened. She seemed to think the whole thing was a wonderful game.

No, Betty doesn't need any pointers from me.

She and I still know where we stand with each other. We don't talk about it. Where there's trust and love, talk isn't necessary. No mother could ask for a more thoughtful or generous daughter. She'll go out and buy herself a robe, and send me one just like it. She'll say, "Mother, let's go shopping," and I'll find myself with a half-a-dozen new dresses. Never a day goes by that she doesn't call me two or three times. When she's working, I call her dressing room between 8 and 8:30 to find out how she is and whether she got to the studio all right. If I'm late, Marie, her hairdresser is right on the phone. "Why didn't you call? Betty was worried."

by invitation only . . .

I still go over to the studio to watch her dance numbers. I love them—so I'm certainly looking forward to watching her make *My Blue Heaven*. But I don't go for lunch unless I'm asked. Betty always eats with Angie, who sets her dance routines, and Marie and some of the other kids. If Betty says, "Mother, will you come to lunch?"—that's fine. Otherwise, I show up around two, and that's just as fine.

I don't understand parents who talk about sacrificing themselves for their children. Seems to me what you do for your children, you do for yourself. If I was helpful to Betty in any way, I'm tickled to death. But for all I know, she'd have gotten along just as well without me. And the truth is, I enjoyed every minute of it.

She doesn't owe me a thing. She's done more for me than I ever did for her, in a hundred ways—but especially by being my daughter and my friend. THE END

COMING NEXT MONTH: THE MARCH ISSUE OF MODERN SCREEN—THE BIG ELIZABETH TAYLOR BIRTHDAY BOOK!

your letters . . .

FLIGHTY ELIZABETH

Dear Editor: Elizabeth Taylor is still my favorite screen actress, but I certainly think it's time she began to grow up. A lot of us who admire her beauty, acting talent and sweet personality have grown more than a little disappointed with the flighty way in which she keeps making and breaking engagements. Maybe I'm old-fashioned, but I always thought that a girl who was on the level didn't pledge her word to marry a man unless she really meant it.

SANDRA RAWLEY, ALBANY

SHE PRAYS TO WALK

Dear Editor: Doris Day's story "My Prayer Was Answered" (December M. S.) really touched my heart, because I am in the same situation myself. I hope someday very soon God will grant me the power to walk again. Over two-and-a-half years ago, when I was about 16, I had a fall which developed into tuberculosis of the hip. I have had three hip operations and can safely say I had my share of pain. After reading this story by Doris Day, I feel that I, too, will walk again. God answered her prayers. Let's hope He will answer mine, too!

DORIS LAWRENCE, ROCKAWAY, N. J.

UNMARRIED AVA

Dear Editor: It's amazing to me how a girl can be as shortsighted as Constance Miller, who wrote the letter (January M. S.) rebuking Ava Gardner for keeping Howard Duff on a string. I say three cheers for Ava and every other girl who won't let herself be rushed into marrying someone she's not sure about. I only hope that she sticks to her guns.

MURIEL DURBIN, SEATTLE

LIES ABOUT CROSBY

Dear Editor: We Crosby fans don't like the type of articles you've been printing on Bing lately—"Stop Lying About Crosby," which you had about three months ago, and now "Too Young To Die" in the December issue. These articles were just based on silly rumors, and I think it's unfair to Bing to keep repeating these things. I think these slanders should be ignored, but, instead, you seem to enjoy printing them over again to be sure that no one missed them.

EDNA JAMES, NASHVILLE, TENN.

(*Speaking as Crosby enthusiasts, too, we still think that the best way to knock out false rumors is to bring them into the open and show them up for what they are.*)

CLIFT'S BUSINESS

Dear Editor: Why can't everyone leave Montgomery Clift alone? The way he eats, cooks, dresses and the things he does are entirely his own business. His looks are perfect and his acting is wonderful, so I can't understand why he needs to live like a king to satisfy some people.

LORENE GOLEN, GRIFFIN, GA.

DISHONEST HOLLYWOOD

Dear Editor: If the movie companies are looking for comedy subjects, why don't they take advantage of something which happens all the time right in Hollywood—the practically constant stream of "perfect" marriages which break up after being hailed as the most blissful unions this side of Heaven. The funniest part would be showing how the public gets taken for suckers—anyway that part of the public which continues to believe what it reads about happy marriages in Hollywood. Boy, is that a laugh!

HARRY MOHRMAN, ST. LOUIS

"Soaping" dulls hair— Halo glorifies it!





Not a soap, not a cream— Halo cannot leave dulling, dirt-catching soap film!

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Halo reveals the hidden beauty of your hair!

you're the type

by connie bartel, fashion editor

■ Are you making the most of your type? The big idea in clothes is to dress your personality as well as your person. Unless your get-up reveals something about the kind of girl you are, you're not doing yourself justice.

Fashion designers understand this, and that's why today you will find clothes suited to your type, in clothes suited to your size. Clothes which fit the junior figure usually fit the junior personality, too; and the same goes for all the other precision sizes that now, thank heaven, make perfect fit easy.

In this issue we concentrate on three examples of perfect type-casting. We begin with Catherine McLeod, opposite, a sophisticated lady in a sophisticated dress *you'll* love if you like to look grown-up, sure of yourself, and very slick and polished. On pages 64 and 65, we show how even shirts and skirts can look woman-of-the-world, if they're on the right girl.

On pages 66 and 67 we shift to the cute young look with three for you who have a slight young figure and a light young heart.

And on page 68 we wind up with a half-size dress which proves one of our pet convictions: nobody can look prettier than you half-sizes, if your dress is especially designed for your type.

Catherine McLeod dresses to type in sophisticated faille

■ Catherine McLeod, currently appearing in United Artists' *Escape If You Can*, wears a high-fashion, super-poised dress which perfectly suits her polished looks and divine figure. The dress is navy faille with a capelet collar and very French-looking jut pockets. Wear it to make a dramatic entrance at the smartest spot in town. Rayon faille. Sizes 10-18.

By Henry Rosenfeld. $14.95.

At the Hecht Company, Washington, D. C., other stores on page 71.

Single rhinestones by Coro.



modern screen fashions



sophisticates are slicker tha

■ Grey wool jersey and a slim corduroy skirt, or, the fashion model look. Rib-waisted blouse with Peter Pan collar, in oxford, natural, navy, cream, blue, pink, yellow, green, melon. By Old Colony. $4.95. Slim corduroy skirt with a burst of kick pleats, in green, brown, rose, powder blue, maize or beige. By Korday, $7.98. Where to buy, page 71.

anybody



■ Long sleeved T-shirt and a tweed skirt with huge pockets, or, the cover girl look. Cotton jersey shirt in white, maize, blue, navy, toast, red. By Shepherd. $2.95. Wonderful wool skirt with pockets placed toward the rear, and an inverted pleat in front. Gold, strawberry, sea foam, natural, pink. By Rosecrest. $7.95. Where to buy, page 71.

a modern screen fashion



■ The sailor collar with the dickey fill-in, aided and abetted by a cummerbund waistband and a full skirt, in case you feel like whirling. Carefree young one-piece dress in Sanforized cotton broadcloth —pert as can be. Slate grey, copper brown, emerald green. Sizes 9-15. By Junior Clique—$5.95. Where to buy, page 71.

juniors are cuter



■ The celebrated slipping hip-line of the 20's—when girls were flappers and as cute as girls can be. Washable rayon gabardine middy and accordion pleated skirt, very "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes." Beige, grey, powder, green, navy, dusty rose. Sizes 9-15. By Zan Tamar—about $7.95. Where to buy, page 71.



■ Two colors to get you twice as much attention. Chartreuse top, buttoned in navy—navy skirt, pocketed in chartreuse. Tucked to a T, definitely dashing. It's a one piece dress in Tegra rayon. Also pink top with navy; beige or aqua with brown; light grey with dark grey. Sizes 9-15. By Zan Tamar —about $7.95. Where to buy, page 71.

than anybody

All jewelry by Coro

the hand-made look... and it's a half size



■ The expensive look of delicate tucks—rows and rows of them—etched with the laciest of lace. Skillfully cut for the half-size figure, fine woven Sanforized cotton dress with lace-edged collar and cuffs, front pleats. In brown, lilac, gun metal, blue, dark green. Sizes 14½-24½. A Westover Wearable —$10.95. For where to buy, page 71.

Jewelry by Coro

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Left . . . flowers of embroidery. Soap 'n Water Rayon, guaranteed unconditionally washable. Charming Blue, Sunny Rose, Enchanted Green, Daffodil Yellow.

Right . . . flowers of lace in RUM-TUM, a fine FOLKER fabric, hand-washable, permanently crease-resistant, linen-textured Rayon. Pink, Blue, Green, Beige.

Both in sizes 10S to 20S for the Smaller Miss of 5'4" or less.

Under $13

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Wilson Co. ..... Gainesville, Fla.
C. W. Klemm ..... Bloomington, Ill.
Vogue ..... Fort Wayne, Ind.
Newman's ..... Arkansas City, Kans.
Pegues Wright ..... Hutchinson, Kans.
Cole's ..... Manhattan, Kans.
Crosby Bros. ..... Topeka, Kans.
Walker Bros. ..... Wichita, Kans.
Norman's ..... Bowling Green, Ky.
Sisters ..... Augusta, Maine
J. E. Palmer Co. ..... Portland, Maine
H.W. Pray Co., ... Newburyport, Mass.
Kumin's ..... Brockton, Mass.
Albert Steiger Co. ..... Springfield, Mass.
Mabel's Cotton Shop, ... Saginaw, Mich.
Freimuth's ..... Duluth, Minn.
Christman's ..... Joplin, Mo.
O'Shea's ..... Laconia, N. H.
J. W. Hill Co. ..... Manchester, N. H.
Norby's ..... Grand Forks, N. D.
Wiseman's ..... Lancaster, Ohio
Groff Karnopp ..... Toledo, Ohio
Smith's Women's Shop ..... Eugene, Ore.
Nina's ..... Shelbyville, Tenn.
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DIVORCE—THE SHAME OF HOLLYWOOD

(*Continued from page 53*)

Shirley, the princess, that through four long years his mother was invited to the house exactly twice. They tell how Jack planned to surprise Shirley on her birthday with a small but nifty new car. And how Shirley found out, and because they'd had a tiff, whirled home that evening in the biggest, showiest Cadillac she could find on the market.

Wherever the blame may lie—and, as usual, it's probably somewhere in the middle—what's the outlook for Linda? Behind her dimples, Shirley's a determined young woman. We can't see her making concessions where her child is concerned.

On the other hand, Jack's a stubborn young man, unlikely to yield up his paternal rights. At best, Linda loses the warmth of her father's presence. At worst, she grows up to be a bone of contention, her loyalties divided, her affections torn.

poor little rich kids . . .

It's this kind of conflict that develops neuroses in children of divorce. You don't have to be poor to feel insecure. A certain boarding school in Hollywood caters largely to the youngsters of filmland's broken marriages. Most of the kids go home for the weekend. To one father, the principal said: "Always be on time. If you say you're coming at three, make it exactly three, or a minute earlier. Never a minute later. Because around noon, these children begin to look worried. They gather in little bull sessions, wondering whether they're going to be picked up or not. Sometimes parents get their signals mixed, and a child is left stranded. What that does to the child, I'd hate to be responsible for."

Compound divorce, like a compound fracture of the leg, offers more serious problems than a simple break. A case in point is the Flynn-Eddington-Haymes-Dru-Ireland mix-up. Flynn has a son by Lili Damita and two daughters by Nora Eddington. Three children were born to Haymes and Joanne Dru, Ireland has two by a former marriage. Nora and Dick have announced a blessed event. Eight children and a prospect caught in the net of their elders' tangled emotions!

The original divorce agreement between Flynn and Nora gave her legal custody of both little girls, while Errol retained physical custody of two-year-old Rory, the light of his life. But once she was free, Nora repented her bargain. The two little sisters, she told Flynn, loved one another and should be allowed to grow up together. In tears, she begged him for permission to take Rory to Las Vegas while Errol went abroad. Flynn refused. She could visit the child at home as often as she liked, but Rory was not to be removed from the premises nor from the charge of Nora's stepmother, who'd been caring for her.

The struggle continues. Nora bases her pleas—a little tardily—on what's best for the children. "We have no right to separate them." You can hardly blame her for wanting both her daughters. Neither can you blame Errol, who for the first time has given his whole heart to a child. But even at two, Rory is affected. Her father's return from Europe excited her to the point of illness, so that she had to spend the next day in bed. Perhaps this is partly the reason why Nora's arguments seem to be making some dent. On the point of leaving for India to do *Kim*, Errol offered a counter-proposal. While he's away, both children go to Nora. When he's at home, both children come to him. Considering the circumstances, it sounds like a fair solution. Considering the children, how can they help being confused and upset by all this?

But Rory and Deirdre are mercifully little, and for the present unaware of many things. It's the older children who take the full impact of these blows. In this whole picture, Skippy, first-born of Dick Haymes and Joanne Dru, presents the most forlorn figure. Regardless of the break between him and Joanne, Dick was an attentive father till he met Nora. To Skippy, he was the sun and moon. When Daddy came home, something wonderful always happened, like going up in a plane or taking a horseback ride. He couldn't understand why Daddy had stopped coming. Joanne tried to explain, but he still didn't understand. "Because he's divorced from you," he asked, "does that mean he doesn't like *me* any more?"

After marrying Nora, Dick used to have his children come over to the house. Somehow it didn't work out, and the visits were dropped. Skippy missed his father so desperately that often he'd call him on the phone just to hear his voice. Sometimes Dick would be out and, through negligence, the message wouldn't be delivered. After all, what could a little boy have to say that was so important?

John Ireland is wonderful to the children. But to Skippy, John can't take his father's place. Skippy, unfortunately, is old enough for pain, and not old enough to know how to cope with it. . . .

Even with the younger ones, who can tell what things go on in their minds and hearts that could lead them 20 years hence to a psychiatrist's couch? A four-year-old was told that her father would come to take her out that day. Her father had been away for months. He was a stranger. The word meant nothing to her. When he appeared, she shrieked bloody murder. Not till they promised to let the nurse go along, would she budge out of the house with this man, her father. Or take the case of Deanna Durbin's Jessica at a Hallowe'en party. The kids were bragging—"I've got this and my mommy's got that and my daddy's got the other." Jessica listened gravely and supplied the topper: "My daddy's got four mommies." Where she'd picked up the information that Felix Jackson had been married four times has no bearing here. Of course it sounded funny. How funny will Jessica find it in years to come?

life without mother . . .

Originally, Jane Wyman intended taking the children when she went to England for *Stage Fright*. Ronald Reagan, just back from making *The Hasty Heart*, advised against it. So did other people. Finally convinced that the small fry would be better off at home, Jane asked Ronald to stay with them while she was gone. Because, cliché or not, these two remain friends. Neither could foresee that at a charity baseball game Ronnie was destined to fracture his thigh in five places and spend nine weeks at the hospital in traction. Those weeks, piled on top of his long stay in England, pretty well dimmed him from the mind of four-year-old Michael. When Ronnie hobbled in at last, Michael stared with more interest at the crutches than at his father. Ronnie went about the business of making friends. Each evening he sat with the child while he had his dinner—till the nurse took him aside. "Mr. Reagan," she said, "Michael doesn't eat when you're around. He's too busy talking."

The following night Ronnie said, "Look, Michael—I'm going out of the room. Here's the reason why: When I stay, we talk to

(*Continued on page 72*)

WHERE YOU CAN BUY MODERN SCREEN FASHIONS

(Prices may vary throughout country)

Capelet dress worn by Catherine McLeod (page 63)
Boston, Mass.—*Jordan Marsh Co.*, Sport Dresses, 2nd Fl., Main Bldg.
Hartford, Conn.—*Sage-Allen & Co.*, Mary Lewis Shop, 2nd Fl.
New York, N. Y.—*Franklin Simon & Co.*, Sport Shop, 3rd Fl.
Philadelphia, Pa.—*John Wanamaker*, Moderate Price Dresses, 3rd Fl.
Washington, D. C.—*The Hecht Co.*, Casual Dresses, 3rd Fl.

Jersey blouse (page 64)
Boston, Mass.—*Filene's*, Washington St.
Columbus, Ohio—*F. & R. Lazarus & Co.*, Collegienne Sportswear, 3rd Fl.
Indianapolis, Ind.—*L. S. Ayres & Co.*, Collegienne Shop, 3rd Fl.
New York, N. Y.—*Lord & Taylor*, Street Floor

Corduroy shirt (page 64)
Kansas City, Mo.—*Mindlin's*, Downtown & on the Plaza, Sport & Casual Shops
Newark, N. J.—*L. Bamberger & Co.*, "Separates," 3rd Fl.
New York, N. Y.—*Stern's*, 41 W. 42nd St.
Philadelphia, Pa.—*Gimbels*, Market & 9th Sts., Sportswear, 3rd Fl.

Long sleeved cotton jersey shirt (page 65)
Natchez, Miss.—*Raymond's*
New York, N. Y.—*Saks-34th*, 34th St. & Broadway, Sportswear, 3rd Fl.
Philadelphia, Pa.—*Lousols*, Chestnut St., Blouse Dept., Main Fl.
Washington, D. C.—*Woodward & Lothrop*, Sportswear, 3rd Fl., Main Bldg.

Wool skirt with hip pockets (page 65)
Columbus, Ohio—*F. & R. Lazarus & Co.*, Popular Price Sportswear, 2nd Fl.
Hartford, Conn.—*Sage Allen & Co.*, Sport Shop, 2nd Fl.
New York, N. Y.—*McCreery's*, 5th Ave. & 34th St., Sportswear, 4th Fl.
Washington, D. C.—*Lansburgh's*, 420 NW 7th St., Sportswear Dept., 2nd Fl.

Sailor collar broadcloth dress (page 66)
New York, N. Y.—*Stern's*, 41 W. 42nd St., Junior Dress Dept., 3rd Fl.
Philadelphia, Pa.—*John Wanamaker*
Washington, D. C.—*Woodward & Lothrop*, Jr. Misses, 2nd Fl., N. Bldg.

A Middy dress and Two-tone dress (page 67)
Albuquerque, New Mex.—*The California Store*, 141 Bridge St.
Cairo, Ga.—*Rushin's*
Caldwell, Idaho, *Meurer's*, 705 Main
Coffeyville, Ka.—*Greene's*
Lewistown, Mont.—*The Leader*
Natchez, Miss.—*Karls'*, 604 Franklin

Tucked cotton dress (page 68)
Brooklyn, N. Y.—*Abraham & Straus*, 420 Fulton St., Women's Sportswear, 3rd Fl.
Columbus, Ohio—*F. & R. Lazarus & Co.*
Los Angeles, Cal.—*The May Co.*
Memphis, Tenn.—*Goldsmith's*, Main & Gayoso Sts., Women's Dresses, 3rd Fl.
Pittsburgh, Pa.—*Joseph Horne Co.*, Women's Sunshine Corner, 2nd Fl.

HOW TO ORDER MODERN SCREEN FASHIONS

(1) Buy in person from stores listed.
(2) Order by mail from stores listed.
(3) Write Connie Bartel, Modern Screen, Box 125, Murray Hill Station, New York 16, N. Y.—for store in your vicinity.

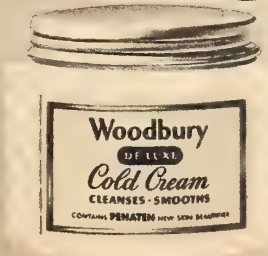


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Such deep and thorough cleansing is possible only because of Penaten—a new, miraculous penetrating agent. Now in Woodbury Cold Cream, Penaten *seeps deeper* into pore openings . . . *carries the cleansing oils deeper* to float out every speck of clinging soil and stubborn make-up.

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Penetrates deeper because it contains PENATEN

Jonathan Logan

Breath-of-Spring sweetness in a nosegay printed rayon taffeta... party perfect, with tiny bodice, will-o'-the-wisp sleeves. The three tiered skirt widens with each ruffled flounce. Black with purple, black with red, grey with yellow, brown with pink violets. Sizes 9-11-13-15.

12.95

Winner Fashion Academy Award Gold Medal 1950



DIVORCE—THE SHAME OF HOLLYWOOD

(*Continued from page 70*)

each other, and when we talk, you forget about eating. If you don't eat, you won't get strong. I'll wait for you in the other room. As soon as you've finished all your spinach and applesauce, I'll come back."

He winked at the nurse and left. Michael hadn't uttered a peep. But out in the hallway, Ronnie heard his clear treble: "You know sump'n? I *like* him!"

No tribute ever sounded sweeter to Reagan. The pity of it is that because two adults made a mistake, this child will have only a part-time father. But Ronnie and Jane are at least aware of their responsibility. They'll do all in their power to compensate to the children.

Terry is the son of Doris Day's first marriage. He was cared for by her mother—also divorced—so that Doris could go on singing with bands. Once established in Hollywood, she brought them both out to join her. Somewhere along the way, she'd married George Weidler. That proved another flop. The day the divorce went through, she walked into the kitchen where her mother was cooking. "Here we go again," said Doris. "You don't have a husband, I don't have a husband." Her head dropped on her arms, and she bawled like a baby for the end of something that had started in happiness.

man of the family . . .

On this scene Terry entered. Nothing had been said in his presence, but children seem to soak things in through their pores. He eyed his mother gravely. "Don't worry, Mom. I'll look out for you."

She managed a grin. "Sure, sure, you're the man of the house." But after he'd gone, the tears started afresh. "I—I can't help it," she sobbed. "Him and his skinny shoulders, all bowed down with responsibility . . ."

It may seem inconsistent at this point to cite the fact that though Joan Bennett has had four daughters by three husbands, you won't meet a better-adjusted family than that composed of those daughters, Joan, and her third husband, Walter Wanger. Analyze Joan, and the inconsistency vanishes. She's done what some of the others couldn't do—learned through mistakes, weighed the comparative values of family and career, made a clear choice. Family's first. She doesn't take her work lightly, but neither does it tear her to shreds. A part's a part, it isn't a matter of life or death. Whether her name appears among the top box-office 10 or 20 or even 50, it matters not a tinker's dam to Joan. If she never saw a camera again, life would still be rich in the human relationships that mean most to her. Such an attitude in their mother is like sunlight to kids.

As above noted, the problems of divorce can be overcome if you have the will. Joan had the will and found the wisdom.

There's another special hazard to the children of Hollywood divorce, which your child or mine would be safe from—the hazard of publicity.

The child of a certain star, who'd broken with her husband, was too young to read. Some of his playmates weren't. His mother had been trying to figure out the best way of telling him that Daddy wouldn't be back. She was seated at her dressing table one day, when a strange yapping reached her through the open windows. She listened and froze. "Yaa, yaa, your daddy's not coming home, your mother divorced him." A kind of numbness gripped her. She sat and waited, heard the approaching footsteps, saw the small figure enter, somber-eyed.

"You divorced my daddy, my daddy's not coming home!" He flung himself at her. "I hate you, I hate you!"

One way or another, he had to find out, but this was the worst way. Gentleness would have eased the knowledge. As it was, he'd been taxed beyond his emotional strength. A sudden savage thrust had shattered his world, and who was going to put it together again?

Children must be wanted. To grow up whole and sound, they must feel secure in the world of their childhood. Only parents can give them security, be the parents natural or foster. Brenda Marshall's first marriage was unhappy. Perhaps for that reason her daughter was a shy little introvert, timid with people, unsure of herself. Bill Holden loved the child for her own sake as well as his wife's. "I have to make her realize she's important to me," he thought. "Not so much that she's got a new father, but I have a new daughter." Unobtrusively he wooed her, drew her within the safekeeping of his tenderness. Virginia danced well. When work permitted, Bill made a point of taking her to and from classes. After the boys were born, he gave her if anything more attention than before. You'd never know today that Virginia was once a lost kind of little girl. Transplanted to healthy soil, she's blossomed like the rose.

This is a story about children of divorce—but pardon us if we linger a moment on the other side, to mark a contrast. No two people are better aware of the proper emotional environment for youngsters than Mal and Ray Milland. Equally concerned for Danny and Victoria, they explained to their son that they'd wanted a little sister for him and it hadn't worked out, so they planned to adopt one. Mal brought Victoria home from the East to a couple of menfolk who couldn't contain their excitement. Danny insisted that she sleep in his room. Having left for a moment to attend to something, Mal came back and stopped short at the threshold, a lump catching her throat. On his bed lay Danny, chin cupped, an admiring spectator, while Ray braided the long blonde hair of their new daughter. . . .

sharing the pride . . .

This is the stuff of home and family. These are the moments that stay with a child and form the cherished mosaic of his background. Outer and inner stability go together. When Mal and Ray signed the final adoption papers, Danny went along. It meant taking him out of school for a week, but a week's schooling was nothing compared with the value of cutting him in on the deal, having him stand right beside them, so both children would feel through direct experience that he was adopting a sister as proudly as the parents were adopting a daughter. . . .

We're not out to point any morals. Children of divorce become useful citizens. Children of happy homes wind up behind the eight-ball. It happens like that, but the odds are the other way round.

We don't know the answer. All we know is what the kid said at the start. He'd rather have only one Christmas tree.

THE END

JOIN WITH THE STARS IN THE FIGHT ON POLIO—CONTRIBUTE TO THE MARCH OF DIMES!

HOLLYWOOD'S 10 BEST CITIZENS

(Continued from page 46)

MODERN SCREEN to give full particulars of the activities for which the players were thus honored. All of them, if not members of the armed forces in World War II, devoted time and effort to war bond drives, camp and hospital personal appearances in the U. S. and abroad, and related activities. Beyond this, brief mention is made of only a few of the outstanding good works to the credit of Hollywood's 10 best citizens—who, alphabetically, are as follows:

Bud Abbott—who, with Lou Costello, jointly supports the Lou Costello, Jr., Youth Foundation. Since its founding in 1946, they have put about $400,000 into the project, whose annual maintenance is $50,000. Its play center and medical clinic, located in the east side of Los Angeles, has facilities for 10,000 children. One of the results of its operations has been a decline of more than 40 per cent in juvenile delinquency in the district.

Jack Benny—who sometimes presides at fund-raising rallies seven nights a week and to whom a neighborhood charity event is as important as a national drive. Though he insists that no publicity be made of his financial contributions, it is generally conceded that no one in Hollywood has donated more to worthy causes.

Lou Costello—who, with Bud Abbott, is co-supporter of the Lou Costello, Jr., Youth Foundation, which they founded in 1946 in memory of Costello's son, who was drowned in the family swimming pool.

Bing Crosby—the full scope of whose civic and philanthropic activities is not, at his own insistence, public knowledge. But it is extremely wide. For instance, he has contributed $130,000 to Gonzaga University toward a library for that school. His Crosby Research Foundation has been of great help to inventors. Ideas submitted to it are carefully examined by experts and, if they are considered worthwhile, the Foundation assists in their development and in securing financial backing to place them on the market.

with charity for all . . .

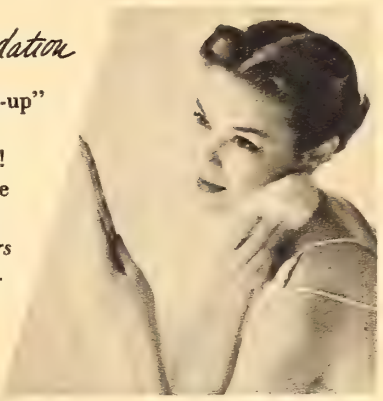
Irene Dunne—who, a Roman Catholic, was named "the actress who has done the most to promote better understanding among peoples of all faiths" during 1948 by the National Conference of Christians and Jews. She is a member of The Christophers, a non-sectarian, anti-totalitarian group whose current project is to produce 30 non-profit short films aimed at "throwing out the evil from American life." She received the 1949 Laetare Medal from the University of Notre Dame as the year's outstanding member of the Catholic laity in America. She was appointed 1949 chairman of the National Women's Committee of the American Heart Association by Harold E. Stassen, the national chairman.

Bob Hope—who is one of the most tireless workers for worthy causes in America. Practically every spare moment of his time is devoted to forwarding some civic or philanthropic enterprise.

Jean Hersholt—who is one of the leaders of the movie community in shouldering responsibility. He is president of the Motion Picture Relief Fund, of which he was a founder, which provides a home for impoverished, ill or elderly actors and actresses. He is a director of the Screen Actors Guild, of which he was a founder; of the Radio Artists Federation, and of the Hollywood Bowl Association. For four years—1945-49—he was president of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences. He has, in his many years in

For the skin that objects to **heavy** make-up

A misty-sheer, greaseless foundation



If your skin feels uncomfortably "made-up" in a heavy foundation, then set it *free* with this sheer, flattering powder base! Before powder, apply a *light*, protective veil of Pond's Vanishing Cream. It's greaseless! The satiny Cream *disappears* on your skin, leaving a smooth, adherent finish for powder. No streaking. No shade problem. Your make-up stays charmingly fresh for *hours!*



1-Minute Mask

Tonight—before you go out—*re-style* your complexion! Cover your face, except eyes, with a snowy-white 1-Minute Mask of Pond's Vanishing Cream. The Cream's "keratolytic" action loosens and dissolves off little skin roughnesses and dirt particles. After one minute, tissue off. *See* the new glow to your skin, *feel* the new softness. Powder slips on more evenly, more smoothly than *ever!*



The Countess Jean de Caraman says—"Pond's Vanishing Cream as a powder base gives such a smooth, flattering, natural-looking make-up—helps keep my skin soft in any kind of weather."



Pat's mother spanks!

Pat spills crumbs all over the clean rug, and mother has to drag out the vacuum again. It makes her mad enough to spank!



Pete's mother doesn't!

Pete has crumb trouble, too . . . but his unruffled mother gets the mess quick, with her handy Bissell Sweeper. She saves her vacuum for heavy cleaning, uses her Bissell® for all quick daily clean-ups.

Only BISSELL has "BISCO-MATIC"* BRUSH ACTION

This miracle-action brush adjusts itself *automatically* to any rug thickness. Picks up every speck, even under beds, with *no* pressure on the handle. So easy on rugs, and *you!*



New Bissell Sweepers with "Bisco-matic" Brush Action as low as $6.45. Illustrated: The "Flight" at $9.45. Prices a little more in the West.



BISSELL SWEEPERS

Bissell Carpet Sweeper Company
Grand Rapids 2, Michigan

* Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. Bissell's full spring controlled brush.

Hollywood, always been a sort of father confessor to minor workers in the industry. On many occasions, instead of merely channeling relief and medical cases to the proper charitable agencies, he has assisted with his own funds.

Roy Rogers—who is second to none in the motion picture industry in the amount of good he has done for sick children. He is constantly called upon to visit, telephone or send a message to some ailing child, and he always responds. In every town he visits, he makes a personal appearance at the local children's hospital, if there is one. The American Legion awarded him an Americanism citation in 1949 for his nationwide work in child safety.

Red Skelton—who is one of the leading supporters of the Pacific Boys' Club Home, which is sponsored by the Kiwanis Club for the purpose of giving a home and education to boys who have become subject to reform-school terms. Instead of serving their sentences, these boys are frequently transferred by the court to the Boys' Home and given an opportunity to correct themselves. Besides contributing extensively to the larger charities, he does a great deal of charity work on a personal basis. His "loans" to needy motion picture workers reached such a point at one time that his business agent was forced to limit him to $75 a week in pocket money.

Loretta Young—whose chief charitable interest is in the St. Anne's Foundation, a maternity hospital for unwed mothers to which she has contributed approximately $100,000. She never benefits by any of her radio appearances, since she turns the entire amount she thus earns over to this charity. She is credited with being the first to encourage Father Peyton's Family Theater radio program, which she helped to get on the air.

To all these ladies and gentlemen go MODERN SCREEN's congratulations. In being chosen by the General Federation of Women's Clubs as Hollywood's 10 best citizens, they reflect high credit on a profession, an industry and a community that should be proud to claim them.

THE END

BAREFOOT BOY WITH SHOWS ON

(*Continued from page 29*)

just restless, or is he trying to find out something?"

He's trying to find out something. He has a deep curiosity about the whys and wherefores of human relationships. By nature, he's a lone wolf. But, while primarily he's a self-contained individualist, devoting his life to his profession with the ardor of the true artist, there's nothing anti-social about him.

"To be convincing," he explains, "an actor must share, or at least be aware of, experiences familiar to the audience. Otherwise, he's making faces in an emotional vacuum and nobody knows what on earth he's trying to express. He must get around and meet the people—people everywhere. Any young actor with the fare should visit Israel. There's one of the few really new nations established since the American Revolution. Everything there is dramatic and challenging—and wonderfully stimulating and broadening.

"I can't stand being in the hothouse atmosphere of Hollywood for more than a few months at a time. People there live such an artificial existence that they lose contact with ordinary people. . . . But please don't misunderstand me! I owe Hollywood a lot, and I know it. I hope I never turn out to be one of those jerks who reap the rewards of Hollywood and then blast the place for ruining their 'artistic integrity.' Guys like that didn't have integrity in the first place if they let that happen to them."

Clift's insistence on maintaining his integrity has been the despair of publicity men. He simply doesn't believe in leading his private life in public nor will he lend himself to the exhibitionistic projects dreamed up by publicists. He's been that way from the beginning of his career.

Several years ago, he was playing on Broadway in *Foxhole in the Parlor*. The press agent in charge of exploiting the play hired 50 bobby-soxers to lie in wait for the young actor outside the stage entrance of the theater. It was planned that, as Clift came out, the 50 were to "mob" him, camera shutters were to click and, it was fondly hoped, pictures of New York's new "matinee idol" were to be plastered over the drama pages of the newspapers.

Clift was told about the scheme. He was, to put it mildly, lukewarm. The press agent argued earnestly—and Clift reluctantly agreed.

Then, at the last minute, Clift's honesty prevailed. He turned up his coat collar and sneaked out of the theater by a side entrance.

When writers ask him for permission to interview his mother or father or older brother or twin sister for background material, Clift always politely but firmly refuses. "Look," he says, "what could you find out, anyway? What can my mother say to strangers? That I was a cute baby, that I cried at night, that she's proud of me? Nuts! Who cares? Such things don't mean anything. And besides, if I didn't keep my family out of my public life, it would be a terrific nuisance to them. Why should they be bothered?"

To date, Clift's feelings about his family have been honored—largely because, when he does grant interviews, he's quite cooperative in telling all about himself. All, that is, except about something his family probably wouldn't know about anyway: his love life.

"I like girls," he says flatly. "All kinds of girls. But I just won't drag any particular girl I like into the spotlight by talking about her to reporters. And I can't describe what type of girl I like better than another—I just don't know. If I meet a girl I like, then I ask her for a date. That's all there is to it."

In the past year, Clift has been "linked romantically" in the gossip columns with a number of girls. But what male star—with the exception of Lassie, and he's supposed to be a girl—hasn't? Here are the ladies the news-hungry columnists have recently mentioned in connection with Clift: Actresses Peggy Knudsen, Ann Lincoln and Myra Letts; writer Tricia Hurst, and WAC Lieutenant Mary Carter. At this writing, his engagement to none of those ladies has been announced. Any more than it has to Elizabeth Taylor who, through studio arrangement, he escorted not long ago to the Hollywood première of *The Heiress*.

At the beginning of 1946, Clift was completely unknown to movie-goers. Today, his fan mail is second to none in volume (and probably intensity) and exhibitors everywhere will tell you he's an actor who attracts more profit than even their popcorn machines.

Clift is modest indeed about his phenomenal screen success. "I've been very lucky," he says, "to have had fine directors for all my pictures. I've always felt that

ood director is the most important fac- in a good picture."

When he signed with Paramount to ke three pictures for a minimum of 0,000 apiece, he insisted, besides the ht to approve the final script, on having tipulation in the contract that each film uld be directed by one of four top- chers—Frank Capra, William Wyler, orge Stevens and William Wilder. He already finished two of the three pic- es, *The Heiress* and *A Place in the Sun.* at his third will be, he doesn't know. t he does know that when he makes it, will be in the masterful hands of a t-rate director.

ney isn't everything . . .

Now, this is definitely an unusual ar- gement. One may well wonder why er actors don't make the same sort of al. Actors like Gary Cooper, for in- nce. Cooper has been around for years, s got great prestige, he's a tremendous x-office draw. Why doesn't Cooper, e Clift, battle and argue over scripts d directors?

The answer is that Cooper's main reason making movies is to make money— 0,000 a picture, with frequently a per- ntage of the profits. To Clift, making ney is strictly secondary to helping ieve an artistic creation.

n 1946, Howard Hawks phoned Clift in w York from Hollywood and offered n a job in *Red River.* He described the e and the story. Clift turned him down. don't think the part's right for me," he d. And at that moment of superb re- al, Clift was broke and living on un- ployment compensation.

But Hawks persisted. "It's impossible me to give you a fair idea of this pic- e over the phone," he said. "Tell you at: I'll wire you expense money and u come out here and let me talk to u. If you still don't like the part, you u fly back. Fair enough?"

Clift agreed and went to Hollywood. "I s very much afraid of the part," he s. "I didn't think I was physically right it. I didn't believe I could stand up to nan as big as John Wayne. But I liked story and Hawks gave me a good deal, I signed."

n Clift's second picture, *The Search,* he used to play the role of the GI unless he uld do it as he thought it should be done n a natural, realistic manner. "And the y the part was written," he says, "the racter was a Boy Scout type spreading ility and virtue all over the lot. I was posed to be so darned saintly a special p man would've been needed to polish halo. I felt the soldier had to get mad the kid and yell at him when the situa- n was established, just as any normal ult does with a difficult kid."

When Clift was told the characterization uldn't be changed, he said he'd bow out the picture. He was reminded that he'd ned for six weeks and couldn't bow out. K.," he said. "Suppose the picture isn't shed after six weeks. Is there any- ng to prevent me from bowing out n?"

The script was changed and Clift was mitted to play the role as he saw it. e picture was a success, Clift's artistic science was satisfied, and demands his services arose in every Hollywood dio.

Montgomery Clift may often give a first pression that he's a sort of barefoot boy. he is, he's a barefoot boy with his feet nted firmly on a path going up—a path y definitely of his own choosing.

THE END

THE MARCH ISSUE OF MODERN SCREEN IS THE ELIZABETH TAYLOR BIRTHDAY BOOK



To My Favorite Blonde

Oh, lovely Blonde! My voice I raise,
Your *tender, golden* charms to praise.

When I am soiled beyond belief,
Your *perfume* heralds prompt relief.

Beneath your *swift* and *gentle* care,
I shun all washday *wear* and *tear.*

And when with me you've had your way
I'm cleansed of *'Tattle-Tale-ish'* Gray.

All *substitutes* I now decline,
Dear Blondie, be my Valentine!





GOLDEN BAR OR GOLDEN CHIPS

Fels-Naptha Soap

BANISHES "TATTLE-TALE GRAY"

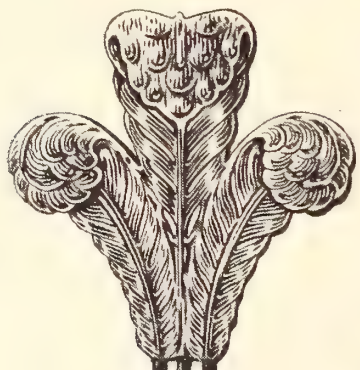
LITTLE LULU



Wait! Always room for Kleenex* Pocket-Packs!

Little Lulu says: WHEREVER YOU GO, CARRY KLEENEX POCKET-PACK TISSUES! SOFT, STRONG KLEENEX TISSUES (24 SHEETS — 12 PULLS) IN A TINY NEW PACKAGE THAT SERVES ONE AT A TIME, ONLY 5¢

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AMERICA'S BEST DRESSED WOMEN WEAR CORO JEWELRY

sweet and hot



by leonard feather

**Highly Recommended
*Recommended
No Stars: Average

FROM THE MOVIES

BITTER VICTORY—"You're Wonderful" by Billy Eckstine* (MGM).

THE GREAT LOVER—"A Thousand Violins" by Russ Case* (MGM); Paul Weston (Capitol).

JOLSON SINGS AGAIN—Album of six songs (Victor).
A weird assortment ranging from Vaughn Monroe singing *Sonny Boy* (oh, *no!*) to Count Basie in *After You've Gone,* plus Phil Harris, Sammy Kaye, Tony Martin and Tommy Dorsey.

OH, YOU BEAUTIFUL DOLL—Tony Martin-Pied Pipers Album* (Victor).
Six songs from the movie about the late Fred Fisher, American songsmith from Cologne, Germany, including the title tune, which oddly enough Fred didn't write. For Tormé fans, there's a single Capitol platter by Mel, coupling this song with *There's a Broken Heart for Every Light on Broadway.*

RED SHOES—Ballet music by Easdale, conducted by Muir Matheson with the Philharmonic Orch.* (Columbia long-playing)

SHE WORE A YELLOW RIBBON—Title song by Ralph Flanagan* (Victor); Tommy Tucker (MGM); Andrews Sisters & Russ Morgan (Decca).

WABASH AVENUE—"I've Been Floating Down the Old Green River" by Johnny Mercer (Capitol); "Billy" by Doris Drew (MGM)

POPULAR AND BOPULAR

JUNE CHRISTY—"Get Happy"* (Capitol).
With the help of fine Pete Rugolo backing, Stan Kenton's blonde alumna sounds greatly improved on this and the backing *I'll Remember April.*

KING COLE—"My Mother Told Me"** (Capitol).
Shorn of the vocal groups, elaborate backgrounds and dull Tin Pan Alley tunes Nat sounds like his old informal self in this delightful blues, mated with an equally pleasant *Exactly Like You.*

ELLA FITZGERALD—"In The Evening"* (Decca)

WOODY HERMAN—"Rhapsody In Wood" (Capitol).
This is the number Ralph Burns wrote to feature Woody's clarinet, and the band in a George Pal Puppetoon.

ROY KRAL-JACKIE CAIN—"Ever Lovin' Blues"* (Atlantic).
This great new group, a sextet with a subtle sound, includes a girl cellist, a terrific girl drummer and vocals by "Mr & Mrs. Bop" (Kral and Cain), formerly of the Ventura band. Reverse is a synthetic treatment of *Auld Lang Syne.*

ALBUMS

SPADE COOLEY—"Skip To My Lou" (Victor)
Strictly for square dancers—with calls by Roy Rogers.

BILLY ECKSTINE—Eight of the best standard songs from Billy's bandleading era. Long playing record* (National).

OSCAR LEVANT—Gershwin's "2nd Rhapsody," variations on "I Got Rhythm," and three "Preludes"* (Columbia).

MY NEW GUY

(Continued from page 33)

little wall between it and my consciousness and behave as if it wasn't there at all.

Well, a person can go on pretending away a lot of things—but not one certain thing. There came a morning when I woke up and didn't feel at all like Neptune's daughter. On the contrary, I felt like somebody's mother! I was both thrilled and confused.

It was time to share with my husband the responsibility of what might be going on, so I did. "But Ben," I said, after the first cheers and excitement were over, "don't say anything yet! I want to be absolutely certain before we make any announcement. I don't want to have to pull any of this 'I guess I was wrong, ha-ha!' stuff. And I don't want to be running into friends months after breaking the news and have them say, 'Good heavens! Haven't you had that baby *yet?*'"

He promised—but it was tough on him, because he wanted to tell the world in a full campaign including use of stenciled sidewalks, handbills and skywriting. And it was tough on me, too, because I had to contend with Charlie at the studio, who was the assistant director on our picture. I had to contend with him because there came mornings when I couldn't get to the studio on time; I would drag myself in sometimes an hour or more late.

long-term cold . . .

"This isn't like you, Esther," Charlie would say disapprovingly. "What's wrong?"

"Uh—it's a cold," I would tell him, and snuffle busily. But after several weeks of this . . . well, how long *can* you have a cold? He would eye me suspiciously.

"That cold sure is hanging on," he would comment.

"Snuffle! snuffle!" I would snuffle, miserably. "Isn't it, though?"

But worst of all was the pool. We spent such a long time in it for the big scenes that it was sometimes kept heated up to 88 degrees. Between this suffocating warmth and the chlorine in it—ugh! In the middle of a number I would feel myself getting woozy and would start dreaming of drinking a big pitcher of ice water, or wonder why I hadn't taken up ice-skating in the first place instead of swimming.

No sir, my "cold" soon wore out its usefulness as an excuse. It was time to find out about myself exactly so I could tell the world if it was true. Besides, from the way some of those mermaids were flipping their eyes around when I went past I had a hunch I wasn't fooling them anyway. (I wasn't, as I later learned from the busy little know-it-alls!)

Came the official verdict—and, as they say in Washington, I was able to declassify my secret. "The first person I'm going to tell about it, outside of the immediate family, is Charlie," I told Ben.

I arrived at the studio late as usual the next day and there was Charlie waiting for me in my dressing room with a big medical book in his hand. In my condition, the sight of it scared me.

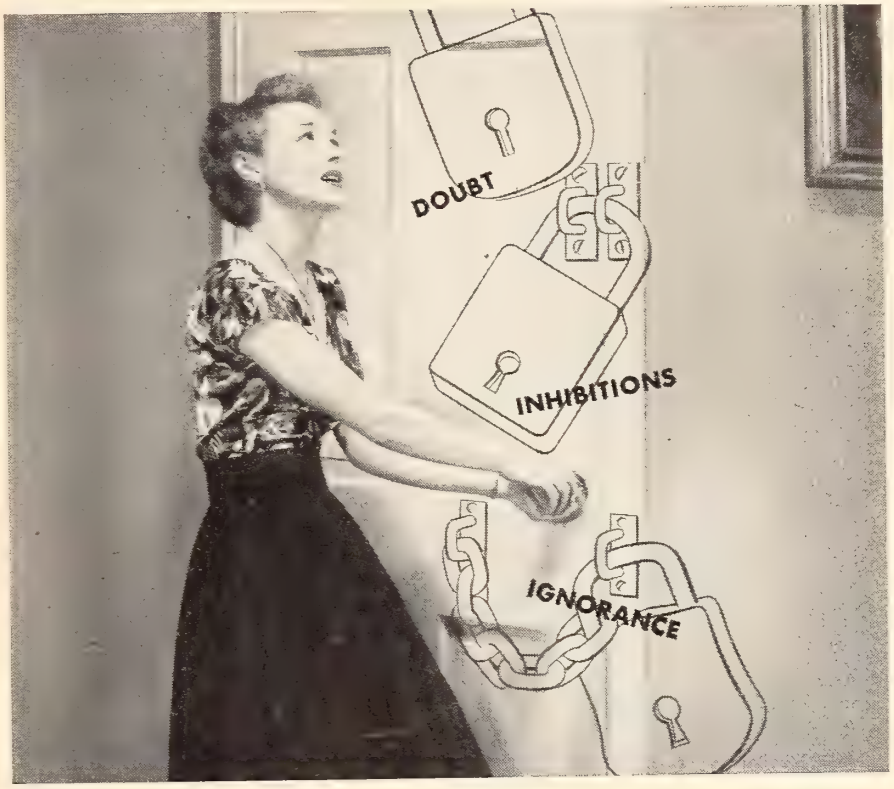
"What's *that?*" I asked.

"I've got a whole chapter on colds here," he said severely. "It says that colds either get better or turn into pneumonia. Yours hasn't been getting anywhere for weeks."

"Charlie, we can write a new chapter for that book," I said. "My cold turned into a baby."

From then on everybody understood, and working was a little easier for me

"PLEASE, DAVE..PLEASE DON'T LET ME BE LOCKED OUT FROM YOU!"



Often a wife fails to realize that doubts due to one intimate neglect shut her out from happy married love

A man marries a woman because he loves her. So instead of blaming him if married love begins to cool, she should question herself. Is she truly trying to keep her husband and herself eager, happy married lovers? One most effective way to safeguard her dainty feminine allure is by practicing *complete feminine hygiene* as provided by vaginal douches with a *scientifically correct* preparation like "Lysol." *So* easy a way to banish the misgivings that often keep married lovers *apart.*

Germs destroyed swiftly

"Lysol" has amazing, *proved* power to kill germ-life on contact . . . truly cleanses the vaginal canal even in the presence of mucous matter. Thus "Lysol" *acts* in a way that makeshifts like soap, salt or soda *never can.*

Appealing daintiness is assured, because the very source of objectionable odors is eliminated.

Use whenever needed!

Yet gentle, non-caustic "Lysol" *will not harm* delicate tissue. Simple directions give correct douching solution. Many doctors advise their patients to douche regularly with "Lysol" brand disinfectant, just to insure feminine daintiness alone, and to use it as often as necessary. No greasy aftereffect.

For feminine hygiene, three times more women use "Lysol" than any other liquid preparation. No other is more reliable. You, too, can rely on "Lysol" to help protect your married happiness . . . keep you desirable!

For complete Feminine Hygiene rely on . . .

"Lysol" Brand Disinfectant

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

A Concentrated Germ-Killer

Product of Lehn & Fink



NEW!...FEMININE HYGIENE FACTS!

FREE! New booklet of information by leading gynecological authority. Mail coupon to Lehn & Fink, 192 Bloomfield Avenue, Bloomfield, N. J.

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DM-502

during the shooting of the picture. But toward the end of it, some four-and-a-half months later, things got a little frantic. Baby was beginning to make himself quite evident, there was still one more scene to be shot and there was a delay in the preparations for it. It turned into a race—and ended in a dead heat. If you should see me in *Neptune's Daughter,* you might take note of the dressing-room sequence just before the finale of the picture. I'm in it, face and shoulders only. That, in case anyone wants to know, is because we could only get the upper portion of the robe buttoned.

So that's how I sailed through motherhood in my professional life. My private life? Ah, that was a cinch. There were good days (there must have been, I'm sure) and there were the other kind. Some of the latter just couldn't get started early enough, it seemed. I used to find myself awake at three and four in the morning, lying there just communing with nausea. A lovely way to pass the time. On one such dawning, I got an irresistible desire to eat something that I knew would make me feel better—but I couldn't think of what it was. For an hour I probed into every little alley and wrinkle in my mind trying to nail down the pesky thing that was tantalizing me so, and . . . finally I hit upon it! So simple, too.

But I just wasn't able to get out of bed and fetch it. The only thing left was to have Ben get it for me. But wake him up in the middle of his sleep and make him do that? I couldn't. Still, I just *had* to have it. So I compromised. I used thought power on him—telepathy. I concentrated as hard as could. "Ben, you can't sleep any more," I said in my mind. "You just can't because you know I want something and you must go downstairs and get it for me." And I repeated and repeated. Suddenly he started to stir!

How wonderful, I thought. And then, just to make sure, I spoke aloud. "Oh, Ben. While you're downstairs, will you pick me up a cold peach from the refrigerator?"

There was more stirring—and then a deep, steady breathing. He'd just turned over in his sleep! It was perfectly disgusting!

Morning came at last. As Ben was dressing, he turned to me and said, "You know, honey, you talked in your sleep last night."

"I did?" I asked. "Are you sure?"

how ridiculous! . . .

"Sure," he replied. "I woke up for some reason and was just shifting around when I heard you. Something silly about wanting me to go downstairs and get you a cold peach. Imagine that!"

Yet, of course, I couldn't have gone through the whole thing without Ben's understanding and help. There were days when he used to recite dozens of dishes, one after the other, to help me think of the one that something inside of me was shouting for. There were mornings too, when he would have warm tomato soup for breakfast because warm tomato soup was the only thing I wanted and I couldn't even think of sniffing anything else—particularly the bacon that he ordinarily would have had.

But on the other hand there was the time . . . hmmm! . . . I can just feel myself getting mad at him all over again! It was toward the end of my expectancy and baby was no longer being subtle about his existence. Far from it. Far, far, *far* from it! As I waddled into the living room one evening, Ben looked up from his newspaper. When he saw me an almost frightened expression crossed his face. He said, "Wow!"

I drew myself up to my full height (so I would look taller than rounder). "What do you mean, sir, by that?" I demanded. "Wow, what?"

"Oh, nothing," he said, folding up the paper quickly and slipping it to one side of him. I didn't like the way he did that. So I went to pick it up. He grabbed it and put it on the other side of him. That was enough for me.

"I demand that you give me that paper!" I said.

"It's just a paper," he answered.

"Give it to me."

He did. I opened it up. Right over almost half the page was a big ad for *Neptune's Daughter.* In the ad was a picture of me, in the gold bathing suit I had worn, looking wonderfully slim and sitting on a diving board. Slim! SLIM! My eyes filled with tears and Ben hastened to say something.

"It was just the contrast for the moment when I saw you," he tried to explain. "That 'wow!' came out before I thought."

"How could you?" I sobbed. "How *could* you!"

That was positively the low of my life then. Oh, well—there's nothing like a good cry. But only a few days after that, Ben came down suddenly with something rare which the doctor called a ruptured Meckles Diverticulum. It required immediate surgery. I was at his bedside when he awoke after the operation.

"The doctor says you should feel quite exclusive," I said. "Few people get what you had."

Ben groaned. "I know what it is," he said. "It's something you catch when you kid your wife about her figure when she's going to have a baby."

Poor Ben. We laughed at that till he hurt and had to stop. Later he got an idea to take my picture in the same pose as in the ad so we could have an imperishable record of the contrast. But I said no, thanks, that I didn't even want to remember myself that way, let alone have it around for everyone else to see. Anyhow, I wasn't going to climb onto any old diving board in my condition—I had finally lost an argument with my doctor on the subject of swimming as a pre-natal exercise.

It was O. K. with the doctor until the last couple of months, when he wanted me to stop it in favor of walking. I didn't want to walk. It jogged me, and besides, it meant going outdoors and wincing every time I passed a small boy for fear he would yell out something like, "Hey, Joey! Look-it! I thought they didn't allow trucks on the sidewalk!"

So I swam. Then one day after a meeting with the doctor, I stopped suddenly. The main reason for this was that he pointed out that he was a poor swimmer himself and would find water a strange medium in which to work should there be a sudden emergency. That was enough for me.

Eventually there came a day when the doctor said, "Esther, you are starting on your last week." Ben and I fell all over each other in preparations. First I packed my little bag so it would be all ready. I put in bedjacket, best hairbrush, nightie, a bottle of cologne, two of this and three of that and so on. We called off all our engagements for the week, sat down and waited.

The day passed. Evening came on. "A whole week like this?" I thought. I got up and went to the telephone and called the doctor. "Really!" I said. "This is getting ridiculous. We're just sitting and looking at each other."

just like that . . .

"All right," he replied. "If you're so impatient, have Ben drive you to my office now. I'll examine you and possibly you can go to the hospital and have the baby tonight."

"Wha-wha-what?" I stammered. "Just like *that?*"

"Sure." And he hung up.

Ben took me over. The doctor said everything was favorable. I was to go to the hospital immediately. Whew!

We could have gone right then and there but first I insisted on Ben driving me home. I don't know why. Just to look around, maybe. Then I insisted that he see some of his business associates and tell them he might not be around for a while. I wouldn't mind waiting at all, I assured him. I thought of other ways to stall, too. But, in the end—well, there was nothing left to do but go!

We were just leaving the house when I stopped and told Ben that I was hungry.

"Oh, no!" he said. "You're not supposed to eat."

"But you're hungry, too," I said, hopefully. "Don't you want to eat?"

"Well," he said, "I'll get something to eat after I get you to the hospital."

I was staggered. "You couldn't!" I protested. "You just couldn't eat *then!*"

---

hollywood cook book



by nancy craig, american broadcasting company women's editor

■ When svelte, sophisticated Marta Toren sat down in front of our ABC microphone to talk about her latest picture, *Death on a Side Street,* I immediately concluded that here was a young lady whose tastes were definitely Continental. Toward the end of our interview when I asked her what her favorite dishes were, I certainly expected her to recommend some exotic souffle or perhaps one of the delicious smorgasbord recipes of her native Sweden. Imagine how surprised I was when Marta said that her favorite dish was ham and eggs. And Marta was really serious. "Good American ham and country fresh eggs are a delicacy that we didn't get much of in Europe—especially during the war. I could eat ham and eggs three times a day." However, more surprising was the unique way that Marta has of frying eggs. It's a simple little trick, but I have tried it and I can tell you that it really is wonderful.

As soon as your butter starts to simmer, drop your eggs sunnyside up into the pan, which is over a medium flame. Immediately cover the frying pan with one of your kitchen dishes so that none of the heat escapes. After about a minute, remove the dish and using a butter brush spread some prepared mustard lightly over the hardening whites and drop a dab on each yoke. Then put the dish back over the pan and allow the eggs to cook for another minute or however long is necessary to suit your personal taste.

Covering the pan gives the eggs a baked quality—makes them taste more elaborate than simple fried eggs. Not only that, but it saves you the trouble of having to turn them over, since they cook on both sides at once. The mustard gives them a nice tang. Serve the eggs by placing them on top of your favorite type of ham and garnish with parsley. This is really an attractive, simple dish.

"Couldn't I?" he asked. Then, catching himself suddenly—"Oh, of course not. I couldn't think of it!"

"Oh, yes, you could!" I accused . . . and so on until we got to the hospital. I had been looking for something to start the tears, and I had found it. . . .

A little after midnight—at 12:46 a.m.—on August 6, the baby was born. A few hours later I regained consciousness to hear myself delivering a long lecture to my nurse on lubrication of automobiles—which I know nothing about. It must have been a very dull talk, because it put me right back to sleep again.

The next night a television set was put into my room and I watched Ben do his regular weekly television show. He came on looking tired, and I realized that he had propably been up all night, what with hanging around at the hospital, phoning relatives and getting his show set. The first thing he did as he made his entrance was open up his coat. Around his waist was a big sign that said, "IT'S A BOY." He turned around and lifted the back of his coat to reveal another sign. This one read, "SEVEN POUNDS, NINE CUNCES!" Then he started to sing "Mighty Lak a Rose"—and when I heard the line, "Sweetest little feller," I broke out in tears. . . .

So you see, there was nothing to it. I just sailed through motherhood. And now that it's over, what have I got to show for it?

Well, here he is in my arms—Benjamin Stanton Gage. My new guy is a blue-eyed little man with dark, reddish hair and great, big hands. I brush his hair with his own little brush. I smooth his little shirt. And I do other things for him, besides. And when I am all through, I bend low for my reward—and I get it. In a most bored manner, he looks up at me and hiccups and hiccups and hiccups!

That's what I've got. And, girls, take it from me—everybody should have a baby!

THE END

SOMEWHERE OVER THE RAINBOW

(*Continued from page 16*)

clouds are far behind me . . . Where troubles melt like lemon drops, away above the chimney tops—that's where you'll find me. . . ."

The throb in the child's voice rose with hope, and there were tears in the eyes of the workmen. The thin whirring of the camera sounded loud in the utter quiet of the stage.

"*Somewhere over the rainbow, blue birds fly. . . . If birds fly over the rainbow, why, then—oh, why, can't I?*"

There was a long moment in which nobody moved or spoke, then a sniffle or two and an embarrassed cough broke the silence. Finally the director took a deep breath.

"That's all, Judy," he said. "That was swell."

Judy Garland bowed and skipped away. She didn't know it then, but she was a star. Maybe her name wasn't important enough at that moment to put up in lights, but everyone on that stage knew he had heard and seen a great artist—and that it was just a matter of time and the usual inter-office memos until Judy got her due.

That was a long time ago, and a lot of water has passed under the bridge, and many things have happened. Judy Garland is no longer the child she was that day, she doesn't bow and skip away when she finishes a scene any more. Her eyes are not as starry when somebody says, "That's swell." There have been too many years of disillusionment and heartbreak for

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Advertisement

Have You Heard?



JOAN LANSING

BABY, IT'S COLD OUTSIDE . . . but I managed to find myself a cozy corner by the radio last Friday night and cuddle up to what I think is a pretty terrific, warm-hearted family . . . OZZIE, HARRIET, DAVID and RICKY NELSON. Along about 9 o'clock (Eastern Time) the nifty NELSONS gladden your local ABC station's airwaves with their happy-go-lucky humor and spontaneous good cheer. The wonderful wizard of OZZIE, his cute double-check-mate HARRIET, their bumptious boys DAVID and RICKY . . . all add up to a grand way to spend a Friday evening . . . joining in the entertaining "ADVENTURES OF OZZIE AND HARRIET." (And if you're still cold, you might try one of the H. J. Heinz Company's hot-delight soups. To quote a note from OZZIE: "At noon, at night, at other times . . . warm up with soups by H. J. Heinz!")

SOUP-TO-NUTS DEPT. . . . dished out along with more glamorous gimmicks such as minks, diamonds and trips-around-the-world . . . await winners on the fabulous "CHANCE OF A LIFETIME" program. What a purseful of prizes they've given away! M.C. JOHN REED KING (he's one King I'd like to be ruled by) put's plenty of zing into proceedings every Sunday night at 9:30 (Eastern Time) when "CHANCE OF A LIFETIME" comes your way on your local ABC station. I've already sent in my phone number to be eligible for some of that heavenly haul . . . why don't you? It's a real "CHANCE OF A LIFETIME" . . . sponsored by the nice Bretton Watch Band people.

ON THE HOLLYWOOD GRIDDLE . . . who? . . . why? . . . what? . . . when? . . . how? . . . where? . . . get all the gossip straight from Hollywood's first lady of the luminary set . . . LOUELLA PARSONS on her Woodbury soap-box Sunday nights at 9:15 (Eastern Time) on your local ABC station. Lolly, by golly, knows the ins-and-outs of the movie industry and its starry inhabitants . . . and does a colorful, juicy job of reporting the latest about the greatest!

I'M "DATED" FOR A GREAT TIME FRIDAY NIGHTS . . . starting with THE LONE RANGER and ending with the FIGHTS:

The Lone Ranger	**7:30 P.M. et**
The Fat Man	**8:00 P.M. et**
This Is Your F.B.I.	**8:30 P.M. et**
Ozzie and Harriet	**9:00 P.M. et**
The Sheriff	**9:30 P.M. et**
Harry Wismer	**9:55 P.M. et**
Cavalcade of Sports	**10:00 P.M. et**

Joan Lansing

an idle compliment to please her. Perhaps, you say, it's because Judy Garland grew up. But you are wrong. That's what's the matter with Judy Garland. She never grew up. She never had a chance to grow up. She never had time.

All past experience has proven to the movie producers that a dim light, called talent, must shine somewhere below all the obvious characteristics in an embryo star. For that reason the screening for future stars is more severe. And when the light is spotted, at the age of five or fifty, the studios hold on to the actor as tightly as possible.

The first man to realize that Judy was to rise to great things was George Jessel. (At the time, Judy's name was Frances Gumm.) Jessel was master of ceremonies at a benefit when Judy and her sisters played. In introducing Frances Gumm, Jessel stopped for a moment in his talk and tried to picture that name in lights. It didn't look so good, so George changed his pitch.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "I want to introduce next a little lady who is destined for great things. A kid with a voice that is going to start America singing her songs. A child with a name I want you all to remember. Miss Judy Garland."

a star is born . . .

Movies were no hop, skip and jump from there. An agent became interested in her and took her out to MGM. The executives looked her over, heard her sing, and made their decisions. Sure the doll could sing, sing fine. but she was short, plump, apple-cheeked, not too pretty and her eyes were too big for her head. But the agent was important enough to be able to get Judy an audition with L. B. Mayer. Mayer heard her through and sent downstairs for a contract.

There was plenty of opposition to that contract. All of the other executives objected and wanted to go on record as being opposed to the deal. Mayer listened to them, let them all go on record, then handed Judy's agent a pen. She was in.

Just a polite little drama of minor conflict, eh? No. It was more than that. Put yourself in the place of a girl of twelve who wants a job and has ninety percent of the brass in command against her. In her adolescent mind two camps were set up, those who wanted her and those who didn't. The big brass became enemies, bosses, people to cope with warily. Mayer became her friend and mentor.

And Judy Garland became MGM's biggest money-maker. But she never forgot that first day when nobody wanted her—and a lot of other things.

Time breeds intolerance, as well as some of the good things. When Judy Garland was taken out of *Annie Get Your Gun* almost a year ago she was practically friendless in Hollywood. The press spanked her soundly and at every opportunity. The studio issued formal statements explaining its stand, and it took no supreme court justice to see that it was quite justified.

Judy had been late for work time after time. The cast had been assembled ready to work on several occasions when she didn't even show up. MGM had given her every consideration but she just wouldn't cooperate. It was, therefore, the studio heads' duty to the stockholders to remove her from the picture before the added costs went beyond all hope of reclamation. It was a field day for the papers. A big studio publicly denouncing a big star!

But in all this racket there was one small voice that didn't quite get through. It was tiny and tear-choked. Judy Garland's voice. And it wasn't making excuses, or asking anyone to hear her side of the story. It just said, "They are right. What they say is true."

Let us assume for a moment, say, Greer Garson had fallen into a fit of temperament and decided to take things easy for awhile. Her home or her dressing room would have been instantly filled with executives, each with his own formula for squaring the beef—or Clark Gable, or Van Johnson, or any of the other MGM stars. When the big shots upstairs decided that Judy Garland was out of line, however, they did it another way. They sent a messenger down to the set to hand her a note which said, in effect, "You are hereby suspended from your contract until further notice."

After fifteen years, a note! Then, before you can catch your breath, a formal announcement of your sins to the newspapers.

Judy Garland went home and cried. If it hadn't been for a single friend who came to her side at that time, heaven knows what she might have done.

A careful investigation of the events taking place after that tells an interesting story. Carleton Alsop, Judy's manager and friend, went to see her at her home. He watched her cry and listened to her story. Then he drove out to MGM and asked for a conference with the studio heads.

They all sat there impassively, the top men of MGM, businessmen with obligations to the company. Louis B. Mayer sat at the head of the table. Alsop pointed out the value of Judy Garland as an MGM asset, her past earnings and her future potential. Then he turned to the white-haired head of the studio.

"Mr. Mayer," he said, "you have earned a reputation as the most brilliant executive in Hollywood. You know Judy Garland is an asset of this corporation. She is ill, she needs help, medical attention. Let her go away, invest some of your money in her, make her well and you'll be doing your duties to your company."

There was a murmur of approval around the table. Alsop, known as one of Hollywood's most lucid talkers, then told them the story of Judy Garland and MGM—and when he was through, there wasn't a misunderstanding heart in the room.

studio childhood . . .

The tale of Judy and MGM is the story of almost any family association. She came to the lot when she was twelve years old. MGM was her life. She didn't go to school down the block like other kids; she got all the education she ever had in the studio school house. When other kids were playing games, Judy Garland was working. When she was naughty, no stern parent took her into the woodshed for a serious talk or a workout with a hickory switch. She was called up on the carpet and lectured by an executive.

Sure, she was wrong a lot of the time. No kid with such talent could be without temperament. She was an artist, a kid bringing millions of dollars into the bank account.

The effect of the first meeting with the people who were to dominate her life was still upon her. They were bosses, and she was an employee. Like any other kid in the same position she had developed a fear of the ogres upstairs, and found understanding in the other lesser lights on the lot. Then, as she grew older, she developed a neurotic resentment, without meaning to, against the people who had stolen her childhood. That was when Judy Garland began to give trouble. Without any malice, actually, but it was the only way that Judy could protest her robbed youth.

Now, at twenty-seven, she had really kicked over the traces and time for strong action against her had come. But destroying her was not justice.

With MGM money, and her friend, Carleton Alsop, at her side, Judy slipped out of Hollywood one night on a train bound for Boston and a good hospital. Six months later, she returned to Hollywood, sound in health and soul. Those who saw her at private parties or laughing gaily in the front row of a night-club audience, said she never looked better. Her marriage, which had gone on the rocks, seemed all right again. She devoted a lot of time to her daughter, and she yearned to go back to work.

Then a few weeks ago, the trouble started again. Judy hadn't shown up for a recording date. The dance director and his chorus people had waited all day for her and she hadn't turned up at all. The papers got hold of the story, and it was said she was due for another suspension.

But L. B. Mayer remembered the spanking he and the other executives had taken the last time it had happened, and he sent for Judy.

the way of a friend . . .

The day she went to the studio to listen to the score of her next picture, she slipped into a side door and went directly to the stage. Her manager was there, and he told her that Mr. Mayer wanted to see her. Judy trembled in fright.

"I can't." she said. "I just can't go to see him."

The manager got on the phone and tried a desperate measure. He informed Mayer's office that Judy was on the recording stage if the boss wanted to talk to her.

The composers were sitting at the pianos, the director was checking the score, the technicians were taking a last level on the mikes and Judy was sitting alone in the front row of seats. The door opened and L. B. Mayer came in. The air was tense for a moment, as everyone waited for the fireworks.

Mayer smiled and walked over to Judy. He sat down beside her and told the people to go ahead—he wanted to listen. For an hour, the busiest man in Hollywood sat there and heard the score. Once he reached out and patted Judy's hand. Then it was over.

Mayer turned to Judy and looked at her with a lot of affection in his eyes. And then he did something that probably no other executive has ever done in Hollywood. Like a father he began to talk to Judy, a father trying to cheer up a sad child. He talked about a humorous incident that had taken place that morning. He got to his feet and told a long story that required a lot of very funny acting, and he played all the characters to the hilt. The workmen were goggle-eyed—but Judy was laughing. She laughed until she cried.

Then Mayer put his hand on her shoulder. He told her that there had been a lot of opposition to her when she first came to the studio, fifteen years before, but that he had fought against it and won. He told her that there was a lot of opposition to her now, but that he would stick by her and they'd win together again. He said that the weight she had put on was becoming, and that a rose in her cheeks was more important to him than how she looked to a camera. He said that she must keep her health above all—and that they'd stick together with that uppermost in mind.

When Mayer left the stage, Judy got to her feet and wanted to go to work. She's been different ever since. She may kick over the traces again, because she is an artist, but she knows that she has a friend, and that a star making $6,000 a week need never tremble before the mighty.

And all Hollywood is behind her. When she appears in public now, she waves at people instead of trying to slip by un-

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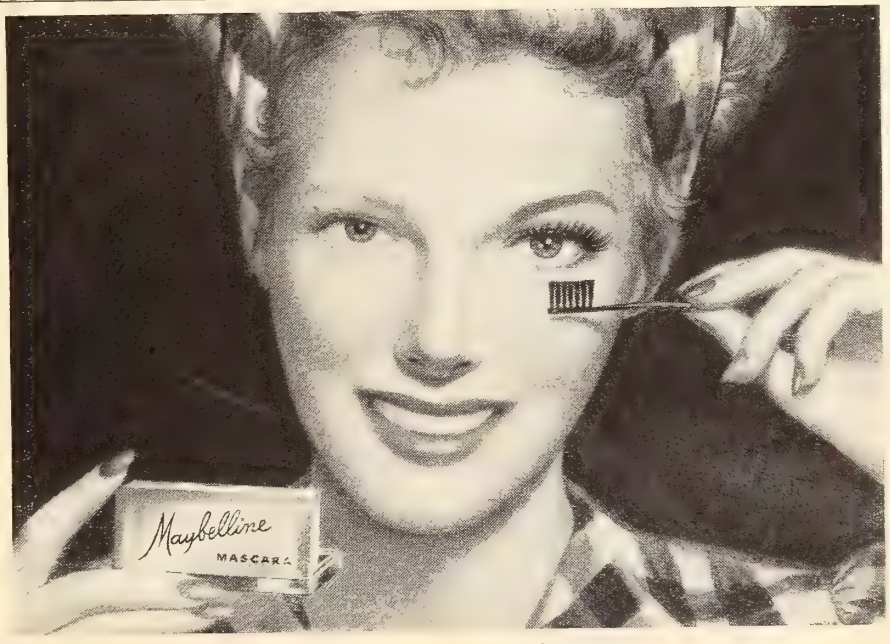




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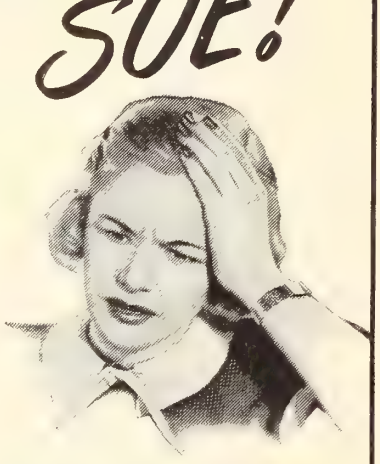
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FOUND OUT ABOUT

MIDOL



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seen. She is happy for the first time in the only home she has ever known—the Culver City studio.

But there is one thing that MGM must never forget. Whatever Judy Garland is today, MGM made her. They took her childhood—and they owe it to her. If she becomes ill again, there is only one thing MGM can do. Forget that Judy is a married woman and a mother. Forget she is a star. Remember the chubby kid who parked her youth in the front office, and that someday she may have to come and pick it up—and go away for a while and live it. You see, she has never had the time before.

There is one thing that can always overcome despair, and that is friendship. This story is illustrative, for it shows that friendship and kindness can work wonders. It is what brought Judy back to Hollywood the last time.

Judy and her friend, Carleton Alsop, were alone in Boston when she was living at the hospital. She was restless, but much better. However, the thought of having to go back to entertain again was frightening. A note came from an old pal, song writer Hugh Martin. He was in Falmouth, Mass., not too far away, with a summer theater group. Would she like to come down and see the show?

Judy wasn't sure, but decided it would be rude not to. She sat in the audience when suddenly she realized that she had been spotted. She crouched low in her seat, just waiting until the performance was over—then she ducked out.

A messenger from Martin was waiting for her. Hugh had asked if she would come back into the theater and say hello. It was impossible to avoid, so Judy went back inside.

The house was empty of the last of the audience. A huge, bare work light stood on one corner of the stage, supplying the only illumination. Judy walked down the aisle alone and she saw the entire cast of the show gathered behind the footlights. Martin went to her side and told her they had asked if they could put on an extra performance for her alone. Judy dropped into a seat.

She sat in the semi-darkness while those summer troupers sang and danced for her. All for Judy Garland. Show people paying tribute to an all-time great. When they finished Martin came with another request. The cast wanted to know if Judy would sing for them.

Judy walked down to the piano while Hugh took his place on the bench. The players crowded the footlights again and Judy started to sing. She sang for two solid hours—every song she could remember, and those who heard her in that small Cape Cod playhouse said no one ever sang better. It was the greatest performance they had ever witnessed. Finally there was only one song left.

"Somewhere over the rainbow, skies are blue. . . . And the dreams that you dare to dream really do come true. . . ."

The throb in Judy's voice rose with hope. Almost fifteen years had passed, but the silence was there again. Only the buzzing of the night's insects against the work light broke the spell.

"Someday I'll wish upon a star, and wake up where the clouds are far behind me. . . . Where troubles melt like lemon drops, away above the chimney tops—that's where you'll find me."

The voice was rich and mellow—and the singer believed the words. When she was finished, there was silence again for a long moment, then prolonged applause—and Judy turned and walked out of the theater with it ringing in her ears.

Her manager was waiting outside near the car. Judy walked to his side and took his arm.

"Let's go," she said. "I'm well again. Now I want to go back. I want to go back to Hollywood. I want to go home. . . ."

THE END

(The song lyrics quoted in the above story are from "Over the Rainbow," lyrics by E. Y. Harburg, music by Harold Arlen, copyright 1939 by Leo Feist, Inc., and are used by special permission of the copyright proprietor.)

MY PRAYER WAS ANSWERED

(*Continued from page* 37)

I wouldn't live. In that case, well, there was nothing more to worry about. A feeling of peace and relaxation stole over me. And with it came an impulse to pray. Prayer has been defined as "a devout petition to, or any form of spiritual communion with God." Close to death, I felt I was in communion with God and I felt His presence closer than ever before. I didn't pray for my life to be spared. I just repeated the most beautiful prayer in the world—the Lord's Prayer. Then I fell asleep.

When I awoke, my head was swathed in bandages. I could see very little, but I overheard a voice in the hospital corridor. "Too bad," it was saying, "about Van Johnson's accident. That's the end of his career. He's lucky if he pulls through, but he'll never make another picture."

You can stand pain. You can stand the thought of death. But when you face the prospect of living without being able to do the thing to which your life has been dedicated, you know real despair.

Then I thought, "If this means the end of me as an actor, perhaps with God's help I can become a technician or an assistant director."

I have always believed that religion is a universal thing. When I go to church, I find peace. But I believe that God is everywhere—in the schools, in the hospitals, in our homes. We have only to reach out with our thoughts, and He will hear us.

So now I prayed, "If I can never act again, please God, let me be a part of movie-making, somewhere, somehow."

Maybe it seems strange that I should have prayed like this about my life when no one really thought I'd pull through. But, as I've said, it wasn't the fear of death that stirred me. Being cut off from the work I loved would be like a living death.

My prayer was answered. For while I lay there in the hospital, Spencer Tracy and Irene Dunne went to Director Victor Fleming and to Everett Riskin, producer of the picture, and asked them to hold up production. Although MGM could easily have hired someone to replace me, the executives decided to wait for me.

There is a point during convalescence from a serious accident when you can go either forwards or backwards. I had just reached that point when Irene and Spencer came to my bedside with their wonderful news. Afterwards other members of the cast and crew visited me. Their kindness made me feel I *had* to get well—and fast.

It was four months before I was able to step in front of the cameras again. When I resumed work, I knew I was with friends who had all helped me and given me my chance. Those friends were the instrument through which my prayer was answered. I am convinced now that men's prayers are answered by means of human beings through whom God's love flows.

Shakespeare wrote, "How far that little candle throws his beams! So shines a good deed in a naughty world."

The good deeds of men and women are like candles shining in the darkness. Through those good deeds, men's prayers are answered, but the goodness is inspired by God—which is another word for Love, human and divine. THE END

THE HOUSE THEY LOVE IN

(*Continued from page 36*)

time, Bill, when you were giving out that really earnest interview, sitting there on the sofa, and you stuck your hand down in the cushions and came up with an old apple core?"

Bill smiled. "Oh, yes indeed! And then there was the time when we were ushering some new friends through the living room and out to the patio. They were really startled when all of a sudden eight little girls' heads popped over the top of the sofa and popped down again! I know I did a double-take."

This is a house that has been invaded, like many others through the nation that include television sets, by the Wild West. Boots, jeans, cowboy hats and shirts, to say nothing of attempts at rope-twirling, are part of practically every hour of the day. If West—the six-year-old son named West, that is—enters the room when visitors are present, precariously twirling a circle of rope, Bill will say sternly, "Stop that, West!" But it isn't until he adds, "Hopalong wouldn't waste his strength indoors that way!", that the point really goes over, and relieved visitors can sit back, unlassoed.

When Brenda made her film return after four-and-a-half years away from the screen, she was featured in a television trailer for *Whispering Smith*, her comeback movie. Bill rounded up the youngsters and sat down eagerly to watch.

Came the trailer, and the luminous features of the lovely-to-look-at Brenda. Bill gazed in delight, a proud smile on his face. West gave one look and turned away.

"Aw, I don't want to see Mama, I want to see Hopalong!"

One of the cherished things the Holdens have acquired is their beautifully-toned Meissner record-playing system. Sharing a similar musical taste for both popular and classical, and with an excellent collection of long-playing records, they can have a house full of music whenever they want it—which is most of the time.

The Holdens' dining room is French Provincial, in dubonnet tones. "But we want to do it over," Brenda says, "in Early American . . . deep reds and blues . . . with a Revolutionary War scene on one wall . . ." Her gaze is faraway.

"We give small, informal dinner parties in the dining room once in a while," she says, returning to the present and leading the way into the cheerfully bright breakfast room. "But actually, we eat in here much of the time, with the children. They have a way of upsetting things, and this room is more used to it!"

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Close friends of the Holdens include the John Lunds, the Richard Carlsons, Helen Conway, the decorator, and Paul Clemmens, the artist. Since all are Canasta lovers, that game is played a good deal at the Holdens'—usually in the den, with a fire blazing in the fireplace.

This part of the house is where most of the lounging and living is done. The walls, panelled in light wood, hold bookcases and cupboards. There are many lamps and inviting furniture—including a brightly-patterned couch that follows the wall around—and a vastly interesting collection of photographs on the walls.

The walled garden, with thick English ivy and just the right number of trees, invites Bill out to do a spell of gardening every now and then. He likes to rake up leaves and burn them, or point a hose at the lantana bushes. Or just relax, in a long, low chair. Relaxing has lots of charm after you've done 43 straight weeks of picture-making. Bill has been one of the most-in-demand actors in town. His last two films have been *Sunset Boulevard* for Paramount and *Father Is a Bachelor* for his home lot, Columbia.

"Not that I mind being so busy," he says, "considering the months I didn't work after I got out of the Army. But it sure is a wonderful feeling now to sit back and realize I won't have to work again until the first of the year!"

Brenda waited two years after *Whispering Smith* to do another picture. She has just finished *Iroquois Trail*, and admits she has the acting bug—but loves home life just as much, or more. Her decision, and Bill's, is that she ought to do a picture once in a while, but firmly refuses to sign any contracts.

"We have an extra piece of ground we hope to build a swimming pool on for the children—maybe I'll do a picture to pay for that," says Brenda. "Then we're doing Vinny's room over for her this year. She's always wanted a dressing table since she was a little girl. I told her that her dingy old shell collection would have to go—it was that or the table. So the shells go out to the garage, and she'll have her room re-done—in the way she thinks a young lady's ought to be!"

As in any household with children, there are sudden, unexpected crises. When six-year-old West was a year or so younger, he was scolded for playing with some older boys around a bonfire in a nearby lot. Pouting, West came home, sat in the den awhile, and then scuffed his way out to the yard. Moments later, Brenda and the cook came through the living room and



HOW TIME FLIES

In spite of her success in *Intermezzo*, her first American picture, Ingrid Bergman is in no hurry to return to Hollywood. When she came here, the Swedish star left her two-month-old daughter, Pia, at home with her husband. "At that age, babies don't miss their mothers so much," she said, "but I shall never again spend more than a few days away from her. So if I come back, it will have to be when Pia's old enough to come along."—*Modern Screen, January, 1940.*



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were horrified to see flames shooting up from the chair in the den. Bill's favorite chair!

"We dragged the chair outside—it was ruined—but we were so thankful to have caught it! We never knew whether West carried a hot coal home in his pocket, or what. Besides the ruined chair, there was a big hole in the rug!" Brenda sighed. "But the biggest hole was in our budget."

These are the days when, with the two older children at school, Brenda worries just a little about Scott, her youngest, loafing resignedly about in his mite-sized blue jeans, kicking at gravel and leaning against posts—bored as only a young fellow can be with everybody else at school.

"Sometimes I watch him," says Brenda, "and you can almost tell he's counting minutes until he's old enough to go, too!"

Virginia studies ballet, and loves it. Recently her father made some slow motion home-movies of her dancing. This film is her treasure.

still another antique . . .

One of Brenda's favorite parts of the house is the little powder room and half-bath which opens off the den. Here the carpeting is deep green and shaggy; the flower-patterned walls are done in tiny red and green figures on oilcloth; there are frilly curtains and a dream of a dressing table, long and luxurious; and the plumbing fixtures are pink. Even here there's an antique—a man's brass shaving stand, unique and handsome.

Upstairs, the landing with its large Audubon print and two striped window-seats leads on to three separate, colorfully-furnished suites. Brenda and Bill have one, the boys another, and Virginia the third—with a sun porch for everybody.

All over the house are the bright little faces of the Toby mugs Brenda used to collect. Bill's former hobby was collecting guns. According to Brenda, they're both between hobbies right now, until new fancies strike.

Though practically everything in the house is something they have bought together, Brenda and Bill each have something they especially prize, the selection of which was entirely the choice of the other. Brenda's is an ancient silver-fox jacket—one of Bill's first presents to her.

"I took it down to a tailor the other day." Brenda related ruefully, "with the idea of giving the old jacket a new look, and surprising Bill. The tailor handed it right back to me. 'You couldn't pay me enough to work on that, Mrs. Holden—it's falling apart!' he said. It was, too, so I just put it away again, with the same old look."

Bill's special prize is worn on the third finger of his left hand. It's a wide wedding band which he has had inscribed with Roman numerals for each year of their marriage. He never wore any rings at all until one day during the war, when a lonesome and tearful Brenda travelled East to see him, and half-fearfully gave him the ring. It's never been off his finger since.

"When the Roman numerals go all the way around," says Bill with a loving light in his eye, "I want a little diamond for a period. By that time we ought to have everything we want for the house—and we'll be able to afford it!" THE END

If you like to laugh, you'll want to read the hilarious screen story of William Holden's newest movie, *Dear Wife*—which you'll find in the entertainment-filled February issue of Dell's SCREEN STORIES magazine.

How a wife's false modesty can "freeze" her husband's affection



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THIS LOVE OF OURS

(*Continued from page 41*)

dress of twinkling lights. Perhaps I should have led up to my proposal gradually . . . talked shop . . . discussed her career or mine . . . chattered adroitly of life and love and the best methods of pursuing happiness. But I by-passed all that, and said, as nearly as I can remember, "Look . . . there's something I think you should be the first to know. You and I are going to get married."

We had had a fine time at the party. There had been lots of laughs, some horse play and crazy gags. Betty evidently thought this was just another gag, so she laughed.

Not so many months later, I could have uttered a smug, "I told you so!" We stood in the quiet sanctuary of St. Thomas' Episcopal Church in Hollywood and Betty said, "I do." To this day, I don't know what kind of a dress she wore, because I never took my eyes from hers.

brideless bridegroom . . .

Being highly impractical, both of us, we started our married life on an appropriately unorthodox basis. To assure a successful marriage, the two persons involved are supposed to be within shouting distance of each other. It is true for about a week we honeymooned during the days, but nights I had to go to the studio for some after-dark shots in *Counter-Attack*. Two weeks later, Betty was called East to start rehearsal for *Laughing Room Only*, leaving me with the melancholy distinction of being Hollywood's only brideless bridegroom.

Even now, it seems like a bad dream to recall those months when we wanted to be together but could snatch only an occasional brief rendezvous in New York whenever I could get away from the studio. Once, literally flying into each other's arms, we almost staged our own private comedy of errors. With a few days' rest before starting rehearsal for the musical, *Call Me Mister*, Betty decided on a spur-of-the-moment visit to Hollywood. Shooting on *The Renegade* was completed about the same time, and I had just bought a plane ticket for New York and a similar surprise for Betty. Luckily, just before taking off, she phoned me long distance from LaGuardia Field. And we didn't need to toss a coin to see who'd make the trip. Betty's plane took off two hours before mine, so that solved that. We still laugh, picturing how that double-barrelled surprise almost boomeranged.

Separations those two years before Betty signed her first movie contract with MGM, brought us even closer together in spirit. Every reunion was another honeymoon—short, cherished holidays in New York, which we both love, or in the small Hollywood apartment where the Parks' started their sketchy housekeeping. We never neared its cheery white door without reviewing our wedding day and the sad plight of the happy bridegroom who had planned to carry his bride over the threshold in the best romantic tradition. The project bogged down when I discovered that, in my eagerness to reach the church, I had forgotten the door-key. I had to climb in the window and open the door from the inside, dishevelled and smudged on the chin where I bumped into a flower pot. Betty enjoyed this immensely and still cites it as one of the most striking entrances in my career as an actor.

Maybe because our time together was



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so frugally rationed in those first years, we could spare none of it for petty bickering or the frequent inconsequential differences that arise in what marital soothsayers call the "adjustment" period. Another overworked theory is that no marriage is big enough for two careers. Not as experts, but just as a happily married couple, Betty and I would like to debunk that one.

We believe our work is the fundamental basis of our ever-growing understanding and pleasure in each other. And our careers themselves are looking healthier. Contrary to popular belief, I did not descend from a pink cloud just in time to get in on *The Jolson Story*. I had slashed through a solid wall of 30 "B" ("B" as in "bad") pictures, before getting a chance at my first "A" production, *Counter Attack*, just about the time Betty and I married. And while Betty had made a start on Broadway in Cole Porter's *Something For The Boys*, her first starring role in *Call Me Mister* came shortly after the wedding and just about the time *The Jolson Story* began rolling.

As a bachelor, I couldn't have explained why I always wanted to marry an actress, but I did. There was one other requisite . . . she had to be a *good* actress. I would hate to go through life married to a bad actress. As a happily married guy with his dream a reality, I think I know why my heart was set on an actress-wife. When I come home from the studio with my day's problems, Betty is not only sympathetic, but she understands from her own experience exactly what I'm talking about.

I never could have weathered the gruelling, endless months of production on both *The Jolson Story* and its sequel, *Jolson Sings Again*, without Betty to come home to. One night just about the time *Jolson Sings Again* was finished (or so we thought) the studio brain-trusters added three more songs. Along with the news of weeks more of rehearsing, recording, rehearsing again, everything on the set went wrong that day. Betty listened to my fuming and growling while she fixed hot soup and cold chicken sandwiches that evening for dinner. As usual, she said all the right things to soothe my ruffled spirit. Sitting there on a high kitchen stool, almost drowned in a voluminous blue apron and with a stray blonde curl bobbing just above her nose, she looked like a tired little kid as she buttered slices of my favorite crusty bread.

"How'd you do today, honey?" I asked her, sorry I'd been so grumpy. "Did they shoot your dance number?" That particular dance number was her current pride and joy.

"Not so good," she said, wrinkling her nose ruefully. "They cut it out. Too many dance numbers."

Here I was, complaining about a couple of extra weeks' shooting (but also an added chance to build up the picture) and Betty had been working just as hard, only to see her best spot cut out.

Then in my comprehensive denunciation of everyone even remotely connected with Betty's disappointment, I completely forgot about my own peeve. After I had consigned all of MGM's executives, directors, producers, and cameramen to permanent box office oblivion and Betty had fashioned countless scathing appraisals of Columbia's unreasonable campaign to overwork her husband, we both felt much better. All the pent-up tension was gone. Betty soaked her poor dance-weary feet and I gargled my blistered tonsils which had emitted about 45 renditions of *Sonny Boy* that day. Then we both fell into bed for a sound ten hours of sleep. Waking in the morning, we weren't mad at anybody. *Jolson Sings Again* would be my best performance and Betty's remaining numbers would stand out even more brilliantly because there weren't too many! It was a new day—acting was our dish—and tonight, reunion!

opposite outlooks . . .

For a pair who see eye to eye on practically everything, Betty and I are poles apart in temperament. I am a worrier. I worry about leaking faucets, overacting, underplaying a scene, the state of the world, and the chances of the Brooklyn Dodgers. Betty is as carefree as a kitten, refuses to worry and keeps on hand an enormous supply of silver linings with which she outfits every cloud that appears on her daily horizon. I'm cautious and methodical about work when I'm rehearsing or learning a part. "Stuffy" is her specific adjective for this sterling trait.

Timetables, curtain-time and other institutions of immovable habit have never intimidated my wife. Once when I went back to New York for the opening of *Call Me Mister*, she had me in a cold bath of perspiration as curtain-time moved nearer and nearer, and we hadn't yet left the hotel. When we reached the theater at last, the curtain was going up and Betty had about eight minutes to change, make up, and be onstage. She made it, and as always was poised, calm and terrific.

Now take me. I would have been pacing the dressing room for hours, going over every word, every gesture. And would mine be a better performance? I should say not.

Some day Betty and I want to do a play on Broadway together. This will probably take ten years off my life. I will certainly work myself into a nightly lather, just wondering if we'll make the opening curtain. Betty insists the experience will be good for me, and guarantees that under her guidance, I will soon be shaving, dressing, racing to the theater, changing clothes and singing the second chorus of my opening number—in four minutes flat.

If in all this, I've conveyed the impression that I think my wife is the swellest girl in the world, then this is a true story. And when you hear people say that Larry Parks got his lucky break in *The Jolson Story*, will you tell them for me that he got his *real* lucky break the day he met Betty Garrett? THE END

Larry Parks' current film is Jolson Sings Again; *Betty Garrett's is* On the Town.



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Irving Hoffman in
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MY KIND OF MAN

(Continued from page 44)

merrily away to squander it until time to collect another one. When you're 17, you can have a high old time on $125 a week. And John had one. He'd report to the Selznick dramatic coach, all right, but he never felt compelled to listen to what she had to say. A growing boy needs sleep, so he slept—straight through classes.

I wouldn't have liked that John Derek. But when he went away to war, he began to listen and learn, and he grew up the hard way—under fire. Consequently, it was a very serious John Derek who walked into my class that day—determined to become a truly good actor.

I came to respect the man with the impressive eyelashes. We had the same ambitions, the same ideas about careers coming first. We often studied together and occasionally we'd do a love scene together. Love scenes are very difficult to do before the camera. Time and practice are required to perfect them and in doing them you can learn much about acting in general. So if our romantic scenes became more frequent, that seemed natural enough. John would earnestly come up to me with a script. "*This* love scene has real dramatic scope," he'd say. "Want to try it?"

torrid love . . .

It would turn out to be, say, a sequence from an old film in which Ty Power and Loretta Young had once set the celluloid to burning—with more action than talk.

Love scenes or no, a few months passed before we had our first date. I accidentally arranged for the invitation and I was sure I wouldn't live to regret it. Before class one morning, I happened to mention that there were two things I hadn't yet seen in Los Angeles—a circus and Ken Murray's *Blackouts*. The circus wasn't due in town for months, so John declared, "You shall see the *Blackouts*—tonight!"

"Not *tonight*," I wanted to cry. I had a cold that seemed on the verge of pneumonia. My nose was red, my eyes were bleary. But somehow I couldn't refuse. I just sneezed happily.

That evening, in the middle of the show, I began to cough. I tried to be considerate and cough softly. Then John tried to be considerate and started hitting me on the back. Tears streamed down my cheeks. I was choking. We crept out of the theater.

Once on the sidewalk and in the fresh air, I recovered and apologized. John was very sympathetic, but in my misery, I knew our date was doomed—and it was only 10 o'clock. "It doesn't matter," I consoled myself bravely. "I am a career girl. I belong at home with my cold capsules."

But actually it mattered a lot. I didn't want our first date to end on a note of agony.

On the way home we stopped at a place called Jerry's Joint. "Cheer up and have a hearty appetite," I told myself—and managed to order a rare steak.

John asked for the same. When the waitress left, he said, "*You* like rare meat, too?"

He said it as if we were the only two people in the world who liked our meat barely warm. It was a wonderful discovery. I nodded my head. Then I relaxed and had a good sneeze.

After that night, we found that we shared a thousand likes. Traveling was one. In the months that followed, we visited Arrowhead, Yosemite, Las Vegas, Laguna—dozens of places. If John weren't serious about acting, I think he would roam the world. However, our short excursions

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seemed partially to satisfy his wanderlust, while they served to introduce me to the Western scenery—and John's sweet thoughtfulness.

I'm still sentimental about one of his touring gallantries. Wherever we'd go, he'd stop along the highway if he saw a flower stand. And he'd buy me one perfect red rose. . . .

Then, on an afternoon some months after our first date, we were driving home from Santa Barbara when John suddenly pulled over to the side of the road. I was puzzled. There wasn't a flower stand in sight. Then the reason for his stopping became clear. He wanted to say a few words—only a few—but they were enough for me. "You're wonderful," he said. "Let's go to Mexico and get married."

Thereupon, Pati Behrs—that logical, calculating, career-minded girl—and I had a fight. She won. But the thought of a career wasn't the reason for the victory.

"Let's wait," said that sensible girl to John. "We've known each other such a short time—really not long enough."

"But—how long is long enough?" asked John. "When do you think that'll be?"

"I'll tell you when I think the time has come," I promised. "Then I'll propose to you!"

how she proposed . . .

Six months later, I proposed. "I think now we can get married," I proposed.

I was in for a shock. "Sorry, darling," said John. "But right now I have nothing to offer a wife. It's best for us to wait a while."

He was right, of course—as I had been right when I first suggested a postponement. But all the same, I was insulted!

Things looked pretty grim. John left Fox, for there were no roles for him. There wasn't much consolation in being secretly engaged. Then, along came our big break—John's role in *Knock On Any Door*.

We set a date for the wedding and the day arrived. I was working on a picture. John was supposed to pick up the ring, then wait for my call to let him know what time I'd be finished. When I finally called, it was to tell him that I'd be at the studio until late afternoon. Too late for a wedding!

"Good thing we aren't easily discouraged," he laughed.

He could say that again. However, the next day found us in Las Vegas, all ready for the ceremony, with friends Candy and Bob Brand, who were going to stand up with us. "What luck, what wonderful luck!" John and I kept telling each other.

We were practically on our way to the chapel before we realized something was missing. The ring! It was a very special one. John had searched for weeks until he found just the gold link chain he wanted. He'd made arrangements with the jeweler to pick it up. And he'd forgotten. We both wanted that ring and no other would do.

Two nearly-weds placed a frantic call to the jeweler, an understanding man who dashed to the airport to send the ring on the first flight to Las Vegas. John was sheepish when he met the plane. "Aren't you ashamed of yourself?" the stewardess teased as she handed him the box. He was.

After our marriage, I realized just how absent-minded he can be at times. For instance, one night for dinner I fixed cheeseburgers, which he adores—but instead of using the usual American cheese, I used Swiss.

"Best cheeseburgers I've ever eaten," said John, after his third.

"Thank you, dear," I replied, putting another on his plate. He took a bite—then looked unhappy.

"Say," he said. "This one's got a different kind of cheese. You know I only like them with American cheese.'

"Then you've certainly been very brave," I informed him. "You've been eating Swiss cheeseburgers all evening."

John grinned. "Well, what do you know!" he said. And he finished his cheeseburger in contented silence.

reforming john . . .

Gradually, I'm reforming his appetite, I think. When we were first married, I'd set some delectable French dish on the table and John would look at it for a moment, and then say apologetically, "I don't think I like this very much."

"Have you ever had it before?" I'd ask.

"No."

"Well, try just a bite."

He would. Then, "Hmmm . . . uh . . . well, it's not *bad*," my husband would admit—and have three helpings.

If John had his way, he'd sleep at least 12 hours every day. And its really a job to awaken him. Once I tried sprinkling water in his face. I was very pleased with my efforts when he jumped right out of bed. Then he raced into the bathroom, turned on the shower full blast, and raced back to the bedroom. "Forget something?" I asked.

"No," he said, "but *you* did—you forgot your husband should be treated with respect!" And with that he lifted me off my feet and, grinning fiendishly, deposited me, in my robe and pajamas, under the shower. Then he went back to bed.

My husband really has practically no temperament, and it takes a lot to make him fighting mad. His fisticuff days are over now, but there was a time when he had to hold his own. He was a pretty child and he often found it necessary to establish himself in school by roughing up a fellow classmate. However, he still follows a bit of advice he received when he was small: "Find out if the offender is kidding. If he is, take it that way. If he's serious, let him have it."

Through the years, John has come to realize that being as handsome as he isn't a handicap. That thought that he was a "pretty boy" had haunted him throughout his teens. But, after all, if he hadn't looked the part of the good-looking, brooding Nick Romano, he and I might still be playing our love scenes in class. Even worse—I might be just another career girl!

Now I've learned. I've learned that a career isn't everything. Of course, John wouldn't demand that I give it up, but we both want a family—a good-sized one—and one career in the family will do.

Making a home for John is every bit as fascinating as being at the studio. That's his doing. For example, he leaves notes for me all over the house. Just the other day, he left one in the refrigerator. It was written on a check. It read: "*Pay To The Order Of:* Pati Derek. One Million Kisses." Some hours later he got around to cashing it for me. I couldn't help smiling between payments.

"Why the grin?" he asked.

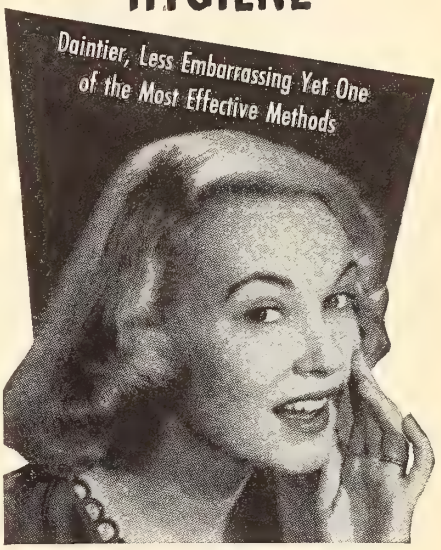
"I was just thinking," I answered smugly, "what a very sensible girl I am."

I gazed fondly at him for a minute—then started for the kitchen. Bernhardt had to put the dinner on. THE END

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HALLELUJAH! WE IS BUMS

(Continued from page 40)

whenever there's cooking to be done?"

Johnny took the ladle from us, bowed gallantly, and announced, "I'll finish cooking this. I'm really a pretty good chef. If I don't like what I concoct, my dog always does."

"He's got the fattest dog in town," Lon remarked.

The cooking was interrupted by a loud pounding at the back door. We all followed Lon to the kitchen and discovered Robert Stack and Nancy Olson at the back door holding out a tin cup and a pie tin for hand-outs.

Lon stroked his chin for a second—then decided they were honest-looking hobbes and let them in. Bob and Nancy, both appearing with Bing Crosby in Paramount's *Mr. Music,* had come right from the studio.

Nancy said, "We made a slight detour to the wardrobe department where Bob picked up his tramp outfit and I borrowed this—the costume Marlene Dietrich wore in *Golden Earrings.* She wore it in the fight scene." Sticking her fingers through some of the holes in the skirt, she observed, "It's well ventilated."

nice diggings! . . .

Lon showed Bob and Nancy around his apartment. He decorated it himself. It has steamship-blue walls, rough-beamed ceilings and low, chartreuse couches.

What really caught Bob's eye was a three-foot table that fits snugly into one corner. Lon has covered the top with Charles Addams cartoons from The New Yorker magazine. The table holds a two-foot ship's lantern that Lon picked up at an antique shop and had wired as a lamp.

On the way back to the living room, Bob picked up Lon's guitar and started tuning it. "Play for us," coaxed Diana. "Never touch the stuff," said Bob, and promptly turned the instrument over to Lon.

Lon strummed a few bars, then started to plink out the appropriate strains of "Brother, Can You Spare A Dime?" John Lindsay and Ruth Roman joined in with a stirring duet. They finished the song minus accompaniment, for Lon stopped plinking to go off to answer the phone.

He returned in a few moments. "That was Donald and Gwen O'Connor," he told us. "They were a little detained, but they'll be over in 15 minutes. Don said he couldn't explain, because there was a crowd gathering outside the phone booth. Said he couldn't understand it—hadn't they ever seen a guy in a gunnysack sweatshirt before?" Lon laughed. "He also said they were starting to throw pennies into his pie plate. I advised him to collect while the collecting was good."

Then Lon noticed we were all holding our noses. "The singing?" he asked. "The stew," we replied—pointing to the burnt remains in the pot. The potatoes and beef looked as if they were cemented in a field of tar. One taste, and Ruth Roman said the diagnosis was quite accurate.

Lon and Reba went scurrying for substitute food. This took them upstairs: Lon has divided his triple-decker building into apartments and his folks live on the second floor. His grandmother had just baked a cake and a pie—and she generously turned them over to Lon and Reba for the party.

When they returned below, Lon placed the apricot pie on a window sill to cool, and we all pitched in to make sandwiches. All, that is, except Ivan Volkman. He, still sporting that sinister red beard, was in the process of liquidating the pie when the



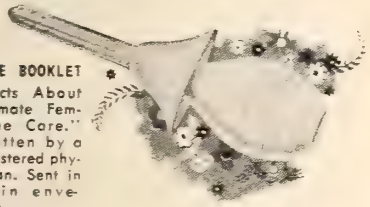
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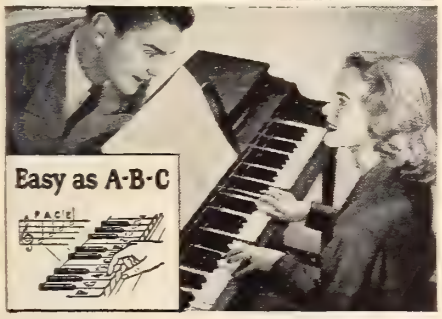


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O'Connors arrived by way of the back door.

We had been approaching starvation while waiting for Don and Gwen—so the minute they appeared, we started the eating activities by shoving a sandwich into their hands. "Hello," we said, "do you want mustard on it?"

"Is this what's referred to in hobo circles as the bum's rush?" inquired Don.

The O'Connors couldn't help being late. They'd had to attend a preview of Don's latest movie, *Francis*, with some of the Universal-International executives at the studio.

"We wore these hobo outfits into the projection room," said Gwen, "and one producer asked, 'How come the tramp get-up, angling for a raise?'"

Most of us kept shuttling between the living room and the kitchen. The kitchen was like a steamship office. For the party, since hoboes are supposed always to be afflicted with wanderlust, Lon had hung all sorts of posters which invited tourists to visit "Beautiful England in the Autumn" or "Italy in the Spring." There were also maps behind the stove and refrigerator.

Most of the latter Lon had accumulated on his four trips across the country in the past 10 months.

A hobo party wouldn't be quite complete without a train, so Lon had dusted off his electric train and set it up in his bedroom.

In between eating and playing with the train, we learned that Lon is quite a business man. He's associate producer on his starring film for Ventura Productions, *Blaze of Glory*. Besides owning his apartment building, he's the landlord of a beach house at Malibu and a house in Bel-Air.

He's an easy landlord to deal with. Every time his tenants need an item of furniture, Lon takes it from his apartment. He'd just donated his bed. That's why we had so much room for the train and tracks in the bedroom. There were only a desk and a chest of drawers left.

But soon we moved the train into the cozier living room and laid out the tracks before the fireplace. The firelight glinted across the tiny engine and made the 10-year-old train look shiny and new. John Lindsay, who'd brought along a harmonica, started playing "Blues In The Night."

"Being a hobo might not be so bad." said Ruth Roman dreamily. "No worries, plenty of travel, out in the sun all day . . ."

"Not to mention the rain, sleet and snow," put in Lon, less dreamily.

But sitting there around the open hearth, we were a pretty contented group. A nicer bunch of bums we've never met.

THE END

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HOME IS WHERE YOU HIDE IT

(*Continued from page 50*)

Mohican pointing out the lands of his forefathers. "I used to come up here deer-hunting with my grandfather back in 1927. I always wanted to come back when I was old enough to enjoy it. Isn't it the most beautiful country you've ever seen?"

"Oh, it is!" said Lita, to be agreeable.

"Well, let me tell you about the place," Rory went on, sitting her down beside him on an empty water-trough. "The other day, I heard that this ranch was for sale." He paused for emphasis, and then launched into more nature study. "Why, there are trout 12 inches long in the stream down there. Deer come down from the mountains and graze in the pasture. Did you ever see a place that was more serene and peaceful?"

"Ye-es," said Lita. "But—but isn't it awfully run down?"

"Exactly!" Rory exclaimed, as if she were getting the important point. "That's exactly what's the matter. Some years ago, this place was a very successful guest-ranch. But the last few owners have let it fall apart. Just imagine that field planted in heavy pasture, the barn painted, the lodge and cabins cleaned and patched up. It would be a gold mine!" He wound up breathless.

emphatic negative . . .

"You don't mean you want us to—buy it?" The idea slightly stunned Lita.

"Well, yes," said Rory. "I was thinking that maybe we *could* buy it—as an investment! It's a real steal, honey."

"I never heard of anything so silly," she replied, putting on the brakes with both feet. To emphasize her point, she got up and started walking back to the car.

The 16-mile ride back to Ojai, up the mountainside and over the bumpy dirt road, was a chilly one. And not wholly from the weather. Under her breath, Lita worriedly kept repeating, "It's silly . . . it's silly." Rory didn't say anything. He quite wisely held his peace.

By the time they pulled into town, Rory had Lita talked out of her silence—but no more had been said about the Circle-B. That afternoon, they drove back to Hollywood.

Nearly a month later, when Lita's family was forced to sell their home in Hollywood to make way for the giant freeway which is being cut through the city's heart, it was Rory who had the solution. He took them back to Ojai, which is a sleepy old-world town 75 miles north of Hollywood, situated in a fertile agricultural valley just 15 miles from the ocean. There they bought a livable modern home with eight acres of orchard, stables, and two small guest-houses. It was just right for the folks, and Lita loved it. To Rory, the little valley was a second home. He had spent a great part of his boyhood there with his grandfather, and it was filled with pleasant memories.

One Sunday morning, less than a week after Lita's family had moved into their new home, Rory and Lita's brother, Pete, drove off in the hot-rod. They were very mysterious and non-committal when they left—but when they returned that afternoon, Lita knew immediately where they had been. She could tell from Pete's beaming face that the Circle-B was about to become an issue again.

At dinner, the boys both tackled the subject with well-rehearsed fervor. They had great plans for the ranch. Pete would manage it. They would offer an inexpensive good time to hunters and fishermen. There would be saddle horses for pack

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trips back into the mountains. Lita listened until her head began to swim. Finally, she agreed to go back for another look next Sunday. But she warned them that she wasn't sold. Not by any means.

Both Lita and Rory had a hectic time in Hollywood the following week—parties, rehearsals, television shows, dates with agents—all the nerve-wracking little things which make an acting career so difficult. When they returned to Ojai on Saturday night, Lita was tired and slightly fed-up with the pace of Hollywood. The boys couldn't have found a better time to take her back to see the Circle-B.

When they looked down on the valley again, the full coloring of springtime had taken over. The open pasture-land was green and vibrant. The trees along the stream were bright with new foliage. Even the old ranch-house somehow looked fresher and cleaner.

the big idea . . .

They sat on the porch for several hours, eating the lunch they had brought with them, and talking seriously about the ranch's real possibilities. Pete and Rory pointed out the swimming pool, a big 30 x 50 concrete affair that could be inexpensively modernized. They showed her the cabins which could sleep 23 people. They told her about the 17 saddle horses that went with the ranch. And with as much pure business logic as they could muster, they tried to explain the economics of their great plan to operate it as a guest ranch.

Maybe it was the calm peace of the place after her frantic week in Hollywood. Or maybe it was simply the odds of 2-to-1. But anyway, the idea began to make sense to Lita. She finally said yes.

This was one of the most difficult decisions Lita ever had to make. It wasn't simply the thought of the boys losing the money they'd have to invest. It was the whole business of outdoor living. Lita wasn't sure she could take it. After all, she was a city gal—a night-club singer who had never been more than shouting distance away from a major city before she married Rory. Born in bustling Detroit, dancing in theaters at 13, singing with Cugat at 15, acting in movies at 18—what sort of preparation is that for being a rancher's wife? That was what really worried Lita. That and realizing, on the other hand, how much the out-of-doors meant to Rory.

She made her choice, though. It had to be *yes*. So the boys went into the guest-ranching business then and there.

All during the summer months, Pete and Rory worked at cleaning up the lodge and the cabins. They didn't bother opening the place for business, except for two weeks in July, when they played host to 33 boys from the California Rangers group. During September, a few deer-hunters dropped by and rented Circle-B horses to pack into the back country. But that wasn't too profitable, either. A trigger-happy hunter accidentally shot one of their best mounts and it had to be destroyed. They don't want any more business like that. In fact, until they finish their repairs and remodeling this winter, they don't want any business at all.

When they first took over the Circle-B, Rory bought two spirited cow-ponies for Lita and himself and brought them up to the ranch. His own horse, "Diablo," is a tricky, high-stepping mount, trained for working cattle. Lita's is a pretty little sorrel mare named "Duchess," and she was the first horse Lita had ever ridden.

"Two years ago I never dreamed that I would be riding on horseback through brushy trails, inhaling dust, and letting the sun burn my skin," Lita says, now that

Recently Wed

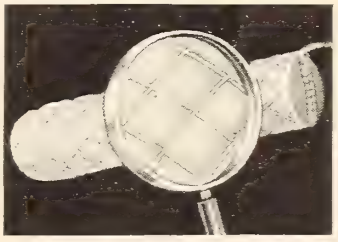


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the open spaces have become her home. "Everything in my life has been different since I married Rory. He's taught me a healthy, wonderful way of life that I never knew existed before."

The Circle-B will undergo a complete face-lifting this winter. Pete has invited an old college buddy, Ralph Mantiz, out from Michigan, to help him with the job. Much of the work they will do themselves, with Rory lending a hand when he's free from making movies in Hollywood. Between now and opening day they plan to paint the barns, repair the fences, plant a permanent pasture, cultivate the apple orchard, clear off the weeds, build outdoor furniture, fix the plumbing, overhaul the generator for the lighting system, replaster the swimming pool, re-rig the saddles in the tack room, dam up a section of the creek for irrigation, line the fireplace with new rock, modernize the kitchen, repack the water pump, tighten the bedsprings in all the beds, install a badminton court, sand the floors, put in a lawn around the lodge, and build a grandstand and arena for amateur rodeos. (Whew!)

Rory and Pete don't plan to run a fancy dude ranch. But the beds will be soft and the meals hearty. The price will be the same to all comers—$10 a day for room, board, and the use of horses to ride anywhere in the valley. Long pack trips into the back country will cost $5 per day extra for each rider.

With Hollywood less than three hours away, the Circle-B should do a brisk business from the day it opens its doors to the public. Rory is pretty sure of that now that he's checked on what other guest ranches have to offer. He'll take his Los Padres Forest country any day.

Lita will, too. She's become the most enthusiastic rancher of the lot. "A woman's touch," she tells them, "is important even in a log cabin."

Since Rory finished his last picture for 20th Century-Fox, *A Ticket to Tomahawk*, the Calhouns have spent very little time in Hollywood. So little, in fact, that their friends have begun to wonder what could possibly have happened to them. During the past month or two, they have been driving hurriedly down to Hollywood on Mondays to attend the television show on which Lita is the singing star. It's their one big night in town and they make the most of it—a fancy dinner with all the trimmings, a show, or perhaps a few hours at a nightclub. But unless urgent business keeps them in town, the Calhouns head back for the hills on Tuesday morning.

They figure that if anything important comes up, they can be back to Hollywood in a flash. And if it doesn't, they can spend their time hoeing weeds. There sure are a lot of them on the Circle-B. THE END

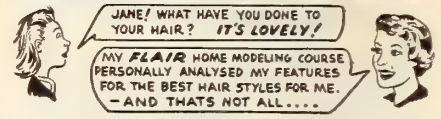
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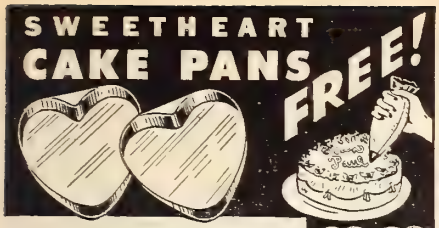
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SOMEDAY HER PRINCE MAY GO

(*Continued from page 24*)

Rita Hayworth. Directly after the broadcast I piled into a car with my assistants and drove to the Cansino Dance Studio on Vermont Avenue, far off the beaten path from the usual swank Hollywood and Beverly Hills establishments.

Here, in a second floor studio, Eduardo Cansino, Rita Hayworth's father, spends his working day. It doesn't matter to him that his daughter is married to the heir to a hundred million or more dollars while he teaches students in a room where the floorboards creak. It matters only that Rita has her happiness and that his students really learn to dance.

As a commentator of some years' standing in Hollywood, I have always hated the idle, often vicious, shot-in-the-dark rumor type of reporting. Whenever possible I prefer to record my interviews word for word—so in this instance I set up my portable tape recorder and this was my conversation with Rita's father:

on the record . . .

FISHER: Mr. Cansino, it's nice to see you again. You know, for some reason or other there seems to be very few movie-star fathers around Hollywood. Or if they are around, nobody pays any attention to them. How do you account for this?

CANSINO: I couldn't say.

(*Mr. Cansino, a dark-haired, handsome man who appears to be in his middle thirties, wastes no words. His answers are always preceded by a slight pause, during which he considers the question before giving a short reply in his pronounced Spanish accent.*)

FISHER: Mr. Cansino, do you think a father can stay close to a famous daughter?

CANSINO: Yes, I do. Because we're a family and we're always close together.

FISHER: Well, to put it in another way, have you and Rita ever, so to speak, "lost each other"?

CANSINO: Yes, once in awhile we have. We call each other when she's busy and I'm busy. We call each other on Sundays.

FISHER: Did you meet Prince Aly Khan when he visited here in Hollywood?

CANSINO: No, I didn't have a chance to meet him. They just happened one day to call me and that's usually the day I take off. So we didn't meet.

FISHER: Did you ever meet her last husband, Mr. Orson Welles?

CANSINO: Oh, yeah.

FISHER: Were you good friends?

CANSINO: Yes, sir.

FISHER: Did you receive an invitation to Rita's wedding to Prince Aly?

CANSINO: Yes, sir.

FISHER: But you didn't go?

CANSINO: No.

FISHER: You were too busy?

CANSINO: I was busy putting on a show. My own recital.

FISHER: Did she ask your permission to marry Prince Aly Khan?

CANSINO: No, she didn't.

FISHER: Mr. Cansino, recently the newspapers have hinted that there might be some trouble between Rita and her husband. Do you think this is the real love of her life?

CANSINO: I believe so. Yeah.

FISHER: Mr. Cansino, do you think that Rita has ever been disillusioned by Hollywood?

CANSINO: Yes, once when she wanted to do *Ramona*—she wanted to so badly—she never got to do it.

FISHER: Do you think she wants to come back and make more pictures of the sort



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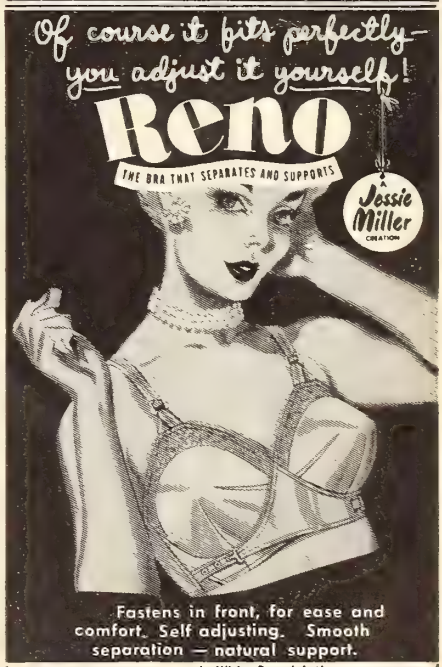
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she did—or do you think she wants to retire?

CANSINO: Well, I don't think she wants to retire, really. I think she's gonna be back and wants to do more pictures.

FISHER: When she comes back, with all this business of being married to one of the world's wealthiest men, do you think she'll be hard to handle?

CANSINO: She's a lot like I am. She's temperamental once in a while, but she doesn't lose her temper for nothing, for no foolish reason. Once in awhile she can fly off the handle good, but there has to be reasons. She wouldn't do anything just because she has money.

FISHER: Do you think that once a girl is a star she can give up all the things that movie fame brings? In other words, are stardom and adulation important to Rita?

CANSINO: I don't think so. It's hard to answer that. If you work in show business you have to have all that. More important even than money, but you don't get it if you don't do your lick.

FISHER: Then, you wouldn't say she was homesick for Hollywood? Getting back to those newspaper rumors, does she seem to be homesick?

CANSINO: She is right now.

family addition . . .

FISHER: Would you like to see her come back here to have her child?

CANSINO: Yes, I would. After all, it's going to be my grandchild. I will have three then. One by my son and two by Rita.

FISHER: What name do you think she will call the baby? After you, perhaps?

CANSINO: If the baby is a boy she should call it after the father. If it is a girl it should be called after the mother.

FISHER: Then you think Rita will do what she wants to do. We hear that Aly runs the show. Is Rita like most Spanish women, who are content to let the husband be the head of the house and never question anything? Or is she the modern type?

CANSINO: I don't think she is *very* bossy. No, I don't think so.

FISHER: Tell me, would you like to direct Rita again in a dance picture? I mean, do you have an idea about the things she should do?

CANSINO: I like to. You bet. Last time I directed her was in *Loves of Carmen.*

FISHER: Well, she was evidently a good student. Did she take direction well?

CANSINO: You bet, she always worked hard.

FISHER: You have trained a lot of stars for pictures, haven't you?

CANSINO: Quite a few. It goes way back. Ramon Novarro, Myrna Loy, Irene Dunne. I taught Myrna the hula dance. Margo studied with me when she was 10 years old. Of course, I did *Rio Rita* on the stage and in pictures, and I have been doing quite a bit—mostly Spanish numbers.

FISHER: Mr. Cansino, does it mean anything to you in a business way that your daughter is so famous?

CANSINO: People are always calling the studio to see if Rita teaches here. I say no.

(If I had a son who turned out to be a big football player or a girl like Rita I have a feeling I couldn't be so offhand about the whole thing. I told Eduardo that. He smiled a little and showed me the artist's drawings of his new studio. It's a far cry from his present modest quarters. To be erected not far from Beverly Hills, it is a highly modernistic glass-fronted structure—the complete last word in dancing studios. I knew better than to ask who was paying for it. Cansino makes his own living. Always has and always will. Even the sign lettered in above the building proclaimed the name of Cansino.)

FISHER: You know how Hollywood and show business is, Mr. Cansino. Let's say

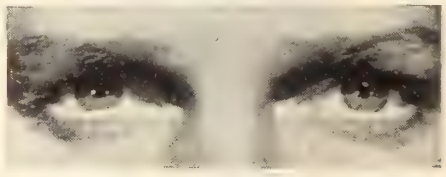
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that everything turned upside down some day, and Rita wasn't wealthy and famous any more—would you have a place in your studio for Rita to work and teach?

CANSINO: Naturally, I would help her any time. You bet.

FISHER: You mean that if Rita—and this takes some imagination—were to come back home broke some day and not a Princess any more, you would give her a job? Do you think she'd be a good teacher?

CANSINO: Sure, I would. Be a good teacher? To tell the truth I dunno.

We talked in generalities for a time. One of Cansino's speech mannerisms is to punctuate his enthusiasms with, "You bet!" When I asked him if he'd go out of his way to meet Prince Aly when they returned, his "YOU BET!" seemed to crack the plaster off the ceiling.

As is always the case, I reserved my most explosive question for the last. "About these persistent rumors," I said. There's another one, an item in this morning's paper: 'After the birth of her baby, Rita is going to have an explosive announcement to make.' What about that?"

Eduardo shrugged and looked at the printed words with distaste.

a talk with rita . . .

I suggested that perhaps he might call her long distance in Lausanne, Switzerland, and we could both listen to what Rita had to say personally. I pointed out that a lot of reporters tried to call Rita and as a matter of policy she might not talk to me.

"Will you call her?" I urged.

"Sure," he replied, "But this is personal and I guess I wouldn't want anyone listening in."

I left, and Eduardo Cansino did call his daughter then. It took time to put through the transatlantic message and we didn't talk again for several hours.

"What did she say?" I asked.

"Ha!" he laughed. "We were so hysterical. She shouted at me. I shouted at her. It was several minutes we couldn't even understand each other. She is very happy, that I can tell you. I told her the reports of the Hollywood papers, what some of these writers were saying. She said to me, 'Don't get mixed up with the press. Daddy, believe me, there is nothing wrong. Don't worry about anything. Any kind of bad report is just ridiculous. You know that.'

"Then she said, 'Rebecca (her daughter by her former marriage to Orson Welles) is coming from Cannes tomorrow to join us here in Switzerland. We're just very, very happy.' You can believe me, too—my daughter Rita doesn't fool—or talk that way unless it is so."

Eduardo patted his hip pocket and pulled out a letter. He explained he really didn't have to make that call, but talking about Rita so much had made him want to, although he knew all the time everything was all right. He wouldn't let me read the letter, but he told me that in it Rita had said, "Aly is a wonderful man."

"You see," he declared, clinching the point, "I think that accounts for herself. Do you think so?"

I couldn't help grinning at his blunt conviction, spoken plainly in the language he has never bothered to completely master.

"Yup," I replied. "I think so. YOU BET!"

THE END

(Radio reporter George Fisher, author of the above story, may be heard on his "Confidential Closeups" program each Saturday at 5:45 Eastern Standard Time over an NBC network that extends from the East Coast as far west as Milwaukee.)

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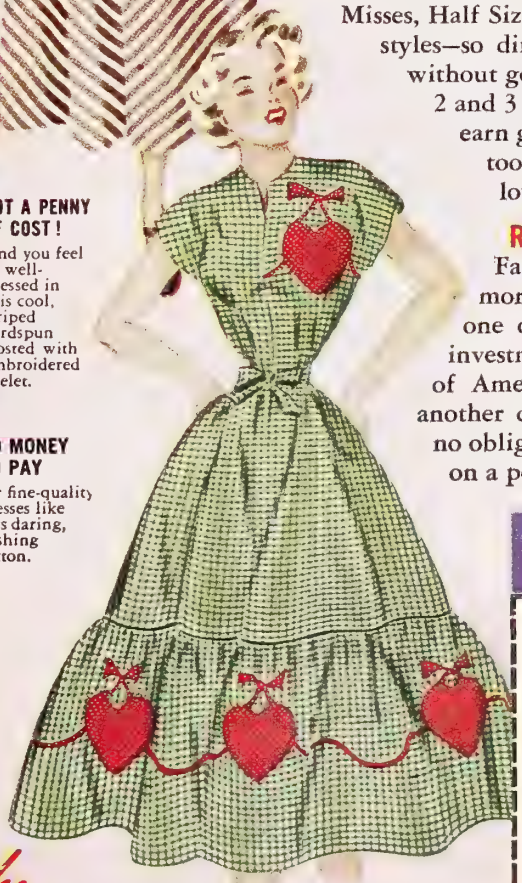
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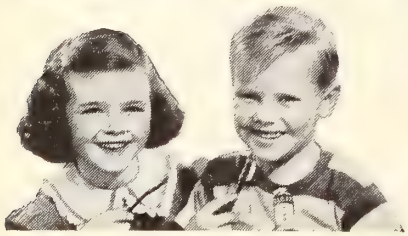
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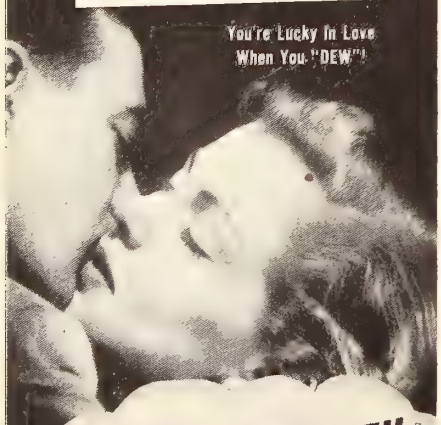
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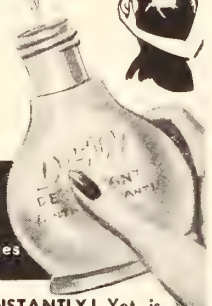


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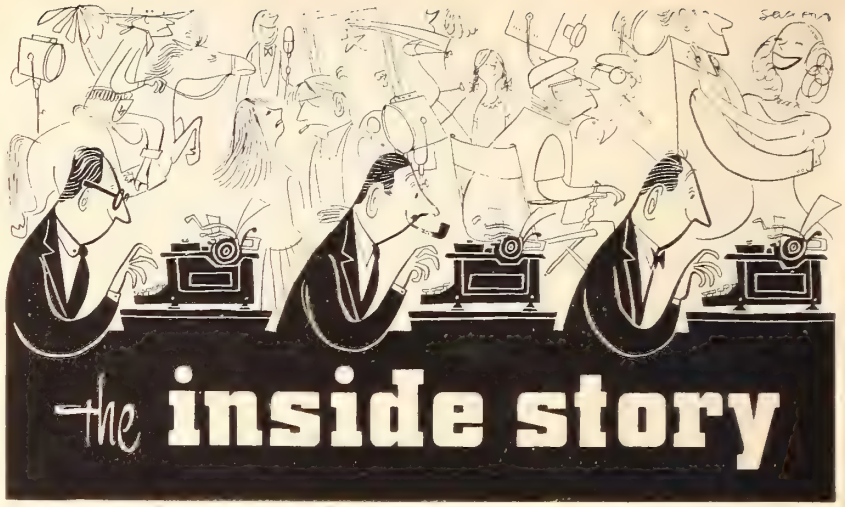


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2 drops make this striking difference in SECONDS!

REPLACEMENT OR A REFUND OF MONEY ★ Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping IF NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN



the inside story

IMPRESSED WITH our great beauty on the day we were born, our fond and foolish parents started a photographic album of us and kept it up in desultory fashion for a few years. One snapshot shows us sitting precariously on a Shetland Pony (stuffed) and as a poignant reminder of our roller-skating days, there is one looking as gap-toothed and charming as a Hallowe'en lantern. We'd grown to love those mementoes of our flown youth—or at least thought them fairly indicative of the human race—but that was before we'd seen Elizabeth Taylor's album. Here was perfection! Here was beauty! Inspired, we forgot all about our ego and decided to devote a whole 12-page section to the lovely star. Beginning on page 44 you'll find stories and pictures about her childhood, her career and—more important—the men in her life!

JOAN EVANS' parents, writers Katherine Albert and Dale Eunson, knew they had an actress on their hands almost immediately. It seems every time she cut a finger or fell off her kiddie car, Joan would go into an act that sounded like the last minutes of *Macbeth*. Later, in addition to tragedienne-type problems, they had adolescent ones as well. You see . . . But we'll let Katherine Albert tell you all about them in *Bringing Up Joan* on page 32.

KIRK DOUGLAS is a Man Of Mystery. At least he does things that strike us as mysterious. For instance, out of the black night, he'll appear at a friend's house. Purpose? Oh, he just wants a shower, that's all. Don't think he hasn't a shower at his own house. He's the proud possessor of house, shower and two small boys. Well, maybe you can clear up the mystery. You'll find it on page 34 under *Man At Large*.

COMING FROM a long, long line of British generals, lance corporals, subalterns and pukka sahibs, Peter Lawford was almost fated to follow in their footsteps. But he saw a movie once and decided *that* was for him. There was lots of talk about his being "cut off without a penny" but Pete managed to survive nicely, thank you—as his mother relates in *Speaking of My Son* on page 28.

TO OUR completely unbiased eye (our other eye is just *slightly* unbiased), our April issue shapes up beautifully. John Derek . . . Ruth Roman . . . Doris Day . . . Betsy Drake . . . Jeanne Crain . . . they're all in it!

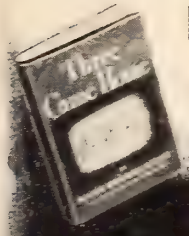
ANYBODY WITH two bits is just plain foolish if he doesn't run out *now* and get his copy of HOLLYWOOD YEARBOOK. It's crammed full of every important fact and event that took place in Hollywood this year. MODERN SCREEN's ex-bosses, Al Delacorte and Henry Malmgreen, have put some wonderful stories and exciting pictures in it for you. We think they've done a splendid, magnificent, glorious, sterling and peachy job, and that you will, too. Remember— HOLLYWOOD YEARBOOK.



What her eyes have seen! what her heart has known! what her love has lived through!



This is a *True Story*... one of the great personal stories of our time... told the way it happened – to one woman who will live it forever!



From the best-selling Book-of-the-Month and Reader's Digest sensation by Agnes Newton Keith!



DARRYL F. ZANUCK presents a shattering new experience for you!

Three Came Home

starring

CLAUDETTE COLBERT

with Patric Knowles · Florence Desmond · Sessue Hayakawa
Directed by JEAN NEGULESCO · Produced by NUNNALLY JOHNSON
Screen Play by Nunnally Johnson · Based on the Book by Agnes Newton Keith

20th CENTURY-FOX



LOUELLA PARSONS' Good news



Geary Steffen and Jane Powell, obviously finding married life a happy undertaking, attend the Hollywood première of *Battleground*. Such "big" openings are occurring more and more often.



Janet Leigh thanks a fan outside the *Battleground* première for his well-displayed admiration. Janet's escort, Arthur Loew, Jr., thoughtfully studies the sentiment—which he probably shares.



Joan Crawford is escorted to the première of *The Hasty Heart* by daughter Christina and son Christopher. Joan recently complained she spends most evenings at home—wishing for a date!



Ty Power, Linda Christian and the Macdonald Careys turned out for the *12 O'clock High* première. With a black velvet dress, Linda wears a turquoise mandarin jacket—and an oriental hair-do.



Cary Grant and Betsy Drake look loving but thoughtful—as is quite appropriate for a couple on the verge of flying to Arizona to be married. The ceremony, at first planned for a week earlier, took place Christmas.



June Haver and Kirk Douglas display the golden apples presented to them by the Hollywood Women's Press Club as 1949's "most cooperative" actress and actor. "Most uncooperative" were H. Lamarr and H. Bogart.

■ I can tell my readers of MODERN SCREEN that the lovely, blonde Lady Sylvia Ashley Fairbanks Stanley had no idea that she was going to marry "King" Clark Gable 48 hours before she did on Tuesday, December 20.

The previous Saturday she and Clark had lunched with Minna Wallis, who'd re-introduced them at a dinner months ago. That night they had dinner with Charles Feldman and agreed to dine with him again Tuesday.

Tuesday morning, the telephone rang and Sylvia said to Charlie, "Something has happened. We cannot have dinner with you, but you'll hear from us later." The "something" was her elopement with Gable! Charlie didn't know a thing about it until he heard it over the radio.

Minna said she was never so surprised in her life. She said that Clark and Sylvia hadn't been with each other very much since their meeting because Sylvia had been in Europe most of the time. She slipped back into town about two weeks before the wedding and then the romance started again.

How did Clark happen to marry the three-times-married Sylvia, called one of the most handsome women in the world and named on every best dressed list? Well, I'll tell you:

Sylvia, I think, reminds me a little of Carole Lombard. When he first married Carole, she didn't like to fish, hunt, and was not an outdoors girl. But she adapted herself to Clark's ways, and I think Sylvia will do the same.

After all, she is English and she enjoys outdoor life, even though she seems to be a hot-house plant and looks so fragile.

Let me tell you a cute little story about the elopement you may not have heard:

The morning of the day they secretly planned to drive up to San Luis Obispo and get their license, Clark called his bride-to-be. "Honey," he said, "We are going to have to use *your* car. Mine was sideswiped driving home from your house last night, and the whole side is smashed in! And that little English car of mine is too conspicuous—they'll spot it!"

So King Gable had to borrow his Lady's automobile to rush off and get married.

Howard Strickling, head of MGM publicity and Clark's best friend, who was best man, told me: "During the ceremony, tears came into Sylvia's eyes and started to run down her face. When Clark turned to her after the ceremony and started to take her in his arms, he first kissed her eyelids—and if you ask me, that big lug's eyes were moist, too. But happy! I haven't seen Clark that happy in years and years."

The whole thing was so sudden, they haven't made up their minds whether they will live in his house, or her house at the beach, or whether they will buy a new place in Beverly Hills.

But before he left, Clark left word that the master bedroom suite at his house was to be completely redecorated while they are gone. His instructions were, "'Get my hunting and fishing things out of there, make it look more—frilly and feminine!"

All I can add is—I wish them worlds of happiness and joy and I sincerely believe they have found it.

(*For further details on Clark Gable's marriage, see page 30.*—ED.)

* * *

Another major-star marriage—though of course, by no means the surprise that Clark Gable's was—was Cary Grant's to Betsy Drake on Christmas Day. For many months this marriage had been rumored as being about to take place, but while Cary had definitely said that he hoped to make Betsy his bride, she had refused to say publicly whether or not she'd have him for a husband right up to the time of their elopement. But it had been obvious that Cary was the only man in her life.

The couple was flown from Hollywood to Phoenix, Arizona, by Howard Hughes in his own private plane and they were married very quietly at a desert home 20 miles from the city. The Reverend Stanley M. Smith performed the marriage rites.

The couple had been all set to fly to Phoenix to be married on December 19, but there was such a downpour of rain that flying was unsafe. I heard about this at the time, but considered it to be merely another of the wild rumors about them.

But I did know that they planned to be married sometime in the holidays. I had learned this from something Cary said one afternoon when he and Betsy came to my house for tea.

Cary first met Betsy, and was immediately smitten, two years ago when they were aboard ship returning from England.

For both of them, this marriage certainly

have a
"party hair-do"
all day long



with
Gayla
HOLD·BOB*
bobby pins

Lovely hair-do . . . lovely dress—
of course you feel glamorous when
you're ready for a party! Now keep
that "party look" all day long with
Gayla HOLD-BOB bobby pins! So easy
to open. *Hold better!* Gayla HOLD-BOB
sets curls beautifully, keeps hair-dos
lovely. There is no finer bobby pin.



More women use
Gayla HOLD-BOB *than all*
other bobby pins combined!

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Coleen Gray, Bing Crosby's leading lady in Paramount's *Riding High*, helps Santa at a N.Y.C. kids' party given by Dell Publishing Co. with cooperation of the Salvation Army. The other assistant is Herb Polesie, panel member of Mutual's *20 Questions* radio and TV show.

came as the nicest Christmas present Santa Claus could have thought of! Having such congenial tastes, they should be very happy together.

* * *

When I walked in to Don Loper's cocktail party for newlyweds Janet Thomas and Gogi (he's the famous New York restaurateur) and saw Bing Crosby there, I nearly fell over. For years, Hollywood hostesses have been trying to bait Bing to attend their cocktail parties—and no go.

But I can tell you—when he does show up, he has a good time for himself. No sitting in corners and not mixing for El Bingo. And, believe it or not, he was a picture of sartorial splendor, wearing a dark blue suit, white shirt and gray tie—*très élégant.*

Soon after Bing arrived, Cornel Wilde came in wearing slacks and a turtle-necked white sweater minus a coat.

Bing took a look at him and cracked, "He looks like I'm supposed to!"

Come to think of it—I think Emily Post should have a word with some of our stars about dressing correctly for the occasion. I've never seen such an assorted array of clothes for this affair, which was quite formal.

Angela Lansbury was in a strictly tailored suit, no hat or gloves. Sylvia Sidney had on a black dress with red chandelier earrings that hung to her shoulders. Mrs. Van Heflin, Mrs. Reggie Gardiner, Mrs. Lee Bowman were all in correct cocktail dresses and looking very stunning.

Judy Garland, too, was all dressed up in a black dress, feathered hat and—something new—a feathered bag to match.

* * *

Esther Williams and Ben Gage opened a Western-type café which serves very good food. You would think the place would be jumpin' and jivin' with fans hoping to see the beautiful proprietress and her star friends, wouldn't you?

But, for some reason unknown to experts, the fans have not yet discovered it and continue to hang around the old standbys, such as Mocambo and Ciro's. So, many well-known stars dine at Esther's minus autograph hounds.

Listenin' Post: Isn't there a secret love in Patricia Neal's life she isn't telling us about? I think there is. . . . Somebody got to Shelley Winters and told her she wasn't the type to go around looking "mousey," minus lipstick and with her hair uncurled. So she is back to make-up and good grooming, thank goodness. . . . Their names aren't too much alike but Macdonald Carey gets lots of mail intended for Wendell Corey and vice versa.

I know how much John Derek hates stories about how super-handsome he is. But this is too good to keep:

The other night, at a dinner party, John was seated next to a beautiful, red-headed glamor girl. That is, he was supposed to be seated next to her.

But, before dinner was announced, the redhead got a peek at the seating arrangement and complained violently to the hostess. "I don't want to sit next to him. He's prettier than I am!"

* * *

So you think you want to be a movie star! Listen to Betty Hutton's daily routine while making *Annie Get Your Gun:*

Up at six o'clock. Showers, pins up her hair in a bandana, cold-creams her face (because of constant use of heavy studio make-up plus the dry California climate).

A romp in the nursery with her adorable daughters until 6:45. Then breakfast (poached egg on toast, grapefruit and black coffee) promptly at seven.

The studio at 7:30 with the next hour devoted to shampooing and dressing her hair, getting on her make-up and her costume.

If it's a dance or song day, she goes immediately to the rehearsal stage to run through a routine she has already rehearsed for days. Reason for the "run through" is to see how the dance or song goes when she is dressed in the costume she actually wears on the screen. Sometimes it's found that a costume will hinder a dance step, so quick adjustments must be made.

Then on to the set where she works (and how!) until 12:30. Before she has her lunch, Betty lies down for 15 minutes. The rest relaxes her and keeps her from eating on a "nervous" stomach.

"The Indian bit the dust...but the dust bit me!"

says **MAUREEN O'HARA**, starred in UNIVERSAL-INTERNATIONAL'S **"COMMANCHE TERRITORY"**



SHOOTING INDIANS IN "COMMANCHE TERRITORY" WAS HARDER ON MY HANDS THAN ON THE INDIANS! DUST TORTURED MY SKIN . . .



I DROVE horses for days with reins rasping my palms . . .



AND GRITTY alkali dust sifting all over my hands . . .



BUT JERGENS LOTION kept them from looking rough and ugly . . .



SO THAT they were soft and lovely for close-ups.



BEING A LIQUID, Jergens is absorbed by thirsty skin.

CAN YOUR LOTION OR HAND CREAM PASS THIS "FILM TEST"?

To soften, a lotion or cream should be absorbed by upper layers of skin. Jergens Lotion contains quickly-absorbed ingredients doctors recommend – no heavy oils that merely coat the skin. Proof? Water won't "bead" on hand smoothed with Jergens Lotion (left hand) as with a lotion or cream that leaves a heavy, oily film (right hand).

YOU CAN PROVE it with this simple test described above . . .



YOU'LL SEE why Jergens Lotion is my beauty secret . . .

Jergens Lotion

used by more women than any other hand care in the world

still 10c to $1 plus tax

USED by Hollywood stars 7 to 1 over other hand cares!

Perma-scrub is here!



Makes cleaning pots and pans *child's play*

You've never known such a *quick, easy, pleasant* way to clean pots and pans! Perma-scrub actually *lifts off* burned or caked food or grease in a flash. No more sore fingers from metal particles. No more dishwater hands! Comes in many gay colors. Get a Perma-scrub today and banish scouring bother.



OUTMODES OLD-STYLE SCOURING PADS

AT LEADING VARIETY STORES

Modglin Co., Inc., Los Angeles 65, Calif.
New York 16 • Chicago 9 • New Orleans 13



proud parents of a baby girl

At 9:40 in the morning on December 28, Rita Hayworth gave birth to a five-and-a-half pound baby girl at the Montchoisi Clinic in Lausanne, Switzerland. The baby, Aly Khan announced, will be named Yasmin—which is Persian for Jasmine.

Rita, wearing a mink coat over her pajamas, had been rushed to the hospital seven hours before by Aly in one of his fast automobiles. Like many another expectant father, he rather lost his head when his wife told him the blessed event was imminent. For days he had made elaborate plans with the local police and the management of the Palace Hotel, where he and Rita were staying. When the time came, Rita was to be driven carefully to the hospital with a large police escort. However, in the excitement, Aly forgot all about the escort, helped Rita into his car, and sped to the Clinic at 60 miles an hour.

As soon as they had left, hotel employees locked all the hotel doors—so that none of the small army of reporters and photographers staying there could hold things up. After Rita and Aly had a five-minute head start, the doors were unlocked—and the eager gentlemen of the press started in hot pursuit. Aly, who is famous for his fast driving, easily outraced them. In fact, he also outraced the police escort, who belatedly received the news in the form of a secret password given the chief of police over a private telephone by Rita just before she departed.

Aly, unshaven and rumpled after his hours of walking the corridor outside the delivery room but obviously overjoyed, made the announcement to the press at 11:13 that morning. He said, "Rita is all right . . . There were no complications . . . Everything is all right, but Rita suffered severely. The nurse brought the baby into Rita's room so Rita could see her. Rita is very happy."

A spokesman for Rita's doctor, Dr. Rudolphe Rochat—who has delivered babies for several European royal families—had quoted him a few hours before the birth of the baby as saying that surgery might be necessary to aid the delivery. None was, though ether was administered.

Aly was asked the color of his new daughter's hair. He laughed and replied that the baby was born without hair. (But it soon grew in—dark brown.)

Until a few days of the infant's arrival, Rita had insisted, despite numerous reports that her child was about to be born, that she did not expect it until February. Aly told reporters, "Premature babies are not unusual in my family. My previous children were early babies."

Though Rita was born a Roman Catholic, her new child will be raised in the Moslem faith of Aly.

Back to work from 1:30 straight through until six P. M., when she returns to her dressing room for another 15 minute "cat nap" before starting home.

She insists on being home by seven so she can be with the children while they are being put to bed. The next hour, she and Ted Briskin devote to relaxing and talking over the doings of the day.

At eight o'clock she is in bed where she is served a steak, medium-rare, and a whole sliced tomato. Right after dinner—Lights Out!

"It's tough to miss out on all the parties and good times," says Betty, "but it's the only way I can do it!"

* * *

I don't know how in the world Arlene Dahl kept from catching pneumonia at her own cocktail party. In a pouring-down rain, Arlene, wearing a décolleté, off-the-shoulder, beige lace gown, insisted on opening the door herself and greeting her guests, instead of leaving it to a maid or a butler.

'Twas a nice hospitable thing to do—but, oh, *brrrrrrrr!*

It was Arlene's first big party since she clicked as a star and she proved herself a very charming hostess. And original, too. Even though it was the Christmas holiday season, Arlene skipped the obvious decorations and concentrated on a Swedish motif.

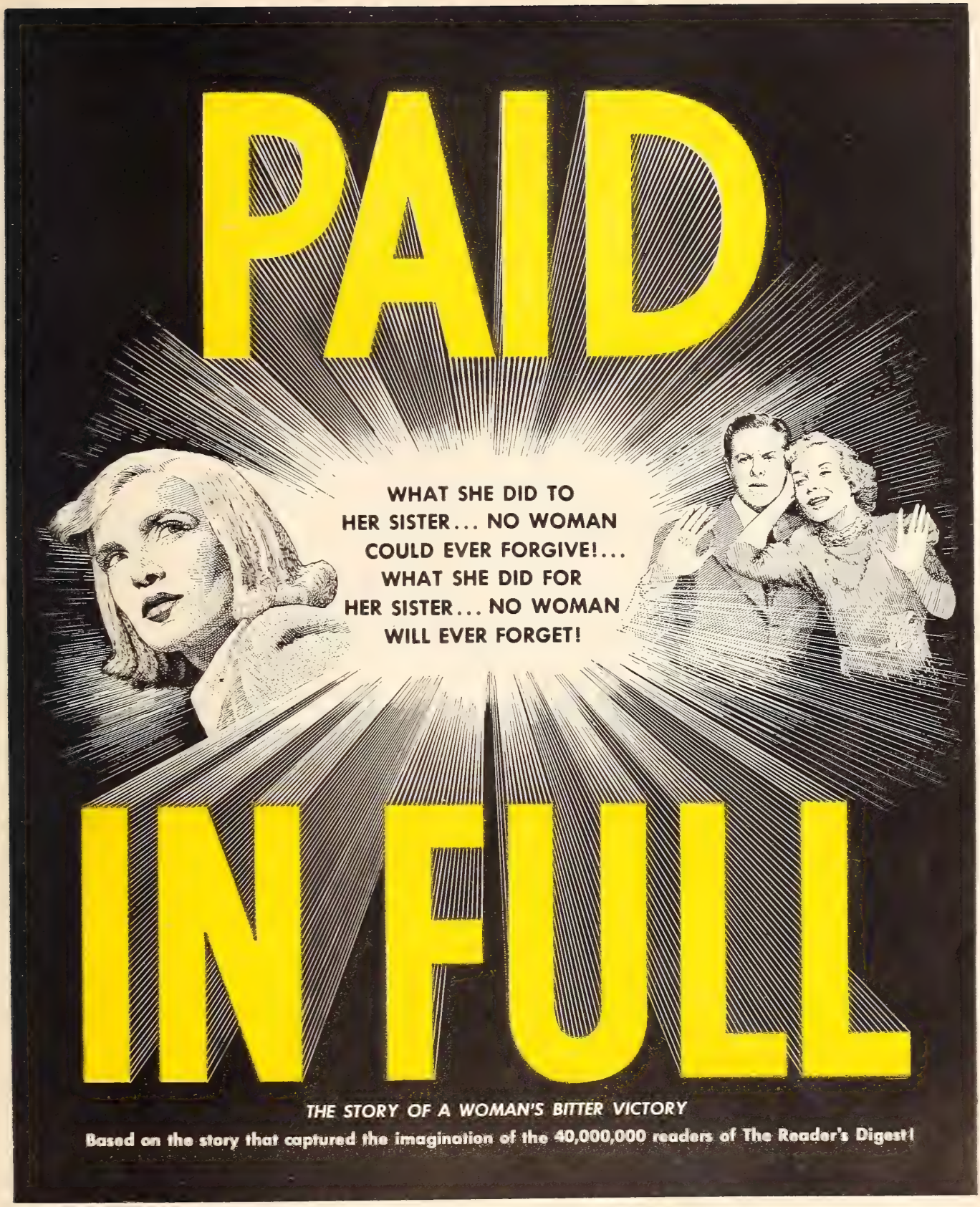
Believe me, the hungry gents certainly appreciated the big smorgasbord spread with wonderful cheeses and spiced meats on a huge table. No trays of little hors d'oeuvres for Miss Dahl's guests—and the men particularly enjoyed her idea.

It was hard to tell which handsome bachelor was her beau. Cornel Wilde came solo, so did Lew Ayres and Jack Kennedy, son of former Ambassador Joseph Kennedy.

Two of the prettiest gals there were Esther Williams, in a red velvet cocktail dress, and Maureen O'Sullivan (Mrs. John Farrow) in a stunning blue suit with a matching hat trimmed in red.

* * *

I felt sad talking to John Agar over the phone just a week before Christmas. He had just returned from his p.a. tour (which was



Robert Cummings · Lizabeth Scott · Diana Lynn

in HAL WALLIS' production "PAID IN FULL" with Eve Arden

Directed by WILLIAM DIETERLE · Screenplay by Robert Blees and Charles Schnee

Paramount Pictures

Which Twin has the Toni?

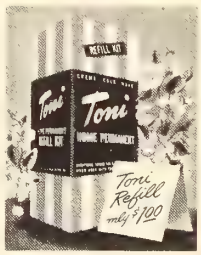


Jean and Jo Ann Corbett of Burbank, Calif. "Toni always gives me a wave that's soft and natural-looking," says the Toni Twin. Can you tell which is she? See answer below.

Hair styles in this picture by Don Rito, famous Hollywood hair stylist.

Toni looks as lovely as a $20 permanent —feels as soft as naturally curly hair*

Now—*any* day, *any* time—for only one dollar you can get a wave that's caressably soft—like naturally curly hair . . . and guaranteed to look just as lovely, last just as long as a beauty shop permanent costing $20. (*Including shampoo and set.)



What's Toni's secret? It's the lotion. Toni waving lotion is an exclusive creme formula developed through years of research. This gentle-action formula was especially created to give you a wave that's free of harsh frizziness—a wave that *feels* and *behaves* like naturally curly hair. But remember, *only* Toni Home Permanent gives you this superb waving lotion.

Wonderful results—again and again! What better proof of Toni quality! Toni is the only permanent that has given over 67 million lovely, long-lasting waves. Some women have used Toni ten times or more and say their waves are always soft, natural-looking, easy to manage. Letters of praise come from women with every type of hair—even gray, bleached and baby-fine hair. So whether you are buying your first Toni Home Permanent or your tenth, you can be sure of getting a wave that looks as lovely as a $20 permanent—feels as soft as naturally curly hair. Jean, the twin on the left, has the Toni.

P. S. For complete hair care get Toni Creme Shampoo and Toni Creme Rinse, too.



"I'm not a twin, but since I tried Toni, no other permanent will do for me," says Mrs. Myron Albertson of Los Angeles. "Toni works wonders for my baby-fine hair. Never frizzes it . . . always gives me a soft, natural-looking wave."

TONI *SPIN* CURLERS

twice as easy - twice as fast



All plastic. No rubber bands. They grip the hair . . . spin up the curls . . . and lock with a flick of the finger.

Available in combination with Toni Refill . . . only $2.29



Robert Taylor gets some authoritative six-gun pointers from old-time Western star Hoot Gibson who visited Bob on the set of MGM's *Ambush.*

not a howling success, by the way) and he seemed so depressed.

He was also annoyed over stories that he was seeking a reconciliation with Shirley.

"I haven't seen Miss Temple (*note the 'Miss Temple'*) or my baby since I got home." he said. "But I have gifts for Linda Susan and I've been told I can bring them over Christmas."

I told him I had received a good deal of fan mail praising him for his attitude of silence after Shirley's divorce charges.

"Thank you," he said. "But I can't talk about that. I wish you would do me a favor: Please explain to the fans that I can't answer their letters or questions on that subject. It goes," said John huskily, "too deep."

(*For a complete account of Shirley's divorce trial, see page 22.*—Ed.)

* * *

Ever since Bob Precht was voted "the great lover" of the University of California at Los Angeles campus, and earned the honor of escorting Elizabeth Taylor to Bob Hope's "Great Lover" ball, his life has been just plain hades.

"My fraternity brothers won't leave me alone," Bob reports glumly. "Everybody calls me 'lover-boy'. *Lover boy!* Every class I step into, they all start singing, 'I Can't Get Started With You'. Ugh—that's all I got to say! Ugh!"

But when he was asked if the date with luscious Liz wasn't worth it, Bob grinned.

"She sure is a swell girl," he said guardedly, "and so are her folks!" I hear he didn't dare go further than that—on account of he has a girl of his own.

I must say Elizabeth did a cute thing to keep Bob in good standing with his campus sweetheart. The night Liz stepped out with Bob, she sent his girl a great big orchid corsage with a note, "I'm sure he had rather be with you!"

* * *

The Way The Fan Mail Goes:

Most of you are still bewildered and puzzled over the break-up of Shirley Temple's marriage and I hardly received a letter last month that didn't mention the break.

Kirk Douglas is becoming more and more popular with all of you. You like the way Kirk answers his mail and treats the autograph boys and girls.

John Derek has the younger girls doing nip-ups—and after having him on my radio show, I can tell you he is just as nice as you think he is.

Guess that's all for this month. See you next month!



"Young Man with a Horn"

HOAGY CARMICHAEL · JUANO HERNANDEZ

DIRECTED BY MICHAEL CURTIZ · PRODUCED BY JERRY WALD

SCREEN PLAY BY CARL FOREMAN AND EDMUND H. NORTH • FROM THE NOVEL BY DOROTHY BAKER • MUSICAL DIRECTION BY RAY HEINDORF

You'll see it soon—following the World Premiere at Radio City Music Hall, New York!

Picture of the Month



In Warners' deeply moving *The Hasty Heart*, Ronald Reagan, Patricia Neal and some British Army buddies try hard to cheer up Scot Richard Todd.

MOVIE REVIEWS

by Christopher Kane



THE HASTY HEART

■ *The Hasty Heart* is an exceptionally moving film. Its hero is a proud and sullen Scotsman named Laughlin McLaughlin, wonderfully portrayed by Richard Todd, an excellent young newcomer—a newcomer to me, at any rate. Lachie, as McLaughlin is called, is a soldier, wounded in Burma. After an operation, he wants to go home to Scotland, but instead he's transferred to a new ward. The doctor speaks to the nurse (Patricia Neal) in charge of the new ward and to the ward's five men patients (one of them's Ronald Reagan) before Lachie arrives. Tells them Lachie is going to die. One kidney's gone, the other's defective. So be nice to him. Lachie's hard to be nice to, though. Doesn't want any friends because he can't stand to feel beholden to anybody. He's saved up his money and he's going to buy a farm in Scotland. He won't even spare enough to get himself a kilt, though he's always yearned for one. He's maddening, but the men are sorry for him, give him a birthday party, complete with kilt. This breaks his shell. He says nobody in his whole lonely life ever gave him something for nothing before. He's a new man, even asks the nurse to marry him, and she promises. The blow falls when headquarters sends word that Lachie can go home to Scotland if he wants, and he discovers that this special favor has been granted because his days are numbered. Now he's sure the men and the nurse have been kind to him only out of pity, and he feels fiercely betrayed. I won't say any more, except that the picture's climax is painfully moving. When I saw it the audience wept buckets.



Dry skin! "My skin was terribly dry before using Noxzema," says pretty Margaret MacKenzie. "Now it's my regular night cream. I like Noxzema because of its soft texture—and because it's greaseless. It's my regular hand cream, too."



Sensitive skin! "I have very sensitive skin—and need a good protective cream," says lovely Effie Sorenson. "Ever since I started using Noxzema as my regular beauty aid and hand cream, my skin seems to look softer and smoother."

LOOK LOVELIER IN 10 DAYS ...OR YOUR MONEY BACK

Doctor Develops New Home Beauty Routine! Helps 4 out of 5 Women in Clinical Tests!

● Practically every woman has some little thing wrong with her skin. If you're bothered with dry, rough skin, externally-caused blemishes, or similar skin problems—here's news!

A famous doctor, using one cream—*medicated* Noxzema—developed a New Beauty Routine! In clinical tests it helped 4 out of 5 women. Here's all you do:

Morning—1. "CREAMWASH WITH NOXZEMA." Apply Noxzema all over your face. With a wet face cloth actually wash your face with Noxzema—as you would with soap. Note how *really* clean your skin *looks* and *feels*.

2. After drying face, smooth on a protective film of greaseless Noxzema as a powder base.



Blemishes!* "I was very self-conscious about the condition of my skin," says attractive Margaret Young. "Then I used Noxzema as my powder base and night cream. Now my skin always looks so much softer, smoother."

*Externally-caused

Evening—3. Before retiring, again "CREAMWASH WITH NOXZEMA." See how easily you wash away make-up, the day's accumulation of dirt and grime—how clean it leaves your face.

4. Now massage Noxzema into your face. Pat a little extra over any blemishes* to help heal them. Noxzema is greaseless—no messy pillow smears!

After using Noxzema only a day or two—notice how the dead, dry cells on the surface of your skin start to flake off. Good! That's what you want! Try it yourself! See if you aren't thrilled to find your complexion looking softer, smoother, lovelier!

Remember—this new "Home Facial" was *clinically tested* by doctors with amazing results! Follow the doctor's 4 simple steps for 10 days. If not satisfied with results—return the jar—your money cheerfully refunded. But you *will* be delighted! See if you don't agree your skin looks softer, smoother, lovelier in 10 days with medicated Noxzema. At all drug and cosmetic counters. **Ask for the Limited Time Special—regular 40¢ jar for only 29¢ plus tax. Get yours today!**



Want your hands to look softer, whiter in just 24 hrs.?

Are your hands unattractive—or really lovely? If they're red, rough or chapped from dishwashing, housework—try medicated, *greaseless* Noxzema! In actual Doctors' Tests, this dainty greaseless cream helped 9 out of 10 women to softer, lovelier-looking hands—in just 24 hours!

Money-Back Offer

Try it yourself! Tonight—smooth dainty, snow-white Noxzema on your hands. Look for improvement by tomorrow morning. See if you don't agree your hands look softer, whiter, lovelier—in just 24 hours! If not completely satisfied with results—return the jar—your money cheerfully refunded. Our address is on every jar. But you *will* be delighted to find your hands look whiter—feel softer, smoother. Try Noxzema Skin Cream tonight—and see!

Sonja Henie says "I do"



How to Lose Weight and Look Lovelier

Now! Reduce—and look lovelier while you are doing it! Lose weight *the way* Nature intended you to! A quick, natural way with no risk to health. If you follow the Ayds plan you should feel healthier, look better while reducing—and have a lovelier figure!

This is because the Ayds way to reduce is a natural way. When you take Ayds before meals, as directed, you can eat what you want . . . all you want. Ayds contains no harmful drugs. It calls for no strenuous diet . . . no massage . . . no exercise.

Ayds is a specially made candy containing health giving vitamins and minerals. It acts by reducing your desire for those extra fattening calories . . . works almost like magic. Easily and naturally you should begin to look slimmer, more beautiful day by day, when you follow the Ayds Plan.

Women all over America now have lovelier figures with the help of Ayds. Users report losses up to 10 pounds with the very first box. In fact, you lose weight with the first box ($2.89) or your money back. Get Ayds from your druggist or department store, today—a full month's supply, $2.89.

SLIM THE WAY THE STARS SLIM

● "I do recommend Ayds to any woman who has a problem with her figure," says Sonja Henie, Star of the Sonja Henie Hollywood Ice Review. "I keep myself in trim all the time with the help of Ayds. I can't think of a better way to reduce."



The Loveliest Women in the World take AYDS



South Sea Sinner: Shelley Winters is an island singer so popular with the boys she manages to get deported regularly to prevent rivalry.

SOUTH SEA SINNER

Cast: Macdonald Carey, Shelley Winters, Helena Carter, Luther Adler.
Universal-International

Shelley Winters acts mostly like Mae West (only with a crew cut) in a drama of low life on the high seas. Shelley sings in dives in the South Pacific, but she's forever being deported from one island to another because of trouble over men. She's singing on the island of Oraca, in a dive owned by Luther Adler (a greasy cuss) when along comes Doc (a pharmacist's mate in the Navy) and Macdonald Carey (a mystery man). Doc (Frank Lovejoy) quits his ship to stay near Shelley, for whom he's conceived a wholehearted admiration, but Carey's got other things on his mind. Carey's been framed by officials of the rubber company he used to work for. These officials cooperated with the Japanese, during the war, but they'd fixed it for Carey to take the rap, and now Carey's back to discover the truth. Shelley eventually manages to tempt him with her charms (she doesn't hide her light under a bushel) and he even takes her to a fancy society party where the ladies humiliate and insult her. (Why she went to the party dressed—or rather, undressed—like Gypsy Rose Lee, I have no idea. That getup screamed for an insult or two.) Anyhow, Carey's old girlfriend (Helena Carter), a real high-class type, shows up, and she's so gentle and understanding, he doesn't know what to do. Helena's from his world, but Shelley makes his blood berl. Shelley solves the whole mess by gallantly pretending she's been love-making with Luther Adler (the greasy cuss, remember?) so the cops won't find out Luther Adler murdered a man one night. In return for this, Luther Adler helps clear Carey's good name. (Luther knows about the crooked rubber officials.) Carey's good name gets cleared, but he believes that sordid story about Shelley and Luther, and he goes off with Helena. Brave little Shelley blinks back the tears, and takes up with faithful Doc. Another Notable Thing About This Film: A pianist referred to as Maestro, who makes meaningless but profound-sounding speeches, while looking exceedingly maniacal.



My Foolish Heart: In a familiar scene, Susan Hayward says goodbye to her sweetheart, Dana Andrews, at the end of his last leave.

MY FOOLISH HEART

Cast: Dana Andrews, Susan Hayward, Kent Smith
Goldwyn

My Foolish Heart is a love story, bittersweet and touching. It deals with Susan Hayward, a schoolgirl who falls in love with Dana Andrews, a gay young man-around-town, in the year 1941. Dana knows too many answers. Dana knows there's a war coming, for instance, and he doesn't believe in worrying about the future because he doesn't expect to have a future. By the time he's drafted, he's sure he's crazy about Susan, but he still can't see any point in marriage. Marriage is for peaceful times, when men can settle down and have families. Susan doesn't want to trap him into anything —her own mother and father are a bad example of impetuous wartime romance— but after one of Dana's leaves, she discovers she's pregnant, and she's scared. Dana writes and asks her to come down to his base, be married, but the letter arrives too late. He's been killed in a plane crash. This leaves Susan about to become a mother, husbandless, and nowhere to turn, since her understanding father has a bad heart, and the slightest shock could kill him. She settles her problem by marrying Kent Smith, a former suitor who's always had a yen for her. He's been concentrating on her best friend (Lois Wheeler) but one whistle from Susan lures him right back again. Their household isn't a happy one, however, and Susan starts drinking. It takes her seven years to realize how badly she's messed up everybody's lives, whereupon she sets out to fix things up as best she can. The acting in *My Foolish Heart* is superb (Robert Keith deserves a special medal for his portrayal of Susan's father), the dialogue is tender and funny. Mr. Goldwyn's pictures continue to be way above average.

MALAYA

Cast: Spencer Tracy, James Stewart, Valentina Cortesa, Sydney Greenstreet.
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

Newspaperman Jimmy Stewart wins the war in the Pacific by smuggling rubber out of

"Soaping" dulls hair— Halo glorifies it!





Not a soap, not a cream— Halo cannot leave dulling, dirt-catching soap film!

Gives fragrant "soft-water" lather —needs no special rinse!



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Halo leaves hair soft, manageable— shining with colorful natural highlights!



Yes, "soaping" your hair with even finest liquid or oily cream shampoos leaves dulling, dirt-catching film. Halo, made with a new patented ingredient, contains no soap, no sticky oils. Thus Halo *glorifies* your hair the very first time you use it. Ask for Halo—*America's favorite shampoo*—at any drug or cosmetic counter!

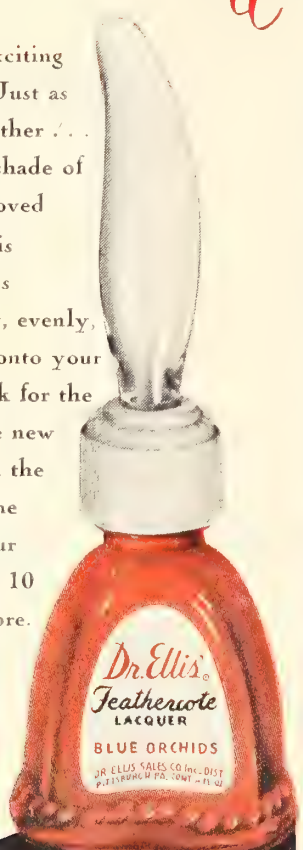


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Expect an exciting difference! Just as light as a feather . . . a gay new shade of this improved Dr. Ellis Lacquer flows smoothly, evenly, beautifully, onto your nails. Look for the handsome new package with the plastic-plume top, at your favorite 5 & 10 or drug store.



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Malaya: Jimmy Stewart and Spencer Tracy discuss rubber smuggling with Sydney Greenstreet, while Valentina Cortesa completes the intrigue.



Mrs. Mike: Dick Powell, as a Canadian Mountie, brings his courageous wife, Evelyn Keyes, to a frozen outpost for their new life together.

Jap-held Malaya. First he makes U. S. authorities release his old pal Spencer (Smuggler) Tracy from Alcatraz, then he and Spencer set sail for Malaya. Jimmy's thinking about rubber, Spencer's thinking about a girl named Luana (Valentina Cortesa) who sings "Blue Moon" in a Malayan cafe called "The Dutchman's." "The Dutchman's" patrons are obviously insatiable in their desire to hear "Blue Moon." It's the only song in the picture, and darned if that girl isn't singing it every time you stick your nose in the door, morning, noon or night. (Been going on for years, too, if you give credence to Spencer's reminiscences.) "The Dutchman" (Sydney Greenstreet), who keeps on friendly terms with the Jap occupation officers, is really an old pal of Spencer's, and he gets together a band of cutthroats who'll help Jimmy and Spence smuggle, in return for American gold. "The Dutchman" also fixes up interviews with three planters who have hidden rubber stockpiles from the Japs. Our boys want to pay these men for their rubber, fair and square. One of the three planters is a very honorable soul—so honorable I still don't know what he was getting at. Said he couldn't possibly sell his rubber, but if Jimmy and Spencer would just beat him up, he'd tell where the stuff was. He wanted the bruises to show the Japs, he said. In any case, the smuggling is thrillingly successful (the rubber's ferried down the rivers to the sea where American ships pick it up), Jimmy dies a hero's death, and Spencer lives happily ever after on an island with that "Blue Moon" girl. This also surprised me, because the last I saw of those two lovebirds, he was giving her a mighty heave out of his boat and into the ocean. It occurs to me now that he was trying to save her life (his boat was going off into the line of some gunfire) but he never even asked if she could swim before he did it.

MRS. MIKE

Cast: Dick Powell, Evelyn Keyes, J. M. Kerrigan.
United Artists

"The frozen Canadian north is no place for a woman." Sergeant Mike Flannigan (Dick Powell) of the Mounties tells Boston girl, Kathy O'Fallon (Evelyn Keyes). So they get married anyway. By the time they've mushed 360 miles into the icy wilderness by dog sled, she's begun to get the idea. At the end of the 360 miles, there's a broken-down cabin with a broken-down family. "Company!" cries the delighted broken-down wife. And she runs to play the organ (I'm not fooling, they have an organ) and bring out her only china cup. Kathy breaks the cup, but the woman says it's all right, her old man is going to strike gold any day now. Kathy doesn't say, "I'd hate to hang till he does," or anything crude like that; she just gets sad. But Mike assures her that he and she will have a happier life than these folks. And it's *mush!* again. Hendrick's Hope, a trading post, is their new home. It's okay until Kathy finds out she's going to have a baby. She wants to go someplace civilized, but Mike tells her not to be silly, the Indian women aren't afraid of having their babies alone, or some such noble nonsense. (I wish the movies would wake up to the fact that the death-in-childbirth rate has been reduced to practically nothing because of modern medical methods, and stop stumping for a return to the brave old dark ages.) Well, Mike and his Mrs. move to a larger settlement (Fort Manette) and they have a cute little girl, but there's a diphtheria epidemic, and the serum runs out, and their baby dies, along with most everybody else in the neighborhood. Kathy decides she's had enough. "I'm going back where human beings have a chance to live," she says. Mike sadly lets her go, is transferred back to Hendrick's Hope, himself. And whom does he find when he gets there? His own precious wife, that's whom. She's going to stick to the bitter end, and I do mean bitter.

EAST SIDE, WEST SIDE

Cast: James Mason, Barbara Stanwyck, Van Heflin, Ava Gardner.
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

James Mason, so rich, so debonaire, loves his wife Barbara Stanwyck, but Ava Gardner is a fever in his blood. Barbara wears tailored suits, Ava wears next to nothing. Into this story comes a model (Cyd Charisse) in love with an ex-cop-later-OSS-man-now-public-figure (Van Heflin). Heflin, who does his government work in Italy, and who's only in the U.S. for



East Side, West Side: Playboy James Mason may be raising a menacing hand to model Ava Gardner, but he's really very fond of her.

a couple of days, calls Cyd "Little Dirty-Face," so you can see it's no grand passion on his part. But through Cyd, he meets Barbara Stanwyck (Cyd models the clothes rich ladies like Barbara buy), and over a scrambled egg at Barbara's, he begins to feel something he never felt before. He tells Barbara, only to add hastily, "Forget it. I'm no homewrecker." This is a home? the audience asks itself, believing Mason to be dallying with Gardner even now. Little does the audience wot that Gardner is through with dalliance forever, lying, as she is, foully murdered on the floor of her apartment. Did Mason do it? Did the rich man who was keeping Ava do it? Did some blonde six feet tall and jealous do it? Will Barbara Stanwyck ever love again? Maybe you won't believe this picture, but it's awful entertaining, full of pretty clothes, sophisticated dialogue, and lovely New York settings. It's a long way from Gracie Square on the East River (where the Masons live) to the Greenwich Village flat occupied by Ava, so we get to see a lot of Manhattan en route. We even go through the poor-but-honest Italian section where Van was brought up to be his poor-but-honest self. It's practically educational.

DANCING IN THE DARK

Cast: William Powell, Mark Stevens, Betsy Drake, Adolphe Menjou.
20th Century-Fox

This is the least flashy musical I've seen in years, and the reason is the painful mis-casting of Betsy Drake. She's nice, but she's no Grable. Plot (based on the old Kaufman-Dietz-Schwartz stage musical *Bandwagon*) concerns a young girl who wants to be a star. She's helped by an elderly old soak (William Powell) who was a great movie personality in bygone days, but whose meanness lost him his place in pictures. A major studio's put him back on his feet, made him its representative, because he was once half-of-a vaudeville act. Wait, I'm getting to the point. The other half of the vaudeville act (Walter Catlett) has a daughter (Randy Stuart), a big Broadway star. Poppa won't let daughter go into movies; studio thinks maybe Poppa's old partner Powell can persuade him. (They've got a top role in a top production waiting.) But in New York, where he's been sent to

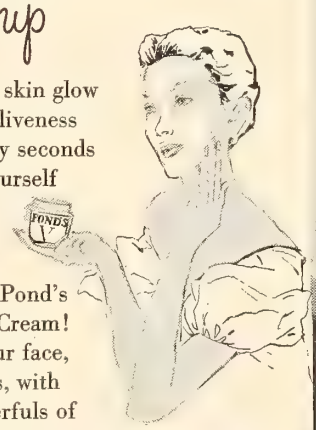
If you feel self-conscious in a **heavy** make-up



Choose a powder base with sheer flattery

Your skin *can* look *naturally* lovely—fine-textured, delicate, young! Before powder, smooth on a *light* touch of Pond's Vanishing Cream. Misty-white in the jar, transparent on your skin—this *greaseless* Cream suits every complexion. Never streaks or discolors. Never looks "masky." Pond's Vanishing Cream gives a camellia-soft, adherent finish that holds powder superbly!

1-Minute Mask... "re-styles" your face before make-up



Make your skin glow with new aliveness in just sixty seconds . . . give yourself a quick, rewarding 1-Minute Mask with Pond's Vanishing Cream! Swathe your face, except eyes, with lavish fingerfuls of the snowy-cool Cream. Its "keratolytic" action loosens and dissolves off clinging dirt and dead skin flakes. Leave on for 1 minute—then tissue off. See how much softer, fresher and *clearer* your skin looks. Make-up goes on flawlessly over your newly smoothed and re-styled complexion!



Mrs. Ellen Tuck Astor ....."No beauty treatment I've tried gives my skin a so much brighter look so quickly as the 1-Minute Mask with Pond's. And it makes such a wonderful difference in the smoothness of my make-up."

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TWO WAYS



1 STOPS
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Oh joy, oh bliss! YODORA is *different . . . doubly* divine, *doubly* effective, because it's *made with a face cream base.* Works two ways: **1**—really *stops* perspiration odor . . . **2**—keeps armpits fresh and lovely-looking as the skin of neck and shoulders. Safe for clothes, too. Today, try YODORA, the wonderful deodorant that works *two* ways! Product of McKesson & Robbins, Bridgeport, Conn.

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sweet-talk a signed contract out of little Miss Broadway, Powell comes across this young girl who happens to be *his* daughter (he deserted her mother) and he decides *she* should get the break, and be the studio's new doll. He coaches her to sing and dance, and everybody almost gets fired—especially when Betsy finds out William's her father, because she hates her father for what he did to her mother—but there's a happy ending. (Betsy's love interest, by the way, is Mark Stevens.) Which brings me back to my original complaint: Betsy just isn't a song-and-dance girl. She handled the nice sensitive young actress end of things fine—but sparkle, she doesn't. And sparkle somebody should have done, to save the picture.

WHIRLPOOL

Cast: Gene Tierney, Richard Conte, José Ferrer, Charles Bickford.
20th Century-Fox

A slight case of kleptomania keeps Gene Tierney from being the lovely well-balanced girl a psychiatrist's wife should be. Her doctor-husband, Richard Conte, loves her madly, but Gene's plagued by itchy fingers (she comes, she sees, she swipes) and she takes up with a charlatan (José Ferrer) who says he's an astrologer and hypnotist. This boy guarantees he'll make a new woman of her, and he nearly kills her doing it. He helps her insomnia, but he hypnotizes her into going out to a house (where he's just committed a murder), and obligingly standing around till the police arrive to arrest her. Also while under hypnosis, Gene's lifted from her husband's files all kinds of evidence damaging to Ferrer. (The murdered woman, it happens, is one of Ferrer's blackmail victims, and one of Richard Conte's patients. She's confided about Ferrer to Conte, but Conte can't find his records, so he can't help prove his wife's innocence.) Complex story. Very complex. But good pace, and José Ferrer keeps busy performing from his toes to his fingertips. He doesn't miss a trick. If he wants a Hollywood career, there's no doubt now that he can have it. He bleeds to death in front of your admiring eyes, for a final flourish.

FREE SUBSCRIPTIONS!

If you wouldn't mind getting three free issues of MODERN SCREEN, we'd like to make a suggestion. See the brief questionnaire printed below? Fill it out and return it to us, with the speed of lightning. We give a free three-months subscription to the first 500 that come in. Simple? Extremely! You just tell us which stories you liked best in this issue, and which you liked least. You also jot down the stars you'd like us to have stories on in the future, and the stars you'd as soon pass over. For doing us this small favor (if your reply is among the first 500), you get the April, May and June issues absolutely free!

QUESTIONNAIRE

Which stories and features did you enjoy most in our March issue? WRITE THE NUMBERS 1, 2 and 3 AT THE RIGHT of your 1st, 2nd and 3rd choices.

Shirley Temple's Divorce ☐
Dangerous Paradise (Ingrid Bergman) ☐
"Speaking of My Son . . ." (Peter Lawford) ☐
Fit for a King (Clark Gable) ☐
Bringing Up Joan (Joan Evans) ☐
Man at Large (Kirk Douglas) ☐
Lana Turner's Fight for Happiness by Hedda Hopper ☐
Strike! (Arlene Dahl, Shelley Winters, Douglas Dick, others) ☐
This Love of Ours (Ricardo Montalban) ☐
Three's No Crowd (Mona Freeman) ☐
Elizabeth the Queen (Elizabeth Taylor Special Section) ☐
How Roy Rogers Found Faith ☐
Modern Screen Fashions ☐
Louella Parsons' Good News ☐
Christopher Kane's Movie Reviews ☐

Which of the above did you like LEAST?.....

What 3 MALE stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them, 1, 2, 3, in order of preference.....

What 3 FEMALE stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them, 1, 2, 3, in order of preference.....

What MALE star do you like least?.....

What FEMALE star do you like least?.....

My name is.....

My address is.....

City..... Zone..... State..... I am ..... years old

ADDRESS THIS TO: POLL DEPT., MODERN SCREEN
BOX 125, MURRAY HILL STATION, NEW YORK 16, N. Y.



Thelma Jordon: Wendell Corey is the unhappy lawyer who falls in love with Barbara Stanwyck even though she's stolen and murdered.

THELMA JORDON

Cast: Barbara Stanwyck, Wendell Corey, Paul Kelly, Joan Tetzel.
Paramount

Wendell Corey's assistant district attorney, but his wife's family is too rich to please him. Every time he wants to buy wife (Joan Tetzel) a present, he discovers her old man got there first. In-law trouble makes him drink, drinking makes him more in-law trouble, and the night he meets Barbara Stanwyck, he's ripe for adventure. He gets more than he bargains for because Miss Stanwyck is planning to use him as a stooge. Miss Stanwyck is living with a rich and aged aunt whom she kills, when she's surprised in the act of swiping the lady's jewels. But that comes later. During a whole summer when Wendell's wife is at the beach with her mother, father, and the children, Wendell's dating Barbara, and falling in love. By the time of the robbery-murder, he's so sold on Barbara, he arranges for her lawyer, fixes it so the district attorney is disqualified from prosecuting Barbara, has himself appointed as prosecuting attorney, and proceeds to antagonize and bore the jury to death. This is known as throwing the case. Now everybody's got to be punished. An ex-boyfriend of Barbara's—he plotted Auntie's robbery originally—shows up, and when he won't go away, Barbara kills him and herself in an automobile crash. (She lives long enough to admit she loves Wendell.) Wendell makes a clean breast of everything to the district attorney, and is disbarred. It's a very sad end. It's also an extremely entertaining picture. Corey's wonderfully good, and the relationships between him and his wife, and him and Barbara, are treated in an adult and believable manner.

TWELVE O'CLOCK HIGH

Cast: Gregory Peck, Hugh Marlowe, Gary Merrill, Millard Mitchell.
20th Century-Fox

Daylight precision bombing in 1942 is the problem. The 918th bomb group is known as a "hard luck" bunch. They lose too many men, they lose too many planes. Brigadier General Gregory Peck believes it's commanding officer

(*Continued on page 96*)

Now! A lotion that glamorizes your WHOLE HAND!

1 SATINIZES PALMS. Even rough palms are soothed and smoothed. New Hinds' "skin-affinity" ingredients actually help to soften calluses.

2 SOFTENS CUTICLE. Nails look neater with New Hinds helping to keep cuticle pliable. No ragged edges to "catch." Your manicures stay lovely longer!



3 BEAUTIFIES SKIN. New Hinds is enriched with lanolin to make your hands feel softer instantly—protect them longer. Works wonders on rough, dry skin!

4 SMOOTHS KNUCKLES. Dry knuckles yield to the smoothing action of New Hinds. Effective emollients "sink in." Hinds dries fast—never feels sticky!



WORKS WONDERS! Lanolin-enriched for *extra* effectiveness, New Hinds Honey and Almond Fragrance Cream keeps your *whole hand* feeling soft in spite of ravages of work and water. Use it to smooth elbows, arms and legs... try it as a powder base. Use Hinds to help protect babies' and children's tender skin from chapping! 4 sizes, 10¢ to $1.00.

Hinds Honey and Almond Fragrance Cream

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NOW IN NEW LARGER BEAUTY BOTTLE

HERE IS THE COMPLETE AND UNABRIDGED ACCOUNT OF SHIRLEY'S DIVORCE PROCEEDINGS. LLOYD SHEARER

shirley temple's divorce

complete court testimony!



Pale and shaken after her ordeal, Shirley Temple leaves the courthouse accompanied by her lawyer, George Stahlman. Mary Alice Franklin, who testified for Shirley, is behind her with Shirley's father, George Temple.

■ Shirley Temple Agar strode into the courtroom exactly at 9:07 A.M.

She walked in holding on to the right arm of her father, George Temple. Behind them walked one of Mr. Temple's business associates.

The crowd in the courtroom followed them down the center aisle. Every eye was focussed on Shirley, and she knew it.

For a moment when she reached the swinging gate which led to her lawyers' desk, she turned to her right and glanced at us who were sitting in the press section. There was a brave little look of defiance in her eyes. Her lips were pursed tightly. Her jaw was firm. She gave the appearance of being completely composed—and yet somehow all of us knew that she was frightened and nervous and her heart was trip-hammering in double-time.

For one of the most unforgettable half-hours in her life, Shirley was dressed demurely. She wore a tailored gray wool suit, a chic little hat of blue with its veil tossed back, dark leather gloves, and shoes with three-inch heels. Her only visible jewelry—she never removed her gloves during the trial—consisted of a pair of costume earrings and a good-luck charm which dangled from her neck.

The witness who was to corroborate her testimony, Mary Alice Franklin, a former schoolmate of Shirley's at Westlake School for Girls, was also fashionably garbed in suit, hat, gloves, and alligator accessories.

These young attractive women sat in adjoining seats. Judge Herndon left his chambers at 9:12 and walked (*Continued on page 77*)

your letters . . .

SORRY FOR KID ACTORS

Dear Editor: I always feel sorry for child actors and actresses. I can't understand how a parent can cut his youngster off from a normal childhood, and push him into such demanding and emotionally-exhausting work. I don't care how talented the child is. I think it's wrong. I, for one, would gladly forego these juvenile performances, and let the kids grow up in a healthy way.

CLARENCE ANDREWS, DULUTH, MINN.

(You may see another side to the question after reading "Bringing Up Joan," by Katherine Albert, mother of teen-age actress Joan Evans, on page 32 of this issue.)

THAT'S HER POP



Dear Editor: In your January MODERN SCREEN, please note the man on page 47, seated next to Barbara Stanwyck—That's My Pop! He was tired and decided to take an afternoon nap. I guess that's why he looked so unconcerned. However, we all laced into him. How could anyone not notice her? Why, she is wonderful, and what a superb actress. Our regrets, Barbara.

HARRIET GOODMAN, NEW YORK CITY.

AGAR'S BEHAVIOR

Dear Editor: I'm probably endangering my life by saying this, but it's about time somebody did. Hats off to John Agar for the wonderful way he has acted all through his split-up with Shirley Temple. I certainly have neither the right nor the desire to question the action which Shirley took. But no one can deny that whatever happened before, John Agar has acted every inch the gentleman since their troubles became public property.

RHODA MACIAK, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

TIE SCORE

Dear Editor: You put out one of the best fiction magazines I've read. I enjoy the pictures and think the writing is swell. Just because nine-tenths of the stuff isn't true, does that bother me? Certainly not! I just take another grain of salt and lap up all the happy details of another heavenly Hollywood marriage which will doubtless end up in the divorce courts next day.

UNA FACTOR, WASHINGTON, D.C.

Dear Editor: After reading your magazine for almost five years, I feel I should tell you what a good job you're doing. I particularly like your open letters to the movie stars, and I think your movie reviews are the best anywhere. I always feel that you try to tell the truth in your articles, and I think that you succeed almost completely.

EVELYN SANDSBERG, PORTLAND, OREGON

INSPIRING LADD

Dear Editor: Thank you for restoring my faith in humanity with your inspiring story about Alan Ladd and his family (M. S., Jan.). You can't know how much it means to read about good, devoted people like Alan and Sue after the shocking stories which the newspapers and magazines are revealing about other movie personalities. I don't wonder that Alan Ladd came out first again in your star-popularity poll, he's such a fine person.

JAQUELINE REILLY, DETROIT

It's the waving lotion that makes all the difference in home permanents



Kit $2.75
Refills $2.00 and $1.50
(PRICES PLUS TAX)

Scientific tests* show Richard Hudnut Creme Waving Lotion (containing 22% more of the effective ingredient) leaves hair springier, and stronger...less apt to break...than most other home permanent waving lotions. And what this means to you is a smoother, prettier, longer-lasting wave with more natural-looking curls that spring right back after combing...no frizzy ends, more *natural* sheen.

Regardless of what type curlers you use, make sure your next home permanent is a Richard Hudnut with the waving lotion that makes all the difference in the condition of your hair after waving and the kind of wave you get.

From the famous Richard Hudnut Fifth Avenue Salon

Richard Hudnut

NEW IMPROVED

Home Permanent



with the waving lotion that leaves your hair springier and stronger...less apt to break

**Tests made by a leading nationally known independent research laboratory. Name on request.*

Listen to Walter Winchell, ABC Network, Sunday Nights



Ingrid and Rossellini in Italy. She's said: "I want to live my own life just as any other woman."

dangerous paradise

Ingrid Bergman picked her man, the life she wanted to lead—but at what cost? This is more than the story of a movie star—it is the story of a woman in love.

BY ARTHUR L. CHARLES

■ Ingrid Bergman, by the time you read this, may be Signora Roberto Rossellini. The fitting climax to as tempestuous a love affair as this world has ever known should be consummated. Those who caught fleeting glimpses of her in Rome before the conjecture of her possible pregnancy turned her into a recluse, cannot say whether or not she may have a child during 1950. Only time or a forthright statement from Ingrid or Rossellini can prove or disprove the reports that startled the American public.

One of the correspondents stationed in Rome, a journalist of great repute and integrity, Camille Cianfarra, called upon Ingrid and Roberto before the spotlight of publicity drove them from their apartments. He asked them about the published reports which had Ingrid "expecting" in February, and this is what Camille quoted Rossellini as having said:

"Whether she is or is not is nobody's affair. I think that report deserves neither denial nor confirmation because it is an attempt to pry into the private life of a woman who, to assert her right to her own life, has given up her career—which is what an artist regards as the most important thing in life. Isn't that enough?

"By making that decision, has not Ingrid as good as said to both her admirers and detractors: 'Look, I've fallen in love with a man who is not my husband. As an artist I have a certain responsibility toward the public and I may be criticized. All right, if that's the case, I no longer want to be an artist. I want to be a happy wife with the man I love.'"

Roberto also told Camille that Ingrid and he had been completely honest about the love they carried in their hearts for each other. When Dr. Peter Lindstrom arrived in Messina last year, "Ingrid explained things to him quite clearly. . . . I want to make it clear that at that time the relationship between Ingrid and (*Continued on page 62*)

sweet and hot



by leonard feather

**Highly Recommended
*Recommended
No Stars Average

FROM THE MOVIES

CINDERELLA—Walt Disney's latest, with two of Victor's top singers at their best on three of the tunes. "So This Is Love," by Vaughn Monroe* "Bibbidi-Bobbidi-Boo" and "A Dream Is A Wish Your Heart Makes," by Perry Como.*

COPPER CANYON — "Copper Canyon" Art Lund (MGM)

POPULAR SINGLES

FRANK SINATRA —"Lost In The Stars"* (Columbia)
A fine tune from the Broadway show of the same title.

LES BROWN —"Tenderly"** (Columbia)
Walter Gross's lovely creation is given the full Brown treatment, with "Where Are You" on the other side.

DORIS DAY —"Quicksilver"* and "Crocodile Tears"* (Columbia)
Two cute novelties sung by a lady who knows how.

MINDY CARSON —"All The Bees Are Buzzing Round My Honey"* and "Too-Whit! Too-Whoo!"* (Victor)
Speaking of popular songs in the lighter vein, here's a young lady who can handle them along with the best.

DUKE ELLINGTON —"Creole Love Call"** (Columbia)
The Duke has recorded one of his classics for the third time, but this is the only version that is readily available. Kay Davis does the haunting wordless vocal.

CLASSICAL

ANDRE KOSTELANETZ — "Andre Kostelanetz Plays Music of Fritz Kreisler and Sigmund Romberg"* (Columbia)
This album includes such all time favorites as "Stars In My Eyes," "Love's Sorrow," by Kreisler, and "Song Of Love" and "The Desert Song" by Romberg.

DOROTHY KIRSTEN —"You Go To My Head"* and "More Than You Know"* (Victor)
These songs are not exactly classical, but somehow they attain the stature of a classic when Miss Kirsten sings them.

JAZZ

JIMMY DORSEY — "Charley, My Boy" and "Johnston Rag" (Columbia)
Jimmy forsakes his usual smooth style to give out with a little Dixieland.

COUNT BASIE —"Normania" and "St. Louis Baby"* (Victor)
On the first, Count seems to be trying to mix bop with his old style and it doesn't quite come off. The reverse is an easy-going, relaxed number with a vocal quintet.

CHUBBY JACKSON —"Tiny's Blues"* (Columbia)
Some nice bop by Chubby and the boys.

CHARLIE PARKER —"Bird Of Paradise"* (Dial)
Some excellent alto sax work by the most skillful instrumentalist of the modern school of jazz.

DIZZY GILLESPIE — "Things To Come"* (MGM)
A reissue of the record that stunned the 'azz world a few years back.

Beauty is my business—

says ANNE PIRON
Adorable Cover Girl

And SweetHeart is my Beauty Soap



9 out of 10 Cover Girls use SWEETHEART'S new Large Bath Size

All the glamorous girls on the covers of America's leading magazines this year were asked, "What beauty and bath soap do you use?" And 9 out of 10 replied, "SweetHeart Soap."

"I'm Thrilled with SweetHeart Beauty Baths"

—says Anne Piron, popular cover girl, "because they help prevent chapping. If I let my skin get rough and chapped you'd never see me on magazine covers again! So it pays me to use only pure, mild SweetHeart Soap for daily baths. This keeps my skin looking springtime fresh, soft and young all winter."

• Steal a march on spring! Reveal your skin's true apple-blossom freshness and beauty the way *9 out of 10* cover girls do. Especially on these blustery March days, you'll bless gentle SweetHeart Soap, because it helps you avoid chapped skin.

So get the new, large bath size and discover the benefits of SweetHeart beauty baths. One week after you change from improper care, your skin looks softer, younger, more radiant.

Beauty is our business, too!



• Janet and Judy Ward, 11 months old, share everything—as twins do! A modeling career . . . a SweetHeart bath . . . and a lovely SweetHeart complexion!

GET THE NEW, LARGE

SWEETHEART Bath Size

The Soap that AGREES with Your Skin



you were dancing on a star?

You know that shiver of excitement when you suddenly look *new?* A delirious dress can do it . . . or a once-in-a-million hair-do . . . that *lift* sends you dancing up to the stars. That's exactly the way you'll feel when you first wear Dream Stuff.

This brand new make-up is a tinted foundation and powder magically blended into one make-up! Not a drying cake or a greasy cream. Pat it on with its puff — it clings for hours. Tuck it in your purse — it *can't* spill! Only 49¢ in 4 dreamy shades.



Woodbury **DREAM STUFF**

New! Tinted Foundation and Powder in one!

Affectionately yours

an open letter to elizabeth taylor

Dear Elizabeth:

Happy 18th Birthday!

At 18, you're a lucky girl indeed. You're beautiful, talented and sensible. You have fine parents. The future seems filled with opportunity and success for you.

There will be conflict, and moments of unhappiness—no human being ever got through life without his share. Along with the public acclaim, you'll have criticism. Much of the criticism will be completely unfair—but we feel that, simply by staying as sweet and normal as you are, you'll always be able to stay above it.

An example of unfair criticism that you've already received has been the chiding some commentators gave you when you went to a night club a few times to hear Vic Damone sing. We can't agree with anyone who says that a girl your age is making a spectacle of herself by sitting in a pleasant room, surrounded by friends, and listening to a young man who is smitten by her charms. Don't let anyone talk you into becoming a wall flower.

A fine example of your normalcy was given recently when Paramount held a University Prom. You asked those in charge to make certain that you had a few dances with the young collegians because, left to their own devices, they might have been too timid to ask a movie star for the next dance. These young men found you just as unpretentious and interesting as the attractive dates they brought to the party. Afterward, you rounded up a gang of the kids and took them to your house for a late supper—just as teen-agers do all over the country.

Then there was the time not long ago when you dated Bob Stack and surprised the daylights out of him by asking him in for a snack at the end of the evening. "Golly," said Bob the next day, "no date in Hollywood ever asked me if I'd come on in and have something to eat. We raided the refrigerator, sat by the fire and talked just like a couple of people."

The thing is, Elizabeth, that most young people, when they become movie stars, cease to be people. We have a hunch this won't happen to you.

In this issue of MODERN SCREEN, we present you as a young lady growing up. Present you honestly, just as you seem to us to be. We think the public will love you the more for this—and that you will forgive us if in your mind's eye the picture doesn't seem to fit completely in all respects.

You see, no two people will ever see exactly alike on the same subject. But of this you may be sure: People are very much in love with you, Elizabeth—several million people, in a nice, open-minded, understanding sort of way.



William B. Hartley

EDITOR

Our special 12-page Elizabeth Taylor story-and-picture section begins on page 44.



by florabel muir

To Peter Lawford's mother one thing mattered above all else— to keep faith with her son, even when it meant being cut off from the world she had known.

"speaking of my son..."

■ When Peter Lawford announced at the age of seven that he was going to be a motion picture star, his mother, Lady Lawford, smiled and remembered a morning in May when she had told her father she wanted to go on the stage.

"The butler dropped the muffins and my father's face turned pale," Lady Lawford reminisced as we sat in the living room of the pleasant California home where Peter lives with his parents. His father, Major General Sir Sidney Lawford, is a veteran of the Boer War.

"After the first shocking second of silence, my father ordered me to go at once to my room. Later he summoned me to the library.

" 'I wonder if you know what you said at breakfast,' he began. 'In front of the servants you voiced a wish to be an immoral woman. I do not think you realize that all actresses are immoral or you wouldn't have said what you did.

" 'However, I feel that your Bible study must have been neglected or you couldn't have brought yourself to express such a thought. You will begin at once to memorize certain parts of the Bible. I shall expect you to recite five verses for me tomorrow.'

"And that was how my flight of fancy was curbed and my footsteps were turned back on the path of respectability," Lady Lawford went on. "I tell you this to show how remote the theater or movies were from our family life.

"And speaking of my son—I naturally didn't really think Peter would ever get a chance to work in the cinema studios, hence *I* took *his* announcement with complete composure.

"I was afraid, though, he would (*Continued on page 72*)



Eleven-year-old Peter arrives in Los Angeles with his parents, Sir Sidney and Lady Lawford, on the round-the-world trip which the family took in 1935.



Lady Lawford chats with Bill Powell on the set of *Mr. Peabody and the Mermaid.* She acted in this and other films under the name of Mary Somerville.



Fit for a King

The heartache and the restlessness are over at last . . . the loneliness is ended. For a miracle happened to Clark Gable —he fell deeply in love again.

BY CYNTHIA MILLER

■ They sat opposite me at Amelio's, one of those restaurants in San Francisco where the steaks are tender and titanic. I tried not to stare.

Clark and Sylvia Gable (see left) had been married only 48 hours. In another two, they would head for pier 32, and board the S.S. *Lurline* for Honolulu and their honeymoon.

As I say, I tried not to stare. But after all, I'm a woman with a woman's curiosity, and I couldn't help myself. There, sitting opposite me was Clark Gable, the King, the most celebrated screen lover of modern times, and there next to him, was his fourth bride, the blonde and beautiful Lady Sylvia Stanley of Alderley, widow of Douglas Fairbanks, Senior. She was dressed in a simple black-and-white checked sports dress and she wore flat-heeled pumps. Over her shoulders was draped a silver blue mink coat.

These two world-famous celebrities did not look like newlyweds. They spoke very sparingly during the meal, and as any waiter will tell you, that's a sure sign a couple is married. When they're in the courting stage, they talk a blue streak.

Clark and his bride, however, were both in a happy, anticipatory mood, and when the waiter brought their food, Gable slapped his hands in relish and said, "This is our first square meal in three days."

What I wanted most to do was to go over to their table and interview them right there and then, but I knew two things for sure: One, I had no right to invade their privacy at a time like this; and two, if I did, the management would toss me out on my ear.

So I got up and drove to the Matson pier. I boarded the Lurline and went down to C deck and suite 245, the quarters reserved for Mr. and Mrs. William Clark Gable. The suite consisted of two bedrooms, sitting room and a private deck.

The boat was scheduled to leave at midnight. It was jammed with hundreds (*Continued on page 58*)



Newlyweds Clark Gable and the former Lady Sylvia Stanley are surrounded by wellwishers as they board ship for a honeymoon in the Hawaiian Islands after their surprise marriage.



by Katherine Albert

BRINGING UP JOAN

For the first time,

Joan Evans' mother reveals

the problems

facing a young girl who

overnight became a star.



Joan Evans looks over her filling scrapbook with her proud parents, Katherine Albert and Dale Eunson. Both Mom and Pop, who are writers, recognized her dramatic ability early.



Joan delights in reading the voluminous fan mail which has poured in to her since the release of *Roseanna McCoy*. Though only 15, she's mature and poised beyond her years.

■ My 14-year-old daughter had a cold. Like every good mother I would keep her in bed for a day. I would telephone her school and report this fact to her teacher, who would give me Joan's home work for the next day.

That is, that's what I would have done in the pre-Goldwyn era. Now, instead, I called the studio, where every department was notified. The next day there was a headline over a syndicated column, "JOAN EVANS BEDDED WITH VIRUS X."

Is the flu bug that would entail merely a call to her school more important than the flu bug that caused the Goldwyn Studios to shut down for a day at a cost of $16,000 and caused a news-wise columnist to give it the lead in her column? No, it's the same old flu bug.

And that's what I explained to Joan. "Look," I said. "The only reason the columnist used your flu bug in a headline is because Mr. Goldwyn's publicity man has to get the words *Roseanna McCoy* in the newspapers. The only reason this flu bug is news is because Mr. Goldwyn has given Joan Evans importance by entrusting her with a big part in a big picture. (*Continued on page 84*)



His private life is casual, gay, tempestuous—and sad. Here's why Kirk Douglas is Hollywood's most amazing married bachelor.

BY JACK WADE

Man at large

■ It was the end of a hard day. The Hollywood executive wearily turned the key in the lock of his apartment door and flicked on the lights. He slipped out of his coat and threw himself into an easy chair. Then he sat bolt upright. The hair on the back of his neck bristled. He had heard a sound from the direction of the bathroom.

Moving silently to the fireplace, the executive drew a brass poker from a rack and advanced stealthily toward the sound. There was an alien sliver of light escaping from beneath the door, and a muffled cough came from within. With a single movement, the executive wrenched open the door and raised his poker into striking position.

The bright light blinded him for a moment, then his eyes popped in unbelief. There, lying in a tub of steaming suds, was Kirk Douglas, a book held slightly above the water line and an expression of complete enjoyment on his face.

"Good Lord!" said the producer. "Kirk! What —what are *you* doing here?"

"I just bought this book," said Douglas. "It's great—you must read it!" (*Continued on page 90*)



Kirk earnestly explains a magazine cartoon to five-year-old Mike, his oldest son. Separated from his wife, Diana Dill—who is in New York seeking a stage career—Kirk is a devoted and attentive parent to his boys.



Evelyn Keyes meets Kirk for tennis at the Beverly Hills Club. Though Kirk probably has more dates with more pretty girls than any other male star, the sparkling Miss Keyes is reported to be his current favorite.



Why has a curtain of silence been drawn around Lana Turner since her return to Hollywood? Hedda Hopper found out the truth—from Lana herself.

Lana Turner's fight for HAPPINESS!

by hedda hopper

■ "Come on in, Hedda," invited Lana. "You've just missed *Cyclone Malone* and *Hopalong Cassidy*, but if you'll stick around you can watch *Beanie* with Bob and me. I'm dying to see what happens tonight to Cecil, the Seasick Sea Serpent."

I stuck to the doorstep, stunned. Then, "Good gravy," I sputtered, "what kind of double-talk is that from Lana Turner? Are you sure you're yourself?"

Lana grinned. "Never felt better. I'm talking about television! We've got six sets—even a portable TV we take down to the pool. All this besides two movie projectors. We ran two pictures last night and three the night before. . . . *Now* will you believe me when I say I'm a homebody?"

"Believe you?" I came back. "Listen—I'm beginning to get *worried* about you! What's happened to the Toppings, anyway—turned hermits?"

Lana shook her taffy-topped face, beautiful as ever and twice as alive-looking as I'd seen it in the past few years. "Not quite," she said. "Just turned happy. I'm probably the dullest gal in town, and do you know what? I love it!"

I was out to puncture the silk curtain which Mr. and Mrs. Henry J. Topping had drawn about their newsworthy selves ever since they flew back to Hollywood and practically dropped out of sight. After all, Lana used to make a hot headline almost every week.

Whatever she did, wherever she went, Lana was streamered with something sensational or sad. Yet, here she'd been back in Hollywood since last July—and in all those months there'd been no news about her more startling than that she and Bob had bought (*Continued on page 59*)



Buying this 12-room home was Bob Topping's idea.



by reba and bonnie churchill

The ladies were pitted against the gents in this hilarious bowling party—where sometimes the pins fell down, but more often the gals.

strike!

■ The ball skimmed down the highly glossed lane, made straight for its mark and connected.

"Zowie!" said Jerome Courtland, "Another strike!"

The girls on our team glared for a moment at the all-male team we were competing against. Then, they shifted their glare to us. "Lucky hit," we mumbled feebly.

And to think it had started out with the makings of such a wonderful evening. May we have Scotch tape put over our mouths if we ever sound off on such another "bright" suggestion.

A group of us—Lex Barker, Shelley Winters, Douglas Dick, Arlene Dahl, Adele Mara, Dick Clayton, Jerome Courtland, Sally Forrest, Keefe Brasselle, Barbra Fuller, Richard Foote and we Churchills—had gone over to one of our favorite spots, Art Linkletter's Bowling Alley. Art, head man of the "People Are Funny" and "House Party" radio shows, was in gay spirits. He'd just scanned the reviews from the film he's in with Ronald Colman and Celeste Holm, *Champagne for Caesar*. "Tonight," he'd greeted us, "I'm your host. Everything's on the house."

It could have been his benevolent mood that put our common sense into a tailspin, but soon we suggested, "Let's divide into teams and have a bowling match."

"Fine!" said Art, "Fine! . . . And say—since most of the help is busy with the—ahem!—paying customers, the losers can fix food afterward for the winners. Okay?"

This was, naturally, very okay with everybody. Then we chose up sides. Funny how things never quite work out the way you think. We didn't get Jerry Courtland or Keefe Brasselle (who always bowl a high score) on our team. In fact, we didn't get *any* boys: It was the fellas against the girls.

"Don't worry," Shelley Winters encouraged us, "we'll bowl *circles* around 'em!"

This proved to be a good description of Shelley's bowling technique. She reached for the ball, took frowning aim and, with a potent semi-circular swing, let go. The ball sped down the lane, halfway down nimbly jumped the gutter and wound up in the neighboring lane. (*Continued on next page*)



A top scorer at the bowling party was MGM newcomer Keefe Brasselle—formerly a champ bowler.



Arlene Dahl prepares to bowl. (Arlene has been picked by Modern Screen for the Kellogg Company's fourth series of cereal variety package movie cut-outs.)



Lex (Tarzan) Barker gallantly gives Shelley Winters of the opposition, some basic training on how to pick up the ball. "But look," says Shelley, *"you've* got *muscles."*



Oops! Adele Mara has just committed a slight bowling error—she forgot to let go of the ball. She won a tennis racket (appropriately) for being the lowest scorer.

strike! continued

"Ah," said Shelley, "could have happened to anyone!"

Then it was Lex Barker's turn to bowl. "Don't look so grim," he reassured Sally Forrest. "Just because I play Tarzan on the screen, people think I'm great in all sports. I'm a lousy bowler. Once Eddie Cantor asked me to play in a benefit bowling tournament. My team wound up with the lowest score."

"Glad to hear *that,"* said Sally.

Lex took off his jacket, and we got a closer view of those bulging biceps beneath his Navy sweat shirt. He tested a few balls, picking them up like oranges at a fruit stand, before he found one he liked.

Then he let that ball go—and it zoomed straight down the lane. It couldn't have stayed more in the center if the pinboy had been holding a magnet.

When we saw every one of the pins topple over—so did our hopes. Art started toward his soda fountain-restaurant on the other side of the alley.

"Where you off to?" asked Barbra Fuller.

"Just to see if we have enough extra aprons for you gals in the kitchen," he said.

The fellas' score kept swelling like a balloon. "We can't *let* them do this to us!" said Adele Mara firmly. Adele had never bowled in her life.

She picked up the ball, shot it down the lane, and turned her back and crossed her fingers. There was a loud, satisfactory crash as the ball hit the pins. She turned around. There was only one pin standing. "Missed one, darn it!" she said, stamping her foot.

Maybe it was this vibration, but suddenly that lone pin toppled over, too.

The other bright spot on our team proved to be Arlene Dahl. The knack that girl has with a ball! She's even the sponsor of a group of MGM soundmen who bowl weekly under the name, "The Dahleaguers."

"How about some time off?" (*Continued on page 60*)



After the match, the gang (Barbra Fuller, Adele, Dick Clayton, Bonnie and Reba, Dick Foote, Douglas Dick, Keefe Brasselle and Sally Forrest) is amazed at the soda-jerking skill of Jerry Courtland—who's amazed himself.

This love of ours



Our children are the fulfillment of our love. In them, Ricardo and I see each other.



ninth in a series

By GEORGIANNA MONTALBAN

■ My sister, Sally, saw Ricardo first.

But since Sally already had a perfectly good husband of her own, she decided to be practical and to snare him for her only unmarried sister—me. And thereby keep this handsome, talented and completely devastating young man in the family.

"I have a sister and I know you two would get along like chili and beans," she told Ricardo in her usual buoyant and direct way. Sally was matching her similes with the South-of-the-Border setting in which she met Ricardo while accompanying her husband, Norman Foster, on location in Mexico. Ricardo was working in the movie Norman was directing.

"Georgie," my match-making sister wrote me excitedly, "I have found just the right man for you. Get this week's Saturday Evening Post and you will see his picture. His name is Ricardo Montalban."

Only mildly curious, because Sally is notoriously enthusiastic (*Continued on page 88*)



Baby Mona holds court for her fond parents, Mona Freeman and Pat Nerney, in their new living room. The rocker was Mona's as a child.



Mona Freeman

and Pat Nerney and little

Mona learned that life

in a two-room shoebox

can be very cozy—

in fact, too darned cozy.

But now they're

in a wonderful place where . . .

THREE'S NO CROWD

BY DUANE VALENTRY



In their bedroom, Mona and Pat strike a fine Victorian pose in their Victorian chairs. The portrait of little Mona was painted by big Mona.

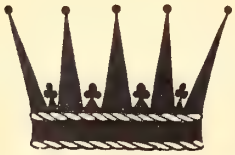
■ Maybe seven rooms isn't a mansion, but it certainly can seem like one after four cramped years in a tiny, two-room apartment, where three—Mona Freeman and Pat Nerney and their little Mona—were very much a crowd. Mona and Pat, after five months in their Pacific Palisades house, still can't believe all this space is theirs.

"Maybe we'll get used to it, in time," says Mona, happily. "But by then we'll be adding more rooms, and all the other things we plan for it. Pat says it'll take two years, maybe four."

Every cent they can possibly spare goes into the house—which is a Connecticut-farmhouse type built of white-painted wood and fieldstone. Pat will tell you they've learned how to squeeze every last board, brick and nail out of a dollar bill.

Once in a while, though, some of those dollars do get shunted off in a peculiar way. For instance, both agreed $100 might be spared for some bricks for a walk in the back, which seemed to be needing a lot more bricks than they'd expected. One Sunday Pat had very beautifully set in four bricks to start the walk, proclaiming, "See, it's easy! . . . I've even got a design there! . . . I'll finish it in no time." (*Continued on page 82*)

Special 12 page section!



ELIZABETH THE QUEEN

Only yesterday a child star, Elizabeth Taylor has suddenly emerged as one of the most fabulous beauties in Hollywood history. As she reaches her eighteenth birthday this month, Modern Screen presents in stories and pictures the most complete account ever given of the past and present of the lovely Elizabeth.

■ The first day of shooting on *A Place in the Sun,* Elizabeth Taylor entered the Paramount commissary at lunchtime. The reaction was the one she receives regularly nowadays. A hush settled on the room, silverware halted in mid-air as all eyes followed the spectacular young beauty to a table.

John Lund, movie actor and wit, ogled with the rest. He was the first to break the silence. "I wonder," he murmured, "how *she* ever got in pictures."

Mr. Lund's little joke was a back-handed expression of a fact that becomes abundantly clear the moment you meet Elizabeth Taylor: It's impossible to imagine her incredible good looks as belonging to anybody *but* a movie star.

The camera is a thief in dealing with this lovely creature. It's a robber of important detail, for it registers no more than 10 percent of the vibrant fascination on which it is trained.

Elizabeth Taylor's soft hair is raven black. Her skin is smooth and pale with a vague iridescent glow. Her eyes are huge, black-rimmed lakes of emotion set with blue-green gems that dazzle and have no right to serve as mere organs of sight. Her features are firmly defined in a pattern of architectural perfection, subtle in their relationship to one another and modeled after nothing mortal.

Only in her figure does she deviate from an entirely esthetic design, for it follows the solidly accepted lines of the more advanced dreamers in the male-magazine art field. If anything, Elizabeth Taylor's figure (*Continued on page 76*)





Lovely even as a two-year-old, Elizabeth Taylor, with her handsome brother, Howard, clearly mirrored her mother's poise and beauty.

How Liz grew up

A beloved little sister who, somehow, turned into a glamor girl—that's Liz Taylor to her brother. Her phenomenal life story is told in pictures on these and the following pages.



by Howard Taylor

Howard Taylor, Liz's brother, is 20, a college soph, spurns film offers, paints, designs jewelry and ceramics.

■ As we've done hundreds of times since we were kids, Elizabeth and I went out together the other day. We went to the *Icecapades*. There was nothing on our minds but the thought of seeing the show and we were both pleasantly keyed up about it. So much so that for a while we "forgot." But as we entered the lobby, Liz was recognized—and there began a general buzzing all around us.

We could hear snatches of the talk: "Yes, that's her." "Who is the man with her?" "Somehow I figured she was taller." "Is he in pictures, too?" And so on.

Liz grabbed my arm and whispered, "This isn't going to be the fun I thought. Let's hurry in."

We hurried. And she was right. It wasn't just that the privacy of the moment had been invaded. It was another sign that the new life which is opening up for Liz is trying to crowd out her old life completely. I wouldn't want that to happen. Our parents don't. Nor do the friends we have known since long before the films came into our lives. And Liz doesn't want it to happen.

Rather than take up with the new life, she is trying hard to cling to the old one. For instance, she still goes to parties given by her old school friends. With them she is herself and things are pleasant. But it doesn't always go that pleasantly with new girls who happen to be invited. Then she sometimes has to buck everything from silly adulation to challenge and pure envy; and being yourself in the face of all that is a hopeless project. No matter how you conduct yourself the thing just doesn't come off.

"In the end I just stand around with egg on my face," I have heard Elizabeth, troubled and worried, report to Mother after such an affair.

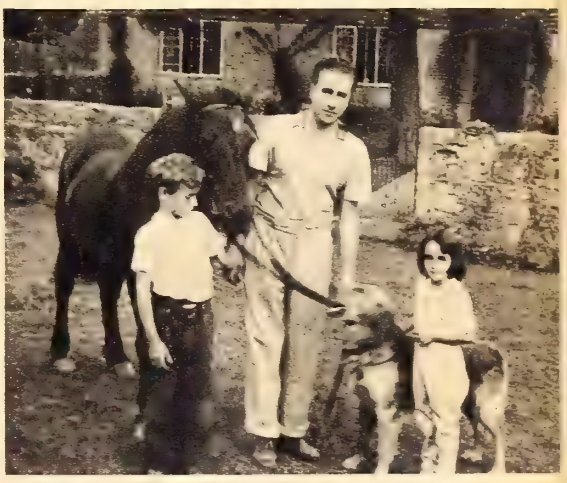
She likes nothing better than going out with her old crowd—but here again there is trouble. My friend Mara Regan and I can go anywhere and cause no public ripples. But when Liz is along, and especially if she has a boy with her, the party becomes an event and, sooner or later, is commented on in the press—usually in as unfavorable a light as possible.

Not long ago a columnist criticized Liz because, as he said, she was attending the Mocambo "nightly." He intimated that her reason for so doing was a crush on Vic Damone. That was an untrue statement, but people reading it would probably think it was true. Here are the facts:

Liz has been to the Mocambo three times: once as a guest at a wedding reception (Jane Powell's); once accidentally; and once with Mara and me, when Mother and (*Continued on page 74*)



Like most English families, the Taylors were all good cyclers. Here, Howard lends a youthful assisting hand to Liz's early efforts with a scooter.



At four, Liz was already a fine rider. Monty, the family dog, helps Howard and dad Francis Taylor hold the pony, Betty, before Liz fearlessly mounts.



Self-confident and well-mannered, Liz and Howard stroll the deck on one of their numerous trips to the U.S. before they came here to live in 1939.

Never gawky, Liz grew even prettier as she went gracefully through her adolescence.



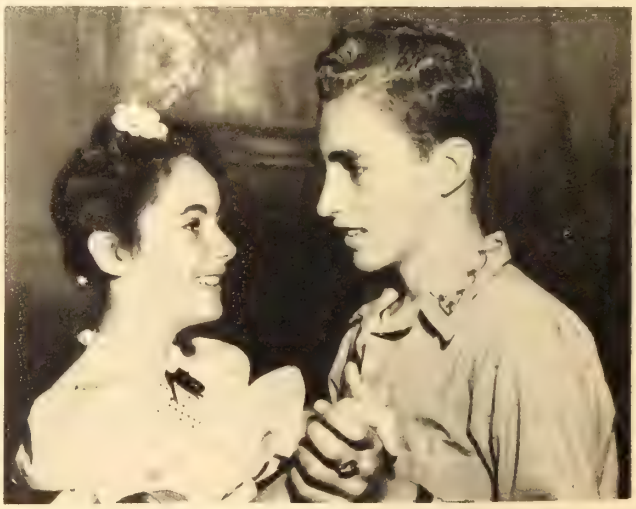
At nine, having made a hit in *Lassie Come Home,* her first movie, Liz posed dutifully with her large collection of dolls for publicity pictures. MGM was calling her "Hollywood's newest child star."



The 13-year-old Elizabeth, showing clearly the signs of the mature beauty into which she would grow, was also showing clearly she retained a weakness for the juvenile delights of bubble gum.



Fourteen years old, Liz whispers in typical schoolgirl fashion with classmate Shirley Johns. Liz was finding school less irritating than she would later on when she'd be playing adult roles.



At 14, Liz still looked to Howard, three years her senior, for guidance in worldly matters—such as new dances. He invited the boys for her 15th birthday party—she didn't know any well enough.



By the time she was 15, Liz was a first-rate horsewoman. While riding with Howard one day at Malibu Beach, she saved his life when he was thrown and, unconscious, began washing out to sea.



In her 16th year, Elizabeth started using little touches of perfume. She had just received her first screen kiss in *Cynthia* and (opposite page) had now become a strikingly lovely young lady.



A healthy teenager who enjoyed family barbecues, girlish bull sessions, hobbies and



1. Elizabeth, just turned 15, joins her parents in a hamburger-and-weenie barbecue. Father, mother and two children were always a closely-knit foursome, prizing the happy times they had together.



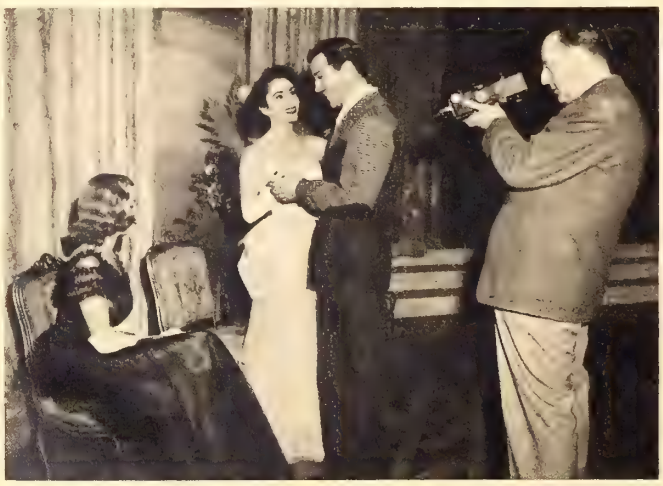
2. Elizabeth gasps with girlish wonder as pal Ann Westmore confides a juicy item. Ann, daughter of one of the Westmore make-up artists, lived on the same block in Beverly Hills as the Taylors.



4. Lady Astor calls on the rising young star and her mother in their cabin during the transatlantic crossing they made in 1947. This was a personal trip, their first visit to England after the war.



5. A great lover of animals since babyhood, Liz has a romp with the Taylors' three dogs. Monty, the big dog on the right, is the same fellow seen on page 47. He was acquired the day Elizabeth was born.



7. Elizabeth and Robert Taylor (cast as wife and husband) and co-player Honor Blackman are briefed for a shot in *Conspirator* by Director Victor Saville. He raved about Liz's acting talent.

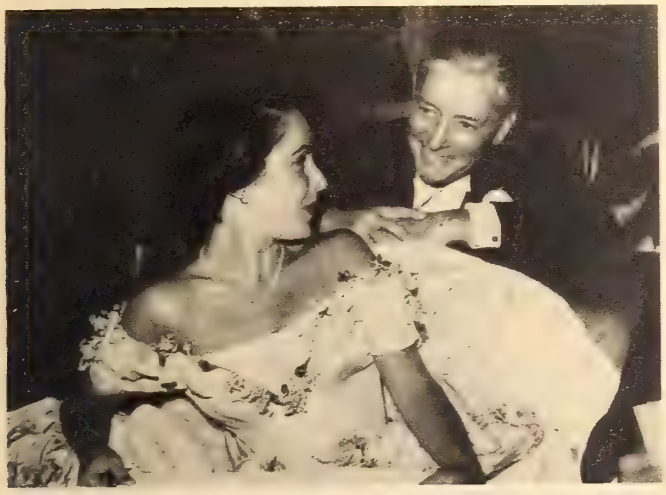


8. Bridesmaid Elizabeth pauses at the church door before going in with other attendants at Jane Powell's marriage to Geary Steffen. Liz herself had two headlined romances behind her by this time.

pets, Liz Taylor swiftly matured into exciting womanhood before she was eighteen.



3. Liz sketches the landscape during a picnic on the desert outside Los Angeles with the then teen-age actor, Marshall Thompson. She was taking art lessons from a famous painter friend of her father's.



6. At Academy Award ceremonies in early 1949, a poised Elizabeth turns to exchange pleasantries with the appreciative Ronald Colman. She had just finished her first adult role in *Conspirator.*



9. Wearing costume and make-up for the scene she'll perform later on, Liz concentrates on her private tutor's instruction. California law requires three hours of schooling a day for minors under 18.



10. At 18, Elizabeth Taylor, her beauty matured, stands on the threshold of being one of the most glamorous figures the screen has ever known, seems destined to create new Hollywood legends.

Most males would give their eyeteeth to date Elizabeth Taylor. Already a veteran of two

RESTLESS HEART

by Jim Henaghan



1. Marsh Thompson, frequently a guest at the Taylor home, soulfully serenades Liz. He was her first date.

■ ELIZABETH: Please—don't make me look like a girl who just gets engaged for fun. Already everybody is saying I'm just a jilt.

MS REPORTER (*jostling his memory of Webster's for the noun* jilt): I certainly won't.

ELIZABETH: The first thing you know, people will begin to think I'm a bad girl.

MS REPORTER: I'd die before I'd give that impression. Now, what is this you have done to William Pawley?

ELIZABETH (*lowering her eyes*): He almost broke my heart.

MS REPORTER: He should be tarred and feathered! What about Glenn Davis? What did you do to him?

ELIZABETH: Who ever said we were engaged? That was just a lot of talk.

MS REPORTER (*head swimming*): Has anyone ever mentioned to you that you are unquestionably the most beautiful girl ever to be in the movies—and probably the most gorgeous thing ever born?

ELIZABETH (*with great unbelief*): Who—*me?*

It would be unfair to Elizabeth Taylor to call her a "jilt" despite her two highly-publicized jilts. Her curse is her beauty and her prominence. If she were an ordinary girl, she would have collected at least a hundred fraternity pins by this time, and would not have been expected to marry any of the boys who gave them to her.

But because she is Elizabeth Taylor, the desire of all men's hearts, and the most beautiful girl of our time, there are those who censure her. Confronted with the possibility of having men go mad at the sight of her, leave their wives in disgust, impale themselves on bread knives because she is beyond their reach, and demonstrate other such evidences of frustrations because of her beauty, Elizabeth had a truly honest answer. "Who—*me?*" she says.

Elizabeth Taylor was just 16 when she became engaged—or, at least was reported engaged—to Glenn Davis, the Army football star. As she puts it, she was "awfully young" when it happened. Now that she looks back on it, she is not quite sure, as has been indicated, that it was an official engagement in every sense of the word.

"Glenn was just darling," she says, "but, gosh, I hardly *knew* him and everybody just seemed to take (*Continued on page 92*)



4. After Marsh Thompson married Dick Long's sister, Babs, Dick and Liz started going around together.



7. Bob Precht, UCLA soph, recently voted "Great Lover" by his schoolmates, took Liz to a school prom.

spectacular romances that came to nothing, she seems destined to be a femme fatale.



2. Rod McDowall playfully douses Liz in the Malibu surf. He was her first leading man (*Lassie Come Home*), they often double-dated.



3. Johnny Sands, rising young player, took Liz around for awhile. They did the premieres and parties—under MGM's watchful eye.



5. Radiantly happy at a Hollywood opening, 16-year-old Liz was reportedly engaged to Glenn Davis, football hero—but it didn't take.



6. After Davis came wealthy Bill Pawley, who sealed his engagement with a huge diamond. She says he almost broke her heart.



8. Montgomery Clift gives Liz—his co-star in *A Place In The Sun*—some expert instructions in the fine art of pocket billiards.



9. Vic Damone dated Liz a few times (here at Chianti restaurant opening)—and news-hungry reporters made it a "romance."



In *Conspirator,* Robert Taylor, as her Communist husband, tries hard to kill her.



In *A Place in the Sun,* Montgomery Clift makes ardent advances to Elizabeth.

In two new movies, Elizabeth Taylor demonstrates that she is now highly competent to handle adult dramatic roles.

■ Actresses who combine great poetic beauty with real dramatic ability are about as rare as 20-carat sapphires. It has been radiantly clear for some time that Elizabeth Taylor possesses personal loveliness to a degree that should satisfy the most demanding poet. It soon will be equally clear that Elizabeth, who has always demonstrated a fine performing talent in juvenile roles, is now up to portraying the heavier complexities of adults.

The evidence of the happy development lies in her two newest films, *Conspirator* and *A Place in the Sun.* In MGM's *Conspirator,* which at this writing is scheduled to be released late in March, she plays the wife of a British Army officer (Robert Taylor) who secretly is a member of the Communist Party. When she discovers the fellow's true colors, he shadily sets about to do her in. An entertaining if inartistic thriller, *Conspirator* gives Elizabeth, in the first grown-up role she has attempted, an assortment of emotional themes, ranging from bubbling delight to hysterical horror, that would tax a far more experienced technique than hers. Yet she succeeds well in blending them into a rounded and convincing character projection.

A Place in the Sun, which Elizabeth, costarred with Montgomery Clift, has just completed for Paramount, is a modernized version of Theodore Dreiser's famous novel, *An American Tragedy.* In this, she is cast as a society girl of whom Clift, a factory worker, becomes enamored to the extent of drowning his former flame (Shelley Winters) when she becomes an inconvenience. Advance reports from neutral quarters speak highly of this film—and Elizabeth's performance in it.

As Elizabeth Taylor looks pensively to the future, what lies ahead for her? Will she find a continuance of the happy life she now enjoys, or will she suffer the storms and heartbreak of so many in Hollywood before her? In the great position she surely will occupy, all the courage, intelligence and stability she can muster will be required. The eyes of the world are indeed upon her now.

the end





Dusty Rogers helps his parents, Roy Rogers and Dale Evans, down the steps after a service at what he calls "Big Church." Dusty ho

how roy rogers found



ined them after Sunday School class.

faith

by margaret waite

Roy Rogers' mind was tormented with doubts and questions. And then, as Dale's eyes filled with happy tears, he found the answer . . .

■ The candles glowed steadily in the little church as the minister urged all those in his congregation who sought God to step forward and declare their faith.

It wasn't much different from any other Sunday vesper service; for years they had come—the lonely, the wistful, the eager, the shy, the bitter and the doubting. But for the couple who sat together in the rear, it was to be a great occasion.

For suddenly the young man whispered to the girl at his side, "Mama, I'm going down there." And tears welled up in her eyes as she watched that tall, lithe figure, so familiar and so beloved by millions of youngsters, stride down the church aisle. . . .

On Easter Sunday, in the presence of his family and friends, Roy Rogers was baptized into the church of his choice. To appreciate fully this heart-warming story of simple faith, you have to know the people involved. True, everybody knows Roy Rogers, "King of the Cowboys," and everybody knows Dale, his vital, charming wife who appears with him in all his Republic pictures. But you have to go back to another Roy and Dale—to the Roy who rode to Sunday school on horseback in the little farming community of Duck Run, Ohio, and to the Dale who was confirmed at the age of 10 in Osceola, Arkansas. You have to trace them later on, through periods of doubt and disillusionment, to understand them. . . .

At 16, following a high-school elopement with her first beau, Dale was tragically left with a small son to raise. Sundays she spent cramming for her courses in business college so she could more quickly be in a position to support herself and little Tommy.

Before long, she became a highly competent confidential secretary. With Tommy's welfare assured, she made up for lost time, seeking all the fun she had missed in her mid-teens. There were dates, and gay Saturday-night parties. Sunday mornings she slept late, and then spent the rest of the day washing and mending her clothes, shampooing her hair, fixing her nails, and doing all the countless chores so familiar to the business girl on her "day off."

Later, when she began to click on radio—and then in films—it was the same. Programs, rehearsals, interviews, conferences, all interspersed with gaiety grasped with almost feverish intensity. The Church receded further and further into the background of her interests.

With Roy it was a different story, but it had the same net result.

Like all outdoors men he had searched the sky for the answer to the riddle of life. He knew that every manifestation of Nature, every sign of the seasons, pointed to the existence of a higher Power. A man of slight formal education but one given to reflection, Roy knew instinctively that the re-birth of Nature every spring proved all the concepts of eternal life.

But Roy's mind was tormented with doubts and questions. As his movie career progressed, it took him down paths far removed (*Continued on page 94*)

fit for a king

(*Continued from page 31*) of visitors, all of whom, it seemed, knew the location of the Gable rooms. The corridor leading to the suite was packed with women and bobby-soxers, all anxious to get a look at Clark and his bride.

A little after 11 o'clock, the Gables drove onto the pier escorted by two motorcycle policemen. As Clark and his blonde bride, surrounded by police officers, stepped off the gangplank, the crowd moved in. Ten police officers made a flying wedge and after 15 minutes of shoving, succeeded in getting the Gables into their suite. A crowd then formed outside and began beating on the door.

In a few minutes, the door was opened slightly to permit the entrance of a few of us reporters, and a MODERN SCREEN photographer, Ken Cheney. We dove in.

First thing, our photographer spoke up. "Would you mind please standing a little closer together?" he asked Gable. Clark smiled—so, too, did his tall bride. "Look," said Clark, as our lensman kept motioning him closer, "you run your romance and I'll run mine." We all laughed.

"How did you pop the question to Lady Stanley?" I then asked.

Clark grinned. "I was scared to death," he said, "that she'd say 'no'—but she came through all right with a big 'yes.'"

"I said it as fast as I knew how," Mrs. Gable added. "Wouldn't give him any time to change his mind."

There was another round of flashbulbs, and then the ship's warning whistle sounded. As we left, I looked back. Visible on the newlyweds' faces were looks of profound relief. They seemed to say, "Alone at last."

The *Lurline* pulled out at midnight, and the Gables were below decks as it did.

In three days, they had done an awful lot. Their sudden marriage had amazed and surprised an entire nation. No one had expected this marriage—not even Gable himself, for that matter.

"I've had marriage in mind for some time," he said after the surprise ceremony at the Alisal guest ranch near Solvang, California, "but I just suddenly decided to pop the question. I asked her yesterday if she'd marry me and she said, 'Yes.'"

The couple then drove to San Luis Obispo on Tuesday, December 20, 1949 and obtained a marriage license at 12:10 p. m. On the marriage license, Gable gave his age as 48, and Lady Stanley gave hers as 39. Three hours later, the Reverend Aage Moller, pastor of the little Danish Lutheran Church, was conducting the ceremony in the ranch living room. It was a single-ring ceremony with Gable slipping a simple platinum wedding band on Sylvia's finger and then kissing her.

western atmosphere . . .

During the ceremony, a hand-cranked phonograph wheezed out the wedding march. The entire ceremony had a horse-opera atmosphere. The guests who watched it, wore boots and 10-gallon hats, and after it was over, the ranch hands were invited inside for some of the wedding cake and champagne. Sylvia cut the bridal cake with a Japanese sword which one of the ranch hands had brought back from war service in the Pacific.

When the news was flashed over the wires to a stunned world, the reaction was one of sheer surprise. At MGM, Clark's home studio, the publicity department didn't even believe it. "Impossible," one press agent said. When he was told however, that his boss, Howard Strickling, head of the MGM press department, had been Gable's best man, he changed his mind. "Now," he said, "I believe it."

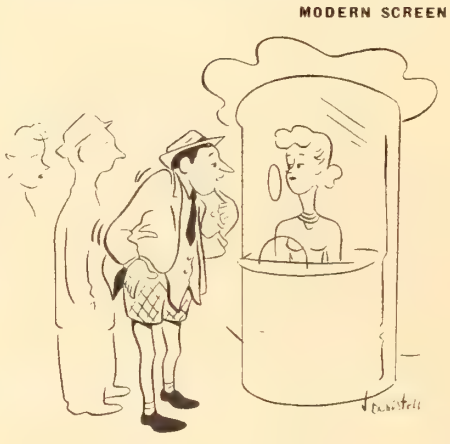
Actually, Gable had decided to ask Lady Stanley's hand in marriage two days before he did, but he couldn't get up the courage. At Charley Feldman's party on Saturday, three days preceding the wedding, Gable had matrimony in mind, but wouldn't discuss it.

On Sunday, he proposed to Sylvia while driving. When the answer was "yes," he stopped his car, and the couple kissed.

On Monday, they notified intimates of their intention. Gable called Strickling and asked him to be best man, and Sylvia phoned her sister and brother-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Basil Bleck of Cheviot Hills. The next day, the marriage took place. Basil Bleck gave the bride away. Also present at the ceremony was Miss Jean Garceau, Clark's business manager and secretary of many years.

Newly-married at the Alisal Guest Ranch, the Gables let people think that they were heading north towards San Francisco for a honeymoon. Instead, they doubled back to Gable's ranch at Encino. Here, Clark introduced his new bride to his ranch help. Sylvia, of course, charmed all of them off their feet. That night, she went back to her beach house, packed her honeymoon clothes and returned to Gable's ranch.

Next day, they motored up to San Francisco and boarded the boat for a two-week Honolulu honeymoon.



"I seem to have forgotten my wallet!"

The first question most movie-goers wanted answered when they heard of Gable's marriage was: "What kind of girl married Clark Gable—who is she, anyway?"

Well, she was born Sylvia Louise Hawkes, the daughter of an English footman, and for many years she has been regarded as Great Britain's Cinderella. When she was a teen-ager, she got a job as a London dressmaker's mannikin, and soon became known as "Silky"—because she could model long, slinky negligees most appealingly. Her heart, however, was always set on a stage career, and in 1926, she got a job as a chorus girl in *Midnight Follies*, then playing in London.

In very little time, tall, lovely Sylvia Hawkes became the darling of the stage-door Johnnies. She was invited to the homes of the British nobility; she met the earls and dukes and the Prince of Wales (now the Duke of Windsor), and they all found her witty, charming, and gay. One member of nobility fell madly in love with her. He was young Lord Ashley.

His parents, the Earl and Countess of Shaftesbury, wouldn't hear of the match, so Sylvia and the young Lord, both madly impulsive, eloped and got married. In less than two years, however, the London papers were carrying notices to the effect that Lord Ashley would "no longer be responsible for any debts incurred by my wife."

However, it wasn't until seven years later—in 1934—that Lord Ashley would divorce Sylvia. He named as co-respondent in the divorce proceedings, Douglas Fairbanks, Senior—at that time still married to Mary Pickford.

A little more than a year later, after Doug and Mary had been divorced, Sylvia and Fairbanks were married in Paris. The U. S. Ambassador was the official witness, and the ceremony was performed in French. The couple honeymooned in China. The marriage supposedly was ideal, but it ended tragically when Fairbanks died of a heart attack in California. He left Sylvia a sum reputed to be in the neighborhood of $2,000,000 and she quickly became prominent in café society circles.

the sailor departs . . .

On January 19, 1944, however, Sylvia Hawkes drove around Boston in a taxi-cab looking for a minister who could marry her to Edward John, the sixth Baron Stanley, then a Lieutenant Commander in the British Navy. Cole Porter gave Sylvia away that night, but the Baron went to sea and she went to England to await his return. Unfortunately, that marriage didn't take, either, and in 1948, Lord Stanley sued his wife for a divorce in London on desertion grounds. Sylvia did not defend the suit. Instead, she came to the United States and started to live in the ocean-front house in Santa Monica that Fairbanks had left to her.

Three months ago, she and Gable began going to a few parties together. No one thought anything of it. Gable had first met her 15 years ago when she was married to Fairbanks. They were considered old acquaintances—nothing more.

Most of us had long been convinced that Gable would marry again, but we always thought he would choose someone like his third wife, Carole Lombard—very witty, very down-to-earth, very American. None of us ever thought he would marry a titled Englishwoman.

Clark, as everyone knows, has been married three times previously, once in 1924 to Josephine Dillon, a dramatic coach, once to Rhea Langham in 1931, and once to Carole Lombard in 1938. His marriage to Carole was called "the perfect union," and when she was killed in a plane crash near Las Vegas, three years later, Clark went into seclusion at his Encino ranch. His hair turned white at the temples, his face became lined, and he ordered that Carole's room remain just as it was when she left it—clothes still hanging in the closets, perfume bottles in the bathroom, hosiery rolled up into tight little balls.

It's been no secret that for the past nine years, Clark has been carrying the torch for his dead wife, subconsciously comparing to her every girl he went out with—and always having the escort fail to reach the Lombard standard.

About a year ago, a girl who had dated Gable occasionally was asked if she thought Clark would ever forget Carole Lombard. "I don't know," she said. "He's certainly tried. He joined the Air Forces; he turned intensely to hunting, fishing, and boating. He threw himself into his work. But my own opinion is that there's only one way in which a man like Gable can forget a woman he's loved. That way is by falling in love with another one. I'm not that woman."

She wasn't, either. But the whole world now knows who was. THE END

(*Clark Gable's newest movie is MGM's* Key to the City.)

lana turner's fight for happiness

(*Continued from page 37*) themselves a new house. And in all that time you could count on the fingers of one hand, and have a pinky left over, the times they have poked their famous faces out in public, the last occasion to a première and after that one drink and one dance at Mocambo—then silence again, from the playboy-playgirl pair whose wedding rocked Hollywood and the world with champagne, chi-chi, expensive glitter and fuss not much more than a year ago.

In all those long months, too, there wasn't even a stick of real Turner news out of MGM—only rumors. Lana would make this—then that—no, she wouldn't—not yet. Her last picture, *The Three Musketeers,* was finished two full years ago, and still there was no definite go-ahead green light on Lana's career after a honeymoon stretching over 19 months in Europe, New England, New York, Florida and the Bahamas—and now in Hollywood itself.

leading questions . . .

What happened, anyway? Had Bob tamed Lana, or Lana tamed Bob, and how and why and what goes on? I had a collection of questions as long as my arm about the Toppings. Was it true she was scrapping unreasonably with her studio? Was she overweight and out of condition for the camera? Was she back in Hollywood to stay? Was she happy? Was she changed? Was Bob contented away from his old playboy haunts? Was he a good husband to Lana, a good dad to her daughter, Cheryl? Had the Toppings laughed off the outrageous, embarrassing publicity punches they'd had from the very start of their marriage, or had they been left groggy and unsteady? How stood the union, the union which a skeptical world, knowing both partners and their pasts, refused to take seriously? I wanted those answers to these and more, straight from Lana herself.

But when I called MGM I got, "Lana's at home." When I called Lana there, I got, if I got her at all, "We're house-hunting day and night," and later, "Hedda, I'm up to my ears in painters and paperhangers." Lana had flitted by my house once, then breezed on fast, flinging, "Gotta pick up Cheryl at school." I was beginning to wonder why the heck Bob and Lana came back to Hollywood at all if they just were going to vanish like a pair of Garbos—when my phone rang one Sunday morning and Lana asked, "Hedda, can you sit on a packing case and like it?"

"Honey," I told her, "I've sat on lots worse things than that, and had the time of my life!"

"Good," she said. "Because I'm so thrilled—we're in our house and you've just *got* to see it! No furniture to speak of, but Bob's family things just arrived from Greenwich, and they're simply wonderful. Such lovely china, silver and laces, Bob's baby portrait, his high chair and—"

"Hold it, hold it!" I said. "I'll be right over. I can hardly wait—to start all over again figuring out Lana Turner."

Which is what I'm having to do. But, believe me, it's a pleasure.

Because the minute I stepped inside her door I found a girl I could, at long last, thoroughly admire. At 28, Lana Turner is finally mature, sure of herself, getting down to responsibilities and looking life straight in the face.

Now Lana knows what she wants—and she has it. That old troubled look is gone glimmering. "If the cameras could only bend down on you right this minute!" I said. "You never looked prettier."

"Thanks," Lana smiled, "and I'm hoping they will, soon as all this script trouble is ironed out. But meanwhile," she said with a serenity I never knew Lana Turner could possess about anything connected with Hollywood, "I'm not worrying. In fact, I couldn't be more relaxed. What comes first with the Toppings is us."

"Even before a career?"

Lana nodded. "I've learned how to live," she said simply. "I've got a home at last and all that goes with it. And you'll never know what fun and quiet peace there is in that."

Lana's home and all that goes with it—which means her Bob and baby girl, Cheryl—perches on a sloping three-acre hill above Sunset Boulevard where it winds through the rolling Holmby hills. It's a big, gray Norman-style mansion with those six television antennae sticking like a stack of crossed hairpins, straight into the sky. "KTOP" Bob calls it for a joke. Next door live Charlie Correll (who's Andy of Amos 'n' Andy) and his five kids; up the street are Joan Bennett and Walter Wanger with their brood; and right across, oddly enough, is the old house of Sonja Henie's, who used to be Bob Topping's sister-in-law.

"I want the dollar tour," I warned Lana. "I want to see everything and hear all about it, and why you two beautiful people are hugging your hearth like a pair of stuffed owls."

she's a honey
she's **jeanne crain**
on the **april**
cover of
modern screen
on sale
march 10

"You'll see," she laughed. "But let's get Bob in on the act—he's my pard now, you know. Papa!"

Well, I never thought I'd hear Bob Topping answer to "Papa"—and like it! But Bob obviously does. He came out of the den in shorts and a flowered sport shirt and seconded everything Lana told me by his easy-going, contented, happy-husband countenance.

I like Bob Topping. He hunts fun out of life and luckily he can afford it. The main fun he's having right now is trying to make Lana happy, showing her things she never knew about before, waking in her old too-Hollywood self the realization that she's a person, not just a painted doll, and that there are a lot of good things in life she's missed which he wants her to taste and thrill to. Take the house I was visiting for the first time: that was Bob's idea.

"He wanted me to come back to Hollywood, all along," said Lana. "Bob knew I'd be happiest here. It's not his country—he's an Easterner. But he knows all about me and what my life's been." Lana fingered the gold medallion of Saint Genesius, patron saint of actors, pinned to her dress. "He knows I've got to keep on acting. But he also knows I've got to live a new life. We both do. This"—and she indicated the big rooms before us empty of furniture, but already warm and lived in—"is our start."

Lana and Bob were so eager to get into their new home that they moved in before a carpet did, "rattling around," laughed Lana, "like a pair of dice." Lana robbed her old house on Crown Drive in Brentwood for a bed to sleep in and a breakfast set to eat off—and almost up until the day I looked in, that and the TV set were all the furniture they had. Even now in the big drawing room there was only a baby-grand piano—piled high with Lana's knick-knacks fresh out of packing boxes.

After we'd seen everything to see in the Toppings' new house clear down to Lana's mirrored powder-room (Bob calls it her "mad room"), I settled for the den—the only room you could yet call furnished and the smallest in the house. Her thousands of records crammed it, aud Bob's family books lined the walls. A recording machine sat on one table and on another—natch—a TV set. "From 6:30 to seven nobody speaks to anybody in this house," Lana said. "That's *Beanie* time." *Beanie* I discovered, is a television puppet show that started for kids and now has half of Hollywood's stars racing home from the studio to catch up on the rag doll's adventures. Bob and Lana are no exception. Cheryl started them off.

fond stepfather . . .

Lana's little girl is six-and-a-half now, growing like a weed. She started school at St. Paul's in nearby Westwood, where Bob likes to pick her up in the afternoons. Bob's awfully fond of Lana's daughter, and he's done all a stepdad can to make her life merry and give her the sense of security a fatherless child lacks. I know how grateful Lana is for that, because her own dad died when she was only 10.

Lana's a member of the St. Paul's parents' council and she takes her family life, her real life, seriously. About the Hollywood life she's just as serious maybe, but definitely not frantic about it—even though right before I saw her the script of *A Life of Her Own* had finally been tossed out and no picture whatever loomed ahead. I can recall when a career stalemate like that would have had Lana nibbling her fingernails to pieces, acting up impetuously on all sorts of bad advice from all sorts of people. But not now.

"I'm not fighting with MGM," she answered my question. "I don't fight with anybody now that I'm married—not even Bob," she laughed and he nodded agreement. "Life's too short and there's too much else in it, too many nice things. I said I'd come back and make a picture when they wanted me. They said they did last summer and out I came. It's just a case of scripts that didn't work out and nobody could be nicer about it. They'll get the right one soon and I'll get back to work and give it everything I have. Meanwhile—as you can see—I've been too busy to fret. But not having made a picture for so long, I'm afraid I won't be getting one of those again right away," said Lana ruefully, pointing up at the mantel to MODERN SCREEN's silver cup for having been voted 1948's most popular actress. (A few days later she was to be informed she'd duplicated the honor for 1949!) "But here's something else I'm proud of." And she yanked down two gold statuettes parked beside it. Statuettes of fish, of all things! "Cat Cay Club," they both read, "International Tuna Tournament." Lana's was marked, "Third Place" and Bob's "Seventh Place."

"What in the world do *you* know about fishing?" I wondered. "Not much," Lana grinned, "but I had the best teacher in the world—Bob." That's true enough. Bob has fished for giant bluefin all the way from the Caribbean to Nova Scotia—and those pictures you saw of Lana last spring parked beside a minnow three times her own size were not the Hollywood publicity kind. She caught it herself.

"You know what we're going to do next?" Lana quizzed me eagerly.

"After this, I couldn't guess," I told her. "What—shoot lions?"

Lana's face fell. "Who told you?"

"Good Heavens, Turner," I gasped, "nobody! You don't really *mean* it?"

"Sure we do," said Bob. "Lions and elephants and rhinos and whatever else we can scare up in Africa. It's a safari for us—just as soon as they get through with this picture of Lana's."

Well, I never! Again I never, never thought I'd picture even the prospect of Lana Turner in a pith helmet sighting down an elephant gun in the veldt! Talk about the movies—how fantastic can you get? But fantastic I like it—and if you could see what a superchanged, reborn gal that Turner is these days you'd exult with her too.

"What we want to do," Bob explained, "is lead a full and interesting life. And that doesn't mean sitting in one place to me—or to Lana, either, now. This home's our headquarters from now on out, but we're going to keep moving. Remember, Lana's contract has only two more years to run," he stated ominously.

"You mean she'll be through with Hollywood then?" He shrugged but Lana shook her head. "I'll be around as long as they'll have me," she said, "but in between pictures Bob and I have plans. We're going around the world. India, especially, I'm dying to see. You see, I married a traveling man."

Already Bob has circled the globe fifteen times. He's seen and done about everything there is to do in about as many departments as you can name. But you have to hand it to him, he's not jaded nor disillusioned, in spite of his three marriages.

I think Bob Topping and Lana Turner are well matched: while both are young, they've both been through the mill fairly thoroughly, had their heartaches and disappointments, made their mistakes, got their wild oats pretty well sown and watched the crops fizzle. The only way you learn anything from life is by living—and that's exactly what I found Lana doing, in ways strange and new to her, but satisfyingly familiar to less gilded girls.

But don't get me wrong. I never expect to see her baking pies in the kitchen or running the washing machine. Lana is frank about those things. "I never learned to cook or sew. I never had time and I never had to. And I'm not going to start at 28 because I still don't," she said honestly. "But I *am* going to make my family happy and be a good wife and mother or bust!"

I give full credit to Bob for helping Lana on the track to her happiness.

I remember the afternoon I called on the Topping newlyweds before they set out on their long honeymoon. At that point I wondered sadly, from the way things started off, if Lana hadn't made a mistake again. I asked playboy Bob Topping right out, "Why did you marry Lana?" and he answered, "Because I love her." I charged him to take care of her and he said, "Don't worry. I'm going to look after her."

I'm not too sure I believed Bob Topping then—or if I did it was with reservations. But I do now—and I haven't any holdbacks. He's been good for Lana.

That honeymoon cottage scene will soon be two whole years in the fading past, because this coming April 26, Lana and Bob will celebrate their second anniversary—and right in this very home which they will have spent almost a year getting ready for that event.

That's one party I don't want to miss—celebrating an anniversary, a housewarming, and by then, unless MGM's crazier than I think, a new Lana Turner picture, too.

So before I left I let it be known that I might just possibly be persuaded to attend. "Okay," laughed Lana. "You're invited right now."

"If you think you can take it, that is," put in Bob. "We had our first one in Nassau last April and it went on for two days and two nights."

"If I can't," I said, "I'm a sissy. But if I should honk out—do I get a raincheck on it?"

"There'll be one every year," said Lana. And I'm sure there will—somewhere—for Lana and Bob. They've fooled the experts so far, including myself, and they'll probably keep right on fooling 'em. I wouldn't know about the others, but as far as I'm concerned, that's perfectly O.K. It's fun to be fooled, believe me, the new Lana Turner way. THE END

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strike!

(*Continued from page 40*) suggested Dick Clayton, mopping his face.

"Get *him*," said Shelley. "Just when we're showing 'em up!" She took a sidewise glance at the score. "Oh—my!" she said, limply.

Then Sally Forrest and Barbra Fuller got their dates, Jerry Courtland and Dick Foote, to give them some coaching. The boys were big-hearted—with their score they could afford to be.

Art Linkletter showed us a few of the things we did wrong. "Maybe," he suggested, "if you took off your shoes, you could get more freedom in your swing."

On or off, it didn't help. We were about as graceful as if we'd been wearing cement wedgies.

Art kids so much that sometimes it's hard to tell if he's serious. So maybe he was or maybe he wasn't when he told us how he happened to buy the bowling alley. Art lived two blocks from the place and spent most of his free time there. One day, according to Art, the Alley's manager said to him, "Don't you think it'd be cheaper if you just bought the place?"

Art replied, "You might be right. What's the price?" The manager quoted a sum. "Sold," said Art.

"Then," said Art, "three weeks after I bought this place the family moved. We now live seven miles from here."

On the next lane, Sally Forrest was proceeding nicely under the tutelage of Cojo (that's Jerry Courtland's nickname). We can't say the same in Barbra Fuller's case. She had drawn two instructors, Dick Foote and Dick Clayton. The two Dicks were cutting some pretty fancy capers, bowling left- and right-handed, bowing their legs and pushing the ball between them, and indulging in other antics. With all their "assistance," Barbra became even more confused.

Since Art bought the bowling alley, most of us have been frequent visitors. Only newcomer was Keefe Brasselle, and Art soon found out about him. Adopting his best quiz-master tone he quizzed as follows:

"Your name is?"

"Keefe Brasselle."

"You've appeared in?"

"*Not Wanted* and *Never Fear* with Sally Forrest."

"You're under contract to?"

"MGM."

"You live at?"

"Say," said Keefe, "do I get a refrigerator with this interview?"

One thing Art didn't learn was that Keefe's first job after the Army was in a factory where the employees had a bowling club. Keefe had been one of their champs. (He didn't mention this fact until *after* the game.)

The match was resumed and what happened to our team—shouldn't have. To put it very mildly, the fellas won.

They tell us 300 is a perfect score and Douglas Dick chalked up an amazing 299! When the scores were finally added up, he was presented with a miniature gold bowling trophy.

There was also a consolation prize for low scorer, Adele Mara. She received a tennis racket. Adele got the idea.

By the time the battle of the bowlers came to an end, Reba had a foot cramp, Barbra Fuller was nursing a broken fingernail, and the rest of the gang was wilting faster than a floorwalker's carnation.

"Uh-h-h-h—how about that food we were promised?" said Dick Clayton.

"At once, sir!" said Art. "Right this way!"

Even if we girls did have to fix it, the idea of leaving the lanes was as welcome as money from home. It was amazing how fast we revived at the sight of food. The fellas gallantly didn't keep us to our promise, but pitched in and helped out. Dick Clayton and Lex Barker took over the short orders department. Donning chef caps and ankle-length galley aprons, they scurried about the kitchen, dishing up fried onions, chili and beans, and hot tamales.

Jerry Courtland manned the soda fountain. He sure was miserly with his servings. His scoops of ice cream were about the size of a golfball.

"What's the matter, Courtland?" complained Dick Foote. "You dole food like you're working for the management."

Jerry ignored this until he found himself on a treadmill. He'd no sooner finish serving one end of the counter than the other end would be ready for refills. *Then* his servings got more generous.

We all ordered wonderful, weird concoctions. Barbra Fuller wanted "a piece of marble cake, topped by two scoops of ice cream swimming in fudge sauce, topped with whipped cream, roasted almonds, and cherries." Of course, this type of dessert is designed exclusively for girls who, like Barbra, weigh 103 pounds, work eight hours a day in Republic films, and play a couple of sets of tennis weekly.

Sally Forrest invented a "Linkletter Sundae." It contained a sample of every flavoring and ice cream the fountain served. "It'd look just like a rainbow," said Sally, admiring her masterpiece, "if only it had a dash of green."

"Wait until you've eaten it," advised Dick Foote, "and you'll supply that yourself."

Art was certainly a perfect host. He didn't even object when Dick Clayton dropped a scoop of ice cream on the floor. He good-naturedly retrieved it and cautioned, "Be sure you put this in *your* sundae."

"This has really been fun," said Jerry Courtland as he polished off his third double-malted.

"But next time," said Shelley, "we've got to pick our teammates for bowling a little more carefully."

"Next time," said Art, looking at his dismantled kitchen and his vanishing stock of ice cream, "next time—you bring box lunches!" THE END

1950 is the Cinderella year

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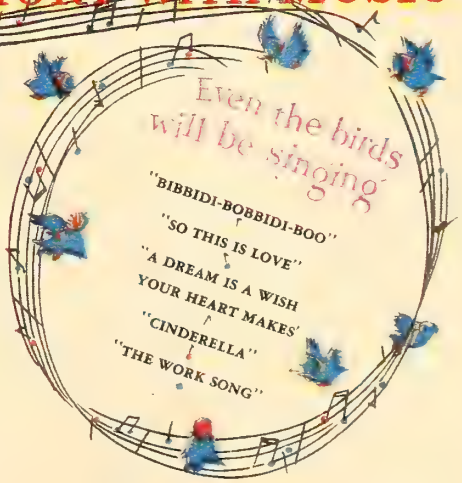
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It's coming your way to fill your heart with a happiness you'll never forget!

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dangerous paradise

(*Continued from page 24*) myself was absolutely correct."

As for the actress, these were the words she uttered in December: "I have decided to give up my artist's career because I want to live my own life just as any other woman."

In short, Ingrid Bergman wants to be free to have as many children as she likes, to raise them as she sees best, to marry and stay married to the man she loves above all others.

No longer will she countenance living her private life in public. As Mrs. Roberto Rossellini, she will undoubtedly submerge into a domesticity essentially foreign to her ambitious nature. But in time, she may become accustomed to the anonymity she has never known and which she is currently seeking.

In time, too, when the hullabaloo and publicity have diminished, she may renounce her decision and return to acting, because up until the time she met Roberto, Ingrid's great, burning enthusiasm had been for acting.

ingrid's dream . . .

I remember once when I interviewed her in New York—she was playing in *Joan of Lorraine* at that period—and I asked her about her childhood. "I was lonely always," she told me, "and I turned to acting. I would get dressed in my mother's old clothes and I would read poetry aloud—not poems of nature, but funny poems and sad poems—and I dramatized them.

"Sometimes I acted for old people, and I was happy to do it for them, but not for young people because I was terrified of anyone my age. As far back as I can remember, however, I have always wanted to be an actress. It has been my one, all-consuming desire. It has been and still is my life."

She said the above to me a few short years ago—and now all she wants is peace, privacy, and the companionship of the man she loves.

To achieve these she has sacrificed her fame, her fortune, and her reputation to live in what, at this writing, is still a dangerous paradise.

Fate and time and circumstance have all conspired against her.

If, for example, Dr. Lindstrom had only taken Ingrid at her word when he visited Messina last year; if he had only believed that she had fallen deeply, completely in love with Rossellini; if only he had granted her the divorce she had requested over and over again in 1949—then Ingrid might well have escaped the world censure which has been brought down so overwhelmingly upon her head.

Perhaps in the United States it is fashionable to point the finger of shame at Ingrid because she was out of love with her husband—she had asked for a divorce long before she met Rossellini. But many marriages in America end in divorce. Ingrid, like any other woman, is also of flesh and blood, and it is only natural that, not loving, she sought for love—and found it with the charming Italian film director.

Perhaps Ingrid is finished in the American land of her adoption, but in Italy and all over the continent of Europe, despite all the water that has flowed under the bridge, she is still very much loved—and understood.

In Rome, for example, people say, "What else could she have done? She did the honorable thing. She was not in love with her husband when she fell in love with Rossellini. She told her husband the truth. She asked for a divorce. For months no divorce was forthcoming, so she and Roberto sought a divorce in a European country where it was possible to secure one. What should she have done after she finished *Stromboli*—return to a husband she no longer loved? That would have been the living of a lie."

Movie-goers in Europe feel strongly that Ingrid had very little happiness in life until she met Rossellini. There is some evidence to support that contention.

Ingrid was an orphan and an only child. Her mother died when she was two and her father when she was 12. She went to live with an aunt, and the aunt died the following year, when Ingrid was 13. "She died in my arms," Ingrid told me several years ago. "She died when we were all alone, and I telephoned and telephoned but no one came."

Ingrid as a young girl was tall, awkward, and poor. She had few friends, and when she was accepted at 17 by the Royal Dramatic Theatre in Stockholm, that was a great moment of her life.

But even in school, her poverty followed, and she had to take side-jobs. One of these was with a Swedish film company, and that's how she got into motion pictures.

She soon became one of Sweden's top actresses and in 1938 her picture, *A Woman's Face,* was chosen by the International Film Exposition the year's best picture. That same year, she married Dr. Peter Lindstrom, and the following year she gave birth to her daughter, Pia.

For a year, I believe she was genuinely happy. After that year, however, she was constantly beset by doubts and problems and career decisions.

Finally, David Selznick succeeded in getting her to come to Hollywood. Some say that Ingrid was in a constant state of dissatisfaction from the moment she first saw Hollywood Boulevard.

This is undoubtedly an exaggeration, but certainly, she wasn't happy. To begin with, she was separated from her husband. He went to the University of Rochester to study medicine, and Ingrid went to Selznick's to study English.

She learned the language quickly, quickly enough to realize that Selznick's operation was built around the loan-out procedure. In all the years Bergman was with Selznick, 1939-45, she made only two Selznick productions. She was loaned out for eight others, with Selznick receiving far more for her services than the $2,000 a week he was paying her.

Then, too, there was the question of story-selection. In 1945, Ingrid refused to renew her contract with Selznick because she wasn't particularly pleased with the films she had made. When Maxwell Anderson offered her an opportunity to star in his drama, *Joan of Lorraine,* she quickly left Hollywood and moved to New York for the run of the play.

In New York, she was separated from her husband a good deal. Having finished his interneship at the Los Angeles County Hospital and his specialization in brain surgery, he became the assistant of Dr. Tracy Putnam in Beverly Hills.

His calm Scandinavian temperament made him an excellent man with the knife, but his knowledge of the entertainment world was less than considerable; he and Ingrid began to drift apart.

As a matter of fact, Ingrid asked for a separation while she was in New York. She hadn't fallen in love with any other man, but she felt that she and Lindstrom had come to the parting of ways.

There was no divorce but there was a geographical separation. After a year's run, Ingrid returned to Hollywood and Lindstrom. She made two unsuccessful films, *Arch of Triumph* and *Joan of Arc.* Ingrid then began to take inventory. Artistically, her career seemed stymied. She could find no story in Hollywood that she really wanted to do. One night, she saw Rossellini's picture, *Open City.* She had met Roberto in Paris the summer before, so she wrote him at once to suggest she make a film with him. Rossellini flew to Hollywood. He took Ingrid dining. Reporters who saw the pair at La Rue wrote that never before had Ingrid looked so radiant, so beautiful, so alive.

Together, Ingrid and Rossellini planned a film to be made in Italy. They conferred with Sam Goldwyn for financial backing. Goldwyn turned them down, largely because Roberto insisted upon running the entire show. Next, the pair went to RKO, and Howard Hughes agreed to back them.

falling in love . . .

Life now took on a rosy hue for Ingrid. It's problematical if she knew it back then—but she was falling in love with Rossellini.

In Italy her love matured and blossomed. Rossellini quickly secured an annulment of his marriage to the wife from whom he had long been separated. He wanted to be able to marry Ingrid the moment she got her divorce.

Ingrid tried, but Dr. Lindstrom would not grant a hasty divorce. He felt that Ingrid was undergoing a schoolgirl crush, an infatuation that would end with the final shooting of *Stromboli.*

How wrong he was, the whole world now knows. For Ingrid Bergman was never one to give her heart lightly and with carefree abandon.

In giving her heart to Roberto Rossellini, she knew full well that she was also giving her life.

That, at least, is how the Bergman-Rossellini love affair shapes up to the average European movie-fan. The feeling is widespread in Europe that these two were and are prisoners of love, enmeshed in a web of circumstance.

Everyone abroad hopes wholeheartedly that someday soon, after she has had all the children and domesticity she wants, Ingrid Bergman will return to triumphs on the screen.

She is not the first woman in the world whom circumstances and her own heart have driven into a situation which, by conventional standards, public opinion condemns.

She is as fine, as talented, and as beautiful an actress as the Old World has ever produced. When you see her in *Stromboli,* I'm sure you'll agree that talent such as Ingrid Bergman's is too rare to be driven from the screen. THE END



HOW TIME FLIES

Errol Flynn's seemingly gone in for the contemplative life. On the set, he spends all his spare time scribbling and has turned down invitations right and left with the explanation that he can't afford the time away from his writing. Further proof that Flynn's giving up the more tempestuous pleasures of life for the quiet tempo is the fact that he's put his yacht, *Sirocco* on the market.—*Modern Screen, March, 1940.*

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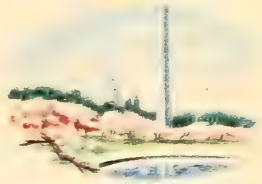
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lucky finds in fashion

by connie bartel, fashion editor

■ Every now and then you run across a fashion—a dress or a suit or a blouse—which seems to be plain lucky. It looks like a million, gets you lots of compliments, fits to a T, never seems to wear out—and costs unbelievably little in the first place. Once in a while, we said. You hardly expect such luck *every* time you go shopping. Not unless somebody arranges it ahead of time ... . and who's going to do the arranging, if Modern Screen doesn't? Which we have.

In this issue, we present nothing *but* lucky finds. We've lined up everything from a panty to a suit, and each and every fashion has what it takes to make you feel lucky buying it (the price), loving it (the looks), and wearing it (the quality).

On page 66 we kick off with two superb blouses—one tailored, one embroidered—both meant to make a suit or skirt sing. On page 67, we show a super suit you'd swear costs twice the price.

On pages 68-69, we concentrate on size with hand-picked lucky finds for you half-sizes, you teens and juniors, and you misses.

And on page 71, we wind up with undies you will drool over. They're part of the big rush for roses (very high fashion!), and they have that pampered, perfumed, lovely from-the-skin-out glamour you imagine only an heiress can afford. But they're easy on the pocketbook, like all our lucky finds!

Pat White takes it easy in lucky find pajamas

■ Patricia White, currently appearing in RKO-Radio's *Tattooed Stranger,* relaxes prettily in jaunty tailored pajamas with gay striped neckline.

They have an adjustable waistline for trig fit, and trouser pleats to make you look trim as a sailor. In fine colorfast non-shrinking broadcloth, in your choice of aqua, cream, blue, pink with multicolor stripes. Proportionette sizes 32-38. By Tommies. $4.95.

At The Hecht Co., Washington, D. C. Other information, page 72.


modern
screen
fashions



lucky finds

for spring

■ Above left: The tailored blouse, with handsome tucked shirt front, plunging neckline, button-down collar tabs, and gleaming pearl buttons. In fine sanforized cotton broadcloth. White, maize, blue, pink, beige. Sizes 32-38. A Renée blouse by Murray. $5.95. At The Hecht Co., Washington, see page 72.

■ Above right: The soft blouse, delicately made, smooth and expensive looking. Fine washable tissue faille, with graceful sprays of embroidered flowers. Wonderful under a suit, smart with a skirt. White, pink, mint, maize, blue. Sizes 32-38. A Vanity Original. $5.95. At The Hecht Co., Washington, see page 72.



■ Right: Crisp suit you'd swear cost twice the price. Beautifully fitting jacket, with double split pockets; all around pleated skirt. It's worsted and rayon, dashingly checked in navy and red; toast and brown; or grey and maize. Lined in crepe. Sizes 10-18. By Suitgems. $19.95. The Hecht Co., Washington.

jewelry by Coro





lucky finds

sized to fit



jewelry by coro

in misses' sizes

Far left: Sophisticated cotton, blazed with satin stripes to catch your audience's eye—peg-pocketed to prove you know your fashions. In fine satin-striped chambray. Grey ground with green, royal blue or wine stripes. Sizes 12-20. By Sorority. $5.95. The Hecht Co., Washington, see page 72.

in half sizes

Left: Navy polka, especially styled to make the most of the 5′ 5½″-and-under figure. Diagonally buttoned bodice, soft peplum—magic slimmers. Rayon crepe with taffeta shawl collar, buttons and bow. In sizes 14½-24½ (14½ equals 16, 16½ equals 18, etc.) By Rite-Fit. $7.95. The Hecht Co., Washington, see page 72.

in teen sizes

Right: Polka dots for the young and giddy, sized just for teens and juniors. Tricky little stand-up tied collar, carefree little skirt ruffle. Sanforized and mercerized vat-dyed broadcloth. Maize, blue, pink or aqua. Jr. sizes 9-15, or teen sizes 10-16. $5.95. By My Girl Dresses. At The Hecht Co., Washington, see page 72.

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Creamy . . . ☐	Gray . . . . ☐	LIGHT ☐ DARK ☐
Medium . . . ☐	Green . . . . ☐	BRUNETTE
Ruddy . . . . ☐	Hazel . . . . ☐	LIGHT ☐ DARK ☐
Sallow . . . . ☐	Brown . . . . ☐	BROWNETTE
Freckled . . . ☐	Black . . . . ☐	LIGHT ☐ DARK ☐
Olive . . . . ☐		REDHEAD
Deep Olive . . ☐	LASHES (Color)	LIGHT ☐ DARK ☐
SKIN: Normal ☐	☐ ☐ ☐	If hair is Gray, check
Dry ☐ Oily ☐	Light Med Dark	type above & here ☐



A



B

modern screen fashions

lucky finds—

with romantic roses

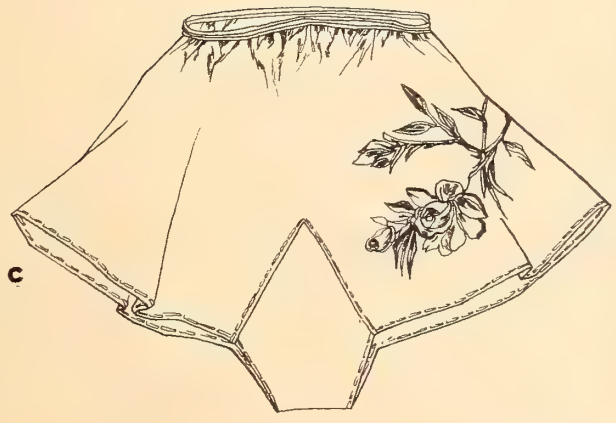
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D. Nightgown—rose spray on one
shoulder. Sizes 32-40. $3.95.



C



D

All at The Hecht Co.,
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For how to buy, see page 72



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The Hecht Company
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in the following departments:

Lucky Find broadcloth pajamas worn by Pat White in color photograph (page 65)
Lingerie Department, Third Floor.

Lucky Find plunging neckline cotton blouse (page 66)
Blouse Department, Third Floor.

Lucky Find embroidered tissue faille blouse (page 66)
Blouse Department, Third Floor.

Lucky Find checked suit with double split pockets (page 67)
Sportswear Department, Third Floor.

Lucky Find sophisticated satin striped cotton dress (page 68)
Daytime Dress Department, Third Floor.

Lucky Find polka dot half-size dress (page 68)
Budget Dress Shop, Third Floor.

Lucky Find broadcloth teen dress with polka dots and ruffle (page 69)
Teen Circle, Second Floor.

Lucky Find American Beauties half-slip, slip, panties and gown (page 70-71)
Lingerie Department, Third Floor.

You may also order by mail, write:
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7th & F Sts., NW
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speaking of my son

(*Continued from page 29*) never shine as a soldier or fit into the life my father and brothers or the male relatives of his father had pursued. They were all in the Army or Navy. In England, you know, our children are encouraged to follow in the father's footsteps.

"Peter was always play-acting. He would write his own little plays and speeches. He was an avid reader of cinema magazines and everything he could get his hands on that told about film players."

Lady Lawford led a very active life. She wrote for several London papers and was interested in politics. About the time Peter announced he was to be a movie star, his mother was working with a group which included Lord Rothermere and Sir Thomas Paulson. Sir Thomas made movies and owned the Elstree Studios. One afternoon Peter came by with his nurse to take his mother home and was introduced to Sir Thomas.

The boy perked up at once when he heard his new acquaintance was the boss at Elstree and deliberately went out of his way to impress him. He wangled an invitation to spend a day at Elstree and his mother agreed to take him.

"On the way to the studio I noticed Peter was very intense and talked excitedly about this chance to get into a studio and be a picture star," Lady Lawford told me. "I told him he ought to put all such nonsense out of his head and think about going to Sandhurst where his uncles and cousins had gone. That's the West Point of England, you know.

"But he told me he knew he was going to be asked to be a picture actor at the studio and that he would then be a star. I couldn't help laughing at him, he was so sure of himself! Finally he took my

hand and said earnestly, 'Mother, if I am not offered a part today I will give the whole thing up and concentrate on being a general—but you have to promise me something. If they do offer me a part you must let me take it.'

"This seemed an easy thing to promise, because I believed the possibilities of his being asked to work at Elstree were so remote I was on very safe ground. He made me cross my heart and swear I would not forget my promise. We went through several rituals he thought would be additionally binding. His governess was the witness and she crossed her heart, too. To Peter it was a life-or-death matter."

movie authority . . .

To Lady Lawford's astonishment, when they walked about the sound stages the seven-year-old Peter was able to explain everything to her. He had read all about how pictures were made in both American and English movie magazines.

When they went into the office of the head man, Peter treated the visit as a test of his acting abilities and went at once into his stunts. The mother tried to break it up several times but the child wouldn't be side-tracked.

"Then to my horrified amazement the fellow sent for Monty Banks, who was a director at Elstree, and told him to give Peter a camera test," Lady Lawford said. "The rest of the day unfolded like a crazy sort of dream. They wanted Peter for a child's role in *Ole Bill* and I must say he passed all the tests they gave him with flying colors.

"It was then that my promise came back to slap me right in the face. There was nothing I could say or do. Peter assumed, of course, that I would never break faith with him because I never had.

"I told him we'd have to take it up with his father. 'Oh, Father will understand that you gave me your word and that you can't break it,' my nimble-minded son remarked. And later developments proved that he understood his father very well.

"I telephoned the General and explained the situation. 'You can't very well go back on your word, you know,' the General reminded me. 'Let him do this one movie. It probably won't hurt him and it may get the whole thing out of his mind.'

"I foolishly imagined no one would hear about it—but next day the newspapers were already headlining the fact that Peter was a new child actor.

"Of course the first one I heard from that evening was my father. 'Be here to see me at 10 in the morning,' he ordered coldly and hung up.

"I was there. Even married children in England take orders from their parents but the one thing he couldn't make me do was break faith with my son. He told me he was cutting me out of his will and that my sisters would never speak to me again.

"And so I cut myself off from my family. My sisters haven't spoken to me since and my father died without forgiving me. But I have never been sorry I kept faith with Peter. We have gone through some very difficult times together since that casual visit to a movie studio—which turned out to be the turning point in the lives of myself and the General as well as Peter."

Several other picture roles fell to Peter at Elstree and he was advertised as the British Jackie Coogan. Then a blow fell which staggered the child.

A law was passed in Parliament barring all children under 14 from the stage or screen.

"I've often suspected my family had a good deal to do with getting that law passed," Lady Lawford said. "At least it got Peter off the screen without delay and stopped all the publicity that was so irksome to my family."

It had been the custom of the Lawfords to travel a great deal and spend many of their winters at Monte Carlo so when Peter's film career in England halted, they packed their bags for a trip.

There was no law barring children from work in France and Peter took up his career again on the French screen. Then a tragic accident occurred which set him back for several years.

He was playing on a hillside with some other children and began running down when he tripped and crashed headlong into a French glass door in the house in which they were living.

His right arm was almost severed at the elbow. Hospital doctors examined him and broke the news to his mother. He would have to lose his arm. It was too badly injured to save.

"We will just put him to sleep and not worry him about it if you give your consent," they told her.

"Oh, but Peter has to give his consent, too," the frantic mother said. "I couldn't let you take his arm off and let him wake up and find it gone. We will have to talk it over."

She broke the news to the lad as gently and casually as possible and waited for his reaction.

"That's a lot of nonsense, Mother," Peter



said. "You know as well as anyone you've always taught me that prayer can see you through a lot of bad times, and here you are at your first big test giving up without a prayer.

"We'll not let them take off my arm. We'll start praying right now, both of us—and you can write to our friends and ask them to help, too. If we all pray earnestly enough my arm will get well."

Once again Peter's mother was right up against the consequences of having imbued her son with absolute faith in her word of honor.

"When I told the doctors that we would not amputate Peter's arm, they probably thought I was out of my mind. However, the ligaments had not been severed and with God's grace it began to heal. Slowly, slowly but surely, the healing process went on."

Now the Lawfords' course of life changed entirely. Medical men agreed Peter's arm would take months and maybe years to heal and that it never would be entirely normal again. The circulation would always be poor and worse if he lived in a cold climate.

"This meant we would not be able to live in England in the winter," Lady Lawford explained. "So we decided to move to Florida where the climate was equitable winter and summer."

Their fortunes took a sharp slump when World War II broke out because they could get no more large sums of money out of England.

"All my faith in my son was then justified because with poise and assurance he began to take over the management of our lives," Lady Lawford told me with great pride.

"He told me the first thing we'd have to do was to let all our servants go. I asked him who he thought was going to do the cooking and he told me I was. He said he and his father would do the housework.

practical pete . . .

"I never had cooked a meal in my life so he advised me to get on to how things were run in the kitchen before I let the help go. I had no idea he was so practical.

"That afternoon he came back home with a startling announcement. He had a job. He was going to manage a parking lot. He would get $25 a week and with his tips that would see us through.

"He was a success. His friends rallied round and saw to it that the parking lot he managed did a good business. The proprietor was more than pleased. He had lost money on the lot before Peter took over because some of the men he had in charge had been dishonest.

"But back in Peter's head there always was the plan to get back into movies. He wasn't 18 yet and he didn't want to bother with going to school because he felt that he had learned more than most boys of his age through intensive tutoring and study.

"So he bided his time until he was 18 and then an opportunity came for him to drive to Hollywood with a family friend and he took off. He got a job almost at once managing a small movie theater and sent for us.

"He had an apartment for us when we arrived but there was no furniture. We had had to sell our furniture in Florida because we could not afford to ship it to California.

"Peter said never to mind, we'd get things as we went along. He went to auctions and bought up a few pieces of old furniture.

"He had been nosing about to see if he could get into a studio. In his job at the Westwood theater he took care to speak up to movie people he met.

"Of course he concentrated on Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, because when he was a boy he had been in a picture made in England by that company and then he had played a role at the Culver City studio when we stopped here on a trip around the world.

"When they were casting for *Mrs. Miniver* he managed to get a small part. They put him in *White Cliffs of Dover* next and he had a chance to show his acting ability. After that the path cleared up for him and he's been forging ahead ever since. Only the other day he signed a new seven-year contract.

"We are really guests in this home. It is Peter's house. He keeps it up. We only manage it for him."

Lady Lawford told me she had never regretted keeping faith with Peter on that afternoon at the Elstree Studio.

"The going has been rough at times but the General and I have always thought we have the finest son in the world."

From what I could see at the very livable home out Brentwood way where the Lawfords live, I think the General and Lady Lawford are right. Peter Lawford is a son to be proud of. THE END

(Peter Lawford's newest movie is MGM's Please Believe Me.)



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how liz grew up

(*Continued from page 47*) Father were supposed to accompany us but could not because Mother came down with a headache and Father decided to stay home with her. We hung around the Mocambo just long enough for Vic Damone to sing his numbers. Then, with Vic, we all returned home, where we sprawled out on the floor in front of the fireplace with some fried chicken and two quarts of milk.

The accidental visit? The same foursome—Liz, Vic, Mara and I—went to the movies in Vic's car. We were only going to see one picture but stayed for two so that it was time for Vic to do his first number at the club when we got out. We went over with him and waited until he was through. And then we went home again.

As for Vic, he is a friend not only of Liz but of the family. We all like him very much. I wouldn't want to know a more honest, nicer guy, nor one with as complete a lack of pretentiousness. The other day, when Vic was having dinner with us, Mother had trouble finding the bell under the table which summons the maid to bring the next course. She complained that someone had moved it and Vic laughed.

"We never have that trouble in *my* house," he said. "We have no bell. Even if we had a bell—we have no maid. Mother or my sisters cook the meal and we all pitch in to clean the dishes."

Under the circumstances, you can't blame me if I consider that columnists who report things like Liz' "nightly" nightclubbing are pretty silly.

first date . . .

Liz' first date with a boy never took place until she was almost 16. That was when Marshall Thompson took her to a preview and not only did Mother and Dad go along, but Marshall's mother and dad as well.

I remember Liz' 15th birthday was celebrated with a party at the home of a friend in Mandeville Canyon. I had to come to the rescue and agree to bring the boys I knew because neither Liz nor most of her girl friends had boyfriends they knew well enough to ask!

At that time, only two years ago, Liz was practically established as a star. That sounds glamorous. But the cars which brought the male guests to the birthday party of that glamorous star were as scarred and beaten a collection of jalopies as you have ever seen.

We have always been a small, closely-knit foursome—Father, Mother, and we two kids—living a very quiet life, and that's something you don't want to see broken up if you're a part of it. We've held to it pretty closely. We do many things together, some of them in defiance of popular custom, because *we* like it. It's only a few years since we gave up our Sunday morning bicycle jaunt, when all four of us would go wheeling along the bridle paths through Beverly Hills. We were the only family in town to do this, I might point out, and therefore occasionally got some odd looks from passersby—but, as I said, *we* liked it.

My earliest memory of Liz goes back to England when she was about four and I was nearly seven. We were pretty inseparable, as Liz was always tagging along, so when I think of my childhood, Liz is pretty much in the center of my memories. If I misbehaved and was stubborn about being repentant, it was always Liz who saved my hide when Father or Mother took me to account.

"He's sorry, Mummy," she would say,

as I stood silent. Then she would nudge me with elbow or knee and whisper desperately, "Go on! Say you're sorry!"

Once I went fishing for tadpoles and minnows in a muddy ditch which workmen had dug out to drain a pond on our place. I had a net to help me. Liz had nothing but her hands but she scooped away industriously—until she suddenly lost her footing and fell head-first in the mud, her legs waving wildly in the air.

I pulled her out and, according to Mother (I hardly remember the incident myself), cleared her nostrils and mouth of the mud so she could breathe. The doctor is reported to have said that I saved Liz' life this way. I don't know whether I did or not, but years later, at Malibu Beach, there was no doubt about the fact that Liz saved mine.

This was when we were all horseback riding along the sand, and my horse, which we later learned had hardly been ridden before, threw me on my head at the very water's edge, so that I lay unconscious and began washing out to sea.

Liz was riding King Charles—or "The Pie," as he was known in *National Velvet*—and galloped back to get me. People were standing all about but none would hold "The Pie" for her—they seemed scared after seeing my horse rear about. Liz had to let him go and come after me in the water. By this time I was well out into the breakers and she could have done with a little help but everyone seemed too stunned to move. Alone, and needing every ounce of her strength, she managed to drag me back to shore where someone finally stepped forward to help.

When I had whooping cough as a child, Liz insisted she wanted it too—and she stuck close to me until she got it. At that time, as no longer is the case, it was considered wisest to let children catch it and get it over with, so my parents didn't object. But they did warn her to stay clear of me when I caught the measles. Liz didn't. Every chance she got she sneaked into my room. As a matter of fact, she wanted to catch the measles because we were going to school by then and Liz wasn't liking it too well. She saw measles as her chance to stay home—but it didn't work out for her. She didn't catch it and was quite disappointed about staying healthy.

strictly business . . .

We came to America to live in 1939. Liz was seven and I was nearly 10. That was in May. Hardly two months later Liz and I were in business together in Pasadena. I whipped together a lemonade stand of fruit-box construction, complete with parasol to protect me from the sun. Liz helped make the lemonade and then became salesman. She used direct means. We lived on Fairview Avenue then, which is a fairly busy street in Pasadena. Liz went out to the middle of it and waved cars and trucks to a stop, insisting that the drivers get out and buy lemonade.

Business was fine until Liz happened to stop a Ford which was being driven by Mother. We immediately went into receivership, inasmuch as Mother confiscated everything until we promised to change our selling methods to a strict sidewalk approach only.

Later on I went through the usual phase that hits boys who have sisters of about the same age—they consider them nuisances. I remember that Liz was sharply annoyed by this change in my attitude, and I did feel guilty about it because we had been so close up to then. But it was a very short-lived phase and we got over it soon, the principal reason being that most of the things that boys complain about in regard to their sisters I could not blame on Liz. She was close to me—but never a pest.

Incidentally, playing with a brother all the time gave her some tomboyish traits that we still laugh about. At Christmas time she hardly paid any attention to her dolls. She played with me at my games while Mother played with Liz' dolls. And playing with my games cost Liz something. She still has a tiny, pinpoint of a scar just above her lip from the time when I proved I was no William Tell. That's where my arrow hit instead of the apple she was balancing on her head.

When we moved to Beverly Hills (which was still before the movies came into our lives), we were just getting used to American schools. We both had found school easier here than in England but our attitudes toward the change were different. I goofed off altogether and had to do a lot of catching up to make up for lost ground—Liz, always a little apprehensive of school, took it more seriously and kept up better. And it was at this point that she began to make girl friends who are still her closest companions.

old favorites . . .

I'll bet that right today you can go to any of our neighbors and they'll recall Liz as one of the three little girls who used to come to their doors asking for old playing cards. Liz used to do this with Ann Westmore and Carol Phillips. And the other week Liz and Mother were going through Liz' dresser when they found three old cigar boxes full of the old cards she used to treasure so highly—still does, as a matter of fact, because Liz lingered over them for an hour, recalling her old favorites, before she carefully put the boxes away.

So this was how we lived, and the sort of family we were, when Liz appeared in her first picture, *Lassie Come Home*. I remember going to the preview and, as far as Liz and I were concerned, there was no feeling that she was any sort of celebrity. I know this because when we went out to the lobby, Rod McDowall was being besieged by a lot of kids asking for autographs and Liz and I just stood there watching with the rest of the crowd. And when some of the kids happened to see her and asked if she would sign their autographs, Liz couldn't believe it. "Who—me?" she asked incredulously. And when they said yes, and she signed, she kept shooting stares at me as if to make sure I wouldn't start laughing.

I didn't laugh—but I sure didn't get it.

Liz' entrance into pictures was so gradual that it seemed to make no difference at all in our lives—at first. With *Lassie*, with *Jane Eyre* and with *White Cliffs of Dover*, she would be busy for a few weeks and then everything would be as before.

But with *National Velvet*, and after that, when she had to take her schooling in the studio, the change was apparent. Yet, it had all happened so gradually that we didn't take notice until it was done. Not till then did we wake up to the fact that Liz was no longer just a daughter and a sister in our household, she was a name and a personality to the world.

We keep hoping that the first can go with the second. Mother was talking about this to Irene Dunne the other day and Miss Dunne said, "I know what you mean. It seems at first as if a normal life will be impossible because she's a public figure. But it isn't. I think I have had a very happy, normal life. It is difficult—but possible."

Well, from head to toe, from within to without, I am unable to see any difference between the Elizabeth Taylor who is my kid sister and the Elizabeth Taylor who is a motion picture star. THE END

Advertisement

Have You Heard?



JOAN LANSING

EVERYBODY'S SAYING IT! "STOP THE MUSIC! STOP THE MUSIC!" I heard the famous conductor Leonard Bernstein shout it at a symphony rehearsal. You may have heard José Iturbi say it in "That Midnight Kiss" . . . and, of course, if you're like me, you just don't miss bouncy and bright BERT PARKS saying it Sundays, 8 P.M. (EST) over your local ABC station . . . "STOP THE MUSIC" for fabulous prizes! Bert, for my money, is a honey of an emcee, and I kind of like the way charmin' KAY ARMEN, DICK BROWN and HARRY SALTER'S ORCHESTRA provide the tunes. This super-scintillating show is jointly sponsored by Smith Brothers Cough Drops, Old Gold Cigarettes and Speidel Watch Bands.

WHAT'S - DOING - MAID'S - NIGHT-OUT-DEPT.: At our house we whip up a quick fried chicken-and-fritters supper and then settle down to a treat instead of a treatment in radio listening. Ever since I can remember, I've been mad-about-Mack, TED MACK, that is . . . the genial gentleman who's helped so many aspiring performers to successful futures. You all know Robert Merrill, Frank Sinatra, Paul Winchell . . . well, they were once nervous, eager young amateurs, too . . . awaiting their big "break" through the ORIGINAL AMATEUR HOUR. Every Thursday night, 9 P.M. (EST) over your local ABC station, Ted tees off with talent that spells future fame for those with gold-dust in their dreams. You and I might be "in" on the discovery of a new personality . . . and that's what makes listening to TED MACK and the ORIGINAL AMATEUR HOUR one of the big treats that can't be beat in radio. (You probably don't have to be told that the happy sponsor is Old Gold Cigarettes!)

ANOTHER THURSDAY-AT-HOME-TREAT comes earlier in the evening when DAVID HARDING, Pepsi-Cola's COUNTER-SPY calls at 7:30 P.M. (EST) on your local ABC station. I was told the other day that COUNTER-SPY has often been cited for outstanding public service and I can understand why DAVID HARDING, COUNTER-SPY, deserves the honor. He proves the old adage "Crime doesn't pay." COUNTER-SPY's a chiller-diller . . . and you can enjoy it not only on Thursdays, but also Tuesdays at 7:30 P.M. (EST) for a twin bill of tingling drama. It hits the spot!

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elizabeth the queen

(*Continued from page 44*) is a satire on the works of Varga and Petty, proving these lads somewhat backward in suggesting voluptuous improvements that might be made in the feminine form. She is as superbly curved as any exaggeration in oil and canvas that ever graced a Gay Nineties saloon.

Elizabeth Taylor has been likened many times to the fabulous screen vamps of an earlier era. Actually, she is not like them at all. She is an entirely new creation, fitted to this time in form and personality, and will doubtless in the next 10 or 15 years establish a standard that will be a model for future sirens.

And yet, though she is playing "adult" roles, and every man with a dream left in his soul considers her an adult when he reflects on her attributes, she still in many ways behaves like a kid.

Studio employees are quite used to seeing Elizabeth dash madly down a lot street in a foot-race with her dog, to see her chewing bubble gum, or stalking grumpily to her dressing room mouthing little-girl curses at her teacher for keeping her in after school. Her schedule, both in front of the cameras and in publicity functions, must not be too rigid because of the unpredictability of her teacher. While a five-minute conversation with Liz demonstrates that she is no dope and a fair scholar, she is apparently something of a fractious pupil in the classroom.

A photographer was dispatched to Hollywood one time at great expense by a national magazine to take some color portraits of Liz. His time was short, so he had planned to fly out with his equipment, spend a couple of hours making the pictures, and fly back the same night.

He arrived, set up a temporary studio and stood waiting beside his camera. The door to the studio opened and Liz, after introductions, sat down to pose. At that moment the teacher arrived. She ordered Elizabeth right back to the school house —then apologized to the photographer.

"Elizabeth didn't finish her water painting," she explained, "and she can't have her picture taken until she does."

A studio schoolmarm is the final authority in juvenile affairs in Hollywood, so the cameraman was forced to stay over another day.

oh, school! . . .

The threats of GI's as to how they'd get even with second lieutenants as soon as the war was over would be weak, pale things beside the promises of what Elizabeth will do to "certain people" as soon as she gets out of school. She doesn't hate education—in fact, she plans extensive study for a number of years yet —but she does hate the regimentation of a scholastic schedule.

She finds it confusing, to say the least, to have to leave the arms of Robert Taylor (no relative) and a mad love scene in *Conspirator* to sit behind a school desk and work out a problem in plane geometry. It must give a kid the feeling that plane geometry is a thing of slight, if not idiotic, value in the scheme of things. . . .

Getting into the movies in the first place was not the problem for Elizabeth Taylor that it is for other children.

An MGM producer, Sam Marx, was looking for a little girl for a low-budget program picture. He was having a bit of trouble, however, because there were half-a-dozen other executives with the right of approval or rejection of his choice. He met Francis Taylor, an art dealer, at a party and agreed, more out of politeness than anything else, to see his 11-year-old daughter, Elizabeth, on the following day.

Francis, Sara and Elizabeth Taylor walked into the producer's office and took chairs. Marx took one look at the little girl with the odd coloring, then, disdaining the use of the inter-office communications system, dashed out of the room and down the hallway to round up his associates. They filed into Marx' office and all took a look at Elizabeth. Nobody asked her to speak, to stand up for a better look, to demonstrate some evidence of talent; they just looked at one another and nodded. That is how Elizabeth got into the movies. There was no question about her belonging. Everyone knew she did as soon as they saw her.

Francis and Sara Taylor, Elizabeth's parents, are both simple people. He is an art dealer, a quiet, handsome man concerned primarily with his business. Sara is a very normal, matronly woman who has devoted her life to raising a proper daughter, and seeing that she had every advantage. They are typical of the middle-class parents in any American town or city. Actually, Sara Taylor may have had some plan to enter her daughter in theatricals from the beginning, but it was probably vague and a secondary ambition. She, herself, had been on the stage briefly as a young woman.

mother and pal . . .

Contrary to belief and appearances, Sara Taylor is not a stage mother. It is true that she is with Elizabeth almost constantly, but it is at the studio's insistence. The wise moguls at the head of the industry don't want any juvenile beauties running around loose on their lots. Anything can happen and has in the past. Mrs. Taylor takes her job of buffer and watchdog in her stride. She makes no effort, beyond the usual maternal prerogatives, to thwart Elizabeth in any way. She is a friend and adviser, and is overruled as often as any other mother.

A number of factors have entered into the evolution of Elizabeth Taylor from a child to a woman. Biology, of course, has been first and foremost. Second, going into business and selling her talents for display in movie theaters has been a fine spur to her blossoming womanhood. And finally, there is the tide of public opinion, which has taken a look at Liz, whistled, and called a spade a spade.

All the king's horses and all the king's men couldn't hold her back now. The little girl who wrote a book about animals and wore braids is gone, and a lusty gal with a double whammy in her eye has taken her place.

The efforts of her family to continue her adolescence to the end of her teens, the protection against wolfish males given her by the studio, and the frantic machinations of studio press agents to link her romantically with silk-whiskered striplings, all will come to naught. Mother Nature, the thoughtful trickster, has taken over—and Liz is ripe.

She will be 18 by the time you read this. It is a milestone she has been awaiting with anxiety just short of hysteria. On that day she may, if she wishes, date Tommy Manville or Butch Jenkins, for she will be legally emancipated. She may thumb her nose at school mistresses, parents and censors of a little girl's activities. Or, she may become wistful about her girlhood and try to hang on a little longer.

The opinion of most observers goes along with a paragraph in a national magazine some time ago which, commenting on the coming of age of Elizabeth, quoted a studio executive who was asked what he thought would happen.

The executive shook his head and said, *"OH, BROTHER!"* THE END

shirley temple's divorce

(*Continued from page 22*) to the bench.

As he did, the courtroom was summoned to attention. Everyone rose—Shirley; Mary Alice; George Stahlman and Grant Cooper, Shirley's two crackerjack lawyers; Clore Warne, who was representing John Agar; the press and photographic corps—everyone.

Court in session, Judge Herndon looked down at his calendar and then announced with great dignity: "Agar versus Agar."

George Stahlman spoke quickly. "Ready, your Honor."

He turned to Shirley and bowed slightly. "Will you please take the stand."

Shirley Temple, playing a role in real life more dramatic than any she had ever played on-screen, rose and approached the court attendant. He extended the Bible. She lay one gloved hand on it and raised the other. She swore to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth so help her God.

Thus commenced the beginning of the end—the end of the most publicized marriage the screen colony and the moviegoers of America have ever known.

other side of the story . . .

What Shirley had to tell of her married life—her thoughts of suicide, her anguish, her heartache, her humiliation—you will find in its entirety on the following pages. What you will not find, however, is Jack Agar's side of the story. Jack refuses to tell it.

When I contacted him in Buffalo after Shirley had told her all, he said, "I still don't want to talk about it. There are always two sides to every story. All I can say is that I think the testimony she gave reflects our real differences incorrectly. There's a lot I might have said and there's a lot I can say now. But what's the point? Nothing would be accomplished by airing recriminations in public. Ever since our separation, I had my mind made up to say nothing about the case, and that's the course I'm going to follow despite the possibly wrongful implications which might result from what Shirley said. Naturally, I'm greatly concerned with the welfare of our little daughter. I only hope that what has happened will result in the best for everyone concerned."

Many persons have asked, if Jack Agar's marital conduct was unhusbandly, what caused it? Why did he drink? Why did he go out? Why did he leave Shirley behind on occasions? They implied that there must have been a reason.

In the January issue of MODERN SCREEN, I believe the reason was given. Shirley and Jack were mismated from the very beginning of their marriage. They tried to make a go of it and they hoped against hope, but they were two young, attractive, charming people with different backgrounds, different tastes, different ideals, different objectives. Their marriage was based on a wartime infatuation and not on a mature, solid, reasoning love.

What happens under those sad circumstances appears in the following testimony of AGAR versus AGAR:

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA

IN AND FOR THE COUNTY OF LOS ANGELES

DEPARTMENT NO. 51 HON. ROY L. HERNDON, JUDGE

SHIRLEY TEMPLE AGAR,
Plaintiff,

VS.

JOHN GEORGE AGAR,
Defendant.
No. D 388383



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Meg: Why Vicki, I've heard that too. The fact is I'm getting fed up with the old belt-pin-pad routine.

Vicki: *They say Tampax just won't let you be self-conscious at such times. You actually forget all about it.*

Meg: The way I look at it—if millions already use Tampax, why should we hang back?

Vicki: *Right you are, so here I go for a month's supply to put in my purse.*

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REPORTER'S TRANSCRIPT

APPEARANCES:
For the Plaintiff: GEORGE STAHLMAN, Esq.
and
GRANT B. COOPER, Esq.

For the Defendant: CLORE WARNE, Esq.
LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA, MONDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1949
9:15 O'CLOCK A. M.

THE COURT: Agar versus Agar.
MR. STAHLMAN: Ready, your Honor.

SHIRLEY TEMPLE AGAR,
plaintiff herein, called as a witness in her own behalf, being first duly sworn, was examined and testified as follows:

THE CLERK: State your name, please.
THE WITNESS: Shirley Temple Agar.

DIRECT EXAMINATION
BY MR. STAHLMAN:

Q: Your name is Shirley Temple Agar?
A: Yes.
Q: You are the plaintiff in this action?
A: Yes.
Q: John George Agar, the defendant, is your husband?
A: Yes.
Q: What was the date on which you were married?
A: September 19, 1945.
Q: And you separated on or about October 12, 1949?
A: That is correct.
Q: Now, there is one child the issue of this marriage, is that correct?
A: Yes.
Q: What is the name of the child?
A: Linda Susan Agar.
Q: How old is Linda Susan Agar?
A: She will be two on January 30.
Q: Now, there has been a property settlement agreement by which there is a declaration of no community property? That is correct?
A: Yes.
Q: Now, you have lived in the State of California, of course, more than one year, and in the County of Los Angeles more than three months prior to the filing of this action?
A: Yes.
Q: In fact you have lived here all your life?
A: Since 1928.
Q: Now, how long after the marriage was it when any occasion occured which brought about any unpleasantness or difficulties between yourself and your husband, Mr. Agar?
A: About five months after we were married.
Q: What occurred generally about that time?
A: Well, he began not coming home at night for dinner; and he would usually come home — it started about eight o'clock he would get home, and after a couple of weeks it became 10:30, and after that a little bit later. It was any time
Q: By any time, you mean in the early hours of the morning?
A: Two or three in the morning.
Q: On these occasions would you know where he was?
A: No.
Q: During this period of time did you prepare dinner in the evening and wait for him?
A: Yes, I was cooking dinner myself.
Q: Would he phone or inform you as to where he was on these occasions?
A: No.
Q: That was the general course of conduct during that period of time?
A: That is correct.
Q: On the occasions when he would come home, were there explanations made as to where he was?
A: Never.
Q: And the times he would come home, what would be his condition of sobriety?
A: Very often he would be quite intoxicated.
Q: Now then, when was the baby born?
A: The baby was born on January 30.
Q: And from the time, starting about five months after your marriage up until the time of the birth of the child, did this course of conduct continue?
A: Well, when I was about two months pregnant that was the very first time that he came home at four a.m. with lipstick all over his face.
Q: He had lipstick on his face, and this was about four o'clock in the morning?
A: He was very intoxicated.
Q: All right, now, as this course of conduct proceeded, did it become more aggravated, the hours later and the neglect greater?
A: Well, it was never much later than four in the morning, but I recall one time when I was about five months pregnant, he came home and brought a girl into the bedroom.
Q: Will you describe to the Court the situation, what occurred there, and about the time of the day?
A: Well, it was around 1:30 in the morning.
Q: Were you in bed at that time?
A: I was in bed.
Q: You had retired for the night?
A: Yes, he supposedly was going out with a group of fellows, you know, to play cards or something.
Q: That is what he told you, did he?
A: Yes; and he came home at around 1:30 with several people, but he brought the girl into the bedroom and said, "Come on, let's go to a party. Let's all go."
Q: What response did you make to that?
A: Well, I had been in bed since about 10 o'clock, and I didn't feel very much like getting up, and after all the baby had just begun kicking shortly before that.
Q: You did not get up then?
A: No, I stayed home.
Q: Did he remain home there or did he go out?
A: No, he left.
Q: About what time was that that he left?
A: Around a quarter to two.
Q: Do you know what time he returned home?
A: I imagine it was around four. I gave up staying awake after awhile.
Q: Now, as this course of conduct proceeded and these conditions were present, did you do anything to try to eliminate them, to obviate them?
A: Yes, I went to — prior to the baby, shortly after we were married, I went to Dr. Davidson at Santa Monica, and he was very worried about my condition. I was very nervous.
Q: Who was Dr. Davidson?
A: He is a surgeon that has since passed away.
Q: But he was your doctor at the time?
A: He was my doctor at the time.
Q: You went to him because of a nervous condition?
A: I couldn't sleep and I was very nervous.
Q: And was any of this nervous condition occasioned by the conduct of your husband?
A: Yes, it was.
Q: So you went to the doctor, is that correct?
A: Yes.
Q: Do you know whether the doctor talked to your husband about his conduct?
A: Well, one time he talked to both of us and tried to get what was wrong, you know, tried to figure out what was wrong.
Q: Did you hear your husband make any statement as to attempting to do better?
A: With other people he always stated he hadn't done anything wrong, he didn't know what they were talking about.
Q: Now then, let's take the time up until the baby was born. During your period of pregnancy, did this condition continue?
A: Yes. One particular night—I had a new doctor, of course, Dr. Bradbury.
Q: Dr. Davidson, you said, passed away?
A: That is right. So one night during dinner Jack came home drunk again and was very belligerent through dinner and called me a few names. After dinner I jumped in my car and was going to drive over a cliff, or something. Instead I went over to my doctor's house, and he was so worried about me he followed me home.
Q: Did this doctor also talk to your husband about his conduct and his treatment of you?
A: Not until after the baby was born. That was about two weeks after the baby was born.
Q: Now, during the time of pregnancy, did he continue to stay out at night, and would that be frequently?
A: I tried to go with him as much as possible. I tried to go to movies and things but you know, you are sort of embarrassed the way you look.
Q: And this matter of lipstick, did that occur more than one occasion?
A: After the baby was born it happened several times.
Q: This conduct continued, you say, after the baby was born?
A: Yes. Two weeks after the baby was born, Dr. Bradbury phoned both my husband and myself and said that I could go out for the first time, go out to dinner.
Q: What happened that first night you were going to go out after the baby was born? Is that the occasion when you got the new dress?
A: Yes, I got a new dress. Jack said he would be home at seven o'clock and we would go out.
Q: Did you dress?
A: I was ready.
Q: What time did he show up?
A: He got home about two o'clock.
Q: He got home at two o'clock in the morning?
A: Yes.
Q: He had not informed you or phoned you to let you know where he was?
A: No.
Q: Did you go out then that evening at all?
A: No, I didn't go out.
Q: Now, have you had friends in for dinner on occasions?
A: Yes, many times.
Q: And dinner parties, or some particular time when friends were present?
A: Well, many times we had friends in to dinner.
Q: Did he on occasions not show up, not come home when your dinner was ready and your friends were there?
A: Yes. You see he belonged to a golf club and said that is where he spent all of his time; and when I would call there, I would usually be bounced all around the club.
Q: In other words, you couldn't get him on the phone?
A: I could never get him.
Q: You called for the purpose of asking him

to come home because guests were there?
A: That was after a half hour or hour they would be there. Naturally I would like him home.
Q: Sometimes he would not come home at all on those occasions?
A: He always showed up eventually. When there were people around his attitude was entirely different.
Q: Is there some specific instance in which there were humiliating circumstances in public?
A: Well, one night he left me with four other people at a restaurant in Hollywood.
Q: What occurred during that event?
A: He finished his dinner, and he stood up and said to one of the men present, whispered to the man that he had to go see his girl.
Q: And he left the table then, did he?
A: Yes, and he said, "Please don't let my wife go home. Take her to a movie or something so she won't be going right home."
Q: How long was he gone on that occasion?
A: He wrecked his car, and he came in around six in the morning.
Q: Did he leave you there at this place?
A: Yes, he left me with these people, standing on the curb.
Q: Now, there was an incident occurred at the Chanteclair?
A: Yes.
Q: Will you tell the Court what occurred by briefly telling the incident that occurred?
A: That was a dinner party. There were about 15 people, I should say. We knew about three of them, and Jack began drinking doubles, and he started talking to one of the girls present that was unmarried. He danced with me half a dance and said, "Oh, you are too short. I don't like dancing with you." He took me back to the table and danced with the girl all evening, and kissed her on the dance floor; and I sat at the table and smiled at people who were looking over wondering why I didn't get up and leave.
Q: You were there with friends of yours?
A: Yes, and when he returned to the table there was a place vacant next to me. He said, "I don't want to sit with her." So he sat next to the girl that he had met before, and I passed his dinner to him.
Q: He was some place removed from you, was he?
A: Yes, he was about eight seats away. Then after dinner, why, we left. He was too drunk to drive the car, so I drove with Mrs. Franklin and he drove in another car with the girl that he had met inside, and a man.
Q: Where did you go from there?
A: They drove to our house. Mrs. Franklin and I arrived there first and when they came we went down to the play room. And he turned on the Victrola in the dancing room, which is off the play room, and danced with the girl for a couple of hours, and they were kissing in there. It was pretty sickening.
Q: Did this conduct humiliate you in the presence of your friends?
A: Of course it did, and yet you think of the baby all the time, you know.
Q: Now, was there an incident when you had friends at the house, and he left late at night and didn't come back for some time?
A: Yes.
Q: Will you explain briefly to the Court what that incident was.
A: About eight of us were sitting downstairs, and he sat and looked at me for quite awhile, and then he said, "Oh, you can't have any fun with Shirley. She won't get drunk. She won't even take a drink." He says, "I am going out." So he went out for two hours, and when he came back he fell downstairs and knocked a plant over and cut his head, and finally passed out in the driveway. My brother helped me put him to bed.
Q: In other words, your brother came over and helped put him to bed?
A: In front of several people.
Q: Directing your attention to a document here designated Property Settlement Agreement, and directing your attention to the signature of Shirley Temple Agar, that is your signature?
A: Yes, it is.
Q: Do you recognize the signature of John George Agar?
A: Yes.
Q: As that of your husband?
A: Yes.
Q: And you signed this property settlement agreement?
A: Yes.
Q: You have read it and know its contents?
A: Yes.
Q: And is this property settlement agreement satisfactory to yourself?
A: Very satisfactory.
MR. STAHLMAN: May we offer this in evidence, your Honor? This is a typed original, if we may offer this in evidence.
THE COURT: You wish to offer this copy? Is this an executed copy?
MR. COOPER: That is not an executed copy. That is a copy of the original which is executed.
THE COURT: Very well. The property settlement agreement will be received as Plaintiff's Exhibit One.
Q: BY MR. STAHLMAN: Now, there is also a Trust Agreement entered into between you and your husband, is that correct?
A: Yes.

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Q: Creating a trust, and in that trust there was placed the community property of your husband, and he created the trust for the benefit of the child?

A: Yes.

MR. STAHLMAN: Is that sufficient, your Honor?

THE COURT: Put on your corroboration, counsel. You may step down.

MARY ALICE FRANKLIN,

called as a witness on behalf of the plaintiff, being first duly sworn, was examined and testified as follows:

THE CLERK: State your name, please.

THE WITNESS: Mary Alice Franklin.

DIRECT EXAMINATION

BY MR. STAHLMAN:

Q: Will you state your name, please, for the record.

A: Mary Alice Franklin.

Q: Now, Mrs. Franklin, keep your voice up just a little, please. Try to talk louder. You are acquainted with the plaintiff in this action, Shirley Temple Agar?

A: Yes, I am.

Q: And you knew her husband, John George Agar?

A: Yes.

Q: How long have you known Shirley?

A: We went to school together.

Q: And continued in a friendly association, a friendship since that time, have you?

A: Yes.

Q: Have you visited with your husband in her home after their marriage?

A: Yes, we did

Q: And they have visited at your home, have they?

A: Yes.

Q: You know, of course, she has lived in the State of California more than one year, and in the County of Los Angeles for more than three months preceding the filing of the action in this case?

A: Yes.

Q: In fact, she lived here all the time that you knew her? Is that correct?

A: That is right.

Q: Have you been in the home on occasions and out in public with Mr. and Mrs. Agar, and observed the conduct of Mr. Agar towards his wife?

A: Yes, I have.

Q: Would you be in the home for dinner on occasion?

A: We would be there, and Jack wouldn't be home, and we would wait dinner for him.

Q: Did that happen on more than one occasion?

A: Yes.

Q: Were you present on this occasion when there was a dinner at the Chanteclair?

A. Yes, I was.

Q: Just tell the Court in your own words what you observed on that occasion?

A: Well, it was a dinner party and Jack became very interested in this other girl, and he danced with her. He didn't dance with his wife except for a half a dance, and we watched him kiss the girl on the dance floor; and then he came back to the table and sat with her and his dinner was passed to him; and everyone at the table was very uneasy, and Shirley was very humiliated. She didn't know a lot of the people there. The woman on the other side of Jack, where he was sitting next to the girl, told Jack to go back to his wife and stop making such a fool of himself and he didn't. After we left the restaurant he wanted to drive home. He was very drunk and Shirley said that he shouldn't. He said if he didn't drive, he wouldn't be in the same car with her. So he went home with the girl and the other man.

Q: Did you go to the Agar home after this occasion?

A: Yes, I did.

Q: Did you see Mr. Agar return?

A: Yes, we did.

Q: Who was with him?

A: This same girl and another man, and we all went down into the play room, and Jack started mixing drinks, and he turned on the Victrola and they danced in the dancing room, and we could see them.

Q: Did you hear any statement made regarding drinking on that occasion?

A: No.

Q: Who was dancing?

A: He was dancing with this girl. Other times we would be over at the house—

Q: Before we leave that occasion, did he kiss that girl there at the home?

A: Yes, he did.

Q: Now, you started to say something about other occasions you had been at the home.

A: On other occasions we have been at the house, and we had been playing cards or something, canasta, downstairs, and Jack started to drink; and I remember one night he said that, "You can't have any fun with Shirley. She never gets drunk. She doesn't even take a drink, and I am going out." And he went out for two hours, and he came back so drunk he could hardly stand up, and he was very belligerent and grabbed Shirley by the arm and said, "Come on upstairs, I have something I want to talk to you about." There was some sort of an argument up there, which we didn't hear, and Jack went out. Shirley was crying. She was very upset. Everybody was upset. She came downstairs again and we tried to help her, and finally she calmed down and then Shirley and I went out in the car to look for Jack, and we couldn't find him. We came back into the driveway and he was passed out in the middle of the driveway. We almost ran over him. We didn't see him.

Q: Lying there?

A: Yes.

Q: And were you there when he was removed from that place?

A: Yes. Shirley's brother took him in the house and then we left. This was around 4:30 in the morning.

Q: By the way, were you present on the fourth wedding anniversary?

A: Yes, I was.

Q: What was that? Tell the Court what occurred?

A: We had a dinner engagement. We went over to Shirley's house around eight o'clock to pick them up, and Jack wasn't there. He wasn't ready. We had to meet this other couple at a restaurant, so we went ahead and Shirley and Jack arrived about 9:30 at the restaurant, and he was very drunk. We sat at the table and he saw this other group over at the bar. He went up to a girl and embraced her and brought her over to the table. And he said—he invited her to dinner, and they were sitting and talking and finally Shirley said, "This is my fourth wedding anniversary," and the girl became very uneasy and left. And then we had our dinner and during our dinner Jack got up a couple of times to see these other people. And afterwards we went dancing, and the orchestra leader dedicated a song to Shirley and her husband on their wedding anniversary. At this point Jack was up at the bar, and Shirley was sitting at the table alone. He even invited a lot of people to our table we didn't know. He started ordering drinks for everybody, and then he left and sat at another table until the place closed at two o'clock. One of the girls at our table went over to the other table and sat and talked. And we were passing the time of day and a few other things until the place closed, and we were ready to go home; but Jack said he was going to celebrate and we had to go. He said he was hungry and wanted to have something to eat. He insisted we go to the King's Restaurant.

Q: You did go to King's?

A: Yes, we did.

Q: Did he eat anything after he got there?

A: No, he didn't. We were there and then he said, "I want to go home." And Shirley—he started to go, and Shirley got up to go with him; and the owner of the restaurant came over to Shirley and said that the chef had heard that it was her wedding anniversary and he was inscribing a cake for her, and would she please not go, and wait until they gave it to her. So she convinced Jack, and they sat down, and the man came out with the cake and all the waiters, and they sang, "Happy Anniversary to You." And he said, "Do you want to cut the cake?" And he served it to Shirley. And Jack said, "No, put it in a box. We will take it home." So they put it in a box and they left.

Q: You were present on other occasions when his conduct was embarrassing?

A: Yes.

Q: To Mrs. Agar?

A: Yes.

Q: And you observed the effect this had upon her?

A: Yes, he was very rude to her. One night I had just had my hair cut and my husband said, "Don't I look pretty tonight." And Jack turned to Shirley and he said, "You are repulsive, you are horrible. Why don't you let your hair grow long?"

Q: You heard him make other remarks, without designating them, but uncomplimentary remarks to her?

A: Yes, he would always take the other side of anything Shirley ever said.

MR. STAHLMAN: Is that sufficient, your Honor?

THE COURT: It is. You may step down.

This Court believes that a due regard for the legitimate public interest in this case not only justifies but requires some comment. This

I SAW IT HAPPEN



I noticed a crowd outside the famous 21 Club in Manhattan. Edging closer I heard a voice say, "Look, that's Jane Russell." The actress overheard and laughingly replied, "No, I'm not Jane Russell, not even Gail Russell; I'm just Rosalind Russell."

Frances Boose
New York City

Court cannot fail to take notice of the well-known fact that this plaintiff occupies a special place in the hearts and affections of millions of people, not only in this state but throughout the country.

The American people are characterized by what this Court regards as healthy and laudable traits of idealism and sentimentality. Unquestionably the news of the apparent failure of this marriage, which is sought to be dissolved by this proceeding, has caused widespread disappointment and even distress. Therefore, this appears to be a peculiarly fitting and appropriate occasion upon which to reassert and redeclare the vital public concern with the problem of divorce, and the urgent need for giving serious study and attention to the environmental and sociological factors which contribute to it.

We all know that the integrity of the family lies at the very foundation of the welfare, tranquility and the good order of our society. Accordingly, this Court is faithful to the declared and established policy of this state, that no divorce shall be granted except upon grounds which our law recognizes as sufficient. Fairness to this plaintiff, however, requires this Court to declare that the evidence which has been offered here, the plaintiff's demeanor, and the very evident sincerity with which she testified, have convinced this Court not only that the grounds upon which relief is sought here are serious and substantial, but also that the plaintiff has made every reasonable effort to save her marriage and to avoid the necessity of this proceeding. That being so, she is entitled to precisely the same consideration, to precisely the same relief which is accorded upon like terms to every citizen, whether he be the most obscure or the most prominent.

It is, therefore, the judgment of the Court that an interlocutory judgment of divorce is granted to the plaintiff. The Property Settlement Agreement executed by the parties and received in evidence as Plaintiff's Exhibit One is approved, and by reference incorporated in and made a part of the judgment. The parties respectively are ordered to perform the executory provisions of said agreement.

Plaintiff is awarded the care, custody and control of the minor child of the parties, to wit, Linda Susan Agar, subject to the further order of this Court, and subject to rights of reasonable visitation with the defendant; such right of reasonable visitation shall include the right of defendant to have the temporary physical custody of the said minor child for reasonable periods of time upon such terms and conditions as the parties may agree, provided however that should the parties be unable to agree, then either party shall be free to make application to this Court for the proper determination of any such matter upon which agreement cannot be reached. It is further ordered that neither plaintiff nor defendant may permanently remove the minor child from the State of California without the consent of the other first had and obtained, or if such consent cannot be obtained, without an order of this Court first had and obtained.

It is further ordered that the defendant shall pay to the plaintiff for the support and maintenance of said minor child the sum of $100 per month, commencing on January 1, 1950, and continuing thereafter on the first day of each month until said minor child shall have married or shall have attained the age of majority, whichever event shall first occur, and subject at all times to the further order of this Court.

It is finally ordered that plaintiff's former name, to wit, Shirley Temple, shall be restored to her, effective upon the entry of the final judgment of divorce.

MR. WARNE: If the Court please, my name is Clore Warne. In view of the fact, and I speak as a friend of the Court and not representing a party litigant at this time, although I together with my firm have represented Mr. Agar, the Court has seen fit to make special mention in connection with this case. And in as much as the testimony given by the plaintiff in this case will undoubtedly be given wide publicity, I want to say on behalf of Mr. John Agar, the defendant in this case, when differences arose between these parties, and they did arise, that he acted at all times, as counsel for the plaintiff will undoubtedly agree, when differences did arise which necessitated separation of the parties and this action here, he at all times has acted as a gentleman. He has not sought to air the differences of the parties in any litigation or any contests either in the press or in court; and in as much as public mention has been made by the Court in this instance in a way not usual, I feel that it is in order for me to say in behalf of Mr. Agar that he was concerned and is concerned with the welfare of his child, and that he is concerned from here on out with the welfare of both parties in whatever area their respective lives shall take them.

THE COURT: Well, Mr. Warne, of course the Court views your remarks as not inappropriate, but you, as an attorney, of course recognize that this Court can act only upon the evidence which is presented here, and the remarks of the Court, of course, were based upon and addressed to the evidence which has been presented before this Court.

MR. WARNE: That is correct, but I felt it in order, in view of the special circumstances, to make the statement that I have made.

THE COURT: Very well

THE END

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three's no crowd

(*Continued from page 43*) But, with one day off a week (Pat sells Ford cars like crazy, working in his father's big Ford agency), somehow the small pile of red bricks just sat there, looking smaller and more accusing each day. Finally Mona—tired of hearing Pat mutter every time he passed the bricks, "Gotta finish that walk Sunday!"—said to him one of those quiet Sabbaths when they sat before the fire reading the comics, "Let's buy the rest of the bricks we need, then we'll decide whether you do it or we have it done."

"*I'll* do it, don't worry about that!" said Pat, gazing into the bright fire. Mona bent her pretty head again to her paper.

A week passed and it was Sunday again. Mona wondered a little why Pat's expression was just a mite sheepish as he went out to get some wood for the fire. He was back in two minutes, carefully carrying in his arms not a log, but a neatly wrapped, plump package. He set it down and cocked an eyebrow at Mona.

"That hundred bucks—" he began, but Mona was already tearing off the wrapping paper. She gave one look, gasped, and turned to Pat.

"A radio! Pat Nerney, have you lost your mind?" she cried. "What about our brick walk?"

Pat stepped back a few feet. "Now sugar, look again," he said placatingly. "It's not a radio—it's a table television set. I got to thinking, we don't go out much since we have the house, and we used to go to all the good games, baseball *and* football. Now, we can stay home and still see the games—for a fraction of what we used to spend on tickets!"

a box with a view . . .

Mona eyed the tiny, three-inch screen dubiously.

"But Pat," she said, "that—that—*squint-box*. What can we see, anyway?"

"A bird's-eye view," said Pat, in the tones of a man who's just won a hard round.

"A humming-bird's view, you mean," laughed Mona. "But it's sweet, and it *will* be nice to see the games again—a little of them, anyway."

So they've been seeing the games again —from the vantage point of their pine-paneled sunken living-room.

Before the fireplace is a solid, two-storied round table, with five little stools to match. On these Mona and Pat often perch for a game of gin rummy or canasta. They eat here most nights, too, rather than in the pleasant breakfast room. A real dining room is planned, and will be part of the future extension. Meantime, what could be cozier than a nice little supper by the fire?

Over in the corner is a beautiful old desk which Mona's father, who is a wood expert, found for them in a second-hand shop and did over for a birthday present for his daughter. By it stands the ancient toy steam-engine which has been in Pat's family for years and years.

There'll be a decorator someday, when the funds are flowing more freely. Mona admits that she and Pat have worked out the present arrangement more by accident than design. But, for now, it's all they want.

"After that two-room apartment, with its one small closet, you can't imagine what undreamed-of luxury this is," says Mona, opening door after door of the shining white closets, with brass knobs, that line the carpeted hall between the bedrooms and the living room.

Another sad deficiency in the apartment

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was the stall-sized bathroom. When Pat would be shaving, Mona would want to do her hair or wash the baby, and when Papa breezed in for his morning shower, there would be Mona, who'd beat him to it. So the Nerneys insisted that plans for the house include a roomy bathroom with *two* large wash-basins—one apiece—and plenty of mirrors.

Their bedroom is done in soft gray with touches of dimmed yellow, with two strong touches of color supplied by a pair of American Beauty Victorian chairs opposite the bed. Over the chairs hangs a painting of Mona Jr. done by Mona Sr. It's good, too.

Not to be outdone, small Mona has a painting in her bedroom, too. On the pink-and-white candy-striped walls is the picture of a duck, painted by Daddy with much lip-chewing and eye-squinting. It's right where little Monie can look up at it from her crib. She loves it—always says goodnight to it.

sentimental heirloom . . .

Near the crib is a three-foot doll's bed with matching spread and canopy—a gift from Mona's folks to the baby. Living in Maryland, they feel far from their daughter and her new career and family, so there is much letter-writing and sometimes telephoning, back and forth. A small black wooden rocker that Mona Freeman grew up in now sits at the living-room fireside—for the little girl. Her grandmother carried it all the way out on the train with her when she came out recently for a visit.

Every day when Mona isn't working, and whenever she can when she is, Mrs. Nerney goes shopping. Not to the plush, swank markets that abound short miles away, but to the Thriftymart in Brentwood. Shopping this way is fun—but when it comes to cooking, she frankly admits she hates it.

"I did it for four years in our apartment—and the 'Joy of Cooking' just isn't, for me. Now. we're lucky to have a wonderful girl—Estella—who's a combination maid and cook. Can she bake blueberry pies divinely!"

Pat—who can't cook, except to fry an egg in a pinch—lets no one out of the house until he's shown them his pet cooking helps: the rotary cupboards, which swing pots and pans within hand-reach; and the butcher's chopping-table right smack in the middle of the dream kitchen. The kitchen, with its copper-hooded stove and built-in electric dishwasher, is distinctive in that it too has been pine-paneled, and this, with the cheery, red-figured paper above, helps make it the kind of room you want to spend time in. Here, too, is the little table with two chairs, tucked in the corner, for Baby Mona. And, last but far from least, the heavenly fragrance of those wonderful pies Estella bakes!

Pat likes to clown, and he'll do, without much coaxing, a very funny imitation of the sleek brown gopher who is an unwanted tenant of the wide lawn that surrounds the house. Pat says the gopher is such a ham it'll stand up and do imitations of his doing imitations of it, in between bites of expensive green grass!

Mona and Pat see a great deal of near neighbors Macdonald Carey and his wife; Betty Hutton and Ted Briskin, and their youngsters; and the Alan Ladds, who live but one hill away. There'll be plenty of playfellows and schoolmates for little Mona to entertain when they come over to play. Nowadays at the Nerneys', three's no crowd. Space—it's wonderful!

THE END

(*Mona Freeman's current movie is Paramount's* Dear Wife.)

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bringing up joan

(*Continued from page 33*) It hasn't anything to do with the essential you. You're the same girl for whom the teacher would have given out the home work."

But is she? Let's examine all the facts in the case and see what it's like for me, the mother of a movie star—it says here—to be bringing up a kid in Hollywood.

Just as the close-up on the screen is a hundred times larger than life, Joan's life is bigger, too. She faces many problems known to all teen-agers—she is now 15—only there is an emotional enlargement, a blowing-up of the picture. And some problems other teen-agers have, Joan doesn't—simply because she's in films.

For example, the boyfriend problem. A couple of friends of ours were horrified to learn that we had let Joan begin her career so young. One of them said, "Don't you realize that she won't be able to have a normal emotional life? Don't you know that the mothers of really nice boys won't let their sons go out with a girl in pictures?"

No, I did not realize that nor do I realize it now. Joan goes out with some really nice boys. They have mothers, too.

She must go out with boys in the picture business. They understand the hours, for one thing. They know, when she's working, that she must be at home by 10 to have the required time for sleep. Since the demands of the studio vary like the California weather, there's always a chance that she must break a date at the last minute. And the boys know all about this. They sometimes do the same thing.

drinking is out . . .

The boys she sees—young actors like Jerry Paris and Anthony Curtis, and George Brand, who's with a big Hollywood talent agency and who took her to the Press Photographers Ball—are all working boys. They have to get up early in the morning, too—with clear heads.

As a result, they drink almost not at all. They can't afford to. Joan, herself, has never tasted hard liquor—though she does have an occasional glass of wine when she is very tired or when there is a celebration. So I never worry that Joan is tearing across the countryside in a jalopy with a drunk date.

Before I leave the subject of boyfriends, I'd like to tell you how Joan feels about Farley Granger. Farley was the first boy who ever kissed her—but that was in front of a camera and I think this established their relationship as a working relationship. There is great affection between them. She has fun with Farley—he is one of the gayest, brightest boys in this town. But they are co-workers and they never talk of love except as it relates to acting.

There is a girl friend problem. Joan doesn't have any close friends among the girls in Hollywood her own age. When I speak of Joan's age, incidentally, I don't think of her as being 15. She has lived 15 calendar years, but she is as mature as any 17- or 18-year-old girl I know. I think of her as an adult.

She has very little chance to meet other girls. She doesn't go to a school—she has a private tutor at the studio. Goldwyn's is a small studio, and at the moment, the feminine contract list consists of Joan and eight-year-old Gigi Perreau. So how is Joan to meet girls? Recently she has joined a square-dancing group that gives hospital benefits and performances to raise money for multiple-sclerosis research. I do hope that she will find, among the girls in the group, a few lasting attachments.

But real friendship between actresses is rare. The competition is too keen and

they are all playing for such high stakes. Between girls who are competing for the same thing the ever-present enemy of friendship is jealousy. Of course, all girls everywhere are competitive—but if Joan should get a big part in a big film that her best friend wanted, it would be far more important than, say, winning a high-school debating contest. The ice would be much colder.

We are all screaming individuals in our household. Dale Eunson, her father, is a writer. (He co-authored the play *Guest in the House* and has published hundreds of short stories, novelettes and serials.) I, too, am a fiction writer. My mother lives with us and is quite a character in her own right. We are all busy career people and everyone of us is in there pitching for center stage.

I suppose, measured by ordinary standards, Joan's life has always been unconventional. For example, she calls her father and me by our first names. I, being an only child like Joan, called my parents by their first names.

Before she was born I asked Dale what he wanted the baby to call him. "Considering the fact," he said, "that the baby won't know me very well, I think 'Mr. Eunson' would be correct." I settled for "Dale."

I suppose I should have known that she was destined to be an actress. She was always a great show-off. The worst punishment we could give her was banishment. "Joan," we would say, "go to your room. When you feel that you can behave yourself, come back." She would be back —sunny as August—in two minutes flat. It's no fun sulking alone with no one to observe and admire the mood.

She always was a big ham. It's a wonder the police didn't arrive every time I took a splinter out of her finger. Everything terrible that happened to Joan was a thousand times more terrible than the things that happened to ordinary people like a mother and father.

She fell out of her swing once when she was seven. She came into the house and flung herself on the sofa where she overacted the death scene of *Camille*.

"Oh, stop it," I said. "I cut my teeth on actors. I know the real thing from the performance. You're hamming it up, kid, and I want no more of it."

To my shame, I must admit that when we took her to the doctor the next day



that's hollywood!

Tom Pryor tells it in the N. Y. *Times:* Proof that the people who attend to weighty matters of historical import at the Congressional Library are not stuffy themselves can be had from Maxwell Anderson and Andrew Solt. Working out the screenplay for *Joan of Arc*, the writers had occasion to ask the Congressional Library research staff for some quick information on the trial of Joan. The return wire advised: "Seating like baseball diamond. Chief Judge at homeplate. Inquisitor and lesser dignitaries at first, second, third. Joan in pitcher's box."

Irving Hoffman
The Hollywood Reporter

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he found that she had torn a ligament in her arm. I salved my conscience by thinking of the boy who cried "wolf." With him as with Joan, it was never possible to tell the real from the imaginary. And this can be said of every actress I know.

She was eight, I think, when she came home from school and announced that she had tried out for a role in *Hansel and Gretel* and was to be Gretel.

One day she came home from a rehearsal in a rage. "That little boy who acts the part of Hansel!" she said. "Whenever I'm talking in the play or singing a song he is always doing something, walking around the platform or something!"

Although she did not know the theatrical jargon, she was making one of the oldest of actor's complaints—"moving on my line." It is an old scene-stealing device, for the eye will always follow the person in action.

"Want to teach him a lesson?" I asked.

"How?" Joan asked almost too eagerly.

I told her about up-staging—how you carefully take a few steps up so that the actor with whom you're playing the scene must turn to look at you and you then become the focus of attention.

Well, we went to see *Hansel and Gretel* and I want to tell you I have no idea what that little boy looked like. All we ever saw of him was the back of his head.

Standing on the auditorium steps after the performance, Dale said, "That does it. She has to be an actress."

But it was more than the ability to upstage we saw that day. All the other children were charming and looked very sweet and tried very hard. But Joan was giving a performance. Within her limitations she had, for a few moments, become Gretel. It was only a flash of talent, mind you, but it was there—and both Dale and I love talent and cannot bear to see it go to waste.

It happened that was the summer that Dale's *Guest in the House* was playing everywhere in stock. For four weeks Joan played the child in it just to get the hang of the theater. That was, until a year ago, the sum total of her stage and screen experience.

can't keep secrets . . .

I'd be a fool if I said, as I've heard other mothers say, "My daughter tells me everything. I have her complete confidence." This is ridiculous and I would not have it so. No one has any other human being's "complete confidence." Rightly, there is a secret room in every soul and I would never invade the privacy of Joan's room—at least, not without knocking. But I'm happy to say that Joan is an extrovert. I have never known a successful actress—with the exception of Garbo—who was not. Being extroverted, Joan delights in telling her innermost emotions. The extrovert can't keep a secret if it concerns himself.

Joan and I are now more companionable than we have ever been before. One of the rewards of motherhood is that when you lose your child you gain a friend. I feel that Joan is my friend, now. I know that I am hers.

It was not always so. Like every normal girl, Joan was for a time afflicted with a case of mother antagonism. Let psychologists explain the reason for the disease—I'll just tell you the symptoms.

I embarrassed Joan. I was too unconventional. If I said anything with more wit or spirit than "Good morning," I was brought up sharply with, "Oh, Katherine! What will people *think!*" And, of course, I knew but nothing.

She was well into this phase when we arrived in California and she began work on *Roseanna McCoy*. Just as every problem was aggravated by the fact that she was in pictures, so was this one. She was nervous and tense and full of fears because of the enormous undertaking before her.

A mother can shrug off the average daughter's resentment of her advice and let her make a few errors. But Joan was beginning a career and her aspiration was high. A mistake could leave a permanent scar upon the rest of her life. She could not afford to make mistakes.

When problems arose at the studio—and, in those early days, they reared up on their hind legs every hour on the hour—I knew, from my years of experience in the strange town, how they should be handled. But getting Joan to take my advice entailed long and bitter quarrels between us. Joan was in a new world. It was a world I knew. The world is new and old for daughters and mothers whether they are in New Zealand, Cape Horn or Hollywood.

I don't know if mother antagonism simply runs its course like whooping cough (and believe me, it is just as violent and noisy) or whether outside circumstances cause its end. Joan's attack was, I think, of shorter duration than most. Joan's medicine was her own intelligence. Say what you will about Joan, she is intelligent. She is stubborn and it is difficult for her to admit she is wrong. But she knows right from wrong whether she'll admit it or not—and mother antagonism ended one day when she did take my advice.

Being a girl of enormous vitality she was not content, when she first started to work at the studio, to try to turn only her small cog in the vast machine. She had to run the works.

"You know what happened today?" she would ask me. "I was supposed to get my hair done at two for publicity stills. But the publicity department hadn't put through the call to the hairdresser and I had to check and double check on everybody. I have to check on them all the time."

Or—"Well, Farley Granger was late for rehearsal. I think that's terrible and I gave Farley a pretty straight talk about it, too."

At first this was rather enchanting. The idea of an inexperienced 14-year-old girl undertaking the burdens of an important business enterprise caused amused smiles. But eventually the smiles of kindly amusement changed to frowns of impatience. Samuel Goldwyn Productions, Inc., had been muddling through pretty well and managing to lay aside a couple of million bucks occasionally before Joan arrived.

I SAW IT HAPPEN



It happened on Guam in 1944 at the close of Betty Hutton's personal appearance tour. As she entered the back seat of the jeep that was about to carry her away, a great round of applause went up from the boys. She stood there for a moment and threw kisses from her finger tips to all of them. A young Marine corporal standing nearby remarked, "A lot of good that does." Upon hearing the remark, Miss Hutton beckoned the corporal toward her, smiled and gave him a big kiss. There was another round of applause as her jeep drove away and we all wished we had been as lucky as the corporal.

Alex McKinnin
Bridgeville, Pa.

Not only was her attitude making her tense, she was becoming disliked by the people who had adored her.

I explained this to her. Of course, she put up an argument. Well, it was a tough fight, but Mom won.

As soon as Joan relaxed and did her job as well as she could while letting the others do theirs, she found a difference not only in the attitude of those around her but in the way she herself felt.

She could not at the time admit she was wrong. But I was amused the other day when she was talking about a new girl who plays a part in *Our Very Own.* Joan said, "I wonder if I should tell her what she's doing. She's trying to run the studio and people just don't like that. She's making exactly the same mistake I did."

When you can admit you've been wrong you've come a long way on the road to adulthood.

Now Joan and Dale and I are at the stage where we can discuss problems like three adults. It's not a fight now—it's a discussion. And I must admit that many times Joan is right and makes us see that she is.

On that fateful day when Dale and I had to decide whether or not we would let a girl so young attempt a career in pictures, we talked for hours. If she got the part and the contract—and when we left New York for California, Mr. Goldwyn had seen only a photographic test of her and the acting test was yet to come—it would mean an uprooting of all our lives and dangers we could not predict. Since she was a minor, it was our decision to make. Would we be robbing her of her youth and a normal way of life, allowing her to go? Dale wrote a touching article about our decision which appeared in one of the national magazines. It was called "We Let Our Daughter Go to Hollywood." Many of our friends thought we were right. Others were appalled and disapproving.

More than a year has passed since we took the great chance. The other day we let Joan off in front of the studo. Her script, that she had studied with such fierce concentration the night before, was tucked under her arm. It was the first day of *Edge of Doom.* She was excited at the prospect of working for director Mark Robson. "Oh, I hope I'm good enough—he can teach me so much," she had said. Behind her were two pictures, *Roseanna McCoy,* and *Our Very Own.* She was not satisfied with her own work in either—as what artist ever is? But she was pleased with herself that she was able to accomplish them at all.

She turned to smile and wave at us and I saw not only a very pretty girl but—so much more important—a happy, well adjusted and intelligent girl. "Dale," I said, "have you any regrets about letting our daughter go to Hollywood?"

"Joan has a wonderful life," he said. "It's a rich full life."

And that's just how I feel, too.

THE END

MEET THE AUTHOR

Katherine Albert, mother of Joan Evans and author of "Bringing Up Joan," has been an established top-flight writer for many years. Starting her career in Los Angeles as a feature writer for the Times and the Daily News, she soon was appearing regularly in national magazines. About 10 years ago she began writing fiction and has published hundreds of stories and novelettes. Two years ago she co-authored with her husband, writer Dale Eunson, a play, Loco, *in which Jean Parker starred on Broadway.*

THIS MONTH

CONTAGIOUS DISEASES

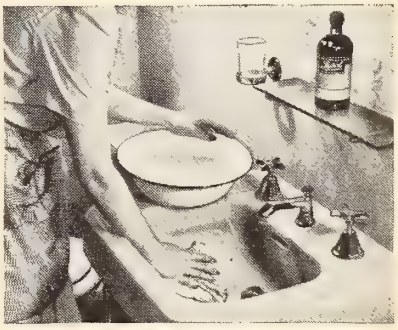
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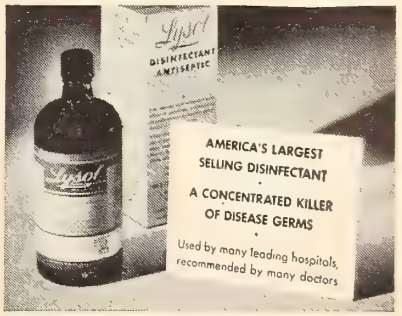


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this love of ours

(*Continued from page 41*) about practically everything in the world, I bought the magazine as directed. Señor Montalban, the dark, Latin lover type, was certainly not my idea of the perfect husband. From the page, he smouldered back at me, with suave, come-with-me-to-the-Casbah sophistication oozing from every pore. This character, I decided, was a wolf if I'd ever seen one.

To climax the whole impression, he was smoking a languid cigarette through a long holder and gazing superciliously from under raised eyebrows and half-closed lids.

"Sally is letting that warm tropical sun soften her head," I told myself. "Perhaps Mother should write Norman and suggest he send her home before she completely loses her sense of balance."

Meantime, my intrepid sister, working overtime as Cupid's Mexican ambassadress, was bombarding Ricardo with an intensive "you-ought-to-meet-my-sister" barrage. Finally, he took an old, battered picture out of his pocket and showed it to Sally.

"Does your sister look like this?" he asked her. "If she doesn't, I cannot marry her. This is the one I've decided on—a long time ago."

Sally stared at the picture in disbelief. It was a photograph of me!

nice to look at . . .

It had appeared in a magazine several years before, when the four Young sisters—Loretta, Sally (whose screen name was Sally Blaine), Pollyanna and I—had been cast as the sisters in the movie, *Alexander Graham Bell.*

"It—it's Georgie!" she gasped. "Where did you get it?"

Now it was Ricardo's turn to be flabbergasted. Here he'd been carrying that picture around just because he "liked to look at it." And it turned out to be the kid sister that Sally had been trying to palm off on him all this time!

Ricardo always hesitates to tell that story because it was the kind of wild coincidence that even the most hardened Hollywood press agent would hesitate to broadcast.

It was shortly after this that Ricardo came to Hollywood and we met for the first time. To my relief, he was the exact opposite of the glamor-boy in that first, misleading picture. He was gay and friendly, with a magnificent sense of humor—and just about as wolfish as Gary Cooper. He completely captivated the whole family, despite the fact that we'd all made up our minds that he couldn't possibly be as charming as Sally and Norman insisted he was.

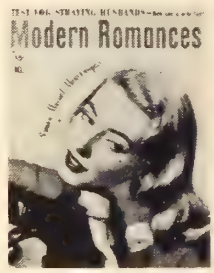
We were married two weeks, almost to the day, after we met. Fortunately, our union couldn't have turned out any happier if we'd been childhood sweethearts. But we wouldn't advise this lightning speed for other young couples. In two weeks, a girl can find out if a prospective mate rhumbas beautifully, if he prefers his steaks rare or well-done, or if his sense of humor runs on the line of hers. A man can determine if the gorgeous creature he's pursuing knows the score—of football, gin rummy or Gershwin. But a real marriage is not built on physical attraction, on the social graces, or on a mutual regard for jazz, modern art or movies.

There must be a stronger bond. Ours, Ricardo's and mine, is our religion.

In these wonderfully happy years, we've certainly had our human share of differences. But if your marriage is of the lifetime variety, as ours is, you just get to work and clear them up. We have a rule

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at our house which prohibits the "silent treatment." Whatever the issue, major or minor, we talk it out, even if it takes all night—as sometimes it does.

Ricardo and I learned, as our parents did before us, that troubles diminish as the tribe increases. Our three arrived closely together, so we just didn't have time to be moody or sensitive or too disturbed about trivia. Laura, who is four, Mark, almost three, and Anita, just seven months old—these are the symbols of our happiness. As Ricardo often says, they are the fulfillment of our love and in them we see each other.

One day, when Anita was tiny, little Laura was "helping" me bathe her. When the baby was back in her bassinette, Laura tucked her in dotingly, piling the coverlet up around her ears and leaving only her little button nose and eyes showing. Stepping back and tilting her head admiringly, she sighed, "Oh, I *wish* Ricardo could see her now"—as she must have heard me murmur a hundred times.

She sounded almost as proud as Ricardo when Mark was born. He'd wanted a boy so badly and the odds seemed all against it. The Young and Montalban clans were running strongly to girls, with no boy babies on either side for quite a stretch. There was a florist stand across the street from the hospital, and I remember the huge bouquet of red roses he dashed out and bought when the nurse told him he had a son. Simply and eloquently the card read, "*Boy*, oh *boy*, oh *boy!*"

beloved daddy . . .

But neither of us plays favorites with the children. Love and discipline, toys and cough syrup, fun and spankings are all dished up in three equal portions.

"I love Daddy," Laura, our young golddigger, sighed happily the other day as we all got cleaned up for his evening homecoming. "He always brings us presents." Yet "Daddy" also is a conscientious disciplinarian, with the firm oldworld opinion that parental respect inspires love, not fear. And, despite the little presents he's always bringing home, we are both doggedly determined that there will be no spoiled Montalbans. "It isn't fair to youngsters to pamper them," he reasons, "so that when they go to school, the other kids slap their ears down."

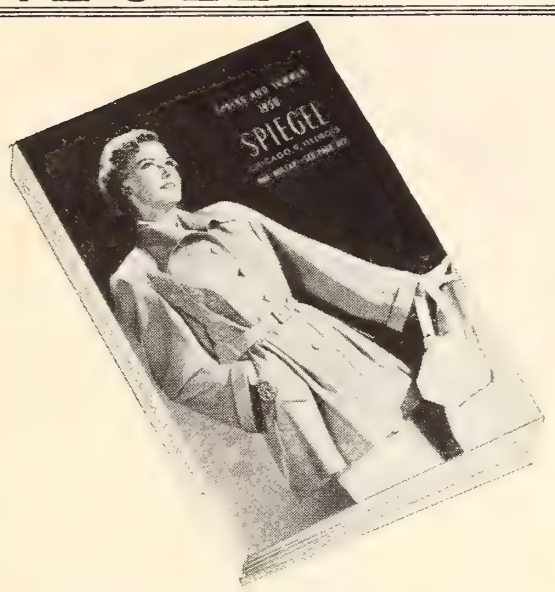
Of course, our trio had early training in getting along with other children. With Loretta's, Sally's, Pollyanna's and my brother's families, there are 13 grandchildren in the Young second generation, all living so close together that gatherings of the clan are frequent and uproarious. Thanksgiving, Christmas and Mother's birthday are the main annual events and we all take turns in having the parties.

Ricardo and my mother get along famously. He delights in flustering her by rushing across the room to greet her, sweeping her off her feet and in mock fervor murmuring soulfully, "Mother!" She invariably blushes furiously, tries to squirm out of his embrace—and loves it.

Last summer, Ricardo's parents came from their home in Mexico for their first Hollywood visit. In spite of the fact that the children and I understood no Spanish and they spoke no English, we all had a grand time together. To add to the excitement and confusion, Laura undertook to teach her grandfather English.

"Say 'apple,' " she would patiently begin the lesson. But when his renditions would vary from her own exacting pronunciation, she would become more annoyed with each frustrating attempt. Then she would inveigle him into playing hide-and-seek. "Hide," she would command sternly. When he wouldn't understand, she'd be thoroughly exasperated—as she is with

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Mark when he ignores the rules of the game.

On their visit to the studio, the folks saw some rushes of *Border Incident.* They were so proud of Ricardo. Yet the glamor of Hollywood left them serenely unimpressed, because they are very sensible, level-headed persons. Their real pride in their son was the assurance that he has kept the true sense of values that they taught him; that he is a success as a husband and father, not merely as an actor.

And I'm proud of him for that, too. When we were married five years ago, no one wanted his autograph except the landlord on a check in advance for our tiny apartment. If, by Hollywood standards, Ricardo has "arrived," success really hasn't changed him.

"Be honest, Rick—you *do* feel important with all these fans gasping and gurgling over you, don't you?" an old friend from his lean New York days kidded him recently at a big première.

Incurably honest, Ricardo hesitated a moment and then laughed. "Well, I do catch myself being impressed now and then. But I say to myself, 'Look, Ricardo, don't be an ass. They would do the same thing if Lassie walked by.' That usually brings me right back to earth—but fast!"

Around the house, I've come to learn that Ricardo, like most Latin males, is no help at all. In fact, to get my own work done, I must shoo him off to play golf or go to a ball game with his men cronies. He is most unhappy when forced to go shopping and, alas, completely uninspired in selecting gifts. He keeps a written record or he would never remember birthdays and anniversaries. He will invariably buy some small but lovely knick-knack, like a vase or a perfume bottle, and tuck inside a fine, fat check for me to do my own gift buying.

"I am the luckiest man in the world," Ricardo is fond of saying. "I wanted to be an actor; I got a chance to act. When we were married, I wanted to be in Hollywood because it was Georgie's home; right away, out of a clear sky, came a contract with MGM. I wanted that role in *Battleground;* I got it. The luckiest guy in the world—that's me."

But in our hearts, we both know it isn't luck. It's faith in prayer. Ricardo and I believe that a marriage which includes that is the only kind with a bona fide guarantee for living "happily ever after."

THE END

man at large

(*Continued from page 35*) "Well, fine!" said the producer. "But . . . I mean. . . ."

"Oh!" said Kirk, gathering that further explanation was wished. "I was passing by and thought it would be nice to take a bath. The manager let me in. Hope you don't mind. . . . You *don't,* do you?"

"Oh, no," said the producer. "It's perfectly O.K. Make yourself at home. Take a nap if you like."

"Thanks," said Kirk. "That would be swell."

He took the nap, spent the night, and was gone like a dream when the apartment owner woke up the next morning.

That's Kirk Douglas, Gentleman Caller—an appropriate title, by the way, as it is what he plays in the forthcoming *The Glass Menagerie.*

Then there was the way Kirk and Doris Day first met. Doris was a guest at a Hollywood party being given by Warren Cowan, Kirk's publicity man. There were about 20 people sitting around the living room, talking small and sipping drinks. The front door opened and Kirk entered carrying a clean shirt over his arm and holding a razor in his hand. As he walked briskly through the living room, "Hi, everybody!" he said genially—and, without slackening his pace, continued on to the bathroom, entered and shut the door.

Doris turned to her host. "What was that?" she asked.

"Kirk Douglas," said Cowan.

"Does he live here?" asked Doris.

"No," said the host. "He probably just wants to shave and change his shirt. He does that all the time."

"Where *does* he live?" asked Doris. "San Francisco?"

"No," said Cowan, "just a couple of blocks down the street. Would you like to meet him?"

"I'm not so sure," said Doris. "But—it might be an experience."

These yarns may appear to be unrelated incidents of a humorous nature with no particular significance. But they are specific illustrations of the fact that the personal life of Kirk Douglas is confused and disorganized. This is a result of his being Hollywood's number one married bachelor.

"Gypsy" is the best adjective to describe his present casual disregard of time and place. He has the background for a gypsy life, all right. But, until he became a married bachelor, he seemed to have outgrown it. He'd been a wanderer in his youth, but security had been his for a number of years.

Kirk Douglas was born to a substantial family—substantial numerically, that is. Six daughters and one boy. Kirk must have felt a little out of place, because he took off at an early age to rise in the world. College was the way, of course, but it cost money. Kirk had no money, so he enrolled in St. Lawrence University, Canton, New York, rode to the school on a truck and went out to look for a job before he registered for his classes.

At St. Lawrence he was president of the student council, an honor student, and the school light-heavyweight wrestling champ. Then he was graduated as a Bachelor of Arts. But how do you turn a degree into regular paychecks? You talk it over with a man in an upstairs employment office.

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Kirk Douglas, Bachelor of Hash House—working for a master's degree in blintzes and dirty dishes.

"I guess that's when I decided to become an actor," Kirk Douglas said. "The tips aren't so good in acting, but there seemed to be a better future in it. There had never been any actors in my family, but I knew I could do it. So I enrolled in the American Academy of Dramatic Arts."

Kirk grinned. "You know how I paid my tuition? I got another job—as a waiter."

Before the war gobbled him up, he was touted around Broadway as the most talented young newcomer to be seen in years. The Navy tried him out in the Pacific, and then an incident with a bomb on sub-chasing duty put him in the hospital for five months and gave him a medical discharge from the service.

He married Diana Dill, a socialite and actress, in New Orleans, November 2, 1943, and went back to the grind of the agents and the play producers. "Things weren't *too* bad, then," says Kirk. "I played off-

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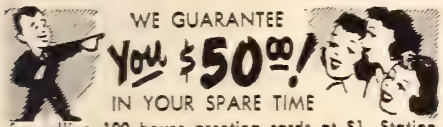
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stage voices, on-stage mutes, singing messenger boys, and a season as the stout-hearted local boy in wrestling matches with a carnival. I learned a lot about acting from the outfit."

Douglas crinkled his eyes and pursed his mouth into that engaging smile, like a small boy with a secret.

"I'd slip into town a couple of days ahead of the carnival," he said, "and chum up with the lads in the pool halls. The show would arrive and some big bruiser, claiming to be a champion of some sort, would offer to donate $500 to some local charity if any town boy could throw him. I'd accept the challenge and the match would become a civic event, with a packed house. We'd always follow a carefully-rehearsed script—I'd fight gamely, but get a thorough trouncing."

The gypsy life of the carnival, and the rather uncertain existence of the unemployed actor in New York, has left its mark on Kirk Douglas, and it may, to a large degree, explain the peculiarities in his conduct at the present time.

In temperament, Kirk Douglas is a Russian, as were his forebears. A Russian, that is, in the sense it was used before it became a political word. He is a wild Russian, with all the explosive characteristics, the sentiment, the whimsy, the rage and the tenderness.

Irresponsibility to an amazing degree is another facet of Kirk Douglas' personality. Fired by a discussion with a producer one time from which came a plan to make a picture in Israel, Douglas thought of nothing else for 48 hours, during which he made practically all the arrangements except the purchase of the boat tickets. Something else needed his interest the next day for a few hours, so Kirk set the Israel film project aside for the moment. That was over a year ago, and he has never gone back to it.

There are other sides to the Douglas personality, too. He is a devoted father to his two sons. As a matter of fact, he is the most imposed-on father in Hollywood, the lads being able to get away with anything short of murder when they are with him. And his regard for the niceties of behavior is notable. After a trip, he spends several days writing thank-you notes to just about everyone who said hello to him, and sending presents for favors done.

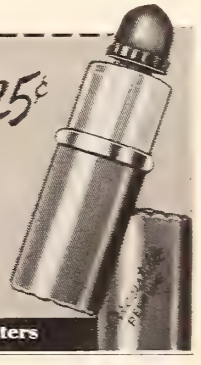
Dating in Hollywood is pretty much the same as anywhere else, except that the boy and girl are generally a bit more glamorous and the date is a good deal more expensive. Single, male movie stars thumb through their telephone books just as they do in Kansas City or Oshkosh, and if the book is short of numbers, the actor is short of dates. That is what happened when Kirk Douglas first found himself a married bachelor.

Then the word got around that he was available and the girls began getting in line for introductions. Pretty soon no eve-



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ning was complete for a press photographer unless he had at least one shot of Kirk with his latest girl friend. The talk was that Kirk was trying to go through the entire list of unmarried Hollywood dinner companions. There was a flurry of excitement when Ava Gardner got him for more than a couple of evenings. "Romance!" the town cried.

Then there were Patricia Neal, Doris Day and a host of big and small fry in the female division of the Hollywood sweepstakes. It looked as if Kirk were heading for a record. But one night he met Evelyn Keyes.

Evelyn is a brilliant, witty girl of unusual beauty. Wise to Hollywood sham and the tall tales of earnest young men out for an exciting adventure, Evelyn can chill a hot young blade at 50 paces, or warm an aspiring romantic with buck fever at a hundred, if she thinks he's a nice guy. Douglas fell somewhat into the former category when they met.

It was at the Mocambo. Kirk sat on one side of the room with his gal of the evening, and Evelyn sat ringside across the room with Bob Neal, the Texas oil man. It was all done with glances.

Kirk looked across the room and spotted Evelyn. He didn't look at anything else all evening. Evelyn, soon conscious of his stare, didn't lower her eyes as a haughty little damsel being ogled should, or ask her escort to go over and hang one on the fresh fellow giving her the eye. Instead, she gave him ogle for speculative ogle—and pretty soon they were smiling.

Kirk started telephone-number hunting early the next morning, and when he dialed the number the conversation could have gone something like this:

"Hello, Miss Keyes? This is Kirk Douglas."

"Good morning, Mr. Douglas."

"Well, we haven't met, Miss Keyes, but I got your telephone number from a friend—and I just thought I'd call up and say hello."

"Yes—I know."

"I beg your pardon?"

"I said—yes, I know."

"Oh. . . ."

"Look, I'm busy this afternoon, but maybe we could get together for a drink later on this evening."

"Oh, sure—I was just going to suggest it."

"Yes—I know."

"Oh. . . ."

Maybe it wasn't exactly like that, but it must have been close. At any rate, they understood each other thoroughly from the start—and they still do.

In our interview I asked Kirk Douglas if there was anything serious between them.

"She's a wonderful girl," he grinned.

"Are you going to marry her?" I asked.

"I *am* married," he pointed out.

In response to my next question, he got to his feet and walked over to the window and gazed a long time at the roof-tops of the fine homes of Beverly Hills.

"Happy?" he said. "Sure, I'm happy—I guess. What's happiness? Is it joy, a thrill, comfort? Is it content? There's one thing I *do* know about it, though. You can't tell if a man is happy by counting his money—or measuring his success."

If you were to ask me the same question—is Kirk Douglas happy?—I'd be a little more direct about it. I'd tell you I didn't know. And I don't think Kirk Douglas knows, either.

When I asked him why he was separated from his wife, he gave me a plain and honest answer. "I know a motion picture star has no private life," he said. "In exchange for the good things that come with success in Hollywood an actor sacrifices his right to privacy. I'm grateful for my success and to the people who made it possible, but in the matter of my family, in which the privacy of three other people is concerned, I reserve the right to protect their dignity by refusing to discuss our intimate relationships. I will not tell you why my wife and I are separated. . . . So let's change the subject."

His eyes blazed a little when he made that speech, and you can bet he'll say nothing further on the subject to anyone until the matter is settled.

Until it is, Kirk Douglas will be roaming the town as a single married man. But when the evenings are over, after he takes his date home, Kirk Douglas drives up into Laurel Canyon where he has a small home, and a rather sad transformation takes places. It is there that he lives with his two sons. And when he turns that key in the lock, he is a father and, technically, a husband again. His wife is not there. She is in New York, working in the theater. But there are two small boys asleep in another room, and when the phone rings late at night, two or three times a week, it is Mother calling to see if everything is all right.

There are three sound dramatic acts in many lives—just as there are in many plays. In Act One, the boy starts out in the world and fights forward every foot of the way. *Boy gets girl.* In the second act, he becomes a big success—and *boy loses girl.* Somewhere in the third act, *boy will get girl again.*

In the life of Kirk Douglas, will her name be Diana, Evelyn—or will she be someone else entirely? THE END

(Kirk Douglas' latest movie is Warners' Young Man With a Horn.)

restless heart

(*Continued from page 52*) everything for granted and the first thing I knew it was all in the papers that we were going to be married—and there I was hardly more than a *child.*" The eyes plead for understanding and the voice vibrates in an angelic treble with this statement.

Well, Elizabeth must be allowed several points for veracity despite her apparent joy with the situation at the time. As for Davis, he knew what he was doing, and will probably go down in history as a fellow who almost hit the matrimonial jackpot with his first nickel.

Elizabeth's second feint at early matrimony involved William Pawley, Jr., the 29-year-old transportation executive in the Miami transit company owned by his millionaire father. Well-educated and already a big wheel in business, Pawley would appear to be too smart to have taken a stab at the big prize until he had checked the area for booby traps, so it must be deduced that he received quite a bit of encouragement from Elizabeth before he delivered that oversized engagement ring. It is interesting, therefore, to note that, now that it is all over, Elizabeth doesn't feel she has wrecked anybody's life in his case.

This may be rather disconcerting to Pawley for, although the buses in Miami still run down the streets he tells them to, all he has left from his plunge into the outer whirlpools of wedlock are some wonderful memories and a second-hand diamond the size of a turkey egg.

Both these men, however, are merely the advance guard of a corps of lads who are destined to dash their heads against the walls surrounding Elizabeth Taylor

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in an effort to get to Heaven before they die. Davis' and Pawley's personal sorrow at missing is a relatively minor matter. It is the precedent they are setting that is catastrophic. They are the black rams leading the rest of the flock to destruction.

Elizabeth's much-photographed association with Pawley seemed to be idyllic, but there is evidence that it was shaky from the moment he presented the sparkler.

During Elizabeth's Florida vacation last year, Pawley nearly went out of his mind trying to reconcile himself to sharing her with the public. The announcement that she would leave the screen to set up housekeeping in his mansion was a result. On one occasion, a prominent MGM executive on a holiday in Miami asked her to go to lunch with a group of business men in a nearby town. Because the executive was in a sense her boss, and maybe simply because she wanted to go, Elizabeth agreed. Just as the car was to pull away with Elizabeth and the MGM man, Pawley appeared with the announcement that he had taken the afternoon off and wanted his fiancée to get out of the car and remain his very own for the afternoon.

businesslike remedy . . .

Elizabeth explained that she couldn't, it was sort of a business matter. Pawley begged, then threatened, but to no avail. Liz drove off in the car. It is a matter of legend that all the buses in Miami were late for the rest of the day, and by nightfall the city's transportation facilities were in a hopeless, angry snarl.

Like any good business man, Pawley set out to remedy this situation in a businesslike manner. There were held what might logically be called board meetings, attended by William, Elizabeth, Mr. and Mrs. Taylor and the Pawley kin. It was voted and agreed that Elizabeth would announce her intention to marry, her retirement from the movies and her delightful anticipation of about five kids.

This came as quite a shock to MGM, every man in America over 16, and, to be perfectly blunt, to Elizabeth Taylor. Safe in the comfortable elegance of Miami, it probably wasn't hard to make that announcement, but when she got back to Culver City, California, she must have pinched herself to check her reflexes many a night before she went to sleep. She didn't want to quit the movies any more than Mr. Pawley would have wanted to set fire to all of his buses—but the deed had been done. There were only two things to do—act as if love were grand and get out of it neatly and quickly.

Elizabeth did both. At first there were announcements that while Liz and Bill were living a continent apart, she might just go out with other men once in a while—innocently, of course, just for fun.

Then it was announced that Elizabeth wouldn't quit the movies for awhile, maybe a couple of years. Then it was rumored that Mr. Pawley was mad, and had been heard to mutter, "Who the heck is that guy my girl had her picture taken with last night?" Then some forthright columnist suggested that Liz was pretty young to begin a career with pots and pans, even if they were gold. Liz and her family, MGM, and her entire fan following began to nod heads vigorously in agreement. And the first thing you know, Bill Pawley was alone with nothing but his money, his used engagement ring, a heartful of wonderful memories and something in common with Glenn Davis. . . .

In her conversation with your reporter, Elizabeth was quite willing to discuss men, only she called them boys. She stated flatly that she didn't care what they looked like so long as they had a heart of gold. She hinted that she found older men much



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more exciting, but left the impression that by older men she meant someone pushing 29. She expressed her willingness to slave for the right man, wash his clothes, darn his socks, yes, even lay down her life for him—if he would only come along. She hinted darkly, though, that she believed all men pretty insincere and capable of designs on her gullibility. She—rather happily—expressed the opinion that she expected to have a fair number of the rascals crack her heart, for she was too ready to believe anything a man told her.

But with all this confession, there proved to be a bit of clever deceit in her conversation. The subject of current interests came up.

"Why, do you know," she said, seeming just a little bit stunned by the idea herself, "I can hardly get a date! I sit at home night after night because nobody calls me up and asks me to go out!"

Asked about the possibility of things getting better in this department, Liz used an expression of outraged amazement.

"You would think," she cried angrily, "that in a big city like this there would be just lots and *lots* of fellows who could take me out. After all, I'm not a perfect *goon*! But there is just nobody to go out with—and I have to suffer for it."

Lest all America think that Hollywood is shy of manpower, it must be explained that Elizabeth meant *eligible* men. In Hollywood it seems everything governing the life and behavior of a movie star must be approved by several hundred people. Therefore, if a girl of 17 wants to date, and she is valuable enough to bother about at all, there are only certain types of men she dares be seen with.

In the case of Elizabeth Taylor, he must be no older than 24 or 25; not only unmarried, but never married; of sound moral and physical health; rich or famous; handsome and bold; a non-drinker, and aware of the fact than an industry will descend on him en masse and lop off his pretty head if he so much as suggests a kiss or two in a parked car on a hilltop.

Such creatures are, sadly, quite hard to find. This poses a problem, as it is hard to develop a gorgeous, sexy movie star without a few qualified gentlemen around to pit against one another for the Sunday supplements. It is also pretty rough on a young lady who likes to sigh.

Vic Damone, the young singer, was a recent aspirant to the role of Liz's boy friend. He filled most of the specifications, but it turned out that he wasn't romantically interested in Elizabeth (he should be examined) and she wasn't romantically interested in him. Yet eager reporters wrote the friendship up as the hottest thing since electric blankets. . . .

"All I want out of life," says Elizabeth, "is to be happy, to fall in love with a nice boy. I want to have a home. I would rather die than hurt anybody," she vows.

And she means it. She creeps into a small shell when asked why her engagement to Pawley was dissolved, emerging only long enough to hint broadly that she had had her heart broken by the situation. And she intimates strongly that it wasn't the first time, either. Boys, it seems, have hurt her considerably to date.

But what the boys have done to her is nothing compared to what she will do to the boys. At first it will be unwittingly But after it becomes easier, there seems little doubt that Elizabeth will take full advantage of her beauty and ability and play ringmaster to a generation of willing, performing males. THE END

how roy rogers found faith

(*Continued from page 57*) from the theaters where laughing youngsters flocked to see his pictures. It took him into hospital wards where little children incapable of harm or evil were doomed never to run in the sunshine, never to see the lilting capers of a puppy or a kitten at play. Why were these children, guilty of no crime, condemned by an arbitrary God to a life of darkness or chains?

Roy's doubts were crystallized when his own little children were made motherless with the birth of his youngest. He, Roy Rogers, who had brought happiness to so many other children, had to stand by helpless when his own children were saddened by a tragedy for which there could be no reason. The Creator became to him a God of Power instead of a God of Compassion. . . .

Left alone with three children, Roy turned to his closest friends for comfort. And Dale was one of those friends. Comrade and confidante, she in time became indispensable to him—and eventually they realized they were deeply in love. . . .

Roy and Dale were married on New Year's Eve at the ranch home of their friend, Bill Likens, in Oklahoma. It was a happy occasion, with her Tommy—now a handsome teen-ager—there to help them celebrate. It had snowed all day and the wedding party had had a gay time building snow men and rollicking outdoors.

But shortly before the ceremony Dale asked Roy to take a brief walk with her in the snow. And there in the starry, frosty night, just before the year's end and the beginning of their life together, Dale explained to Roy her need for Divine help and told him of her hope that he would join her in bringing up the children in a religious home, that he would go to church, would pray for guidance. Roy pledged this would be so. . . .

In the first year of their marriage, Roy and Dale were both occupied with many and diverse interests. Roy's rodeo tour took a great deal of his time and energy. Dale herself was involved with a radio show, and when Republic decided to bring them together again on the screen as an acting team it meant the usual round of script reading, wardrobe fittings, recordings, conferences, and so forth, were added to Dale's responsibilities of managing a household and bringing up children. But Dale conscientiously went to church every Sunday and packed the children off to Sunday School. Sometimes Roy would go with her—more often not. But Dale bided her time patiently.

Meanwhile, Roy unconsciously developed a heightened interest in spiritual matters. He sought friendship among men of faith. One of his warmest personal friends was a Catholic priest. Others of Jewish, Protestant and non-sectarian faiths joined his circle of friends.

But still he was tormented by the visions of little children in the hospitals punished for no sin of their own. . . .

Countless times Roy has made long-distance trips to homes and hospitals where children lay gravely ill, asking for him. Again and again, when the distance was too great, personal letters have gone out from Roy's office urging children to get well soon, so they might come to California as his guests and ride on Trigger—when all the while there was the vision, heavy on Roy's heart, of the child riding a Palomino off into the ghostly reaches of the sky. . . .

Through all of this Roy developed a feeling of deep humility. "Who am I," he asked himself, "that I should be given



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this power? What have I done, what can I do to merit this devotion?"

Roy now had reached the point in his spiritual development that Dale had reached when she married him. He realized that he could no longer carry this load of responsibility without Divine aid. He had seen Dale develop, through her unassuming faith, into a poised, serene, emotionally-matured woman who radiated an intangible quality of *goodness* that warmed and won not only Roy's children, but everyone who came within her orbit. He knew he needed that serenity. . . .

living religion . . .

And, there in the candlelight of the quiet church, mulling over these thoughts, Roy suddenly and of his own volition made the step which Dale had waited for so hopefully and so patiently.

Religion, with the Rogers, is a living and dynamic thing. Sunday is an occasion looked forward to during the week. Tommy picks up the two older girls and takes them to Sunday school. Roy and Dale follow, leaving Dusty in nursery Sunday school while they attend "Big Church." Afterward they all come home together for a family dinner, discussing with animation all the way home the things they have learned and the impressions they have gained.

But this religious enthusiasm is not limited to Sunday alone. Every day in the week they worship God in large and small ways. Dale has inaugurated the asking of spontaneous blessing each night before dinner. They go by turns around the table, with each member of the family telling in his own words what he has to be thankful for.

"We thank Thee, dear Lord, for skating," Cheryl said one night, expressing appreciation in her own simple way for one of the pleasanter joys of childhood.

Linda Lou puts it even more directly. "Thanks, God," she has said with devout solemnity, "for fun."

Dusty is too young as yet to voice prayers of his own, but he joins Dale in asking the general blessing. "Our Father, we thank Thee," Dale begins—and Dusty chimes in, "for this food."

Every night, when they say their prayers, the Rogers children pray for all children, everywhere. It is as though they were unconsciously seeking to repay the blessings that have been bestowed upon their father.

Roy once gave a group of children at a summer camp his own explanation of why he has been so fortunate in having the affection of so many boys and girls. "I firmly believe," he said, "it's because of what countless children tell me in letters that come to me all the time: 'I say my prayers for you every night.'"

In his moment of deepest humility, Roy turned to their God for guidance.

THE END

(Roy Rogers' and Dale Evans' latest movie is Twilight in the Sierras.)



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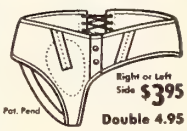
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movie reviews

(*Continued from page 21*) Colonel Gary Merrill's fault. "Over-identification with his men," he terms it, to his superior officer General Millard Mitchell. "He babies them." Mitchell agrees when Merrill covers for an error made by one of his navigators (the navigator is trying to live down the fact that his parents were German-American Bund members, and Merrill can't stand to see him blamed). Merrill is relieved of his command, and Peck takes over. Peck's soft-hearted too, but he won't let anybody know about it. Goes around breaking soldiers right and left. Makes the most glaring misfits in the group fly a ship called "The Leper Colony." The men hate Peck's iron discipline. They've lost the leader they loved; the navigator, thinking Merrill's removal was his fault, has shot himself. The whole outfit applies for transfer out of Peck's command. Dean Jagger, a "re-tread" from the last war, in charge of paper work, understands what Greg's trying to do, and he holds up the transfers long enough to give Greg the time he needs. Pretty soon the men are whipped into such good shape their losses fall off, they begin to be proud of their record; in their first bombing mission over German soil, all but two ships return. So what happens? Peck begins to follow the pattern set by Merrill. Over-identification with his men. He breaks under the tension of his responsibilities, feels he's a failure. But Merrill sets him straight. "You made those kids grow up," he says, "that's more than I did. Your work is done." Big cast, in a very long, and pretty engrossing war picture.

THE INSPECTOR GENERAL

Cast: Danny Kaye, Walter Slezak, Barbara Bates, Elsa Lanchester.
Warners

Danny Kaye, illiterate gypsy, arrives in the town of Brodney at a crucial moment. The Inspector General's rumored to be in the neighborhood. (The Inspector General is Napoleon's man; he has the power to depose grafting public servants, and Brodney's public servants are corruption plus.) Since the Inspector General occasionally shows up in disguise, everybody thinks Danny's It, and Danny's taken to the Mayor's house and given a banquet. Danny's gypsy boss, Yakov (Walter Slezak) sees which way the wind's blowing, and decides to stick around. All the town officials will give bribe money to Danny; Yakov plans to steal the cash and vanish. But Danny wants to help the poor citizens of Brodney, so Yakov anticipates trouble. The mayor's maid (Barbara Bates) fixes things for him by giving Danny a note. The note says "Don't go near the barn tonight. They (the town officials) are planning to murder you." Danny can't read. He gives the note to Yakov. "Lucky fellow," Yakov says cheerfully. "She wants you to meet her in the barn, at midnight." And there you are. Will our Danny lose his head? (The officials have hired an axe-murderer.) Or will his stout heart see him through? The best part of this picture is Danny's singing, or what passes for singing. Whatever you call it, it's hilarious. Get that comic genius up there with a violin or two behind him, and you can forget the plot, the other actors, and what time it is. His wife is still writing his lyrics, and she hasn't lost *her* touch, either.



The Inspector General: It's all a hilarious case of mistaken identity as Danny Kaye is entertained royally by Elsa Lanchester and other townspeople who think he's a visiting dignitary.



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SANDS OF IWO JIMA

Cast: John Wayne, John Agar, Adele Mara, Forrest Tucker.

Republic

Veteran Marine Sergeant John Wayne trains a group of fighters in a camp in New Zealand, but he trains 'em so zealously they all hate his guts. He's a really hard man. Trainee who hates Wayne most is PFC John Agar. Wayne was a great admirer of Agar's late father, a colonel (killed at Guadalcanal) who made Agar's life miserable. (Thought the boy was soft, and never quit beefing about it.) Agar gets a leave, marries Adele Mara, and honeymoons before he and the rest of his squad are shipped to Tarawa. On Tarawa, Wayne's only friend is wounded, but Wayne won't let Agar go fetch him. Wayne wants to take the island, and he can't worry about individual soldiers. After Tarawa's won, the men get a leave in Hawaii, and you discover, through Wayne's encounter with a woman, why he's so inhuman. His own wife left him years before, refused to let him see his son. Now the squad's off to Iwo Jima. On Iwo Jima, Agar becomes the fighter his father always hoped he'd be; he and two other men are chiefly responsible for routing the Japs. The flag-raising on Mt. Suribachi immortalizes the capture of Iwo Jima, Wayne is wounded and dies, and Agar decides he's going to name his son after his father, whom he forgives for being an old Tartar. If you haven't had too many war pictures—well, this one's full of action, and Wayne's always rewarding to watch

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Abbreviations: Bot., Bottom; Cen., Center; Lt., Left; Rt., Right; T., Top.

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Beautiful 1847 Rogers Bros. is the silverplate more brides have cherished than any other kind...for over 100 years!

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America's Finest Silverplate




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Gregory Peck
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jeanne crain

ringing up Susan—by SHIRLEY TEMPLE

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MRS. WILLIAM W. TWIST
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bridal portrait by Sarony

Camay

The Soap of Beautiful Women

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New finer Mum more effective longer!



NOW CONTAINS AMAZING NEW INGREDIENT M-3—THAT PROTECTS AGAINST ODOR-CAUSING BACTERIA

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

New Protection! Let the magic of new Mum protect you—*better, longer.* For today's Mum, with wonder-working M-3, safely protects against bacteria that *cause* underarm perspiration odor. Mum never merely "masks" odor—simply doesn't give it a chance to start.

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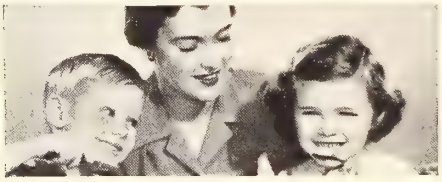
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Exhaustive Research by Eminent Dental Authorities Proves How Using Colgate Dental Cream Helps Stop Tooth Decay Before It Starts!

Now, the toothpaste you use to clean your breath while you clean your teeth, offers a *proved* way to help stop tooth decay before it starts! 2 years' continuous research at leading universities—hundreds of case histories—makes this the most *conclusive* proof in all dentifrice research on tooth decay!

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Economy Size 59¢ ALSO 43¢ AND 25¢ SIZES

APRIL, 1950

modern screen

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. . . and you'll go wild over lovely, lyrical Jane Powell in her most joyous role . . . more escapades than in "Three Daring Daughters" . . . more laughs than in "Luxury Liner" . . . more kisses than in "A Date With Judy"!



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9 TOP TUNES
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AVAILABLE ON M-G-M RECORDS

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JANE POWELL · ANN SOTHERN
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A ROBERT Z. LEONARD PRODUCTION

Screen Play by SIDNEY SHELDON
Based on a Story by JANE HALL, FREDERICK KOHNER and RALPH BLOCK
Directed by
ROBERT Z. LEONARD
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JOE PASTERNAK
A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

ONLY NEW ODO-RO-NO CREAM GIVES YOU ALL THESE ADVANTAGES!

1 Stops perspiration quickly and safely.

2 Banishes odor instantly.

3 The only cream deodorant that guarantees full protection for 24 hours.

4 Never irritates normal skin—use it daily. Can be used immediately after shaving.

5 Absolutely harmless to all fabrics.

6 New, exclusive formula. Never dries up, never gets gritty or hardens in the jar as ordinary deodorants often do.

7 Double your money back if you aren't satisfied that this wonderful new Odo-Ro-No Cream is the safest, most effective, most delightful deodorant you've ever used. Just return unused portion to Northam Warren, New York.



Don't trust your charm to outdated, ineffective deodorants. Rely on the new Odo-Ro-No Cream, made by the leader in the deodorant field for more than 30 years.

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The deodorant without a doubt



GUARANTEED FULL 24-HOUR PROTECTION!

More cream for your money. New 25¢ and 50¢ sizes, plus tax.



In 20th Century-Fox's fine comedy, *When Willie Comes Marching Home,* Dan Dailey, flanked by dad William Demarest and girl Colleen Townsend, is hailed as a conquering hero.

MOVIE REVIEWS

by Christopher Kane



WHEN WILLIE COMES MARCHING HOME

■ After Pearl Harbor, Bill Kluggs (Dan Dailey) is the first young man in his home town to enlist in the Army. The town is thrilled. He's their hero. They give him a gold identification bracelet for when he's lying on his stomach Somewhere in France. But Bill turns out to be such an excellent aerial gunnery instructor, he's stationed right outside his home town at a new field, and none of the officers in charge will let him be shipped overseas. He begs, they sneer. Gradually, everybody in town starts looking away when he walks down the street. His own father (William Demarest) begins to study him coldly. "Why should you come home every weekend, when other people's boys are fighting the war?" he says nastily. Dan's engaged to the girl next door (Colleen Townsend) but his frequent presence is embarrassing to her, too. Even the town dogs snap at his heels when he walks down the street. Every little breeze seems to whisper, "Goldbrick." Bill finally gets his orders, but nobody listens to him, he's said goodbye so many times. Over France, he has to bail out of a gasless plane, is captured by the French Underground, gets pictures of a German robot rocket, messes with Nazis, is picked up by a British boat and ferried across the Channel, is rushed to London, where officers study the rocket pictures and fly Bill to Washington to tell his amazing story. Since this all happens in four days, and since it's a top secret and Bill can't breathe a word of it, when he shows up in his home town, exhausted and bedraggled, everybody thinks he's a deserter. He's beginning to believe it's better to be a Jap spy than an American hero, when the government comes across with a commendation. Twentieth Century-Fox has turned out a very funny and unforgettable comedy in this. If you didn't know John Ford directed it, you'd swear Preston Sturges had. Corinne Calvet plays a French Underground leader (she doesn't look intellectual, but I guess she's the girl the French would most like to be underground with) and Evelyn Varden is marvelous as Bill's confused mother. (*Reviews continued on page 109*)



CLIFTON
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THAT BELVEDERE MAN IS THE NEW FATHER OF HIS COUNTRY!

JEANNE CRAIN · MYRNA LOY

"In this, my greatest performance, I was not entirely alone!" -Belvedere

CHEAPER BY THE DOZEN

TECHNICOLOR

Reading from laugh to riot, it's the fabulous and numerous Gilbreth family—with that Belvedere man at the controls (all the time)! Their exploits in the best-beloved Book-of-the-Month proved that all that's best in life is much more wonderful—and *cheaper by the dozen!*



with
Betty Lynn · Edgar Buchanan · Barbara Bates · Mildred Natwick · Sara Allgood

Directed by WALTER LANG · Produced by LAMAR TROTTI

Screen Play by Lamar Trotti · Based on the Novel by Frank B. Gilbreth, Jr. and Ernestine Gilbreth Carey

20th CENTURY-FOX





BURT LANCASTER DEFIES DEATH while stunting spectacularly on the set of Warners' *The Hawk and the Arrow.* These remarkable shots show the former circus acrobat in the course of swinging along six parallel bars, set eight feet apart, on a castle wall 40 feet in the air. Burt performed the perilous trip five times so the cameras could catch him from all angles. Warners, no fools, insured him for $750,000.



John Agar bats the breeze with cowboy star Rex Allen outside the Carthay Circle theater at the Hollywood première of *Sands of Iwo Jima*—in which Agar ducks as many bullets as any cowboy ever did.



Janet Leigh and Arthur Loew, Jr., an inevitable twosome at premières, were no exception at the *Iwo Jima* opening—which, like all self-respecting premières of war films, boasted a military guard.



LOUELLA PARSONS' Good news

■ My "big" story this month is not another Hollywood broken marriage, another Hollywood love story, or news of an impending blessed event.

In many ways, it is one of the most unusual I have ever reported—I mean, Colleen Townsend's decision to give up her glamorous movie career to enter a Presbyterian theological seminary, in September, to prepare herself for a life devoted to religion.

The beautiful 20-year-old girl, who is Dan Dailey's leading lady in *When Willie Comes Marching Home* and one of the particularly bright starlets on the 20th Century-Fox lot, is giving up all the fame and attention of Hollywood stardom, plus a salary of $1,000 weekly, to become a teacher or a missionary in her church.

I have known of older, less promising actresses giving up their careers for charitable or religious work from time to time, but never a girl on the verge of a really brilliant career as Colleen is—or was.

When I broke the story of Colleen's amazing decision, it was front page news. Later on, I interviewed her for a longer and more detailed story.

"My decision is no reflection on motion pictures, Miss Parsons," this beautiful youngster said. "I like being an actress and I like the people in the studios. But my church and religious work mean much more to me. It is wonderful to entertain in this sad old world, but it is so much more wonderful to really *help*.

"I plan to dedicate my life to God, because I feel I have been called. Two years ago, I first felt I had the call to serve God. I am no different from any other girl—I mean, I am not a religious fanatic. But religion is my life.

"It isn't as though I were leaving those dependent on me without the financial help my studio contract gave me. My mother is now happily married to a wonderful man who is more than able to take care of her.

"I am not in love with anyone—although, of course, religious work in my faith does not rule out marriage."

I reminded her that she had just said she felt she had made her decision to devote herself to religious work as far back as two years ago. I asked her what she meant.

"I suppose I first had the idea after I enrolled in a baby care training course," she said. "This brought me in contact with the California Orphanage in Los Angeles. I began to love the care and training of these poor little things with no father and mother more than anything else in life. When I was away from them, I felt I was wasting my time.



Robert Taylor intently checks something or other highly technical on his plane as he prepares to take off on a recent 6,000-mile round trip from Hollywood to New York. Bob does his own expert piloting.



Bing Crosby, in a moment spared from making *Mr. Music*, drops in on another Paramount set to pass the time of day with Elizabeth Taylor while she waits to engage in a final scene for *A Place in the Sun*.

"Soaping" dulls hair— Halo glorifies it!





Not a soap, not a cream— Halo cannot leave dulling, dirt-catching soap film!

Gives fragrant "soft-water" lather —needs no special rinse!



Removes embarrassing dandruff from both hair and scalp!



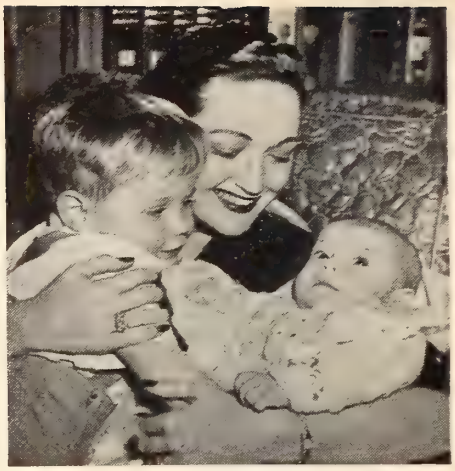
Halo leaves hair soft, manageable— shining with colorful natural highlights!



Yes, "soaping" your hair with even finest liquid or oily cream shampoos leaves dulling, dirt-catching film. Halo, made with a new patented ingredient, contains no soap, no sticky oils. Thus Halo *glorifies* your hair the very first time you use it. Ask for Halo—*America's favorite shampoo*—at any drug or cosmetic counter!



Halo reveals the hidden beauty of your hair!



Dorothy Lamour smiles broadly at her three-month-old son, Richard Thompson Howard, at third birthday party of brother Ridge (*left*).

"I want to say something else, too, Miss Parsons. I do not look on myself as an 'example'—but I do hope that it will mean that other young people may be influenced to take up a similar life.

"Many young people stay away from church because there are not enough young leaders. I have often talked about this with Virginia Mayo and Dennis Morgan, who are also members of my church. They feel the same way I do—and they, too, are working hard to make church work and activities interesting and gay, not just a 'Sunday duty' to other young people."

And some people dare to say that Hollywood does not have its good and unselfish side!

* * *

Clark Gable and his Sylvia are living at his Encino ranch very quietly and accepting very few social bids—which is rough on socially-ambitious hostesses.

They have attended just two parties that I know of—one at the home of the Louis B. Mayers and another at the Dore Scharys'.

I think it is pretty cute, however, that Clark has introduced Sylvia to all his old cronies—the gateman at MGM, for instance, and some of his pets in the MGM publicity department.

Sylvia says she is just getting herself used to the ranch house because she spent exactly one day there before they left on their Honolulu honeymoon. "I think you should know a place, really get the feel of it, before starting to redecorate," she told me.

She can't imagine where in the world some reporters got it into their heads that her nickname is "Silky." "I have never been called 'Silky' in my life," she says. "And certainly Clark does not call me that."

If you ask me—he calls her nothing but "darling" and, when referring to Sylvia, "my sweetheart."

* * *

Speaking of brides, wild horses couldn't make Betsy Drake have anything to do with redecorating Cary Grant's house.

"It's *his* house," says she. "He owned it and liked it before I came along. Any changes are up to him!"

She was asked—but how about the bedroom? Didn't she want to make that more feminine?

"Oh, we don't share the same room," said the new Mrs. Cary Grant. "Cary agrees with me that adults should have separate rooms."

* * *

JANE WYMAN

MARLENE DIETRICH

MICHAEL WILDING

RICHARD TODD

THE STAGE IS SET FOR WARNER BROS.' MOST EXCITING HIT YET...



ALFRED HITCHCOCK'S

Stage Fright

WITH ALISTAIR SIM • DAME SYBIL THORNDIKE

SCREEN PLAY BY WHITFIELD COOK
ADAPTATION BY ALMA REVILLE
ADDITIONAL DIALOGUE BY JAMES BRIDIE
BASED ON A NOVEL BY SELWYN JEPSON

ATTENTION, ALL MOVIEGOERS! *Now is the time to kill that 20% U.S. Movie Tax! Wire or write your congressman!*



Lucille and Lois Barnes of Los Angeles. The Toni Twin says. "Toni always gives me a wave that's soft and natural-looking." Can you tell which is the Toni Twin? See answer below.

Hair styles in this picture by Don Rito, famous Hollywood hair stylist.

Toni looks as lovely as a $20 permanent —feels as soft as naturally curly hair*

Now—*any* day, *any* time—for only one dollar you can get a wave that's caressably soft—like naturally curly hair . . . and guaranteed to look just as lovely, last just as long as a beauty shop permanent costing $20. (*Including shampoo and set.)

What's Toni's secret? It's the lotion. Toni waving lotion is an exclusive creme formula developed through years of research. This gentle-action formula was especially created to give you a wave that's free of harsh frizziness from the very first day—a wave that *feels* and *behaves* like naturally curly hair. But remember, *only* with Toni Home Permanent do you get this superb waving lotion.



Wonderful results—again and again! What better proof of Toni quality? Toni is the only permanent that has given over 67 million lovely, long-lasting waves. Some women have used Toni ten times or more and say their waves are always soft, natural-looking, easy to manage. Letters of praise come from women with every type of hair—even gray, bleached and baby-fine hair. So whether you are buying your first Toni or your tenth, you can be sure of getting a wave that looks as lovely as a $20 permanent—feels as soft as naturally curly hair. Lois, the twin on the right, has the Toni.

For complete hair care get Toni Creme Shampoo and Toni Creme Rinse, too.



"I'm not a twin, but I am a Toni fan" says Carol Maurer, student at Northwestern University. "Toni is the only permanent that seems just right for my baby-fine hair . . . never leaves it frizzy, but always soft and natural-looking."

TONI *SPIN* CURLERS
twice as easy - twice as fast



All plastic. No rubber bands. They grip the hair . . . spin up the curls . . . and lock with a flick of the finger.

Available in combination with Toni Refill . . . only $2.29



Jane Russell crowns Douglas S. Burns, 20, of Boston, "Dub of the Year" at a Boston party held by six young men to satirize debutantes.

Personal Opinions: Zachary Scott misses his daughter, Waverley, living in the East with her mother since the rift, so much it's sad. But he is going to take the 13-year-old on a fishing trip and perhaps to Europe . . . Douglas Dick should watch that he gets his hair cut often enough. Even when he doesn't need it for a movie, he's a little "long" over the collar. . . . Nominations for the two whackiest names for babies extant: Yasmin Khan and Tertius Wilcoxon (selected by the Henry Wilcoxons for their third child whether it is a boy or a girl!). . . . How silly are the technicalities which kept "Baby, It's Cold Outside" from being nominated for the best song of 1949 in the Academy voting!

* * *

After a 10-day separation, Gail Russell and Guy Madison reconciled—as everyone expected they should. But I guess those two will always be "explosive."

They live and love under such a high state of emotionalism that, as one of their pals said, "Everything is a production with them. They can't send out the laundry or do the marketing without making it a major event. Trouble is—they're both too tense about everything!"

That must be true because when they separated, Gail went to a sanitarium to recuperate. Guy went to live with friends.

There was a report that Gail was so mad at him that she moved out all the furniture when she left. But that is not true.

(For more details about Guy and Gail, see page 43.—Ed.)

* * *

Elizabeth Taylor just laughs off talk that Vic Damone, the singer, has it so bad for her that he wouldn't date any girl in New York.

"That isn't true," says luscious Liz. "Things just aren't that serious between Vic and me and never were. I know he has taken out Toni Arden and other girls.

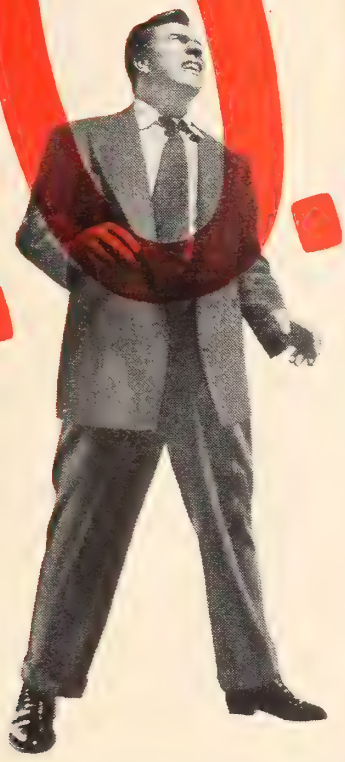
"I like Vic—but that's all."

* * *

Not in a long time has Hollywood had a visitor who attracted as much attention as glamorous Sharman Douglas, blonde daughter of Ambassador Douglas.

She is blonde, slim, very well-mannered and plenty surprised about the excitement her friendship with Princess Margaret has aroused throughout the world.

D.O.A.



...the strangest entry ever made on a police blotter...
the story of a man who sets out to avenge
his own murder...

a *MOTION* picture!

Harry M. Popkin presents

D.O.A.

starring

EDMOND O'BRIEN

and

PAMELA BRITTON



with

LUTHER ADLER Beverly Campbell · Neville Brand · Lynn Baggett
William Ching · Henry Hart · Laurette Luez

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Only PERMA-LIFT Bras

give you "The Lift that never lets you down"



Look for the Magic Inset

Every girl a beauty queen—that's what your lovely "Perma-lift"* Bra is designed to do. Everything about it is wonderful—the Magic Insets that support your breasts from below—the misty sheer fabrics—the enchanting colors. Wash it, wear it—the lasting support is magically, permanently there. At your favorite corsetiere—priced so low you can afford several—$1.25 to $5. Select your "Perma-lift" Bra today. For a slim, trim figure and comfort beyond compare, wear a "Perma-lift" Magic Inset Girdle — No Bones About It—Stays Up Without Stays.

*"Perma-lift", a trade-mark of A. Stein & Company (Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.)



Joan Evans visits Farley Granger on the Goldwyn set. Farley, picked by Modern Screen, is on the Kellogg Co.'s current variety cereal package.

I talked with Sharman at the cocktail party given in her honor by Peter Lawford and his parents. Surprisingly, very few young people were there. Lady Lawford had asked mostly older people, many staid Britishers. But if Sharman missed seeing some of the younger movie stars, she did not show it.

Later, however, Peter took Sharman to the tennis matches and out night-clubbing—and some of his friends were along. But, mostly, he kept the attractive Miss Douglas to himself. Pete seemed to like being in the limelight with Sharman.

They went dancing every night—so he must have felt a bit flattened when a reporter asked her what she thought of his dancing.

"Oh, he isn't especially terrific," smiled Miss Douglas!

Even so—she didn't go dancing with anyone else!

* * *

Look for funny-man Jack Carson to marry Lola Albright when his divorce from Kay St. Germaine becomes final. She isn't the first girl Jack has dated since he separated from his wife three years ago. It was once thought he might marry Doris Day.

But that is long since on ice—and Lois is the every-night date in his life right now.

* * *

One of the fun parties of the season was the buffet supper party Nadia and Reginald Gardiner gave for Beatrice Lillie. What a turn-out!

The clothes were absolutely dreamy with most of the girls wearing very low necklines and the short dinner gowns.

Jennifer Jones, with a very short haircut, was really chic—but more important, she looks so much happier since she and David Selznick were married. During their engagement, they battled continually and usually staged their biggest tiffs at parties. One or the other of them would leave in a huff. But at Nadia and Reggie's, all was sweetness and light between the Selznicks.

Joan Crawford, who has played the field ever since she and Greg Bautzer broke up, arrived on the arm of a very attractive young man who was introduced as Dick Egan, her leading man.

The Darryl Zanucks and Joan Bennett and Walter Wanger had supper together for a very good reason. It happened to be their joint wedding anniversary. Joan was saying she



This is IT!

THE PLACE:

STROMBOLI

THE STAR:

BERGMAN

UNDER

THE INSPIRED DIRECTION OF

ROSSELLINI

Produced and Directed by Roberto Rossellini • Released by RKO Radio Pictures





Alana and David Ladd perch on Louella Parsons' knee as she interviews them and parents Alan and Sue on one of her recent broadcasts.

spent a fortune educating her daughter—who is now using that education to raise grapes in Imperial Valley!

"She is happiest," said Joan, referring to Diana, her eldest, married daughter—"when dashing about in a red jeep seeing how the grapes are coming on."

Linda Christian Power, who dramatizes everything, gave us a blow-by-blow account of her robbery in Mexico City—and what a difficult time her brother's wife had when her baby was born. All the time the fascinating and volatile Linda was telling us these tidbits, she was also modeling her new Italian gown and showing us her French purse—the latter giving me an idea. I have a top just like the little jade mouse on her handbag that I could use as a clasp—only my top is composed of elephants.

I noticed the Louis Jourdans stayed as far apart as possible from the David Selznicks—which is ironic considering that Louis was David's best man when he married Jennifer. But Louis and his boss are having contract troubles and seem much happier apart these days.

Clifton Webb was very amusing—as always—particularly when he and Bea Lillie went into one of their own routines. They also have a little private joke in which he calls her "Doll" and she calls him "Dill"—but only Bea and Clifton know what it means—and they won't tell.

* * *

Almost everyone in Hollywood believes that Shirley Temple will have to do something different on the screen. Her latest pictures have not paid off at the box-office.

Personally, I believe the sensational testimony she gave against John Agar at the time of their divorce, may have a lot to do with it. At least, it did not do Shirley any good.

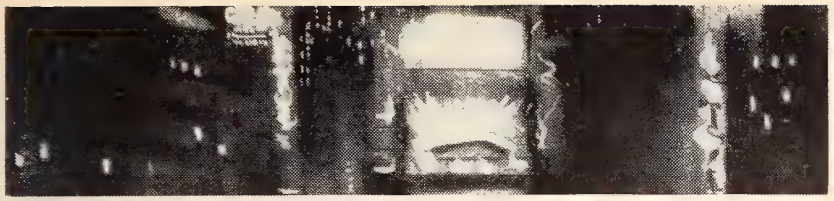
Probably, Shirley did what her lawyers told her to. But with all due respect to those legal minds, the advice wasn't very good.

* * *

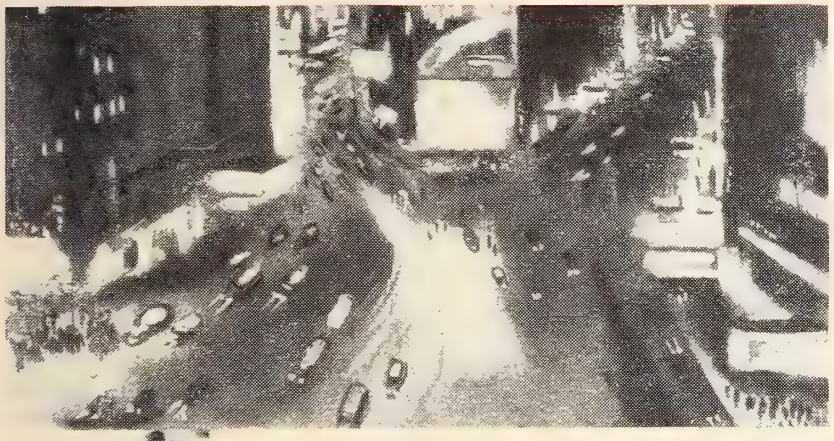
There was something rather sad and dramatic and really sweet about Jane Wyman and Ronald Reagan on either side of their daughter at the party Janie gave on the youngster's 13th birthday.

When the cake was brought in, Jane and Ronnie stepped up to the little girl's side and both put their arms around her. They said, almost in unison, "Make a wish, darling." Then they both kissed her.

I wondered if that wish might have been that her mother and father would one day



All the HEARTBEATS and HEARTACHES of a GREAT CITY!



Here is Damon Runyon at his exciting best . . . bringing you, as only he could, the wonderful characters, the thrilling drama and excitement that made him famous.



Benedict Bogeaus presents Damon Runyon's

"JOHNNY ONE-EYE" starring PAT O'BRIEN

WAYNE MORRIS • DOLORES MORAN and introducing Gayle Reed

Produced by BENEDICT BOGEAUS • Directed by ROBERT FLOREY • Screenplay by RICHARD LANDAU

Based on the story, "Johnny One-Eye" by Damon Runyon • Released Thru United Artists



JEEPERS!
Buttercup Almost Forgot!

She's learned the Hard Way what it Costs to Forget, and Buttercup's Taking no Chances.

There was that Jolly Bachelor, Fresh from Kalamazoo, with plenty of Lettuce and "Object Matrimony" written all over him, whose First date was his Last.

Ditto for the big Glamour Boy at the Beach last summer, who Kissed her Once, then gave her the Deep Freeze.

Ditto for the quiet Casanova who took her to the Movies then Dropped her on her own Doorstep at nine-thirty.

That isn't going to happen this time. Buttercup's got a new Boy Friend and she intends to Keep Him. She isn't going to let Halitosis (unpleasant breath) Snap the String in Cupid's Bow. This time She'll be *Sweet Little Buttercup* because she's going back Right Now to let Listerine Antiseptic look after her breath.

She knows Listerine Antiseptic is the *Extra-Careful* precaution against offending. She knows that it freshens and sweetens the breath . . . not for mere minutes . . . but for hours, usually.

Moral: It's better to be sweet than side-tracked, so, before any date, never, never omit Listerine Antiseptic.

While some cases of halitosis are of systemic origin, most cases, say some authorities, are due to the bacterial fermentation of tiny food particles clinging to mouth surfaces. Listerine Antiseptic quickly halts such fermentation, then overcomes the odors fermentation causes. Lambert Pharmacal Co., *St. Louis, Mo.*



Denise Darcel, *Battleground* sensation, is covered with military glory by the 108th Airborne Division at the film's opening in Atlanta.

kiss and make up. Both the Reagan children love their parents so much.

Personally, I haven't much hope for the reconciliation. If they could have patched it up in the beginning—yes. But too much time has gone by—and I think that, for a little while anyway, Jane was really in love with Lew Ayres.

Lew was conspicuously *not* present at the party, which was right. He and Jane have been seeing each other from time to time, but I think any deep feeling between them is past now.

For such a quiet-spoken, deeply philosophical young man, Lew certainly has a way with the ladies. Few who have loved him ever forget him.

* * *

The most ambitious teen-ager I have ever known is Joan Evans, 15-year-old Goldwyn starlet. Not content with being a movie star with Farley Granger and Dana Andrews to make love to her, she is preparing herself for musical comedy on Broadway.

Her dancing coach is Nico Charisse, ex-husband of Cyd Charisse, and he says Joan has a terrific dancing career ahead of her if she wants it. "And I do," dimples the darling.

* * *

Took myself a little time off for a two-weeks whirl in New York—and I mean whirl. I always get a tremendous kick coming East and I never fail to get a new slant on movies and stars.

Even on the train, I can seldom resist asking my porter whom he likes among the stars. I love talking to fans—and even those who pretend to scorn Hollywood.

But most of all I enjoy watching our hard-working stars relax completely and just have a good time for themselves in New York.

I went East on the same train with Ethel Barrymore. Of course, I realize how beloved and popular she is everywhere—but I still got a kick out of the big crowd of reporters at the train to interview her when we pulled into Chicago.

Unfortunately, the one-and-only Ethel was ill, and could not leave her drawing room. All the scribes were disappointed. "We would rather talk with Miss Barrymore than a dozen Hollywood glamor girls," one of the interviewers told me.

Robert Taylor was the first person to call me when I stepped into my rooms at the Waldorf Towers. He had been on the Coast when I left—I had seen him with Barbara Stanwyck at Jane Wyman's party—and here he had beaten me to New York by two days!

"Just decided to fly East for a television

The most admired patterns...



New SPRING GARDEN

are Sterling Inlaid, the silverplate with two blocks of sterling inlaid at backs of bowls and handles of most used spoons and forks.

LOVELY LADY

Thus the exquisite beauty of these four magnificently designed Holmes & Edwards patterns stays lovelier longer.

DANISH PRINCESS*

Particularly note Spring Garden, the gay, new favorite. 52 piece service for 8, chest included, in all patterns, $68.50.

YOUTH

HOLMES & EDWARDS
STERLING INLAID° SILVERPLATE

HERE HERE
It's Sterling Inlaid

*ALL PATTERNS MADE IN U. S. A.

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Lovely lady... Lovely hair

She's a "Rayving Beauty" now!

"My first Rayve Home Permanent - and it's wonderful!"

says Elaine Stewart

PROMISING NEW YORK MODEL

"Even the day after my Rayve wave, I faced the camera with confidence. My hair was sparkling and soft, with a really natural-looking wave. And now, months later, it's still lovely. I've never been so happy with a wave before!"

TRY YOUR HAIR MISS STEWART'S WAY! Write Janet Wakefield, Dept. D, Pepsodent, 80 Varick St., New York 13, N. Y. for free, do-it-yourself instructions.





Now much faster... yet the Dial-a-Wave makes it so sure! Now wave your hair *faster* than ever! Yet be *sure* of success. Rayve's exclusive Dial-a-Wave shows you instantly the *fastest* waving time for *your* hair—to get exactly the right amount of curl. There's no guesswork!



Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

Accepted by the Committee on Cosmetics of the American Medical Assn.

COMPLETE RAYVE KIT $2

RAYVE REFILL $1

Rayve lasts longer... yet looks lovelier from the start! Your Rayve wave will shimmer with highlights, and almost set itself! No frizzy ends *ever*... for Rayve's improved waving lotion is so much *gentler*, safer. And because it's timed *individually* for you, your Rayve wave stays lovely *weeks* longer!

WHAT ABOUT CURLERS?

Use any plastic curlers... for Rayve's lovelier results come from the gentler solutions and individual Dial-a-Wave timing.

Rayve Home Permanent

ANOTHER FINE PRODUCT OF LEVER BROTHERS COMPANY



P.S. KEEP THAT "RAYVING BEAUTY" LOOK BETWEEN WAVES... with Rayve Creme Shampoo. Not a soap... gets hair cleaner!



Fred Astaire gives Vera-Ellen the whirl of her young life as they rehearse a dance scene for the new MGM musical, *Three Little Words.*

show—and a couple of days' sightseeing," laughed Bob. "I flew my plane in and we would have been here sooner except for a storm or two along the way!"

Ran into the Gordon MacRaes at 21, and I still say Mrs. MacRae is one of our prettiest. No wonder she sort of hankers after a screen career. The MacRaes were going on to Florida after his personal appearance stint at the Strand.

New York, I love you!

* * *

The Letter Box: For heaven's sake, let me straighten out you letter-writers (at least a dozen of you) who think Frankie Sinatra is the "married man" Dorothy Kirsten has fallen in love with! I couldn't be more surprised that so many of you think this—probably because they appear on the same radio show together.

Frankie and Nancy had a tiff last month. They will probably always have tiffs because they are hot tempered and quick to anger. But Dorothy had nothing to do with it. The man she is interested in is a doctor in Texas.

I've also noticed a couple of hammers out for Montgomery Clift because he is not prompt in answering his fan mail. Give the boy time. He's been working hard and is out touring the country just to make friends with all of you.

Shirley Temple's undying fans would love her no matter what she does—but there are some minor complaints about her too-short hair cut.

Well, I guess that's all for now. See you next month!

PHOTO CREDITS

Below are page by page credits for photographs appearing in this issue.

6 *T. Lt., T. Rt.*, International News, *B. Lt., B. Rt.*, Bert Parry—7 *B. Lt.*, Keystone, *B. Rt.*, Globe—8 *T. Rt.*, Acme—10 *T. Rt.*, Wide World—12 *T. Rt.*, Goldwyn—14 *T. Rt.*, Margaret Ettinger—16 *T. Rt.*, Wide World—18 *T. Rt.*, Bert Parry—20 Wide World—24 MGM—28, 29 Bob Beerman—30 MGM—31 *T.*, Bert Parry, *B.*, Bob Beerman—32, 33 Bob Beerman—34 M. S. Staff—35 *T. Lt.*, Wide World, *T. Rt.*, Schuyler Crail, *Bot. Lt.*, M. S. Staff, *Bot. Rt.*, Don Ornitz—36, 37 Bob Beerman—38 Bert Parry—39 Bunny Sexton—40, 41, 42 Bert Parry—43 M. S. Staff—44, 45 Bert Parry—46, 47 Bob Beerman—48 *Bot. Lt.*, Kaderian, *Bot. Cen.*, M. S. Staff, *Bot. Rt.*, International News—49 *T.*, CBS, *Bot. Lt.*, Bert Parry, *Bot. Rt.*, CBS—50 Bert Parry—51 *T.*, Warners, *Cen. and Bot.*, Bob Beerman—53 Bob Beerman—54 *Lt.*, Bob Beerman, *Rt.*, Bert Parry—55 Bert Parry—56 *T. Lt.*, Bob Beerman, *Bot. Lt.*, Art Carter, *Rt.*, Bob Beerman—57 Bob Beerman—61 International News—63 20th Century-Fox.

Abbreviations: Bot., Bottom; Cen., Center; Lt., Left; Rt., Right; T., Top.

No Sad Songs For Me

As fellow players in an industry of which we are proud, and to which we devote our talents and our efforts, we would like to make public our applause of the brave and tender story of *NO SAD SONGS FOR ME* and Margaret Sullavan for her amazing exposition of a woman's inner glory.

We are proud too of *PINKY, ALL THE KING'S MEN, SNAKE PIT, GENTLEMEN'S AGREEMENT* and certain other motion pictures, which like *NO SAD SONGS FOR ME,* dealt with unusual subject matter.

This is a story of courage and people . . . not special people, but ordinary every-day people . . . with a background of an average middle-sized town.

Mary Scott is one of these people, a woman of courage . . . of great courage and spirit. There are thousands and thousands of Mary Scotts . . . They live in small hamlets and big cities. Life gives them the same benefits and the same penalties . . . and the same sacrifices.

But in telling the story of this particular Mary Scott and her great love for her husband and child, there is as well within the confines of a screenplay, a theme that is world-wide in its interest . . . something that has gained momentum in newspaper headlines everywhere and will continue to cause panic and fear until the eventual hoped-for day of solution.

The consequences of this forthright presentation of *NO SAD SONGS FOR ME* will echo and re-echo.

EDWARD ARNOLD
BRODERICK CRAWFORD
DICK POWELL
LUCILLE BALL
AL JOLSON
EDWARD G. ROBINSON
JOAN BENNETT
IDA LUPINO
ROSALIND RUSSELL
HUMPHREY BOGART
DOROTHY McGUIRE
LIZABETH SCOTT
CORNEL WILDE
SHELLEY WINTERS



A joyful Rita Hayworth cuddles her baby as daddy Aly Khan admires them both. Yasmin was born December 28 at Lausanne, Switzerland.

when a Princess is born

That Swiss city was used to historic events occurring in its midst— but it never had known anything like the birth of Rita's baby!

BY ISRAEL SHENKER

■ The city of Lausanne, in Switzerland, is used to unusual happenings, and takes them pretty much in stride. It is especially used to celebrated births. Royalty has long chosen the tidy Swiss city as the birthplace for its heirs and heiresses. It was only natural, therefore, that Prince Aly Khan and Rita Hayworth should choose it for their first child.

After months of travel about Europe, Rita and Aly came to Lausanne and settled down in the large and palatial Lausanne-Palace Hotel, which has been the scene of important international conferences in the past. When Aly and Rita arrived, it became the scene of one of the most intensely-covered royal births in history.

Newspapermen started coming from all over the world. Soon you could hardly walk through the lobby of the Lausanne-Palace without tripping over a reporter, or kicking over photo equipment alongside the manager's desk. A permanent watch of five newsmen was established just in front of the entrance to the hotel, (*Continued on page 83*)

Somewhere...
somehow...
some time...
every man
learns
that

"DEAD"

starring

PEGGY CUMMINS
JOHN DALL



A
P
F

new faces



DAVID WAYNE *has been an actor ever since his sixth birthday. At that time he starred in neighborhood productions, but later at Michigan State University where he was supposed to be studying business administration, David took an active part in college dramatics. He hit New York in* The American Way *with Fredric March, and stayed there until the outbreak of the war, which cast him as a lieutenant with the American forces in Italy. Now dividing his time between Hollywood and New York, David's latest is* Adam's Rib. *He's five-feet-nine-inches tall and has brown eyes and hair. He's married to Jane Gordon.*



ANNE PEARCE *got such good reviews for her performance in* The Vigil *when it ran on Broadway (for two weeks) that Universal-International hired her almost sight unseen. She'd been offered screen tests before but turned them down because she thought she wasn't ready. Anne was born in Saginaw, Michigan, on March 25, 1926 and graduated* cum laude *from USC in 1947. She made her movie debut in* Yes, Sir, That's My Baby *and you'll see her soon in* Outside the Wall. *Anne is five-feet-six-inches tall and weighs 120 lbs.*



ANTHONY CURTIS *blames the war for his recent Hollywood debut, but he's not complaining. After returning from submarine warfare in the Pacific, Tony took advantage of the GI Bill, studied drama and took part in amateur theatricals and borscht circuit offerings until a scout for Universal-International asked him to come to Hollywood. You saw him first in* City Across the River; *his next is* Sierra. *Tony was born in New York on June 3, 1925, has blue eyes, black hair, and is six feet tall.*



PEGGIE CASTLE *won a contract with Universal-International because of a hilariously funny scene in* Mr. Belvedere Goes To College *in which she appeared with Clifton Webb. All of her previous theatrical experience had been received in dramatic schools. Peggie was born in Appalachia, Va., on December 22, 1927 and with her family lived a nomadic life—her father, an industrial relations director, kept moving from city to city. She's five-feet-seven-inches, weighs 120 lbs. and is now in* Woman in Hiding.

Are you in the know?



How to decide about a Spring suit?

- ☐ *Buy it and diet*
- ☐ *Pick a pastel shade*
- ☐ *Take a stroll*

You *adore* the suit! But how about *fit?* Does the new narrow skirt defy your figure? If in doubt, stroll around the store. Try sitting; then see the mirror. Budget-wise bunnies shun suits too large or small—or delicate shades that "live" at the cleaner's. (Choose checks; navy; any smart medium tone.) Be perfectly suited, too, as to sanitary protection needs. Decide on the right-for-you *Kotex absorbency*. How? By trying *all 3!*



If you'd stop going steady—

- ☐ *Start feudin' and fightin'*
- ☐ *Send him his class ring*
- ☐ *Tell him your sentiments*

Suddenly, your heart—or noggin—tells you the "one and only" deal is not your dish. Should you "sledge-hammer" the issue? Or just silently break away? Ixnay! Tell him your sentiments, *tactfully*. Then no-one's bitter and your rating's still tops. Beware of making enemies . . . and on "those" days be wary of that foe of poise: embarrassment. Kotex defends you, with a special *safety center* designed for your *extra* protection!



What's the newest eye-catcher?

- ☐ *The nape of her neck*
- ☐ *The dangling earrings*
- ☐ *The hiked hemline*

Get *you!* Echoing your *Mom's* prom get-ups (almost)! You're daring the new "twenties trend." But with that shingle—sister, the nape of your neck's showing. So, when applying makeup base and dazzle-dust, don't stop at the chin line. Give your *neck* a break—all around. Prom time need never hold problem-time "nightmares"; not if you've chosen Kotex. That's because those *flat pressed ends* prevent revealing outlines!



If you were stepping into this taxi, should you sit—

☐ *Beside the belle* ☐ *On the opposite side* ☐ *On your squire's lap*

Maybe you've heard that a gentleman's place should always be on the outside. You guess that goes for all occasions. 'Tain't so, though, in wheeldom. Stepping into this taxi, you should choose the opposite side, so either squire can sit between you wimmin.

And when you step out—to a dance, or wherever—cancel calendar "woes" with Kotex. For Kotex is made to stay soft while you wear it. Gives dream-cloud softness that *holds its shape*. You're at ease from the first rhumba to the goodnight waltz!



For extra comfort on "those" days, should you—

- ☐ *Stay in bed*
- ☐ *Go square-dancing*
- ☐ *Buy a nylon belt*

Comfort doesn't call for coddling—or "square" fests. Your best bet's a new Kotex Wonderform Belt. It's made with *DuPont nylon* elastic—won't twist, won't curl, won't cut! Gives 118% stretch, yet it's *strong*, smooth-feeling; wisp-weight. Dries fast. Stays flat even after many tubbings. And see how much easier, quicker the new *firm-grip fastener* is to use! For extra comfort—buy the new nylon elastic Kotex Wonderform Belt.

2 TYPES: Pin style and with new safety fastener



Kotex Wonderform* Belt
Buy two—for a change



More women choose KOTEX than all other sanitary napkins*

3 ABSORBENCIES: REGULAR, JUNIOR, SUPER



She loves them—
she loves them not.
It's a strange
and puzzling game
for a girl
who's got marriage
on her mind.

BY BEATRICE BLANCHARD

Ava Gardner's Startling Romances!

■ "Now, look," said the director, "let's try it once more. Only this time, kiss him as if he were the last man on earth."

Ava Gardner nodded. She slid her tongue across her full, sensuous lips. Her curving bosom rose with the swell of a deep breath, and then she slinked toward Clark Gable. She came close against him, mouth caught mouth, eyes lowered in simulated passionate ecstasy, and Gable was kissed.

In fact, so thoroughly kissed that it took him a few minutes to recover from the pleasant shock. When he did, someone on the set came up and asked him, "How was it?"

Clark shook that handsome, leonine head of his, and grinned. *"Zowie!"* he said.

That happened three years ago when Ava and Clark were making *The Hucksters.*

Three months ago when a Hollywood columnist announced on her radio program, "I'm very sorry to report that Frank Sinatra has left home . . . and is telling his troubles to Ava Gardner," that same *zowie* reaction came (*Continued on page 99*)

New Beauty Magic from the

Westmores of Hollywood

THE MEN WHO MAKE THE STARS MORE BEAUTIFUL



JANE WYMAN
Starring In
"STAGE FRIGHT"
A Warner Bros. Production



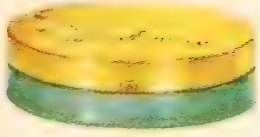


59c*

"MY CHOICE WAS WESTMORE'S Over-Glo Cake Powder Make-Up for Jane Wyman. Every woman, with skin as delicate and subtly-tinted as Miss Wyman's, will marvel at this new alluring soft, natural finish that lasts for hours—yet needs no foundation. And it does not dry out the skin! It's Hollywood's complexion magic! It can be *yours* too!"

PERC WESTMORE,
Make-Up Director, Warner Bros. Studios





59c* and 29c*

"HIGHLIGHTS OF ROMANCE —that's what the stars call Westmore Rouge, Hollywood's own formula for glamour! It is truly a make-up secret leading stars of Hollywood rely on for sheer beauty witchery." Available Cream or Dry.

WALLY WESTMORE,
Famous Hollywood Make-Up Director





59c* and 29c*

"SMART GIRLS follow the lead of Hollywood's most dazzling stars—by always insisting on Westmore Lipstick! Special Hollywood star tested creamy lipstick that *stays on*—creating a lasting illusion of radiance and beauty. It's a make-up *must!*"

BUD WESTMORE,
Famous Hollywood Make-Up Director

Certified

COSMETICS OF THE STARS

We hereby certify that the cosmetics advertised and sold under our name are exactly the same cosmetics we use to make the stars more beautiful at Warner Brothers, Paramount and Universal-International Studios.

Perc Westmore
Bud Westmore
Wally Westmore



Hollywood's Beauty Secrets for Your Very Own

The cosmetic secrets of Hollywood's most glamorous stars are now *yours* . . . in famous Westmore Cosmetics. Westmore . . . and *only* Westmore . . . are the *certified* cosmetics of the stars, the same make-up they use on the screen. Why be satisfied with less? On sale at variety, chain and drug store cosmetic counters.

*plus tax

Certified Cosmetics of the Stars For You
Westmore Cosmetics . . . 59¢* and 29¢*

LIPSTICK
DRY ROUGE
CREAM ROUGE
FACE POWDER
CREAM MAKE-UP
CAKE MAKE-UP
CAKE POWDER MAKE-UP
TRU-GLO POWDER
FOUNDATION CREAM
EYE SHADOW
NIGHT CREAM
SKIN FRESHENER
EYEBROW PENCIL
COLD CREAM CLEANSING

Westmore Cosmetics available in Canada at slightly higher prices

Westmore HOLLYWOOD Cosmetics



Doctors Prove Palmolive Soap Can Bring You A Lovelier Complexion in 14 Days!

No Matter What Your Age or Type of Skin!

Not just a promise—but actual proof from 36 leading skin specialists that Palmolive Soap facials can bring new complexion beauty to 2 out of 3 women

Never before these tests have there been such sensational beauty results! Yes, scientifically conducted tests on 1285 women—supervised by 36 leading skin specialists—have proved conclusively that *in just 14 days* a new method of cleansing with Palmolive Soap . . . using nothing but Palmolive . . . brings lovelier complexions to 2 out of every 3 women.

Here is the easy method:

1. Just wash your face 3 times a day with Palmolive Soap, massaging Palmolive's remarkable beautifying lather onto your skin for 60 seconds each time . . . as you would a cream.
2. Now rinse and dry—that's all.

It's these 60-second facials with Palmolive's rich and gentle lather that work such wonders.

Here is the proof it works!

In 1285 tests on all types of skin—older and younger, dry and oily—2 out of every 3 women showed astonishing complexion improvement in just 14 days. Conclusive proof of what you have been seeking—a way to beautify your complexion that really works. Start this new Palmolive way to beauty tonight.

You, Too, May Look For These Complexion Improvements in 14 days!

- Fresher, Brighter Complexions!
- Less oiliness!
- Added softness, smoothness even for dry skin!
- Complexions clearer, more radiant!
- Fewer tiny blemishes—incipient blackheads!

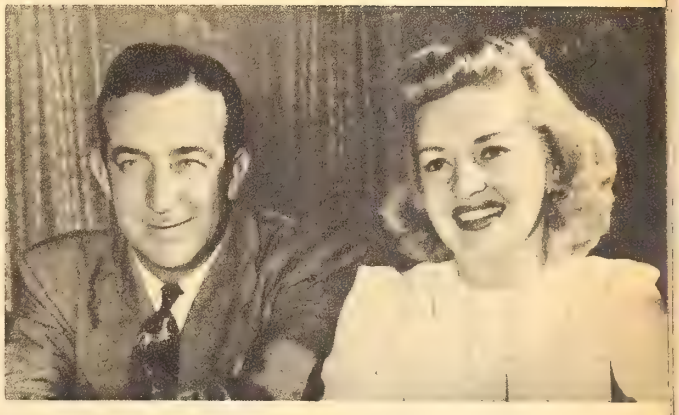


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DOCTORS PROVE PALMOLIVE'S BEAUTY RESULTS!

three little words



an open letter to betty grable and harry james

Dear Mr. and Mrs. James:

Hollywood has started 1950 with a sadly familiar story—a dismal series of divorces, suits for divorces and separations.

It can with some justice be pointed out that Hollywood in this respect is no worse than the rest of the country. But the fact can't be ducked that a Hollywood divorce always delivers a much bigger impact than occurs when Mr. and Mrs. Joe Jones of Anytown decide they can no longer stand the sight of each other.

Be that as it may, we're getting more than a little tired of seeing Hollywood separations and divorces every time we pick up a paper. So we find it refreshing to consider the happy marriage of two such sane Hollywood people as you, Mr. and Mrs. James. In all the years you've been married, there's been no rumor of trouble between you that hasn't turned out to be the wildest fantasy.

Recently, Betty, you summed up the state of your marriage very simply. You said: "Harry and I are happy. We love our children and we try to live as normal a life as two professional people can. I am in love with my husband and he is in love with me."

In that statement there is a key word. It is a small but powerful one. That word is *try*.

For there has never been a sound marriage that was accomplished without effort. To be sucessful in marriage requires the constant exercise of patience, faith, consideration and understanding. Obviously, your marriage has worked because you've worked at it.

There's another key word in your statement: *Normal*. Certainly there's no more wholesome, normal family life in Hollywood than yours. A clear proof of it lies in your children—healthy, well-balanced youngsters who reflect the common sense with which you're raising them.

And there's a third key word in your statement. That word is *love*.

William B. Hartley

EDITOR

Bringing up susan

by Shirley Temple

My baby is growing up. She pulls down bird cages, dresses in my clothes, is learning how to handle boy friends—and even has to be spanked occasionally!

In the following exclusive story, the first of a MODERN SCREEN *series, Shirley Temple gives in her own words a warm and charming picture of her tiny daughter —a delightful little girl whose counterpart is familiar to every reader. Yet we feel that, reading between the lines, you'll find the story is more than this. It is also the moving portrait of a young mother who, still emerging from a period of heartbreak, is doing her very best to fill an emptiness that tragic circumstances have created. It is, in brief, a story of simple courage.*—THE EDITORS

■ Last week for the first time I had to spank Linda Susan.

The incident began when she toddled over to the bird cage in the living room and started to shake it vigorously. Inside the cage the two love birds quickly changed their usual gentle chirping to outraged squawks. I rushed to their rescue—and then explained to my two-year-old daughter that she'd made the birds very sad. "See," I said, pointing to the ruffled creatures, "they're so unhappy that they're crying."

Not impressed, Linda Susan wrinkled up her nose and giggled. I knew she didn't want to hurt the birds. But the shiny metal cage fascinated her. And when she'd swung it back and forth in the sunlight, it had sparkled and glittered even more.

When her little hand insisted on reaching again for the cage, I gave her a stern look. "I wouldn't, Linda Susan," I said. *(Continued on page 104)*



Like countless other two-year-olds, Linda Susan loves to dance to the radio.



Linda Susan, who delights in "dressing up," earnestly models an oversized sombrero.



She's particularly fond of arraying herself in Mother's furs. This cape is her favorite.



She's fascinated by the piano and (*right*) by her pal Lannie, the collie.



Interested in the secret of a full life? Ask the girl who's got one—Esther Williams.

busiest girl in town

by jane morris

■ Guests at The Trails restaurant in Westchester used to be surprised when, on a busy night, their waitress was Esther Williams. Now they take it as a matter of course.

And some patrons who pull into the gas station at 18th and Montana in Santa Monica are startled if the gal on the other side of the windshield is—by gosh!—Esther Williams. But they are out-of-towners. The residents of Santa Monica are quite used to this.

They'll never forget that gas station's opening, complete with searchlights, Esther and Ben Gage and Hollywood guests in formal clothes, Keenan Wynn and his motorcycle gang all riding up in tails and top hats, Xavier Cugat arriving with his dog and his orchestra, Betty Garrett and Larry Parks driving up for their free tank of gas. It had all the glamor of a super-film première.

Then there's the television crew that worked on Ben Gage's "Rumpus Room" show and discovered that the girl in charge of props was Ben's movie actress wife.

And there are the home-owners at Twenty-Nine Palms who found that the lady selling them property was—yes—that same Esther Williams, the busiest girl in this town, or perhaps in anybody's town.

Success, rather than slowing Esther down, has acted as a stimulus; and happiness in her marriage to Ben and in their four-months-old son has added to her natural zest for life. To Esther's way of thinking, it's a pity for people in pictures to wall themselves in with their celebrity and put up iron gates to close out the rest of the world. "After a while," she says, "no one tries to get past those iron gates anymore and they miss all the wonderful experience and enrichment of knowing all (*Continued on page 107*)



A hilarious moment at the opening of Esther Williams' and Ben Gage's Santa Monica gas station, as stylish motorcyclist Keenan Wynn gets Ben's special attention.



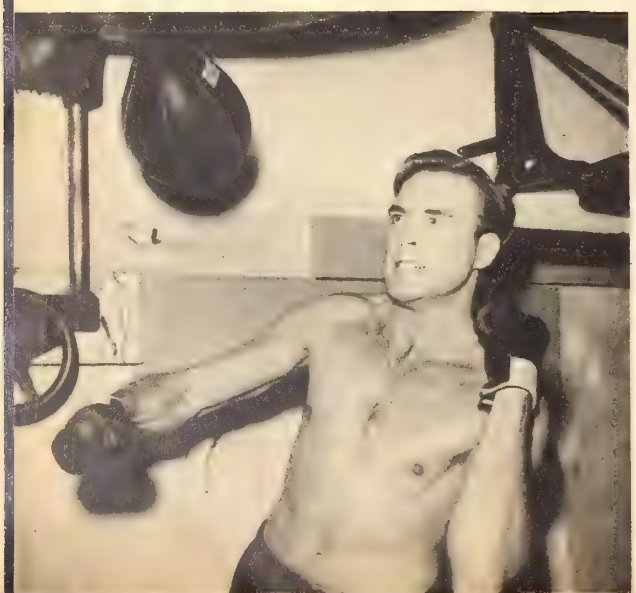
Esther, Ben, Stewart Granger, and Chef Knesz eagerly await Ava Gardner's reaction to a salad dressing at the "preview" of the Gages' Hollywood restaurant, The Trails.



Scott and brother Ed work up appetites for their mother's cooking with a little road-work on a Hollywood street. The boys and their brother Larry excel at athletics.



Scott spends many free hours at the YMCA vigorously hoisting dumbbells (*above*) and punching bags (*below*). When Scott was in the Navy, he won a boxing tourney.



They can't stop SCOTT

His brother Larry gave him his start, his mother prayed for him— and Scott Brady never will forget it as he rises swiftly toward stardom.

BY TOM CARLILE

■ The lady from the apartment next door watched with fascination as Mrs. Tierney carefully put eight plates around the dinner table. It was nearly seven o'clock, and the savory odor of baking ham filled the living room.

"My goodness!" the lady exclaimed. "Certainly you don't have to cook dinner for that many every night?"

"Not always," Mrs. Tierney replied cheerfully. "Sometimes one of my boys will forget to meet a friend on the way home. But I can't count on it."

Just then, a series of booming thumps shook the stairs outside, and Mrs. Tierney smiled at her visitor.

"That's my son Roddie," she explained. "He's the only one in the family who takes the stairs four at a time."



Scott Brady and his parents, Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Tierney. The high-spirited Tierneys, including Scott's two brothers, now live together in Hollywood.

The front door burst open, and a young man wearing deep sun-tan make-up breezed through the living room. It was Roddie—or, as he is better known to movie-goers, Scott Brady. He shouted, "Hello, Mom" at the dining room and a plain but pleasant "Hello" to the neighbor lady, and headed straight for the bathroom. Immediately, there was the sound of hard-running water, punctuated by loud singing. A few minutes later, Roddie—or Scott—was shoving a shining clean face into the pots on the kitchen stove, sniffing hungrily at the cooking vegetables.

"Jim and Alex said they'd be over for dinner," he told his mother, as he sampled a cookie from the sideboard.

"I expected they would be," replied Mrs. Tierney. "I have a ham tonight. But I wish you would tell me these things earlier."

Scott gave his mother a quick hug and a smile.

"You know how it is," he said. "The boys are dying for some of your cooking. . . . By the way, I was great today. I had a speech with two pages of dialogue, and I only fluffed it once."

Leaning against the sink drainboard, Scott ate four more cookies as he told her all about his day. He was still talking when a slower, more methodical series of thumps sounded on the stairs—and his brother, Eddie, walked in with a sad face.

"Dames," he said, grumpily, reaching across Scott for a cookie. "I find I don't have a date tonight after all."

"It couldn't happen to a nicer guy," said Scott, walking into the living room and stretching out on the couch.

Half-an-hour later, when Mrs. (*Continued on page 79*)



she knew what she wanted

by hedda hopper

Is Olivia de Havilland a girl with no will of her own, ruled by an ogre husband? Here's the answer to that foolish question.

■ I might as well tell you the scandal right off: As of this very minute, Olivia de Havilland is caught in a pretty terrific love triangle. There are two men in her life. One's named Ben and the other Marcus.

Ben has red hair—not much—and Marcus has brown, and a little more. Ben tips the scales around 17 pounds, and he's about four-and-a-half months old by now. Marcus is considerably heavier and considerably older. But both their last names are Goodrich.

Ben is Livvy's son, of course, and Marcus is her husband. I couldn't tell you whom she loves most—in different ways, of course. But I *can* tell you this: What she used to think was the most important thing in the world—her career—suddenly isn't at all. Those two wonderful guys come first, now.

I uncovered this startling scoop the other day when I twisted my hotrod up a winding drive at the tag end of a (*Continued on page 74*)





OLIVIA'S TWO MEN are both named Goodrich, and the younger one, Benjamin, was born in Hollywood last September 27. She'd been warned that having a baby would be difficult for her, and the last seven months of pregnancy she spent flat on her back. After the birth, Olivia soon was on her feet again—and serving lunch to her other man, Ben's dad, writer Marcus Goodrich.





WORK AND PLAY are carefully scheduled by the busy Olivia. Much of her morning time is taken up with reading the dozens of scripts sent hopefully to her each month by producers. She's still looking for the right one. Afternoon playtime often finds her at croquet with Marc on the spacious lawn of their rented home. It's a game the Goodriches take with the utmost seriousness.

The John Dereks haven't got far to look to find the bluebird of happiness— they've built him a nest right in their own home.

BY DUANE VALENTRY

Bluebird on Their



In their playroom, Pati and John Derek discuss future plans—including a June blessed event. Annie, the shepherd dog, is already the mother of eight.

Window sill

■ "What'll we do with so much room?" Pati Behrs asked wonderingly, as she looked around the pretty house in Encino that first day. At the cheerful big living room and fireplace, the sunny breakfast nook, and long, comfortable playroom that opened out onto the colored stones of the flagstone patio . . .

"Well, I don't know," said her husband, John Derek. "But I think it's swell! Let's take it." And he turned to the agent with the look of a man who has found what he wants. Pati sighed and shrugged expressive shoulders.

"Nearly two acres," she murmured, gazing at the high hedges and picket fence round the patio, and the gardens beyond that. John turned to his wife with a wide smile. "Just think, honey, all that space for Annie—and the pups, when she has them—to run around in!"

"But we didn't want a swimming pool, darling," Pati remonstrated, sitting down on the striped bamboo couch. Then, as she looked over at the small piano, with the bronze plaque of a dog's head above it, at the bright colors of furniture and draperies, she suddenly sighed again—happily. She reached up for John's hand. *"I* like it, too," she said—and their house-hunt was over.

"Besides," said John a few moments later, turning from the desk where he was signing the lease, "it's only a tiny swimming pool."

Tiny pool or not, that first hot week in their new house in the San Fernando Valley, the kids swam every day. John, the perfectionist, showed Pati how to improve her strokes, how to float. Back and forth, round and round the little blue pool they splashed away the hours, stopping now and then to bask on the sun-baked flagstones, over which a small orange tree bent its fruit-heavy branches. Contentment, like sunshine, made the days dreamy. . . .

Being between pictures, John had time to put in a nail here or there, fix a window-latch, study the script of his forthcoming *Rogues of Sherwood Forest*. Do some painting, too. There was the drab old garden chair, rickety and useless. John hammered on a wedge or two, and enameled it blue. But the feel of a brush in his hand was too much for him: John Derek is a real artist when he sets himself to it, and painting has been a long-time hobby.

(Continued on next page)



John smiles with masculine superiority as Pati tries to figure why their checkbook shows 27 cents more than the bank statement. Annie, with no such problems, snoozes under the desk.



In their living room, Pati acts as John's leading lady while he goes over his next day's lines. She had screen ambitions before, but now has given them up in favor of the domestic life.



Pati pours herself a morning cup of coffee in the sunny breakfast room, while John—who doesn't drink coffee—gives her advance information on the doings of Popeye the Sailorman.



John and Pati Derek's new home, which came equipped with two acres of rolling lawn, gives them plenty of room to play with Annie, their prize German shepherd dog.



Four of Annie's pups (her other four were given to friends) show enthusiasm for John and Pati. The pups once fell into the pool, but Annie (right) rescued them.



Pati points out one he missed as John cleans leaves from their backyard swimming pool. The pool was an unexpected delight, for they didn't plan on a house with one.

From their cartons of belongings, out of which Pati was trying to assemble some sort of order, he dragged canvas and brushes. "I'll help you there in a minute," he told her, as he began to examine his painting tools.

The minute stretched into days. Now it was Pati who put in a nail here or there, fixed a window-latch, spread their own things about them. She didn't mind, though, as she looked at her happy husband, brooding over the canvas that was beginning to come to life in a wonderful way.

It hangs over their fireplace today. Pati looks at it often—as does everyone who enters the living room. A small painting of a Negro child, with hair blowing, it has a definite and wistful beauty that goes right to the heart.

John, who is climbing swiftly to major movie fame, doubtless could find fame in other fields if he chose. Whatever he does, he does well. An expert fencer, he learned the difficult skill for a film part, and keeps in practice with anyone who'll try it with him. Not many will, however. Pati used to, until she found John's dexterity and rushing enthusiasm a little crowding, and took a fine spill backwards. Occasionally John can persuade his good friend, Harry Lauter, who's also an actor and will have a part in *Sons of the Musketeers,* to work out with him. Usually, though, John gets in his fencing at the studio, where Columbia's fencing expert will give him a real workout.

No other young actor, with the possible exception of Montgomery Clift, has so completely captured public attention after his first picture. One day John Derek was an unknown. Short days later, after the release of *Knock On Any Door,* the letters began to pour in to the studio, and kept coming at such a rate that soon his fan mail equalled that of long-established stars. Now that his current movie, *All The King's Men,* has met with wide acclaim, it's small wonder that Columbia counts John a large asset and a future top star.

When John and Pati came onto their house, the long, low, attractive bungalow with its rambling grounds seemed an answer to prayer. They had decided that they were one pair of people in Hollywood who didn't care for living at the beach, with its small houses and sudden fogs. Not that the present house, with its two bedrooms, can be called big. But the Dereks reserve one of the bedrooms for a guest room, and feel they have all the space in the world—and the sunny, inland locale is definitely to their liking.

Complete opposites in temperament and disposition, John and Pati feel thankful that this very difference is helping them work out a stable foundation for their marriage.

"John takes everything calmly, in his stride—but I can't," says Pati, who talks fast and excitedly, and who is as volatile as a day in March. "Like the morning after we moved in, when I was fixing up our rumpus room and decided to fill the slot-machine, and went all over the place getting nickles and quarters and dimes. I had hardly put them in the thing, when accidentally, I hit the jackpot—and quarters came pouring out! I let out such a shriek, I guess they heard me all over Encino!

"A couple of nights later, when Bill and Barbara Williams were over playing Monopoly with (*Continued on page 102*)



June brings vet Al Binder some Christmas cheer during the party held at Birmingham General Hospital—where she visits regularly.

the courage of june haver

Rebuilding her life from shattered pieces, she is winning new peace in her unselfish devotion to others

BY CYNTHIA MILLER

■ "People have the habit of taking life for granted, as though they expected it to go on forever," said June Haver. "But usually they have to learn the hard way that they must also take death for granted. When we lose someone we love, the loss is necessarily great because we are deeply and emotionally involved. But that does not alter the real nature of life and death."

June was explaining the philosophy that has given her the strength to face the death of her fiancé, Dr. John Duzik. It is not a new philosophy. It has helped many people before her to live through moments of great tragedy in their lives. But because it is rooted in June's devout faith, it has for her as much personal meaning as if it were an inspired new concept of her own.

"When John first went to the hospital," she went on, "he took lightly the supposedly simple operation that lay ahead. Neither (*Continued on page 91*)


FRESH PAINT

by reba and bonnie churchill

Anybody can do it, Betty Lynn said. So we went artistic, hustled up the gang for this gay and daffy painting party—and had a very colorful time!

■ One day in her sunny Beverly Hills apartment, Betty Lynn showed us some of the paintings she'd done. We were impressed. We told her we wished *we* were geniuses. "Shucks," said Betty, "there's nothing to it. Almost everybody'd find out they could paint if they'd just try it."

"Oh, come now," we said.

"It's true!" said Betty. "I can prove it. Tell you what: Let's get a bunch of people together over here who've never done any art work—and set 'em loose with paint and brushes. The results will be amazing. You'll see!"

We saw. For a week later, on Betty's invitation, such a bunch invaded her premises and turned the place into a studio. The girl was right—the results were amazing. Very amazing.

The eager but unpracticed artists were Colleen Townsend, Bob Arthur, Rock Hudson, Randy Stuart, Lee MacGregor, Joyce MacKenzie, Dale Robertson and we Churchills. First on the scene was Bob Arthur, obviously ready for business—equipped with three easels, a canvas and an art kit. However, this businesslike effect was slightly marred by the fact that one of the latches on the kit had come unhooked, and as he came up the walk he left behind him a trail of liberated tubes of paint.

These were picked up by Joyce MacKenzie and Rock Hudson, who arrived right after him. "Look what we found," said Joyce when Betty let them in. "A lot of little tubes of some kind of toothpaste."

"Ha!" said Bob Arthur. "They're mine—and it's *paint!* Fine artists you're going to be."

"Well, well," said Rock. "So *that's* the way the stuff comes. This should be a highly educational meeting." (*Continued on next page*)

Randy Stuart and Joyce MacKenzie searched for an unusual subject to paint—finally found it in Lee MacGregor. "I've been framed," he mutters wittily.



While Rock Hudson, hostess Betty Lynn and Bonnie Churchill work doggedly on their paint jobs, Colleen Townsend and Lee MacGregor relax long enough to discuss the progress of their masterpieces.



Colleen bones up on a kid's paint book before tackling more serious art. Rock takes time off from his own assignment to offer his somewhat backwards criticism. "It's art," he says, "but is it pretty?"



Formerly unknown artist Bob Arthur, disdainful of Betty's and Colleen's irreverent jokes, poses by his painting—on which judge Reba has pinned first prize. (*He* didn't know what it was, either.)



Lee MacGregor and Dale Robertson struggle with Joyce MacKenzie's easel at the paint party.



The would-be artists become quite intense as they see their efforts beginning to take shape.



Their art work finished, the hungry gang digs into salted almonds as a prelude to supper.

"I don't think you're kidding," said Bob.

At this point, the rest of us arrived. Our hostess had carefully covered her living-room rug with a large tarpaulin, and now the painters were all covered with artists' smocks that Lee MacGregor had borrowed from 20th Century-Fox's wardrobe department. Each smock had a tag inside the collar telling in what movie it had been used. Randy Stuart was delighted to find that hers had been worn by Joan Crawford in *Daisy Kenyon*. We Churchills both got something a bit less glamorous. Our smocks were marked, "1935—COMEDY." (Ah, well . . .)

All the rest of the painting gear had been rounded up by Betty—and by Bob Arthur, who'd borrowed his elaborate supplies from friends. Betty directed things while the boys set up easels and pushed back the baby-grand piano, the sofas and the tables to give the artists plenty of room.

To make sure no one would lack for inspiration, Betty had jotted down a series of subjects. Everyone drew a slip of paper listing his or her suggested assignment.

They were really stimulating. Randy Stuart was assigned "A Nightmare." Lee MacGregor, "Broadway at 42nd." Joyce MacKenzie, "The Big Eye."

Dale Robertson's slip suggested that he "paint an April Fool." He thought deeply for a moment. "This," he then announced, "will be a self-portrait."

We settled ourselves on chairs and on the floor, hands poised above painting pads and canvases, awaiting Betty's signal to begin. Then, "Go!" said Betty—and we feverishly set to work.

Lee MacGregor had secluded himself in a corner and, like a miser guarding a fortune, crouched low over his drawing board. Randy Stuart managed to peer over his shoulder for a moment, shuddered, and returned to her own work.

Colleen Townsend also chose to do her picture in the privacy of a corner. After 10 minutes of painstaking labor, she displayed a rough sketch and asked for a critical judgment. "It's very unique," said Rock Hudson. Colleen smiled proudly. "But," Rock added, "what *is* it?"

Colleen is a sweet young lady and a patient one. So she merely sighed, turned to a fresh sheet of paper and decided on a new subject—a portrait of Dale Robertson.

Being a model was nothing new to Dale. Before he appeared in films, he served a brief apprenticeship as a model. "A sculptor advertised for somebody to pose for a statue of 'Eternal Springtime,'" he told us. "The pay looked good to me so I applied and got the job. I was draped in a gold mantle, clutching a five-pound iron rod in one hand and shielding my eyes with the other. I looked as if I'd just sighted land, and was about to take off for it. Dunno what ever happened (*Continued on page 58*)

Meet the folks next door—an old-fashioned couple, name of Gene and Betsy Kelly . . . so old-fashioned they're still happy together after eight years.

BY MARVA PETERSON

■ One afternoon several weeks ago, a veteran character actress, well-pickled in the vinegar of her own disillusion, was sitting in the MGM commissary. She was alternating between conversation and chicken noodle soup when Gene Kelly and his wife, Betsy Blair, strolled into the place.

The actress turned to her lunch companion, a visiting non-professional. "Now, there's a strange couple," she remarked.

"Strange?" said her friend. "What do you mean?"

"Why," said the actress, "everyone knows that the Kellys are the plainest, simplest, most unaffected couple in Hollywood. They don't even own a swimming pool!"

"Oh!" exclaimed the friend. "I didn't know that. And they look so *normal!*"

A few days later in Romanoff's, a gossip columnist suddenly observed to an Eastern dress designer, "You know, I can't understand that Gene Kelly. The way he lets his wife run around!"

The designer's eyes shone with neon-light eagerness. "You mean—with other men?"

"No," snapped the columnist. "I mean the way she dresses. She wears sweaters and skirts and flat-heeled shoes and never any make-up. It's really a disgrace! She's not only an actress herself but she's the wife of a famous movie star. She owes it to the public to dress like one."

The reason Betsy and Gene Kelly are the combined target for such verbal darts is a simple one: They are the happiest married couple in Hollywood today.

Human nature being what it (*Continued on page 86*)



Betsy and Gene Kelly have fun with their collie on a typical Sunday in their backyard. Fearing she'll be spoiled, they keep daughter Kerry, seven, out of photos.



The Kellys' house in an unpretentious Beverly Hills neighborhood is the same kind of simple, middle-class house that they would live in if Gene were not one of Hollywood's top stars.



how doris day won

by Jack Wade

She dreamed of making a home for him someday—where he'd come to her for love.

her son

■ Terry was four years old, chubby and cute. Concealed from the dancers, he sat in the trombone section of Les Brown's band. His eyes were opened to wide roundness as he happily watched the reflections sparkle from the smoothly sliding slip horns; and when the instruments blared in harmony he laughed and clapped his hands as though the performance were for his benefit alone.

At the microphone, his mother, Doris Day, sang in her soft, intimate fashion, a smile on her lips and in her voice. But her heart was sad. . . .

Her boy, she felt, deserved a home, playmates, an established routine in which she could really play a mother's exacting part. But Terry could have none of these while she was traveling all over the United States as soloist with a big-name band.

When her number was finished, Doris took Terry quickly to the apartment where her mother waited to care for him. Kissing him, Doris hurried back to the taxi—to return to her job of singing to dancing couples while another woman helped Terry with his pajamas, listened to his prayers, and tucked the covers about his chin.

Doris could do none of these things for her boy, and keep her job. Her son's day was half finished when her own sleep was done. Then, to have a coveted extra hour with him, she must take him along with her in the early evening.

Riding in that taxi, Doris Day resolved once again to find a way of life that would give her the opportunity to be a full-time mother to her son. She knew that when this band engagement ended, Terry and his grandmother would return to Cincinnati until the schedule permitted another long stop—three weeks, possibly four—where she could again rent an apartment and have Terry with her for a brief visit. *Visit.* She smiled ruefully. Visits are for friends, not for sons. . . .

Nearly a year passed. Then Doris really clicked professionally. Almost overnight the jig-saw of her slowly-developed *(Continued on page 96)*



While Doris Day tries not to kibitz, son Terry triumphantly jumps one of his grandma's checkers. Grandma looks after the eight-year-old when Doris (now in *Young Man With a Horn*) is at the studio.



Smudgie, the educated French poodle, begs prettily for a peppermint stick from Terry and Doris. Terry looks upon himself as the man of the family, expects his mom to "retire" as soon as he gets a job.

why stars can't take criticism

It's easy to say stars are temperamental—but people seldom consider the reasons behind their behavior.

BY ARTHUR L. CHARLES

■ It was in the South Pacific, during the late war. The setting was a sandy clearing, bulldozed out of the sweating jungle three days before by GI's still swinging their heads from looking for snipers. A rude but serviceable stage, erected by a sleepy but enthusiastic crew of soldier-craftsmen the previous night, stood at one end of the clearing, and the ground before it was blanketed completely with a mass of squirming, home-hungry guys who had been snatched from their soda fountains, and gas stations and dispatched to this paradise to trample the flowers on Hirohito's newly-acquired front lawn.

There was to be a show—that was a fact.

Presently, a brass-studded fog horn stepped to the center of the stage and announced that he was honored to be able to innerduce one of Hollywood's biggest stars, who had come a long way to see them, and he "expected you men to behave like gentlemen and soldiers of the United States Army."

There came, from the middle and safe fringes of the audience, the usual anonymous razzberries and, also, the usual eager applause.

Ray Milland, dressed in hasty, ill-fitting khaki, and wearing that familiar cloak of fatigue that stamped the weary celebrity ocean-flyer, stepped into prominence and bowed graciously to his audience. He began to speak—a rather ad-lib, pretty basic monologue suited to the grim and ribald humor of his listeners. It went pretty well.

Then the fearful incident, dreaded by all male entertainers on the circuit, happened. From deep in the heart of the assembly (*Continued on page 94*)



Judy Garland (here with Vince Minnelli) has for years been criticized as too fat or too thin. Nowadays she sees red over gossip about her weight.



Paulette Goddard, who's said to find intolerable any suggestion she might have played a scene better, is famed for staging battles on the set.



Lana Turner is another who flares at "too fat" rumors. She did get buxom on vacation with husband Bob Topping, but is slender again.

Ray Milland, whose sense of humor once allowed Hedda Hopper to use him for a hat model, made a classic quip when a GI yelled, "Why aren't you in the Army?"—but the question almost made him quit his USO tour.

Bing Crosby (*below*) calmly puffs his pipe instead of blowing his wig when criticism comes his way. The amiable and undemanding Groaner is one star who never has to be handled with kid gloves.



Peter Lawford, whose mustache is now taken for granted by his friends—such as Mr. and Mrs. Jerry Lewis—was for a time so touchy to pals' cracks about the adornment that it became a major point of honor with him.




ROMAN CANDLE



Today, she's one of the hottest blazes in the Hollywood fireworks. But Ruth Roman was once a dismal dud.

BY MARY HAWTHORNE



Ruth Roman makes friends aboard the U. S. S. *Valley Forge.* Opposite page: She hangs her portrait in the house she recently bought in the San Fernando Valley.

■ Ruth Roman? She had no chance at all.

She was so poor as a child in Boston's tough West End that she wore crêpe-paper hair ribbons that turned to soggy draggle-tails in the rain. She looked so anemic to school authorities that they gave her special feedings of vitamin-packed nutriments, most of which fodder she would hide in her handkerchief to ditch after class. She developed so oddly in her teens (too much out here and nothing else anywhere else) that the boys didn't know whether to laugh or whistle—and she wondered whether she would *ever* get so they could make up their minds. When she left home to make good on Broadway, she failed. When she had the audacity to follow this by invading Hollywood she failed again —for five long years.

Whereupon, last year, she amazed her friends and upset her enemies by bursting forth as one of the most brightly blazing features of the Hollywood fireworks. It doesn't make sense.

But that's all right. Little about Ruth does.

For instance, those who know her best are convinced she doesn't think she had a particularly hard time getting to where she is now. "She was too preoccupied with her main goal in life," they say, "to take special notice of the fact that every now and then she was missing a meal, or had been evicted from her room."

Ruth must have been preoccupied during her school days also—there are curious gaps in her education. She can give beautifully literate readings of Shakespeare, page after page of mellifluous cadence. Yet, in ordinary conversation, she is apt to break out with such upsetting Goldwyn-isms as "You're barking up the dead end," or, when walking in snake territory, "I don't want to get bitten by a side-saddler."

She was surprised a few months ago to find herself spending a day and a half on the train when she went to Sun Valley; she'd had a vague notion that it was just on the other side of the far end of the Hollywood Hills. She's still not sure just where Texas is. She has little sense of direction, will invariably turn the wrong way when leaving a store, or even her home.

But, on the other hand, directors rate her a whiz at judging the emotional content of a role; (*Continued on next page*)



Ruth receives a delicate token of affection from Sir Renfrew, her Siamese cat. *Below:* She romps with her beloved mongrel, Shawn—who's in the portrait with her.



ROMAN CANDLE

(*Continued from preceding page*)

and, for some reason, she has a strange sense of mechanics—she knows just what gadget has gone flooey, and why, when her car fails to perk.

Ruth is five feet, four inches of dark, creamy girl, with reddish-black hair and brown eyes. The most characteristic thing about her is speech and motion—the first is unceasing and so, practically, is the second. At home, coffee cup in one hand and pot in the other, she'll start a sentence in one room and finish it in another. At the studio she is a wanderer, poking around somewhere behind the set, stumbling over electrical equipment in some dark recess of the cavernous stages, or worming through a group of technicians and grips to reach some remote spot everyone knows she is going to leave the moment she gets there.

Joe Cotten spoke to her in exasperation one day when they were shooting *Beyond the Forest*, with Bette Davis. "The way you jitter about I thought sure that you were full of nerves," he said. "Yet, when you get in front of the camera you're as cool and poised as anyone I've ever seen. How do you do it?"

"I don't know," she replied. "I guess it's just my power of relapsation."

After some of her friends kept insisting that they thought she was nervous, Ruth went to her doctor and talked to him steadily for a half hour about it. When she got through he assured her she wasn't nervous. Wiping the perspiration from his forehead, he said, "You're just the mentally energetic type that makes *other* people nervous."

You'd think that anyone just crowding into place on Hollywood's gold-and-glamor escalator would be quite willing to forget early poverty-stricken years. Not Ruth. She loves to talk about her youthful days in Boston—which she became old enough to investigate just about the time her father, a Revere Beach carnival barker, died.

Recalling tomboy escapades like hitching truck-rides with the neighborhood gang, or afternoons listening to the "Pop" concerts along the Charles River when she got older and ladylike, she will become quickly homesick for both the Boston she grew up in and the girl she was—with, however, reservations.

She doesn't want to be reminded about all the broccoli and spinach and sliced apples and raw carrots and liver and gooey body-builders they plied her with in school, nor the tonics, syrups, nostrums, raw eggs and more liver that her mother always had waiting for her at home.

Bringing up two older daughters, Ann and Eve, besides Ruth, Mrs. Roman worried about her youngest for a long time until she finally realized there was apparently nothing weak about Ruth, except her appearance. The way she discovered this was that over the course of years everybody else in the family was normal enough to get sick occasionally, but never Ruth—not even with whooping cough. From that point on Mrs. Roman confined Ruth's health treatments to pinching her cheeks daily to combat her pallid look—and giving her advice.

Ruth needed advice. She grew funny-looking. At 13, she became sweater-girl-like. That is, she did in the most important sweater-girl place. Otherwise, her profile was pure toothpick. It was so disconcerting that she slumped into a compensatory sort of posture, caving in, so to speak, until Mrs. Roman put a stop to it and made her straighten up.

"Mother, what's wrong with me?" said Ruth desperately.

"Nothing," was the reply. "The rest of you just hasn't caught up yet, that's all."

But it did. The most welcome compliment ever paid her came a few years later and was in the form of a wolf whistle. This whistle didn't, as had all previous ones, waver undecidedly or end on a puzzled, interrogatory note. This whistle was 100% undiluted admiration, forthright, and loud, too.

Some time before this, some of Ruth's playmates had caught her walking down the street with her hair curiously fluffed up and out in front, and one of them got wise immediately. Pointing a finger at Ruth she cried, "I know what *you're* doing! You're imitating Katharine Hepburn like she looked in *Spitfire!*"

Ruth was delighted with the accusation. She thought that was pretty good recognition of her ability as an actress, because, not only was she wearing her hair like Katharine Hepburn, but for days after seeing that picture she had *been* Katharine Hepburn—feeling, talking, thinking like Katharine.

There followed other periods when she looked, or thought she looked, like other stars. But the point is that this was when Ruth first heard the theater calling. And she had already answered, "Oh, *yes!*"

At the William Blackstone School where she took her grade schooling, she got into little playlets. When all she could get was the part of one of the elves in *Bridget and the Elves* (it was always a blonde who played Bridget), she decided to enlarge her activities and got into plays staged by the settlement houses in her neighborhood. She branched out further and got into little theaters around Boston, finally winning a scholarship in the Bishop Lee Dramatic School.

One day another dramatic organization in town, the Elizabeth Peabody Playhouse, announced that it was casting E. J. Wolfson's play, *Excursion*. She wanted the part of Daisy and was permitted to try for it at a Sunday rehearsal. Afterward, every player except Ruth got a copy of the play to study. She felt bad since this indicated that she had failed—but she asked if she could rehearse again, anyway. Robert J. Delaney, the director, nodded. She attended three rehearsals and then could wait no longer.

"Is there a chance you'll let me play the part?" she asked him.

He looked doubtful. "I don't know if you'll do or not. I've got someone else in mind . . . but you *have* worked hard and have been very faithful." He took a dime from his pocket. "Tell you what. Heads you can have a chance—tails, it's no."

He flipped a coin in the air—but Ruth's hand flicked out and caught it. She held it tightly and said, "You'll never know what it was, Mr. Delaney. You'll have to decide for yourself."

"What!" he cried. Then, "Oh, very well. You can start. Give me back my dime."

"Oh, *thank* you, Mr. Delaney!" she gasped. And still holding onto the dime, she ran all the way home to tell her mother and sisters.

Long before her (*Continued on page 64*)

modern screen's hollywood pictorial

■ In the emotional moment on the opposite page, Esther Williams and Janet Blair exchange joyful hugs and kisses on Janet's recent return to the Hollywood spotlight from the self-imposed exile into which she went in 1947. With this and other outstanding news photos and exclusive picture stories on the following pages, MODERN SCREEN presents the third in its series devoted to a pictorial coverage of Hollywood in action—that shifting and fascinating kaleidoscope of excitement, gaiety and pathos. Here you'll meet the stars in situations romantic and funny, public and intimate, relaxed and hectic. For this—including more about the ladies opposite—please turn the page.



continued ➤

JANET BLAIR, WHO QUIT FILMS, HAS NEW HOLLYWOOD TRIUMPH.



Ben Gage pins an orchid on Janet at Ciro's, where he and Esther Williams gave her an opening-night party.



Jane Powell and Geary Steffen take a night off from fixing up their new apartment to go to Janet's opening.



Janet's parents join in the congratulatory kisses at her party. After Ciro's, she tours in *South Pacific*.



Arrived in Hollywood, Richard Todd, sensation of *The Hasty Heart*, and his wife Kitty unpack in their hotel.

RICHARD TODD, WHO HAS STARRED

■ The Hollywood welcome mat was put out with a flourish recently—to receive a "homecoming" girl who'd been in Hollywood for years and had left in disgust, and a man who'd never been there before.

The girl, Janet Blair, had come to Hollywood eight years ago and had quickly landed a number of glamor-girl movie roles. But then she grew fed up with parts that, she says, made her a "poor man's Rita Hayworth." So Janet, who'd studied dancing and singing for years in her native Altoona, Pennsylvania, went East in 1947 to embark on a career as a dancer-singer-comedienne. After making smash hits in movie-palace stage shows and at swank night clubs in New York and Chicago, she'd established herself as a top-flight attraction when she returned to Hollywood recently to appear at Ciro's. The town greeted her with cheers, and Esther Williams and Ben Gage threw a party for her at Ciro's on her gala opening night. Soon she'll leave Hollywood again, to star in the touring company of *South Pacific*.

The other arrival was husky, tweedy Richard Todd, the British actor who's become a rave after his first film, *The Hasty Heart*—made in England by Warners. Accompanied by his wife, Kitty, he has come from England after finishing *Stage Fright* with Jane Wyman, to make *Lightning Strikes Twice*. Todd was born in Ireland of English parents in 1919. He saw much action with the British Army in the war, was wounded and hospitalized. In 1946, he joined a repertory theater in Scotland. He was there 18 months, becoming a sound actor and getting proficient in the brogue he uses in *The Hasty Heart*.

It was homecoming for one star. For the other, it was the first glimpse of an astonishing town that will doubtless be his address for many years to come.



The Todds take a wondering look at their new hometown. Dick likes a pipe but rarely poses with one (*below*). He thinks it looks affected.



A stroll down Hollywood Boulevard past Grauman's Chinese Theater is an adventure for Dick and Kitty. Hollywood hasn't ceased to amaze them.

N HIS FIRST TWO FILMS, COMES TO HOLLYWOOD FROM ENGLAND FOR MORE TRIUMPHS.



more pictures→





TWO EX-BACHELORS ARE GLAD THEY DID IT.

Jimmy Stewart is by now an old married man compared to another recent Hollywood bridegroom, Clark Gable. Jimmy (*top*), settling down to whack the ball as wife Gloria watches anxiously, had settled down to happy domesticity while Clark, here with his Sylvia at Honolulu, still honeymooned. Each, clearly, liked his new status.

ON WEEKLY FUN-FILLED TRIPS, A



1. Bill Holden helps son West with a boot while, with Glenn Ford and his son, Peter, they wait to set forth on their weekly ride in the San Fernando Valley.

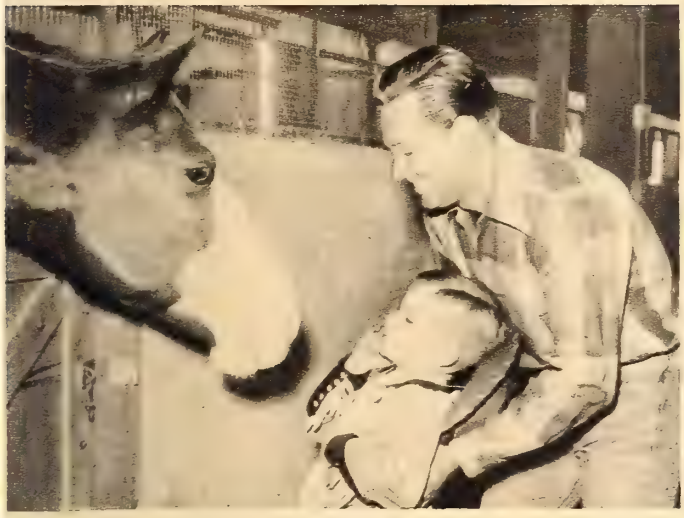


4. West and Peter handle the haywagon's reins like experts—but of two schools of thought. While West keeps shouting, "Giddiap," Peter orders, "Whoa!"



7. Glenn gives Peter a pointer on the technique of holding the reins with one hand. Peter's been riding almost since he could stand and is a fine horseman.

AIR OF LONG-TIME FRIENDS, BILL HOLDEN AND GLENN FORD, MAKE PALS OF THEIR SONS.



2. Six-year-old (Two-Gun) West Holden is a very brave cowboy but a mite shy when his dad introduces him to a strange bronco at the Hudkins stables. Old Paint, who's fond of cowboys, smiles encouragingly.



3. Completely at ease, four-and-a-half-year-old Peter Ford stops to talk to an old friend across a feeding trough. Visiting the stables, assorted livestock is always an exciting part of the day's outing for the youngsters.



5. You can lead a horse to water but, as the saying goes, you shouldn't even try with a mule. Peter and West tug manfully, but the mule, despite all attempts of the men to reason with him, intends to sit this one out.



6. The preliminaries over with, the boys and their dads now start for the horses—as rain or shine, they do every week. Toting their small-fry saddles, the kids walk fast to keep up with long-striding Bill and Glenn.



8. The lads watch critically as Glenn, no slouch at horsemanship, handles his spirited Palomino with ease. Peter and West are ardent Western fans, discuss cowboys—especially Gene Autry and Roy Rogers—all week.



9. Headed for trails that once led to the hideouts of famous outlaws, the rollicking pardners hit leather for the hills. Glenn Ford and Bill Holden, firm friends themselves, are making firm friends of their sons.

the end

(*Continued from page 42*) to the statue. It's probably in the Louvre."

"It's probably a radiator cap," said Rock Hudson.

Posing for Colleen was less demanding for Dale than his other modeling chore had been. He just kept right on painting while Colleen drew him.

Joyce MacKenzie decided that perhaps she could do better if she, too, had a model. She spied two rag dolls seated in a tiny wicker chair by the fireplace and took these for her subjects. The dolls, named Rainbow and Oggle, are Betty's good luck charms. A girl she roomed with in New York gave them to her one day—and that very afternoon Betty received her contract from 20th Century-Fox.

Everyone present except Rock Hudson—and, of course, us Churchills—was under contract to 20th Century-Fox. They see each other almost every day at the studio. Betty Lynn is in *Cheaper by the Dozen,* Colleen Townsend is in *When Willie Comes Marching Home,* Bob Arthur is in *12 O'Clock High,* Randy Stuart is in *Dancing in the Dark,* Dale Robertson is in *The Cariboo Trail,* and Lee MacGregor and Joyce MacKenzie are in *A Ticket to Tomahawk.*

Rock Hudson is at Universal-International and had just been given the romantic lead opposite Diana Lynn in *Peggy.* He met the others when he joined their little-theater group. This earnest organization meets once a week in the barn behind director Howard Hawks' Bel-Air house to read scripts and rehearse plays. The youthful members are so eager to learn all they can about acting that when they're talking about it the air is charged with enthusiasm.

Their eagerness for painting had started off with the same fire—but now was dwindling down to a sputter. Rock was constantly bobbing from one side of the room to the other. "Must paint in the north light," he claimed, "if I'm to do my best." Betty took a squint at his sketch pad and suggested, "Maybe *no* light would be better."

Randy Stuart was the first to complete her assignment, "A Nightmare"—and then started sketching various ways Betty could rearrange the furniture in the living-room. "I was almost an interior decorator," Randy told us. "Then I became interested in radio work. When 20th heard me on a Jack Carson broadcast and offered me a contract, I put my decorating plans in mothballs."

Betty kept spurring us on to greater efforts. A perfect hostess, she bounced from one easel to the next, making sure we all had enough paint, clean water, and plenty of brushes.

Betty has a miniature warehouse of painting paraphernalia. "I'm a sentimental saver," she confessed, and showed us a battered tin, water-color box. "I used this in grammar school."

She has kept most of her early paintings. There's a self-portrait done at the age of eight which reveals a gingham-dressed youngster with carrot-red pigtails and huge brown eyes. There's also a fine landscape of some of the countryside around her native Kansas City.

Showing us one of her watercolors, Betty recalled, "This was supposed to be the picnic grounds after a rain. My sixth-grade teacher looked at it and said, 'Betty, there's always some item in each of your paintings I can't identify.' This time she was referring to that brown splotch on the right-hand corner. That got there when my dog turned over a bottle of brown paint on the sketch. I thought it looked like a mudhole—so I just let it stay there."

Betty also had a book of sketches she did on her wartime USO tour of Burma. There were pencil drawings of a tight-lipped Burmese woman holding a baby and of a missionary standing in the bombed-out archway of what had once been a church. We studied some of the others and sighed dejectedly. Nothing we could paint could compare with these.

"We'll just see about that," said Betty. "Come on, everyone—turn in your paintings. We're going to have an exhibit and see who gets first prize."

The dining room was turned into an art gallery with each of us taping our work on the wall. Betty appointed us Churchills as judges—don't ask us why!

The pictures had all been hung at slightly different angles so it looked as if this side of the wall had been caught in a whirlwind.

It was a difficult decision—until we came to Bob Arthur's masterpiece. It had the word "top" printed on it so there'd be no question as to which way it should be hung. (A very necessary direction.)

Colleen eyed the vibrant blue paint with a small red circle in the middle and antennae stretching out in all directions. "Is it a caterpillar?" she asked.

"Certainly not!" boomed Bob indignantly.

"Well," said Colleen apologetically, "maybe if I back away I can get a better perspective."

"If you get far enough away," said Lee MacGregor, "it doesn't look half bad—just all bad, ha-ha-ha."

the winnah! . . .

Anything, we reasoned, that caused so much attention should be rewarded. We pinned first prize on Bob's drawing.

The booby prize went to Joyce and Randy. Having completed the assignments that Betty had suggested for them—"A Nightmare" and "The Big Eye"—they had stuck Lee MacGregor's head through an empty frame and had painted his face like a clown's. (*See page 40.*—Ed.) It was alive, all right, but—with no disrespect to Mr. MacGregor—it just wasn't Art.

The prizewinners were invited to make acceptance speeches.

"I can see the judges appreciate true art," said Bob. "Just look at those bold strokes, that vibrant hue, that magnificent balance, that—"

"Personally," interrupted Dale, "I'd rather study that delicate green lettuce salad over there, and try balancing a plateful of those beans."

Most of us, we must admit, belonged to the same earthy school as Dale. None of this starving-in-the-garret stuff for us!

The buffet, gleaming with green candles and shiny silver, was loaded with ham and tuna sandwiches, salad, beans, and king-sized hunks of delectable chocolate layer-cake.

After feasting, we returned to the living room and deposited some of our less creative attempts in the fireplace—and lighted them.

Dale, who had been bemoaning the fact that his "April Fool" self-portrait hadn't been given any acclaim, said, "That's the best picture I've ever seen."

"You mean your own one?" asked Joyce incredulously.

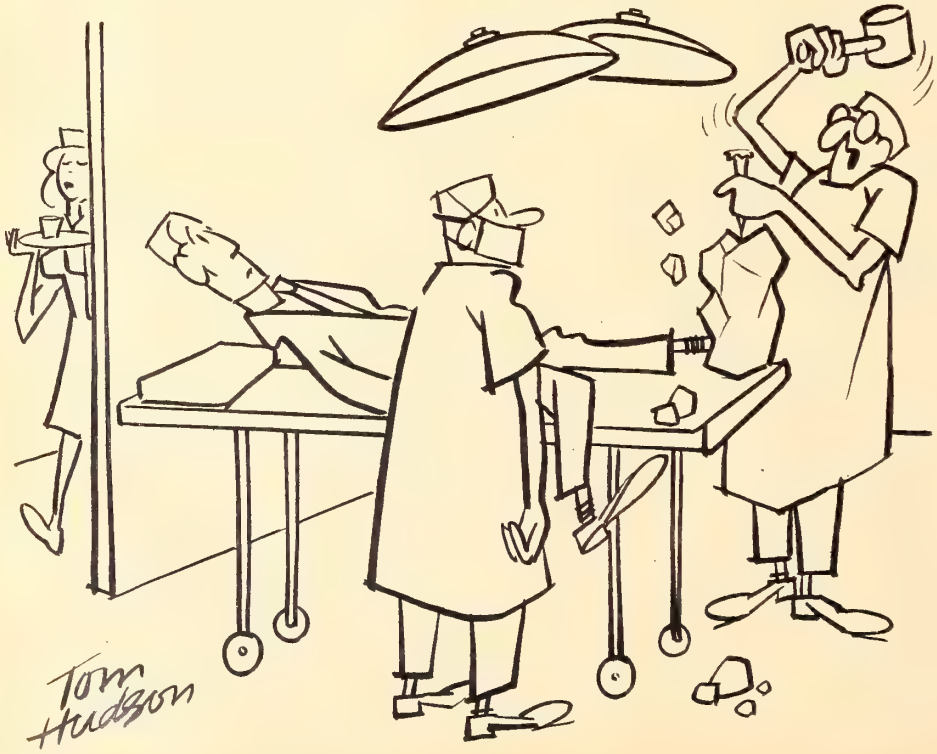
"Heck, no," drawled Dale in his Oklahoma-flavored accent. "I mean the sight of some of those paintings going up in smoke."

We felt a little indignant at this remark. Then, we began to wonder—could it be justified? Bonnie took another look at her charcoal study—which told in clean-cut strokes the plight of a cross-eyed owl. She took it down from the wall, being careful not to smear the charcoal, gazed at it tenderly for a second, and tossed it into the fireplace.

The others followed suit.

Then Betty came forward. She handed each of us another sketch pad. "Shall we start over again?" she suggested.

We all declined politely. THE END



"He held it too long for photographers at Grauman's!"

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Smoothly, evenly does it with exciting Cashmere Bouquet Lipstick! So creamy, so caressing that you hardly know it's there until . . .

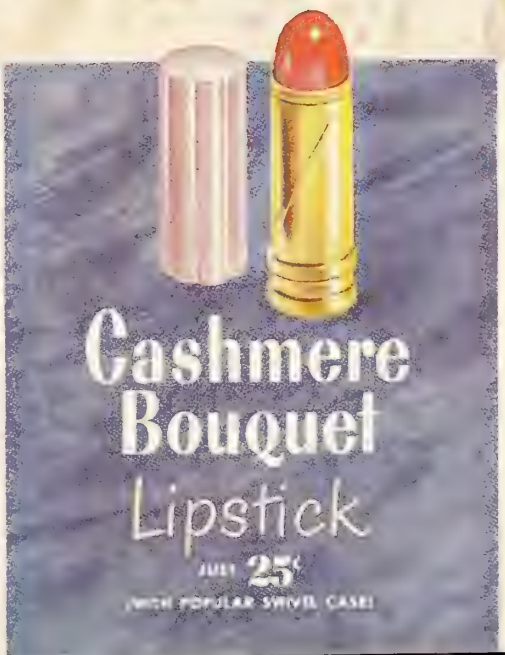


You look and *see* how vibrantly *alive* your lips have become! Vivid, eager, with a dewy-fresh air about them that seems to say "I dare you!"



Then Cashmere Bouquet clings . . . and clings . . . and clings. But seeing is believing, so see for yourself, today!

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Petal-light Powder Base! Greaseless! Holds powder without "coating"!

If your skin prefers a delicate, more *natural* foundation—smooth on a thin, thin veil of Pond's Vanishing Cream before powder. It's completely *greaseless!* Disappears instantly, leaving only a protecting, translucent film. No streaking. No discoloring. Powder goes on beautifully—and *stays!*



Beautifying Mask before make-up . . . Makes skin brighter, smoother in 1 minute!

Always when you want to look your prettiest—have a stimulating pick-up with a 1-Minute Mask of Pond's Vanishing Cream. Cover your face, except eyes, with a generous cloak of the Cream. After one minute tissue off clean. The Cream's "keratolytic" action loosens clinging dirt and dead skin flakes. Dissolves them off! Lovely young Mrs. Whitney says, "A Mask gives my skin a smoother, clearer look—a *perfect* finish for make-up!"



Mrs. Robert Bacon Whitney says: **"I always have a 1-Minute Mask of Pond's Vanishing Cream before I go out! This one quick little 'special-occasion' beauty treatment does so *much* for my complexion."**

sweet and hot



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FROM THE MOVIES

NANCY GOES TO RIO—An album of tunes from the new MGM musical featuring Jane Powell, Ann Sothern, and Carmen Miranda. *Magic Is The Moonlight** *Love Is Like This** *Ca-Room' Pa-Pa** (MGM).

MY FOOLISH HEART—Gordon Jenkins gives a rich treatment to a lovely tune which is the title song from the picture* (Decca).

HAPPY TIMES—*Happy Times** (Decca) by Danny Kaye.
A pleasant tune from Danny's latest picture.

ADAM'S RIB—*Farewell Amanda* by Robert Lenn (MGM).
Robert Lenn and a vocal chorus do a good job on a cute but undistinguished tune.

CINDERELLA—*Bibbidi-Bobbidi-Boo* by Dinah Shore (Columbia).
Dinah does as well as you would expect on this novelty from Walt Disney's latest production.

THE THIRD MAN—*The Third Man Theme* by Franz Dietschmann* (MGM).
If you can stand a zither for three minutes you ought to like this intriguing number from the British movie which has caused quite a sensation in Europe.

ALBUMS

BILLY ECKSTINE—"Songs by Billy Eckstine"** (MGM).
This album of six sides by "Mr. Vibrato" gives an excellent example of what he can do with such standards as *Someone To Watch Over Me, My Old Flame, Over The Rainbow, You Go To My Head.*

ARTIE SHAW—"Modern Music For Clarinet"* (Columbia LP).
This is an enjoyable mixture of everything from Shostakovitch to Cole Porter, with a little Ravel, Debussy and Gershwin thrown in. There are no flashy technical displays here, but it is warm, mellow music throughout.

DOROTHY SHAY—"Coming 'Round The Mountain"* (Columbia LP).
Here is witty and tasteful singing of eight rather polished folk songs by "The Park Avenue Hillbillie."

NELSON EDDY—"A Song Jamboree"* (Columbia LP).
Eight sides of the special material that Nelson Eddy does so well, the sort of outdoor-folk novelty-ballad type song.

COUNT BASIE—"Count Basie Dance Parade"* (Columbia LP).
Here are eight choice sides by what was once the jumpingest band in the land, recorded around 1945, one of the high spots in the Count's career.

JIMMY DORSEY—"Dixie By Dorsey" (Columbia LP).
Jimmy and seven other like-minded gents give out with some competent Dixieland on such old jazz standards as *Jazz Me Blues, Tin Roof Blues, High Society, Panama,* etc.

...and so to wed

On things like
jokes and wines and cheeses,
they agree—so naturally
it's a wonderful match.
Besides, they're
in love.

BY EDWARD HOLLISTER



A radiant Betsy welcomed Cary home from his trip to Europe last summer.

■ It was very simple to board the plane, to fly to that little ranch near Phoenix, to stand before the minister amidst a group of strangers—and thus be wed. And that, at the time, was the only story the world got about it—that simple story, which was an incomplete story indeed.

Because, after all, there were two human beings involved, and human beings have emotions. Betsy Drake and Cary Grant were not just automatons that Christmas morning—even if at times, like many a couple on their wedding day, they behaved as if they were.

To begin with, they were hardly nonchalant about it all. For proof, take a bit of dialogue that went on between Betsy and Howard Hughes, who piloted the plane, just before they took off from Los Angeles.

"Are you nervous about flying?" he asked.

Betsy was seen to raise expressive shoulders in a gesture of helplessness. "I'm too nervous about the wedding to worry about anything else," she replied.

Perhaps they were more nervous than they would ordinarily have been because the wedding had been delayed a week. It had originally been set for the Sunday before, with all the same efficient arrangements made to elude the press. But no arrangements had been made with the weather man—and it had rained so hard they couldn't make the flight.

It was depressing. Betsy hung her new brown-and-white checked dress, bought especially to be married in, back in the wardrobe. When she saw Cary he smiled sympathetically and said something about their not being favored by the gods. Betsy was in the middle of a picture so they both knew they wouldn't be able to get away until the following Sunday. But that would be *(Continued on page 103)*

After four years of an exceptionally happy marriage, Jeanne Crain and Paul Brinkman smile at life and

State of the Union

by Louis Pollock



■ Referring to the Hollywood divorce situation, a wit suggested not long ago that it might be a good idea to have a judge make regular rounds of the film studios to grant divorces, thus saving the stars the bother of having to go to court so often.

But even in Hollywood, you won't find anybody willing to bet that the marriage of Jeanne Crain and Paul Brinkman won't endure. Like Betty Grable and Harry James (*see page 27*), Jeanne and Paul appear to be as permanent a combination as flowers and springtime.

The Brinkmans, who have just celebrated their fourth wedding anniversary, started off in marriage with a simple if unique policy: Any question that arose between them was settled by whoever answered first.

They didn't plan this. It just came naturally. As Jeanne recalls it from her point of view, "When we were first married I wouldn't *dream* of even breathing out of rhythm with Paul."

When this policy was in force, there was rarely a departure from it. But in the course of time there were two periods when it wasn't in force. During both of these, in which Jeanne was an expectant mother, all ordinary rules were suspended. Paul acknowledged her right to change her mind, question all decisions (including her own), and even, if she didn't feel like it, fail to make sense at all—as many a young wife has been known to at a time like that.

And so, while they waited for their firstborn, Paul, Jr., to make his debut, it was nothing for them to abandon a fine dinner, untouched, and go driving along Sunset Boulevard to hunt a hot-dog stand because Jeanne had (*Continued on page* 100)

claim they've just been lucky. But it takes more than luck to create a successful union such as theirs.





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Have you ever wondered if you are as lovely as you could be—are you completely sure of your charm? **Your deodorant can be the difference** . . . and you will never know how lovely you *can* be until you use FRESH Cream Deodorant.

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*Constant research at a great American university is your assurance that FRESH is the most effective deodorant and anti-perspirant that can be used.

roman candle

(*Continued from page 52*) scholarship was up at the dramatic school, Ruth decided she was ready for New York. She went there and had a fine, early, theatrical career, learning how to walk up one side of Broadway and down the other, how to open and close producers' office doors, and how to eat on 30 cents a day—except when she was lucky and could get a job serving "coffee and" at various lunch places. Once in a blue moon she would get a magazine modeling stint. Once in a bluer moon she would get as far as a backstage interview. And, on the other hand, once on a New Year's Eve, she came back to her hotel to find her door locked against her for failure to pay umpteen weeks' rent.

Actors and actresses now in Hollywood who knew her then declare she wasn't particularly downhearted. Even when she was locked out she didn't wire home or run to friends for help. She just went out for a cup of coffee and got to talking with a girl who had just moved into a rooming house on Park Avenue not two blocks away from the J. Pierpont Morgan mansion. The girl was lonely and Ruth was needy. So. . . .

It was a fine room with an unusual feature: The brick wall of the house next door was flat up against their window, with perhaps two inches of air space to spare. It came in handy for the girls. They used it as a bulletin board to chalk messages to each other. "NOBODY CALLED" is what one or the other would usually find upon returning home. It wasn't much of a message—but neither of them liked a blank wall.

baby face . . .

The trouble with Ruth on Broadway was her face. Her body had matured most satisfactorily, all right, but for some reason she was off again on another growth tangent—her face was still baby-like. There just wasn't anyone writing dramatic parts for a set-up like that. Today, Nature has finally done right by Ruth, but it was all strictly wild until the final assembly was over.

In the three years that she spent in New York, Ruth doesn't think she averaged an income of nine dollars a week. Nevertheless, when a run of modeling assignments brought her $200 in cash, she didn't save it for a rainy day. She bought a $96 ticket to Los Angeles, ate four dollars' worth on the way, and had a hundred left when she arrived. It was to be a long time before she would have that much cash together again.

Ruth got great chances right from the start—and kept on losing the promised parts. Nothing ever happened wrong when just a bit part was involved. That always came through. But when she was up for a lead in *The Big Clock* with Charles Laughton, for instance, that went out the window at the last moment.

There were others—as fine a list of lost opportunities as any actress in Hollywood can boast. She was considered but finally thumbed out for a lead in *The Bachelor and the Bobby Soxer* with Cary Grant. Amidst all sorts of excitement she was told to be set to play opposite Dick Powell in *Cornered*. She was set and then upset. Ditto opposite Alan Ladd in *Whispering Smith*. Ditto opposite Bob Hope in *Paleface*.

She was up for these parts because producers always talk about putting new and fresh faces into their pictures. She lost the parts because after producers talk about fresh faces they generally end up by saying, ". . . but it will be safer to put in a box-office name."

"They're playing cat and nip with me," she told friends—who were beginning to wonder if her confidence in herself as an actress wasn't weakening.

It was Dore Schary who gave Ruth her first real start. It was the part in Leo J. McCarey's picture, *Good Sam,* involving a fine scene with Gary Cooper. From this she stepped into *The Window* as the murderess, and after that, of course, came *Champion,* with Kirk Douglas—and Ruth was on her way.

She is still unchanged. Her steadiest boy friend is the same man she knew when she was nobody—Bill Walsh, a sage Hollywood writer who, on the side, also manufactures the town's best ice cream. They are together often, but both deny that they are engaged, even if Ruth very honestly avows that, ultimately, it's to be marriage and babies for her.

pretty picture . . .

But that's ultimately. Right now she is one of the busiest actresses in Hollywood, with seven pictures to her credit in 1949, counting *Rock Bottom* and *Colt .45* which she recently finished at Warner Brothers, where she is now under contract.

Outside of this, she has been moving from a rented home in Coldwater Canyon to a house she bought in the Valley, and she has had her picture painted—a full-length study by Ross Shattuck, artist-husband of one of Hollywood's top publicists, Margaret Ettinger. (*A picture of the picture is on page* 50.—Ed.)

It also happens to be a picture of Ruth's dog, Shawn, a mongrel combination of Kerry Blue and alleged Hungarian Puli. She insisted that Shawn be in the picture. Her own pose is an elegant one, with a sad, pensive expression *á la* Sarah Bernhardt. Shawn's expression is not pensive. He looks as if he is thinking of his favorite sport, which is biting studio messengers who come to the house bringing bad scripts—and they're all bad as far as Shawn is concerned. He also likes to bite Bill Walsh, the man who gave him to Ruth.

And that's the story of Ruth Roman—except to add that, according to latest reports, she is still preoccupied. When she was moving to the Valley, Bill Walsh helped her and he happened to find a dusty little radio in a clothes closet. He plugged it in and tuned in a fine symphony program.

As he sat listening, Ruth walked in, face lost in thought. She noticed the radio and gestured toward it. "Throw that out, Bill," she said. "There's something wrong with it. It doesn't play." Then she was gone—not, apparently, having heard a note of the music. The End

CORRECTION

In the story, "You Know Me, Allyson!" by Gwen Littlefield, which appeared in the January issue of Modern Screen, *MGM producer Joe Pasternak was described as having a "thick German accent that couldn't be swept away by a tractor."*

This description was incorrect. Mr. Pasternak's accent, which is by no means as heavy as Modern Screen's *descriptive phrase implied, is not German but Hungarian. He was born in Hungary, came to this country as a youth, and has for many years been an American citizen. One of the most widely respected and popular men in the film industry, Mr. Pasternak has been influential in bringing to fame such stars as Kathryn Grayson, Deanna Durbin, June Allyson and Mario Lanza.*

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south pacific fashions

by connie bartel, fashion editor

■ What could you expect from a super-smash hit that has all the girls mad for Pinza, all the boys crazy for Mary Martin, and everybody whistling "Some Enchanted Evening"? South Pacific fashions, natch . . . from the musical of the same name!

For your prettiest spring clothes, the Cohama textile people have dreamed up heavenly prints and melting shades inspired by the exciting colors, terrific tropical backgrounds and bewitching music of the hardest-to-get-tickets-to show in years. We present a group of them on pages 67-69, and for our money they're knockouts. They all bear an authentic tag with a picture of Mary Martin herself—and you couldn't possibly wear them and not score a hit with your private public.

Geraldine Brooks wears enchanted evening blue

Geraldine Brooks, currently appearing in *Volcano,* the picture she made in Italy with Anna Magnani, wears one of the prizes in the South Pacific collection.

It's a soft, sea-water blue—as romantic as the southern sea that inspired it—and devilishly flattering to the skin.

The dress is a beautifully molded one-piece butcher rayon, skillfully cut to make the most of the half-size figure. The huge lace pockets are especially dyed to match (matching lace is one of the season's pets). And who could overlook the shawl collar, the softly curved shoulders, and the buttoned cuffed sleeves?

The fabric is by Cohama, in exclusive South Pacific shades of Bali Hai pink, Younger-than-Springtime grey, and tropical luggage. Sizes 12½-24½. by Rite-Fit.

About $7.95. At Hutzler's Downstairs, Baltimore. For how to buy see page 73.

In this issue; gloves by Aris, jewelry by Coro.

Some tinted make-ups cling even while you splash...



But you need this cream to remove them thoroughly

Even in swimming, some girls manage to look lovely. Must be those new "stay-on" tinted make-ups!

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modern screen fashions



south pacific fashions

or, in love with a wonderful buy



A cock-eyed optimist is scrawled all over this fresh young print dress with shirred bodice and empire waistline. In Cohama's special rayon and acetate South Pacific print. Navy, dusty rose, beige or aqua. Jr. sizes 9-15. $10.95. By Redley.
Where to buy, see page 73.



Bali Hai fruit and leaves bloom tropically on this sophisticated and very wearable dress with smart wide lapels and peg pockets. In Cohama's special rayon and acetate South Pacific print. Blue, dusty rose, dusty grey, or dusty beige. Sizes 12-20. By Redley. $10.95.
Where to buy, see page 73.





Honey-bun yellow lights up your pretty face and shoulders in this hip-pocketed sun-back dress with jacket (right). In Cohama's butcher rayon. Also Happy Talk red, Enchanted Evening blue, Bali Hai pink. Sizes 10-20. By Nelly Don. About $12.95. Where to buy, page 73.



Nylon's the news in this tucked navy figure-flatterer. The fabric is Burlington's "7th Wonder" 20% nylon and rayon combo —and you can wash it like a hankie. Tucks outline the bodice and hips, the collar's rayon faille. Also beige, turquoise, green. Sizes 12-20. By Lenbarry. $10.95. Where to buy, see page 73.



Sweet little, neat little can't-be-beat-little polka dot you'll love and live in. White pique makes the collar, gilt-centered pearl makes the buttons, red patent makes the belt. Rayon crepe. Also poker green, grey, luggage with bright contrasting belt. Sizes 9-15. By Bea Young. $8.95. Where to buy, see page 73.

It wouldn't be spring without NAVY and WHITE





The coat with the triangle-tab back—devil-may-care as anything. The collar flips up, the pockets curve, the back flares. Does heavenly things for your figure! In lush wool and angora, delicious to touch. White, lime, tomato, gold, pink, nude. Sizes 7-15. By Queenstown, $22.95. Where to buy, page 73.



modern screen's fabulous fashion finds

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And we mean dreamy.
Rarely have we seen such tremendous smartness—at such tiny prices.
We consider both the short-short fling (left) and the topping topper (below) —absolute scoops as high fashion— and beautiful, beautiful buys.







◀ Short-short Fling

(Far left) Shorter and cuter—and sky-high fashion. Shawl collar, dropped shoulders, push-up cuffs, slits to pull the scarf through. Cloud-soft all-wool fleece. Pink, white, lime, gold, red—all with navy scarf. Sizes 9-17. $19.99. How to buy, see opposite page.

▲ Topping Topper

(Above, three views.) From all possible angles—pure swank. Six smart buttons; flip-up collar; dropped shoulder seams; curved yoke back. Deliciously smooth all-wool suede cloth. Pink, gold, kelly, red, navy. Sizes 9-17. $19.99. How to buy, see opposite page.

WHERE YOU CAN BUY MODERN SCREEN FASHIONS

(Prices may vary throughout country)

SOUTH PACIFIC FASHIONS

(pages 67-69)

1. Enchanted Evening blue dress worn by Geraldine Brooks (page 67)
Baltimore, Md.—*Hutzler's Downstairs,* 212 N. Howard St., Women's Dresses.

2. Cockeyed Optimist print (page 68)
Baltimore, Md.—*Hutzler's Downstairs,* 212 N. Howard St., Junior Dresses.

3. Bali Hai print (page 68)
Baltimore, Md.—*Hutzler's Downstairs,* 212 N. Howard St., Misses' Dresses.

4. Honeybun yellow sun dress with jacket (page 69)
New York, N. Y.—*Bloomingdale's,* 59th St. & Lexington Ave., Economy Dresses, Second Floor.
Seattle, Wash.—*Rhodes of Seattle,* 2nd Ave. & Union St., Nelly Don Shop, Third Floor.
Washington, D. C.—*Frank R. Jelleff,* 1216 F St., NW, Cotton Shop, Fifth Floor.

5. Nylon navy with tucks (page 70)
Baltimore, Md.—*Hutzler's Downstairs,* 212 N. Howard St., Misses' Dresses.

6. Neat, sweet little polka dot (page 70)
Baltimore, Md.—*Hutzler's Downstairs,* 212 N. Howard St., Junior Dresses.

7. Coat with triangle-tab back (page 71)
Baltimore, Md.—*Hutzler's Downstairs,* 212 N. Howard St., Junior Coats.

8. Short-Short Fling Coat (opposite page)

9. Topping Topper Coat (opposite page)

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she knew what she wanted

(*Continued from page 35*) climbing Brentwood road to look in on the mysterious Goodriches. Mysterious, I say, because for almost a year all I'd heard out of that household was a flock of rumors designed for a magpie's nest.

Want a silly sample? Okay, how's this: Her highbrow author husband has tamed Olivia into a spineless Trilby since they were wed. Yep, left her with no will of her own, the poor, hypnotized girl, and that's the reason Olivia hasn't said "yes" to a single picture offer since *The Heiress*. That Goodrich man sent the scripts back. What a shame, too, because here she was with no new picture in sight. And of course you seldom saw them in public, and Olivia never referred to herself as "Miss de Havilland" any more, it was always "Mrs. Goodrich", and . . .

I just couldn't swallow that sort of stuff. For a lot of reasons. One being that years ago I'd asked Olivia why she didn't get married—away back in those restless single-girl days of hers when "The Society for the Protection of Olivia de Havilland" flourished, and Olivia had one lovesick beau after another mooning around. She'd said then, "I'm not in love."

"When will you be?" I asked her, and she answered like this:

"When I find some man I can admire, love and respect." I knew by now that man was Marcus Goodrich.

About that Trilby stuff, listen: Olivia de Havilland not only has a very well-preserved will of her own, but it's made of iron. She's proved that time and again: the most famous instance being when, at the height of her career, Livvy stayed off the screen for 18 months, fighting and winning an exhausting and costly legal battle, not over money but a principle—the principle being that the time a player spends on suspension should be included in the length of time for which the player is under contract to a studio. That classic victory is by now a Hollywood bill of rights for stars.

As for staying out of the Hollywood glamor case—well, Olivia was never in. If she's seemed even more out of sight of late, there's been a pretty valid reason: For seven months Mrs. Goodrich stayed in bed fighting a gallant, tedious battle to have what she's always wanted—a son.

As long as the Goodriches stick around Hollywood—and they plan to for a good long time, thanks—you and I will be hearing all sorts of rumors and crazy conceptions about their private lives. It's inevitable because, as a pair, they don't fit the Hollywood pattern. They know what they want—and they have it—and what it is not showy artificiality but quiet solid living and achievement.

But let's take a good look. That's what I climbed the hill for.

efficiency personified . . .

Olivia herself met me at the door, brushing past her butler in what I knew was not the approved Goodrich style. The reason Livvy happened to answer the doorbell is because I didn't have a chance to buzz it. She'd just come in herself, windblown and ruddy, with her dusty blue cashmere and tweed skirt setting off her pink cheeks to perfection. She still wore her British walkers, and Marcus carried his stick. The Airedale, Shadrack, jumped at their heels.

"Had lunch, finished business, writing's done, walk's over," rattled Olivia, "and now it's time for tea. You're right on the nose."

"Good heavens!" I gasped, "you sound like a memo pad or something. Are you as on-the-dot and disciplined every day?"

She laughed. "That's the routine of the Goodriches. Want the whole program—Our Day?"

I nodded and she was off like this: "Up at seven for a look in the nursery, breakfast at eight, at nine Marcus leaves for his office, I get to work in my room—mail, scripts, and career business. Lunch together at two—a long leisurely one—then croquet, swimming, or a walk with dogs, tea at five with nice people like you, then dressing and dinner at eight with or without guests. Conversation, reading—bed—how's that?"

"Sounds marvelous," I admitted, "but what do you do when something comes along and jams the works?"

"It doesn't," grinned Olivia. "We don't let it."

"You speak of miracles," I sighed, but Olivia caught that one fast.

"The miracle is right down there," she pointed, "Want to see?"

a long battle won . . .

Did I? I've never refused a peek at a baby yet and I never will. And Olivia's baby, anybody will admit, is something special. I don't need to go into the long courageous battle she had to realize her dreams of motherhood. All Hollywood knows about that, and all Hollywood was pulling for Olivia as they never pulled before. Doctors had told her years before she'd have trouble being a mother. That didn't faze Olivia when her chance came. Many times she had an obstetrician standing by day and night. Many other times she weathered risky nip-and-tuck moments when it looked as if her baby were lost. At times she couldn't even listen to the radio, read exciting books or mail. Marcus even had to censor the daily papers before he let her see them—they might send her blood pressure up and threaten the project. Throughout it all Olivia never complained or whimpered, never for a minute lost faith in what she just had to have—a perfect baby, a son.

We walked through the living room, and into the nursery, a whole wing devoted to baby and nurse—a wing which, Marcus ruefully noted, he had picked for himself and the novel he's writing. "Ben pushed me out of that pronto," he laughed. "What book can compete with a baby?"

I wasn't surprised when I saw the quarters Olivia prepared for her infant son. Nothing frilly about it, nothing cute or corny, just solidly sensible with the best of workable equipment from stove and icebox to bathinette and scales, and all immaculate and sterile. She organized it scientifically, properly and sensibly as Mrs. G does with just about everything she tackles.

"Here's where you'll find me on the Big Day of The Week," smiled Livvy. The Big Day, she explained, was nurse's day off. That's when she takes over the whole care and feeding of Ben, from mixing pablum to fixing a fast didy—and loves it. Matter of fact, Livvy said, she was determined, before her baby arrived, that no one but his mama would care for him. And she even went beyond that. "This," Livvy had said in a burst of maternal emotion, "is my career from now on. I'll quit acting, I'll devote myself and my life to bringing up my boy." She meant it then, too. Luckily, though, she listened to reason when her friends, including her own doctor, told her that would be a big mistake—for herself, her boy, her husband and everyone concerned. But it shows how close Hollywood's first lady came to leaving the screen, also the value she places on this bundle of blessedness who peered cockily up from his crib at two worshipping parents and me.

"This 'quick snack' took 14 hours to prepare!"

says **WANDA HENDRIX**, starring in
UNIVERSAL-INTERNATIONAL'S **"SIERRA"**
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Benjamin Briggs Goodrich doesn't look a speck like either his famous mom or his pop. He looks like another Benjamin Briggs Goodrich, a rugged great, great grandfather of Marcus who played a historic role in the building of Texas—fighting, formulating the Republic's first constitution, and all that. Marcus comes from deep in the heart of the Lone Star state, from San Antonio, one of his ancestors even fought in the Alamo. You can't get much more Texan than that.

To prove this resemblance, Olivia ran for a miniature painted on ivory of B. B. G. the First in a funny, old-fashioned frame and put it right beside her pride and joy. There he was—same solid-citizen features, good head, alert eyes, sturdy chin, even the red hair! "We named him Benjamin Briggs long before he was born," she said. "So he just had to look like his ancestor."

"But how'd you know he'd be a boy?" I wondered.

"I wanted him to be," said Olivia, simply, "so he was."

No will of her own? Ha!

the old-fashioned way . . .

I don't have to tell you that Olivia read well-nigh every book published on babies and motherhood while she was so tediously confined, so today she's a walking compendium of knowledge on the care and feeding. She had a head-start too, because 'way back when she played *To Each His Own*, she had to bathe and dress babies for some camera scenes, and, being the thorough actress she is, Olivia took lessons until she could freshen up a bambino as slick and neat as a professional nurse. Before she entered the Good Samaritan hospital for Ben's arrival, she had become interested in a maternity experiment being conducted there, called "Rooming In." This is a reversal of what had been the "scientific" trend, in that babies were not kept isolated in glass and chromium cages, but were brought into their mothers' rooms and placed beside the mothers' beds for personal and loving attention. It is a return to the old-fashioned belief that babies ought to be with their mothers. That's the way Olivia wanted it. Because "Rooming In" facilities were limited, only those mothers most richly endowed with maternalism were accepted. Mrs. Goodrich qualified on this score and became one of the first mothers to participate in the new system.

I had to smile as Olivia proudly extolled the sterling virtues of her Baby Ben. The wise words he already uttered, the amazing tricks, the masterful maneuvers. How he switched—the genius—right from formula to pablum with barely a burp. I guess mothers are the same the world over.

After a privileged pat I blew Ben a kiss and had just one discreet question as I tiptoed out. "What do you want him to be when he grows up—an actor?"

"No ma'am," said Livvy. "Benjamin," she stated confidently, "is going to be a Justice of the United States Supreme Court!" And I'm warning that whoever sits in the White House—say, around 1995—had better get that appointment drawn up. That Goodrich girl just won't take "no" for an answer.

It's really no wonder the Goodriches came up with a perfect baby. They're a pair of perfectionists themselves if I ever saw one.

The man Olivia married is hardly the austere ogre which an unacquainted Hollywood paints him. Marcus is friendly, likable, humorous, talkative and as full of beans as a Boston deacon. He wore a checked tweed jacket and gray flannels the day I saw him. He's mid-sized and nice-looking, but no pretty man. Sure, he's definitely an intellectual—but not the long-haired, spooky kind who always need a haircut.

He's been a critic and journalist all over the world—even served a writing stretch in Hollywood once—"to support 'Delilah'," he grins. "Delilah" is his best-seller novel written some years ago, which is still required reading in a lot of universities. He took nine years to pen that and expects it will be about that time, all in all, before his next novel comes out. Navy service in World War I gave him the idea for "Delilah," and for World War II Marcus put on his blues again, ending up as a Commander with battle service all over the Mediterranean, in African and Italian waters, and in the Pacific. He saw service in Gela, Sicily, at Salerno, and Okinawa. Quite a man's man. To show you how thorough and painstaking he is about his book—Mark writes an average of just one page a day, polishes it bright and tight, down in the little Westwood office where Baby Ben sent him packing.

Pleasing her husband has been the first order of Olivia's life since the minute she said "I do," and I might add, that's a pretty mutual ambition the Goodriches share. Luckily, both Marcus and Olivia are peas out of the same pod. Both are smart, anxious to order their lives, hunting perfection in everything, and dedicated to a private existence of modest elegance, I might call it. They like the right things at the right time in the right place. I couldn't work my life that way, but heaven help us if we all lived alike!

Mark and Olivia aren't social; I don't think they've been to more than half a dozen big Hollywood parties since they married. They entertain so quietly that you never hear about them—usually at intimate dinner parties, where everything, right down to the last dessert spoon and flower-floated finger bowl, is properly placed and perfect. The antique silver tea set we talked over didn't have a shadow on its gleaming surface and the cakes were crisp and melted in your mouth. They both work at the art of home life, right down to the tiniest grace.

Even with the friends they see most often—Kurt and Ketti Frings, Niven Busch and Teresa Wright, the Darryl Zanucks, of the movie set, Marcus' writer friends and college professors—they observe etiquette and protocol. Invitations are extended properly, accepted, and the party's on. They don't play canasta or rip reputations apart, but, Livvy grinned, the conversation, while on a serious level, is "likely to tear off the roof" at times. The only thing they're both foolish about to extremes is—of all things—croquet. They play the precise and intricate game with heavy narrow English wickets and heavy brass-bound mallets, serious as owls about



I thought the book was much better than the film."

it too. Darryl Zanuck, who's the Hollywood champ, got them interested. Marcus thinks it's almost as involved as chess, and by now he's got so good he can challenge Zanuck.

One night, when the Goodriches visited the Zanucks at Palm Springs, Marcus and Mr. 20th Century-Fox knocked balls around strategically all night long, under floodlights, with Olivia shouting out the window periodically, and in vain, "For Heaven's sake, Marcus, come on to bed!" He didn't until the desert sun climbed over the mountains.

In spite of her recent ordeal I never saw Olivia de Havilland look better. Her plumpness is gone, her face was firm without a lump or a line, and her figure as trim as a Powers model's. All that betrayed her new family status is what Mark calls her "mother, dear" look. It's a softening of her rich brown eyes, which always seemed a trifle restless and anxious before.

She told me she can slip right back into every one of her favorite Traina-Norell gowns—even the formal she wore to collect her Oscar for *To Each His Own* four years ago. Olivia's hair is as untouched-up, self-washed, self-done, as ever.

But appearances can be deceiving, and if you ask me they've never been more so than in Olivia's case. Not about her age—after all, she's only 32 now (which she cheerfully admits)—but about the capable kind of a woman she is beneath the sweet super-feminine facade she's always worn.

on her own . . .

The plain truth is, Olivia is Hollywood's finest actress today. And she's got that way by learning her business studiously, throughout every one of the sixteen years she's been in the studios. She's batted a thousand, too, choosing her pictures in person since that day in 1943 when she broke away from her Warners contract and set out on her own.

Not counting *The Heiress* which is a hit everywhere, Olivia's last three pictures—*To Each His Own*, *The Dark Mirror* and *The Snake Pit*—have cleaned up over $10,000,000 between them. That's proof enough.

Though she's sent many scripts a month by the town's leading producers, right now, Olivia told me, she hasn't any picture in definite view. But she's not worrying. Way she feels is, "It's more important not to do them than to do them." Which is her cryptic way of saying—"they've all got to be good and right—for Olivia de Havilland." She wants to make a modern romantic drama next, but "one with depth and stature." That hasn't come along yet but it will, she's sure. And when she finds it, you can bet, she'll go straight to town.

Now that she's over the motherhood emotions that overwhelmed her so deeply at first, Olivia admits she won't be able to stop acting until they kick her out—if that ever happens, which I seriously doubt. "I want to act as long as I live," she answered my question. "But," she twisted it back, "I want to live as long as I act, too." And she gave Marcus a smile and reached for his hand.

Those were the only things Olivia de Havilland lacked before—a husband, a home and a baby to back her up, and make her private picture complete. Now she has them—all three—and from a first-hand look, I can report they couldn't be more right for Olivia. The little girl I remember whose Midsummer Night's Dream back in 1935 came true, is no girl anymore—but a distinguished woman and one of whom Hollywood can be very proud indeed. I don't expect her to rest on her laurels, professional or private, myself. And it's funny, too, how those two lives of Olivia's have been knitted together since she married.



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It was on her way back to Hollywood last year from accepting the New York Film Critics' crown that Mrs. G. felt woozy and uncertain and it was when she got back home that the baby doctor told her the great news. This year again she captured that same honor and traveled to New York again to accept it.

I asked Olivia if, coming back to Hollywood this time, she had felt quite all right. She laughed. "Perfect—you'll get no headline there, Miss Hopper—not this time!" Which suits me—losing a headline, that is—but I hope it's one I'll be writing again one of these days soon. I know Olivia would like a larger family, because, for one reason, she told me so. For another, I know she's enough of a drama expert by now to know that Benjamin Briggs Goodrich could use a larger cast in that nursery set of his—from which a hungry yelp was already floating.

So I left, wishing the Goodriches, Marcus, Olivia and Ben, the best of luck in whatever production they undertake—whether it's movies, marigolds, croquet mallets or more moppets. I'm sure they'll have it, too, because luck is only enough courage, talent and intelligence to make your dreams come true.

Between you and me, the Goodriches have hit the combination. THE END

this time for keeps?



■ The recent separation of Betty Hutton and Ted Briskin, well-to-do manufacturer of home-movie cameras, was the third in their four years of marriage. This time, Ted said, the break was final. "I'm the one who is through, not Betty," he told Louella Parsons when she called him at the hotel to which he had gone to stay. "In the past, she has always packed up and left home."

He didn't reveal exactly what had caused this newest break, simply stating that the trouble had started on his return from a business trip. He said he was willing to allow Betty to get a divorce and that she could have custody of their two children, Lindsay Dianne, four, and Candice, two, providing he could see them whenever he wished. Betty, at this writing, has issued no statement.

The Briskins' first separation occured in February, 1946, six months after their marriage, and lasted only 24 hours. At that time Betty said: "Ted has been after me to give up my career. He wanted to be with me at the studio all the time and even to sit in on my conferences. It just can't be managed that way. I love Ted very dearly but I have worked all my life to get where I am and I can't give it up. Ted says he understands now and that he won't interfere with my career anymore. I am coming back on that basis."

The next separation took place last July. Betty said: "I won't allow anyone to say a word against Ted. If anyone is to blame for the breaking up of our marriage, I am probably at fault. All I can say is, we both tried hard to avoid this break-up, but we just can't seem to get along."

Five days later, they were reconciled. "We've reached an understanding," said Betty. "We agreed that our two children are too important for us to be apart."

Most Hollywood observers believe that such an understanding will again be reached between them. Despite the quarrels, they have seemed to be deeply in love. But even so, it appears that the course of this true love will continue to run far from smooth. A friend of Betty and Ted recently said: "The trouble with Betty is that when she makes a picture she puts so much into it that she's keyed up all the time. This can be mighty hard sometimes on those close to her—such as her husband."

And speaking of Ted, the same friend observed: "Ted is well-heeled and has a flourishing business, but let's face it: Betty goes out and brings in more money than he does. This would give almost any man some sense of inadequacy. His voice of authority is a little muted, he grows irritable and critical. And, in Ted's case, he's tried to assert himself occasionally by attempting to steer Betty's career—and that's dynamite."

they can't stop scott

(*Continued from page 33*) Tierney put dinner on the table, she discovered that she had put out one plate too many. Only seven had shown up—Scott, Larry, Eddie, Mr. Tierney, Jim and Alex (actor friends of Scott), and herself. She didn't bother to remove the extra plate, however. As she had learned from past experience, someone else might arrive any minute.

Dinner that night proceeded, as it usually does in the Tierney household, with a wild flurry of good conversation. Mrs. Tierney, sitting at the end of the table nearest the kitchen, looked at her three sons and appreciated the healthy, hungry way they attacked their dinner. It was good, she thought, to have them all back at the same table again. Larry, her oldest boy, who for the past eight months had been making a movie in Portugal; Scott, whose meteoric success in movies had taken him away from home a lot lately; and Eddie, just getting a start in this peculiar acting business. Hers was a family to be proud of. . . .

She couldn't help but remember a similar night four years before, just a few months after she'd first come to Hollywood to make a home for Larry and Scott, who had been living in a tiny apartment, and for Eddie, who had just returned from two years' service with the Army in Korea. It had been different then. Only Larry had been working. He had made a big hit in *Dillinger*, and RKO had big plans for his career. Scott, of course, wasn't serious then about anything. Eddie said that he wanted to write plays. It seemed a long time ago. . . .

going places . . .

Today the Tierney family is back together again, and individually and collectively headed for a bright future. In a few weeks, Larry's first picture in two years, *Kill or Be Killed*, will be released by Eagle-Lion. Advance reviews indicate that it will put him back on the road to stardom. Young Eddie, who just celebrated his 21st birthday, recently signed with agent Herman Bernie, who thinks he's star material. Scott, whose screen career is currently running away with the honors in the Tierney household, is what they call in Hollywood a "hot item."

Five years ago, if you had told Gerard Tierney—which is Scott Brady's real name—that he was destined to be a movie star, he would have answered you with a hearty horse-laugh. For when he stopped off in Hollywood in April, 1945, after receiving his discharge from the Navy, he thought the town was simply a good place to spend his terminal-leave pay while visiting his brother, Lawrence Tierney. He had no plans except to loaf until his money was all gone. Acting had never entered his mind. Then one day he had lunch with Larry at Lucey's restaurant, and Hal Wallis, sitting across the room, noticed him and invited him to come over to Paramount for a screen test. Scott remembers it well.

"It was one of those interview tests where the director stands off in the dark and says, 'Turn around. What's your name? Where are you from?'—while they run off a few feet of film to see how you look. I stood there stupidly with fear and talent oozing out all over the rug."

Wallis, however, was most encouraging about the test. "You have a very manly face," he told Scott. "You should go places." He did not, however, invite him to stay. Nor did any of the other producers whom Scott trooped around to see during the next month.

Finally, he realized it might help a little if he knew something about acting. So

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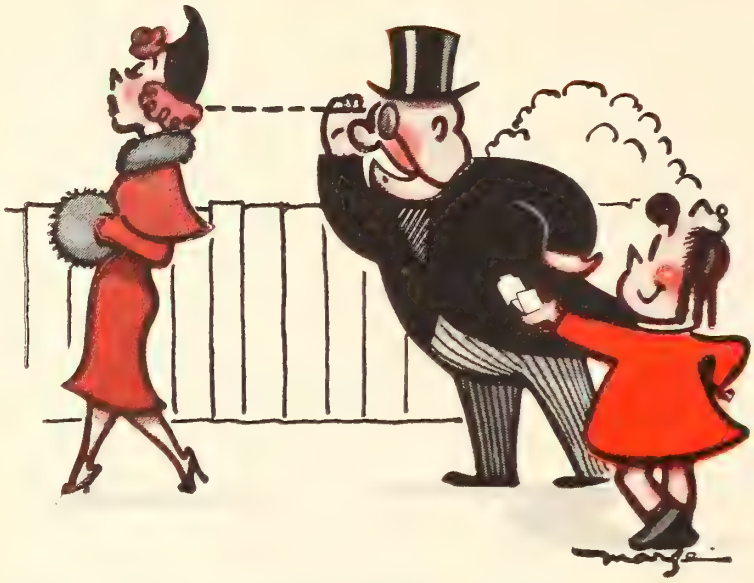
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a few weeks later he enrolled at the Bliss-Hayden dramatic school under the GI Bill of Rights. Before he knew it, the bug had bitten him. Scott can't remember exactly when it happened, but one day the realization suddenly came to him. He was an *actor*.

The night Scott played his first important role at Bliss-Hayden—the lead in *Heaven Can Wait*—his mother, father, and brother Larry were all out in front in the audience. He felt awkward and awful, until the curtain came down. Then Larry came backstage and said, "I knew you could do it, fellow!" Larry's praise was worth more than all of the applause that his performance had received. The next night, Larry sent his own agent to see the play—and he agreed that Scott was ready for pictures. The next day, he started selling Scott to the studios.

A few days later, Scott found himself reading for David Selznick, who thought enough of his ability to place him in Lester Luther's special talent school at his studio. He also tried out for a number of casting directors around town, none of whom seemed especially interested in his ability. Then one day, while Scott was moping around his room at home, his agent called about the leading role in a prize-fighting picture called *In This Corner*, which Eagle-Lion was casting.

"Can you box?" the agent asked.

"A little," Scott answered, modestly. "I won a boxing tournament in the Navy."

"That ought to do it," his agent said. "Get over here this afternoon and we'll go see the people at the studio."

time for prayer . . .

Before Scott left home that afternoon, he stopped in the kitchen and said, "Pray for me, Mom. This may be my chance."

Mrs. Tierney, who is devoutly religious, replied, "I will—but I think it would be better if you prayed yourself." And she handed him a fresh copy of the prayer to St. Jude, patron saint of hopeless cases and things despaired of. It is her favorite prayer, and she keeps a number of printed copies on hand to give to her friends who are in trouble and in need.

Scott stuck the card in his wallet and set out for Eagle-Lion to audition for the role. While talking to director Chuck Reisner, Scott pulled out his wallet to show him a recent picture of his brother, Larry, and the prayer to St. Jude fluttered to the floor.

"What's that?" Reisner asked.

"Just a prayer my mother gave me," Scott mumbled.

"Let me see it," said Reisner. He looked at it—then reached for his own wallet and pulled out the identical prayer. "You and I are on the same team, it appears."

Reisner took an immediate liking to Scott and went to bat for him with Eagle-Lion. As a result, when the film began months later, Scott won the lead in *In This Corner*. When he reported for work, Reisner purposely gave him the toughest scene to do on the first day—a long speech involving nearly five pages of dialogue. Scott came through without a hitch, and the remainder of the picture rolled in beautifully, on schedule.

But it was another low-budget movie, *Canon City*, the story of a prison break, which solidly launched Scott's screen career. Produced by Bryan Foy, *Canon City* was what the trade papers in Hollywood call a "sleeper." It made a small fortune for Eagle-Lion and awoke the studio executives to the fine acting talent of its young star, Scott Brady. Immediately, they broke out a long-term contract and began waving it under his nose. Scott signed it, naturally.

Eagle-Lion, however, ceased active production about six months later, and Scott

was able to negotiate another contract with Universal-International, a seven-year deal guaranteeing him two pictures a year. For Universal, he has already made *The Gal Who Took the West, Undertow,* and *I Was A Shoplifter,* which will be released soon.

Now that Larry has returned from Europe, Universal is planning to co-star him with Scott in a crime drama entitled *Payoff.* In it, they will play brothers on the opposite sides of the law, and for Scott, it will be the fulfilment of one of his greatest ambitions. He thinks that his brother Larry is as good as they come, and he is quick to flare whenever someone has the tactlessness to mention the wave of bad publicity which Larry stirred up several years ago with his tough-guy arguments in bars and nightclubs. Scott knows his brother for what he really is—an intelligent, sensitive and loyal friend—and he feels that whatever mistakes Larry has made, he has long since paid for them with his own suffering.

"Larry has been responsible for practically everything I've accomplished in Hollywood," he rushes to say. "He taught me most of what I know about acting, he introduced me to all his friends, and he made me work hard. Why, he even was responsible for my screen name, Scott Brady. He found it in a novel he was reading at the time I got my break at Eagle-Lion."

The Tierney family has always been a close-knit unit. When Larry, Scott and Eddie were all kids in Brooklyn, they lived in a big, two-story brick house on a busy, noisy street, the sort of street which swarmed with kids when school let out. Their father, Lawrence A. Tierney, was at that time Chief of the Aqueduct Police, in charge of the 400 men who patroled the New York water supply, and

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his family and his home were a great joy to him. Every Sunday during the summer, he packed them up and took them to the beach at Rockaway, and his sons all learned to swim like seals. He was as persistent that they should join the Y and go out for athletics as his wife was that they go to church and say their prayers regularly. All the boys became distinguished athletes in school. Larry ran the half-mile, and was constantly bringing his medals home to mother. Scott, when he attended Roosevelt High School, starred in basketball and football. Young brother Eddie managed to do all right, too, playing first-string end on his high-school football team.

But early in life, the boys began to develop the temperament which distinguishes them today. Larry was the quiet one, a voracious reader and a student of life. Scott was the family extrovert, even as a boy full of the exuberant nervous energy that has made him so exciting on the screen. Eddie was a little of each—studious but quite capable of kicking up as much trouble as his brother.

Back in those days, Mrs. Tierney had her problems, especially with Scott. "I always had a hard time keeping track of him," Mrs. Tierney says. "He was addicted to digging caves, and building things in the cellar. I never will forget the time he disappeared downstairs one afternoon with his friend, Charlie, and started hammering and sawing. The noise kept up for a couple of days off and on, and I didn't have the slightest idea what it was all about. Then, one morning, I looked out in front and saw him and Charlie carrying a big cage out of the cellar, and in it was the neighbor's cat, yowling its head off. When he saw me, he yelled, 'Look, Mom, I'm Frank Buck! Bringing 'em back alive.'"

Scott's high-school career didn't indicate any budding theatrical talent. He didn't appear in any school plays. He didn't deliver the valedictory address. In fact, the closest he came to the dramatic was the posing which he did as a lifeguard at Tibbets Brook swimming pool in Westchester, N. Y. Because he was 6-feet-2, weighed 180, and looked impressive in swimming trunks, Scott rarely had any arguments with belligerent gents around the pool. (He still doesn't, for the same reason.)

After high school, Scott entered the naval gunnery school at Pensacola, Florida, and shipped out on the USS Norton, a seaplane tender. Not long ago, while working on the location of *I Was A Shoplifter* in La Jolla, which is not far from the naval base at San Diego, Scott bumped into an old Navy buddy.

"For the love of Pete," the sailor said. "Jerry Tierney! I hear you're in the movies now."

"Yeah," said Scott. "Wouldn't that frost you?"

"You won't believe it," the sailor continued, "but the other day my sis sent me

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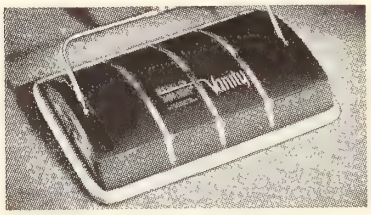
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a picture of you out of a movie magazine and asked me if that wasn't my old friend, Jerry Tierney. I wrote her that it probably was. I always expected that you'd end up doing something crazy and offbeat."

"It's a living," Scott said with a laugh.

Movie-acting has become, as a matter of fact, a very substantial living for Scott Brady. At least since he began to consider it seriously as a profession instead of simply a means of picking up some fast money. With two pictures a year guaranteed under his contract with Universal-International, and with one-a-year still hanging fire with inactive Eagle-Lion, Scott's economic future is definitely assured. But he is taking his affluence quietly. He drives the same second-hand Dodge convertible he has owned for two years. He lives on an allowance, and is saving his money to help buy a home for his family. It doesn't have to be an elaborate place; just a good, durable, well-built house that will bear the traffic of his and his brothers' friends. Mom, of course, will as usual preside at the dinner table and over their destinies—the latter with the help of St. Jude. During the last few years, she has had daily prayers said for her boys by the Dominican fathers at the Shrine of St. Jude in Chicago.

Since Scott first began to appear at nightclubs and Hollywood parties, his name has been "linked romantically" with half-a-dozen of the film capital's prettiest starlets. But in the past few months, he has confined his attentions rather specifically to Dorothy Malone and Barbara Lawrence. Marriage, however, is not uppermost in his plans for the moment. "When I get married," he says, "I want it to last an awfully long time. I don't want to rush into it now, and have to regret it later on."

As a matter of fact, it will probably take a fascinating girl to attract Scott away from the daily excitement of his family life. Since Larry returned from Europe, almost every evening is the occasion for a big session of talk over the dinner table. And that's not all. The other evening just before dinner, Mrs. Tierney looked out the window and saw all three of her boys throwing a football around in the street outside their apartment. When she called them in to dinner, they all marched in breathing hard and flexing their muscles. Scott had fallen down and skinned his knee, to say nothing of ripping a hole in his new slacks.

"Movie actors," she said, with mock seriousness. "Your fans should see you now!"

THE END

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Looking for a way to while away the time on rainy spring afternoons? We thought so, and here's a pleasant suggestion. Read all the stories and features in this issue, fill out this questionnaire and send it to us—pronto! If you're among the first 500 people to return it, you'll win a three-month subscription to Modern Screen. Tell us which stories you like best and which stars you'd like to read about in future issues. Your prize will be—the May, June and July issues of Modern Screen—all for free!

QUESTIONNAIRE

Which stories and features did you enjoy most in our April issue? WRITE THE NUMBERS 1, 2 and 3 AT THE RIGHT OF YOUR 1st, 2nd and 3rd choices.

When A Princess Is Born (Rita Hayworth) ☐
Ava Gardner's Startling Romances! ☐
Bringing Up Susan (Shirley Temple) ☐
Busiest Girl in Town (Esther Williams) ☐
They Won't Stop Scott (Scott Brady) ☐
She Knew What She Wanted (Olivia de Havilland) by Hedda Hopper ☐
Bluebird on Their Windowsill (John Derek) ☐
The Courage of June Haver ☐
Fresh Paint (Bob Arthur, Colleen Townsend, others) ☐
They Don't Belong (Gail Russell, Guy Madison) ☐
It Must Be Love (Gene Kelly) ☐
How Doris Day Won Her Son ☐
Why Stars Can't Take Criticism ☐
Roman Candle (Ruth Roman) ☐
. . . And So to Wed (Betsy Drake, Cary Grant) ☐
State of the Union (Jeanne Crain) ☐
Hollywood Pictorial ☐
Modern Screen Fashions ☐
Louella Parsons' Good News ☐
Christopher Kane's Movie Reviews ☐

Which of the above did you like LEAST?.....

What 3 MALE stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them, 1, 2, 3, in order of preference.....

.....

What 3 FEMALE stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them, 1, 2, 3, in order of preference.....

.....

What MALE star do you like least?.....

What FEMALE star do you like least?.....

My name is.....

My address is.....

City..... Zone..... State..... I am ..... years old

ADDRESS THIS TO: POLL DEPT., MODERN SCREEN
BOX 125, MURRAY HILL STATION, NEW YORK 16, N. Y.

when a princess is born

(*Continued from page 20*) in five green leather armchairs set in a semi-circle. No one could get into the hotel without being detected. What was more important, it was almost impossible to escape from the hotel without being seen. Of course, the permanent watch became slightly less permanent every evening just after midnight. And sometimes the newsmen slept a little late, and two or three of those green chairs would stay unoccupied during the early hours of the day.

By the time several weeks had gone by, newspapermen made up a large portion of the total number of clients, and the manager was getting frantic trying to cater to their desires and the demands of Aly, whose wishes were often directly counter to those of the press. Aly's wishes, of course, came first. For one thing, his father, the Aga Khan, owns the hotel.

There was an unusual politeness in the air—which had been sadly absent at the time of the Riviera wedding back in May. Aly smiled to the newsmen, the newsmen smiled to Aly. Rita would walk through the lobby, and no one would bother her by going over to ask her any questions. She would usually bundle up warmly in a wide, bulky fur coat, with a large kerchief drawn tight around her red hair, and dark anklets over her nylon stockings.

waiting, waiting . . .

Rita and Aly led a fairly simple life, doing little more than waiting for the baby to arrive. They had made arrangements for the lying-in at the highly-reputed Clinique Mont-Choisi, a neat and solid building about two miles from the Lausanne-Palace Hotel. They had arranged for the services of a world-famed obstetrician, Dr. Rodolphe Rochat. He had already delivered a number of royal babies and knew his business thoroughly—even if he was unprepared for the veritable assault he would be the victim to as soon as the American press moved in.

Rita was busy studying movie scripts as all the preparations went on. Aly reported that she had not yet decided which was to be her next film, but he assured everyone that she was anxious to get back to movie-making.

While the waiting went on at the Lausanne hotel, the score or more of special correspondents tried desperately to keep busy, and polished final details on their planning for the big day—the day of the birth. Special telephone lines were arranged, special apartments near the clinic were rented, and money began to flow from correspondents' hands into the eager hands of the hotel employees and assorted tipsters who were going to be invaluable later on.

On Christmas Eve, the correspondents and photographers chipped in and bought Rita a big bouquet of white lilacs, and Rita and Aly both returned the gesture on Christmas Day by presenting the pressmen with a case of Scotch whisky. Rita and Aly both sent along personal handwritten notes to express their gratitude for the flowers and the sentiment behind them. Princess Rita signed hers "Margarita Aly Khan," and wrote, "Hoping you make the best of Christmas and the New Year in Lausanne."

Rita and Aly went to a Christmas Eve party at the home of Aly's half-brother. Rita's daughter (from her marriage to Orson Welles), five-year-old Rebecca, had helped decorate the little Christmas tree that Rita and Aly had in their hotel suite, and there was a definite "look-how-good-I-am" expression on little Rebecca's face as Christmas—and gift-giving time—neared

Looks bigger—



and BIGGER

Your housekeeping money seems to buy less and less . . . so now this big bar of Fels-Naptha, jam-full of the double cleaning action of mild, golden soap and active naptha looks more than ever like the best buy on the soap shelves. Next time you're in the grocery store, why not join other careful shoppers—stock up with Fels-Naptha Soap —at present thrifty prices.

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Home Shampoo



It's the real egg* that makes the magic in this luxury shampoo . . . the very same smooth liquid creme used in the famous Richard Hudnut Fifth Avenue Salon to make hair more manageable, tangle-free, easier to do, and permanents "take" better. Whisks in and out like a dream, removes loose dandruff, leaves hair extra lustrous because it's clean, clean, clean! Try this gentler, kinder, luxury shampoo today. Wonderfully good for children's hair, too! $1.00; economy size $1.75

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Shampoo
with egg



It's the real egg in Hudnut Shampoo that makes hair more manageable. Home permanents "take" better

*powdered, 1%

On the Tuesday night following Christmas, Rita had a hairdresser bring his equipment to the hotel suite, and had her hair done up specially. The next morning, to the surprise and confusion of all, turned out to be the beginning of the big day in the Lausanne story.

Just before three A.M., Aly rushed Rita down from their first-floor suite into the almost-deserted lobby. He helped her through the wide hotel door into the big black hotel Buick, which had been kept drawn up before the hotel. Aly then sped through the deserted streets of Lausanne and pulled up in front of the clinic.

With Rita safely inside, Aly ran to a telephone and called the police. They were supposed to have provided an escort from the hotel to the hospital—but Aly (and Rita) had been in too much of a hurry to worry about police escorts. Now the secret, prearranged signal was flashed: "*Marlborough va-t-en guerre*"—which means "Marlborough goes off to war," and is the title of an old French nursery tune.

Meanwhile, back in the hotel, drowsy newsmen were being routed out of bed. Still groggy with sleep, they pulled on their clothes hastily and ran out into the halls, flew down the stairs, raced through the lobby, packed into waiting cars, and sped toward the clinic.

Only when they had finally arrived at the clinic did they learn that Rita had given them the slip—and was already inside, about to give birth to her child.

A long, cold birth-watch now began in the narrow street beside the clinic. The half-dressed pressmen shivered in the cold night air, while from inside the warm and comfortable clinic lights flashed on and off and nurses and attendants peered down from their windows onto the strange scene below. From their houses nearby, the Swiss citizenry looked down, too. One kind-hearted Swiss woman boiled up a big kettle of tea and brought it down for the birth-watchers. A dozen policemen guarded the clinic entrance and forbade newsmen to enter. From the hotel came the manager, bringing a milk can filled with hot grog (rum, water and lemon juice), which he distributed to the waiting press.

it's a baby! . . .

At 11, Aly appeared at the clinic door smiling broadly. "It's all over," he announced. "It's a girl."

The new little princess weighed just under five-and-a-half pounds, and was to be called Yasmin. Yasmin, pronounced "Yaasmean," is a Persian name, and means jasmine (the flower).

Aly reported that Rita had already seen the baby. Apologizing for his lack of modesty, he added that the child had wonderfully pretty, delicate features and was, to put it mildly, a beautiful baby.

As reporters rushed to telephone stories and photographers took scores of pictures of Aly, he stood drinking grog, still smiling. . . .

The next day, telegrams began pouring in to Rita and Aly. "One that I liked especially," Aly said, "came from one of my horse trainers in Ireland. You know, it's the custom when a horse is born to register it at once for all the big races. The trainer wired me: 'Am entering baby in all race classics.'" Aly's father wired congratulations from Cairo, and Rita's father in California announced that the birth pleased him mightily

To celebrate the birth, two musicians in Lausanne wrote songs. Since Aly's mother had been Italian, one wrote one called "Nina Nana Italiana." Since Aly's father is famed for the custom his subjects have of weighing him in gold or diamonds, another songwriter composed a song called

Listen to Walter Winchell, ABC Network Sunday Nights

"My Aly Baby" which began, "You're worth your weight in diamonds."

The lyric wasn't literally true, but it did give a fairly good indication of the way the baby's future seemed stacked in her favor. Someone will probably soon write a song entitled, "The Baby With the Diamond Spoon." Rita is still one of the hottest box-office attractions alive, and whether the family money comes from Hollywood or India it will have the same substantial purchasing power.

On Sunday, New Year's Day, a Lausanne photographer, delegated by Aly to photograph the new Princess, reported to the clinic. There he snapped the first pictures ever of the new family together: Rita, Aly and Yasmin.

The next item of news to issue from the calm and pleasant resort town was that the new little Princess finally had a birth certificate—10 days after her birth. Swiss civil authorities, however, refused to recognize the titles of Aly, Rita and Yasmin. They explained that all three were "ecclesiastical dignitaries" and that it was therefore incorrect to call Aly a Prince, and Rita and Yasmin Princesses. They relented enough to list Aly as a Prince ("out of courtesy," they said), but firmly left Rita title-less, as "Margarita Carmen Cansino." Yasmin also went title-less.

Exactly three weeks after her entry into the clinic, Rita left the clinic for the first time. While Yasmin stayed in bed, Rita was driven to the Chateau Dorigny. The Chateau is the luxurious Lausanne home of one of the former wives of the Aga Khan: the ex-Begum Jane Andrée (mother of Aly's half-brother, Sadruddin). Once again Rita had gone undetected by the photographer who was still living in the hallway of an apartment across the street from the Mont-Choisi Clinic. Rita returned to the Clinic, and left undetected again the very next day, going to the Chateau Dorigny, this time for lunch.

Friday, Rita and Aly went out together, and set off on a drive through town. It was so cold, though, that after 10 minutes the couple headed back to the warmth of the clinic. The photographer across the street finally got his picture of Rita that day.

It was that Friday—January 20—that Aly announced that the little family still intended to go to Gstaad, Switzerland, as soon as Rita and the baby were strong enough. The family plans to spend several months in a rented chalet there.

Almost all the reporters and photographers have now left the Lausanne-Palace, and Lausanne is gradually settling back to normal. But the ancient town will not soon forget the sensational event that will, in the minds of millions all over the world, always be its chief claim to fame.

THE END



HOW TIME FLIES!

■ Tyrone Power was so gloomy over being detained on the *Marie Antoinette* set that director Woody Van Dyke finally let him off to bid a fond farewell to Janet Gaynor, who attended the President's Ball in Washington. Yes, that romance is still very much on.—*April, 1938, Modern Screen*



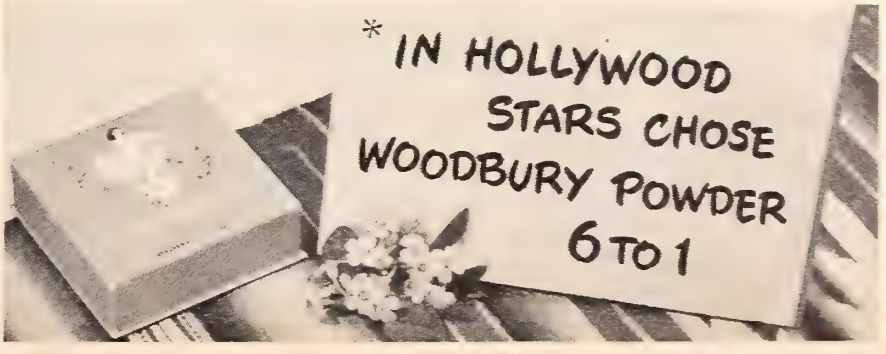
Don't look now...

You're shopping in Olvera Street, the Mexican quarter just outside Hollywood. But wait. See who's chatting with that little señor? Here's your chance to steal a good, long look at Ava Gardner! She won't think you're rude... stars expect to be admired. That's why she uses flattering Woodbury Powder (in Brunette) on her lovely complexion!



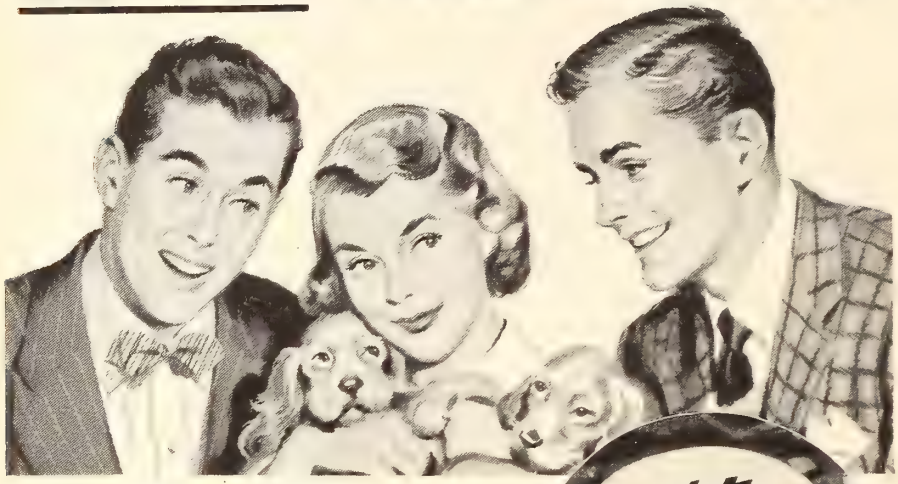
there's Ava Gardner...

Ava is one of the Hollywood stars who chose Woodbury Powder 6 to 1 in response to a recent survey*. A unique ingredient in Woodbury Powder gives the smoothest, satiny finish you've ever known! Magically warm, infinitely fine in texture, enchantingly fragrant, it clings for hours! 7 heavenly shades glorify every skin type. 15¢, 30¢, $1.00, plus tax.



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LOVALON

—the Hair Beauty Rinse

it must be love

(*Continued from page 45*) is, women everywhere want to be loved and happily married. And when they aren't, they sometimes feel a pang of envy towards those who are—such as the Gene Kellys.

"For a while," says Gene, "I couldn't understand it. There we were—Betsy, myself and our little girl, Kerry—as happy as any threesome could be. I had my work, Betsy had hers, Kerry was coming along just fine. And yet, I'd pick up a paper some morning, and there would be something like, 'Is it true that Betsy Blair Kelly is leaving for Europe because she and Gene have been tiffing?'

"At first, such items used to make me mad. I tried to find out how and where they got started. Nowadays I just don't care—I guess I'm used to it.

"We've been married more than eight years, and probably the columnists figure the law of averages is against us. *I* figure Betsy and I have at least 50 more years to go."

they never left home . . .

Friends of the Kellys insist that they get along so beautifully because they live in Beverly Hills as if they were living in Pittsburgh. They are middle-class people from middle-class backgrounds who lead middle-class lives. Most young couples who come to Hollywood and make a great success immediately establish a new way of life. It's only natural for such youngsters, enchanted by triumph, to go Hollywood, to become sophisticated, to start ordering expensive clothes and custom-made cars. It's natural and it's expected.

When you find a couple in Hollywood whose basic sense of values has not been changed by success, you are finding a rarity. Gene and Betsy Kelly qualify as such a rarity.

Gene currently earns $2,000 a week. Betsy, when she works—she's been in only two or three pictures—makes $750 a week. That's a lot of money even when more than 60% goes to Uncle Sam in taxes. Now, when you're making that much in Hollywood, you are, as has been noted, supposed to do certain things.

First off, you should buy a Cadillac. Practically every top-flight star owns one of those long, low-slung jobs, preferably a convertible. Lana Turner, for example, has one in baby-blue that's simply out of this world.

The Kellys own a convertible. It's a five-year-old Ford.

Secondly, you must send your children to private school, this on the grounds that the offspring of movie stars are a cut above the average run of children.

Kerry Kelly attends the public grade-school in Beverly Hills.

Most screen celebrities hire business managers to take care of financial details. They can't be bothered paying bills and looking after their own expenses. In addition, they like to invest their money in order to make more money. Many order their business managers to invest in oil—this because the Government permits a 37½% tax deduction on the grounds of depletion. Others, like Fred MacMurray, Joan Crawford, John Wayne and Red Skelton, invest in real estate. A few, like Bing Crosby and Bob Hope, invest in anything that will show a profit. Bing, for example, owns a piece of the Pittsburgh Pirates, a directorship in the Jayson Shirt Company, interests in Minute Maid Orange Juice, Breatholators, Nylon Dip and canned milk—and only recently, his Crosby Research Foundation came up with a pill which, when swallowed, is supposed to make straight hair grow curly. Bob Hope

owns some of the Cleveland Indians, a sheet metal factory, Texas oil, real estate, and the West Coast agency for the distribution of Du Mont television sets.

The Gene Kellys have no business manager and no business investments.

The Kellys' love story began 10 years ago when Betsy Boger, a 15-year-old high-school girl, was reading a newspaper on a train on her way from Ossining, N. Y., to New York City. The newspaper carried an advertisement for chorus girls at the International Casino. Betsy had gone to dancing school, but she'd never done any professional work. Somehow, though, she decided to try for the job.

When her train reached New York, her mother was waiting at the station. "I told Mother what I wanted to do," Betsy says, "and I thought she'd object, but she didn't. She took me down to Macy's and bought me my first pair of high heels and then she put a little of her own lipstick on me and we went over to the International Casino—where I was hired for $40 a week."

A month or so later, Betsy Boger changed her name to Betsy Blair, in honor of a boy she admired who attended Blair Academy.

Now, at this same period there was living in New York a young man from Pittsburgh named Eugene Joseph Kelly. He was the founder of the Gene Kelly Studio of the Dance. This studio was located in the cellar of his mother's house in Pittsburgh. Mr. Kelly had left all this behind him, however, to come to New York in 1938 to try his dancing luck on Broadway. It turned out to be considerable—and by 1940, he had not only made a name for himself in a couple of musicals and in Saroyan's Pulitizer Prize-winning play, *The Time of Your Life*, but he had also become dance director for Billy Rose's Diamond Horseshoe.

billy sent me . . .

It was there that he first met Betsy Blair. She was all of 16 at the time, and she very properly mistook him for a stagehand. She walked down into the club, and seeing him sprawled across two chairs, asked with great dignity, "Is Mr. Billy Rose here?"

"No," said Gene. "He's not."

"Well, that's strange," Betsy said. "He sent me a card asking me to report here for a tryout."

"I'm sorry," said Gene. "He's not here. Besides, I think they've postponed the call until tomorrow. You a dancer?"

Betsy cast him her best look of disdain. "Of course I'm a dancer or I shouldn't be here."

"Any good?" Gene persisted.

"Yes, very good, very, very good."

"Well, if you're *that* good," Gene smiled, "come back tomorrow."

Indignantly, Betsy stalked out of the club.

But she returned the following day, and she danced for Billy Rose; John Murray Anderson, who was staging the show; and Gene Kelly, the dance director she had mistaken for a stagehand.

Billy Rose said she wasn't sexy-looking enough; Anderson said she was too skinny; Kelly looked into her eyes and said, "Sign her. She's a good dancer."

That's how it began.

A few months passed, and he had her heart in his hip pocket. She had his in her entire being. She still does. They were married in Philadelphia on September 22, 1941, a few weeks after David Selznick had signed Gene on the strength of his *Pal Joey* performance.

What's the secret of their happy marriage? When you ask Gene, he stops and thinks as if he were trying to condense

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1 BEAUTIFIES SKIN. New Hinds is enriched with lanolin to make your hands feel softer instantly—protect them longer. Works wonders on rough, dry skin!

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The Loveliest Women in the World take AYDS

his entire marriage into a paragraph that would explain everything.

"All I know," he says at length, "is that Betsy and I try to live our life as we think best. We don't live for show; we don't throw great parties; we live simply and plainly according to our own tastes. We get on together because we see eye-to-eye on the fundamental things that count."

Those fundamentals, according to Betsy, are "love, family, and work."

"To Gene," Betsy explains, "and also to myself, the most important thing in life is our home. Naturally, love and family go with that. We want Kerry to grow up believing in the dignity and respect which all human beings, regardless of their wealth or environment, are entitled to."

complete agreement . . .

One morning, a few weeks ago, Kerry said to Gene, "May I talk to you for a minute, Daddy?"

Gene placed his daughter on his lap. "What's on your mind?"

Kerry looked at her father with her large, innocent eyes. "What do you believe in, Daddy?" she asked.

"I believe," Gene said, and he said the words very slowly, "that every person on earth should have enough to eat."

Kerry jumped down. "Thank you, Daddy," she said. "So do I."

Gene also believes in the fundamental dignity of honest labor, of doing as much work as will satisfy a person's sense of pride and achievement. He has no objection to Betsy's being active in films.

"I get restless at times," Betsy says. "I have to do things. My emotions aren't crying out for expression or anything like that, but I feel that I should be doing something. That's when I go out and start looking for jobs. Once in a great while, a producer even offers me something. Then, I show the script to Gene. He's had a whole lot more experience than I have. If he agrees, I try to get the part." She's just finished a role in *Mystery Street.*

What Betsy doesn't say is that when she's not acting and not taking care of her own house and child, she's working at the Birmingham Veterans' Hospital out at Van Nuys. She dances with veterans who are mentally ill; she proves to many of them that they still retain the power of locomotion they insist they have lost.

When it comes to work, however, it's Gene who's the outstanding laborer in the family. Gene is not only a director, dancer, actor, and choreographer, but he's a writer as well. He wrote the screenplay for *Take Me Out to the Ball Game.* He acted in *Black Hand.* He co-directed *On The Town,* and he's currently starring in and originating all the dance routines for himself and Judy Garland in *Summer Stock.*

It would surprise no one if eventually Gene was given his own production unit at MGM, an objective he would very much like to achieve. Ever since 1942 and *For Me and My Gal,* every Gene Kelly musical has made money. This keeps the stockholders happy and Gene working.

"And when he's working," his wife says, "he's the easiest man in the world to keep happy. All I have to do is to stuff him with meat and potatoes, never any vegetables. He hates vegetables, almost as much as getting up early. We both like to stay up late and sleep the next day until noon. But I can't. I have to get up for Kerry, and Gene has to get up for MGM."

Marriage in Hollywood endures only when its participants don't go Hollywood. After eight-and-a-half years, it doesn't look very likely that the Eugene Joseph Kellys ever will. THE END

they don't belong

(*Continued from page 43*) from people."

Frankly, I think that she meant more than people. I think she meant Hollywood.

As for Gail herself, it's as she quietly says: "I never fight back. I simply stop talking." She simply announced that she and Guy had separated and she was going to Arizona for a rest. Yet in hardly more than 24 hours they were back together again. This time, Guy Madison had a statement to make. It was brief and seemed to bar any further prying into the subject of their private emotional problems.

Said Guy, "I was upset about getting out of my contract." (He was referring to his agreement with Selznick. Guy has been almost a year without working—and taking a bride under such circumstances can be a dangerous gamble.) "Gail had just finished a picture for Paramount—*The Lawless*. We were both tired."

And I can assure you that this was no glibly manufactured alibi. Gail and Guy are both tired. Not physically. But they are weary of fighting things they don't understand, for they are as different from most young Hollywood couples as is night from day. They're a couple of genuine misfits in a glamorous, grasping city which requires iron nerves to maintain the delicate balance between failure and sorrow, and success and happiness.

Gail herself unconsciously revealed to me the reason why these two really don't "belong" in Hollywood. About their careers, she said, "Guy and I are different from most people here. The reason we went into pictures was so we could help our families."

This is true. Most stars, propelled by ambition, rush pell-mell to Hollywood, leaving their families behind in fact and mind. In Guy's case, his parents were of the "poor but honest" classification. They still live in the adobe house which Guy's father built—but things are a lot better now and Guy continues to go home frequetly. Gail, on the other hand, had fewer financial worries. Still, she was less impressed when she was press-agented into the title, "Santa Monica's Hedy Lamarr," and by the chance to become famous as a movie star, than she was by the opportunity to earn a great deal of money and thereby give her mother the things she'd always wanted.

nice people . . .

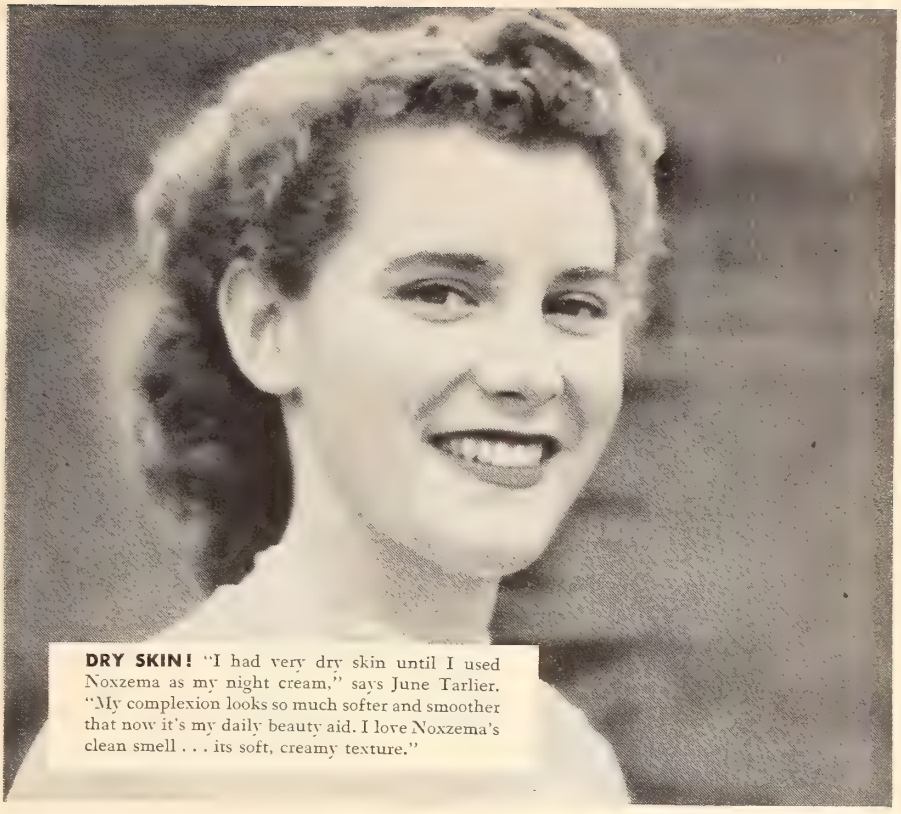
What happened on Gail and Guy's honeymoon indicates the sort of uncomplicated, genuine people these two are. And please just remember, as you read this report on their acute emotional problems, that it is the really normal youngsters who find themselves "fouled up" in Hollywood.

After their marriage, Gail and Guy rushed off—not to Acapulco or Honolulu, but that regular-folks favorite, Yellowstone Park. The first evening there they were so persistently serenaded by fans that they packed up and drove off to the greater privacy of Lake Tahoe. Here Guy asked the real estate man for a secluded cabin. There was only one, a dingy affair in which no one had lived for years. The real-estate man ventured that they wouldn't like it.

"It's great," Guy said, grabbing the key. "We'll take it."

Some of Gail's yearning for privacy faded when she saw the place. She opened her mouth to protest, but Guy had already started in with the bags.

Inside, she watched her new husband prowl around and then face her sheepish-



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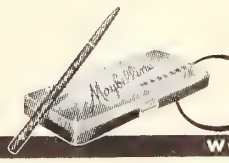
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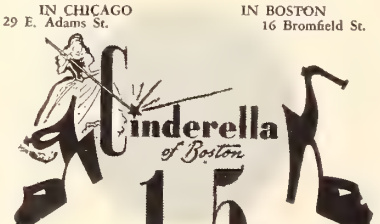
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ly. "Gail, I'm afraid it's outside," he managed to say.

"A fine honeymoon *this* is turning out to be," Gail exploded. "Not even decent plumbing!" But the situation was too hilarious. Both sat down on their suitcases and howled with laughter. During the entire stay at the cabin they roughed it.

On the last day, as Guy was gathering up their luggage, he called to her. "Hey! Did you put anything in this closet back of the stairs?" As Gail turned around to ask which closet he meant, she saw Guy yank at a reluctant door. It popped open —and the two looked dumbly in.

"So *there's* where it was!" Gail exclaimed. And there indeed it had been all the time. Primitive and a little dusty, but conveniently there. A shower even. Guy tried to explain why he hadn't tried the door before. "I—I just figured it was a closet, honey!"

I report this honeymoon incident to show that, essentially, these two are small-town people.

From the beginning they were more interested in and needing each other than almost any Hollywood couple I know. Once I asked Gail, "When did you feel you were falling in love?"

Gail said, "Who can say? I remember the first time I felt anything about Guy. It was after he'd hurt his shoulder falling out of a shower at the Beverly Hills Hotel. He was in bed, all bandaged and unhappy. Some friends of his took me along to visit him. He looked *so* miserable."

not their dish . . .

After that they saw each other frequently. Gail took Guy around Hollywood—to night clubs and parties. They soon found that this wasn't their dish of tea. Guy rescued Gail from the encircling mesh of meaningless social events by taking her to inconspicuous Mexican restaurants on Olvera Street. In the beginning, because Gail yearned so desperately for the plain farm life she'd known when she'd visited her relatives back in Minnesota, she doubtless projected all of her unfulfilled home wishes around Guy's homely personality. In turn, Guy knew that Gail was better adapted to the Hollywood pace than he, so I think he clung to her through a great need.

Frankly, it's a temptation for a reporter on the Hollywood scene to tamper with the lives of the people who live there. You get tired of being always the spectator. You want to go down on the field, so to speak, mingle with the players and perhaps say, "Look here, kiddies, you're calling the signals all wrong."

It's impossible not to feel that way about Gail and Guy—Gail, the girl who used to go to parties and sit alone moodily even though one look in the mirror could tell her she was the most beautiful girl in the place, and Guy, the man who is so genuine and so little interested in career politics and small talk that he frequently is called "dumb" behind his back. (He's dumb, all right—like Gary Cooper or John Wayne or a fox.)

Guy realizes that acting is going to be only a temporary phase in the life of most youngsters who come to Hollywood. Living is more important to him and he continually places unconscious emphasis on that fact.

Once when he drove Gail to location up in Marysville in Northern California, he parked the car on a side street, tucked a blanket around Gail's legs and said, "Don't worry, honey, I'll find the hotel in a jiffy."

On the main street he bumped into a young couple and asked directions to the San Carlos Hotel. Noticing the young man's weatherbeaten clothes, Guy asked how the hunting was around there. When

Guy finally returned to a sleeping Gail, he had directions to the hotel—but he also brought along a map directing them to the ranch of Mr. and Mrs. Bill Vivian, where they were going to spend the night. It seemed, he explained to his half-awakened wife, that they had an invitation to go hunting in the morning.

As it turned out, the studio was a little frantic about Gail's whereabouts, but she and Guy turned up—with their limit of pheasants—before the cameras began to roll. And more important than pheasants, they had a pair of new and lasting friends.

Why, then, with such mutual simple tastes and a need of each other, did Gail and Guy so soon reach the point of surrender from their marriage vows?

You can't get Gail or Guy to talk about it. One thing is certain: They are not simply two well-heeled young Hollywood stars who lacked the fortitude to face the first adjustment problems of marriage. Guy may feel more secure and strong now that he is back to work again. Some producer may realize that there is gold in the simplicity of this boy, despite his inexperience, for evidence of his strong popularity with the public cannot be denied. And Guy has already given evidence that he can take command of his girl and his marriage.

He proved that by sending Gail packing off to Arizona for a rest. As I write this, Gail has returned after 10 days there—with no announcement beyond the statement that she and Guy are now happily reconciled.

Now they will in all probability continue to search for their future home—a ranch infinitely more suited to their requirements than the charming Brentwood place they now have.

Guy should discover, with his renewed income, that he doesn't have to whittle his tastes down to such a slim bank balance. More than that, Gail may realize that even a place like Hollywood is filled with small-town people who have faced the problem of existing in a whirlpool of humanity, established a small island for living, and still have not turned into resentful hermits.

I'd put it this way: It's true that you never can tell what will happen to marriage in Hollywood. It's true that in this modern age it seems corny to say that a young couple can be so in love that they need little else so long as they have each other. But that happens to be exactly the case with Gail Russell and Guy Madison.

End of report.

Sincerely,
Laddie Marchak

the courage of june haver

(*Continued from page 39*) of us had the slightest worry. Then for seven weeks, as he kept losing ground, we prayed that if it were God's will, he would live.

"My prayer and my sorrow had brought me closer to God, and when John died, I knew *that* was His will. Since then, I have wanted to live each day of my own life as though it were my last on earth. Each morning when I wake up, I ask God to help me to be a better, more understanding human being. At night, I thank Him for bringing me safely through my waking hours. It isn't so hard to face life when you know you have someone in Heaven. I still have to get there, and that's my objective in life."

Six months ago, there was not a person in Hollywood whose heart did not go out to June as she sat by John's bedside through his lingering illness. At Warner Brothers, everyone on the set of *The*

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Daughter of Rosie O'Grady knew what it took for June to overcome her own heartache long enough to complete the last scenes of the picture. Today, those people, and the millions of others who know and love June on the screen, will be glad to know that she has found, in her religion, the way to a happy, purposeful life.

It will not be, as one overzealous columnist suggested when John was near death, by retiring to the seclusion of a nunnery. The purpose of her life was, in large part, made clear by the majority of the letters which she received from people all over America when John died, urging her to find consolation in the joy which she brings to other people by her performances on the motion picture screen. One letter in particular, which June keeps in her bedroom, came from a young woman who also recently lost her fiancé. She wrote, in part: "Continue being June Haver as we know her, and your success and happiness in life will be interminable."

"It's wonderful to have the feeling of being needed," June said. "I'll be glad to be back at work next month on my home lot at Twentieth. They have me scheduled to do a fast-moving modern musical called *I'll Get By*, and I think it will be good for me to work hard and get completely fatigued. It's too easy for your mind to become confused and muddled when you have nothing to do but sit and think."

three days of prayer . . .

The first few weeks after John's death were, of course, the hardest to bear. June returned with John's parents to Rock Springs, Wyoming, to attend the funeral service, which was held on a bright sunshiny November day at Saints Syril and Methodius Church, where John had been an altar boy. All the stores closed, and almost the entire town attended the services. The members of John's high-school basketball team were the pallbearers. June came back to Hollywood the next day and entered the Dominican Retreat House—the Monastery of the Angels—in Hollywood. She stayed there for three days, praying silently.

"When you can feel that close to God," she later told friends, "you are never alone."

After this brief interval of seclusion and prayer, June went back to her apartment and began to pick up the pieces of her life. She read and reread the dozens of letters, poems and prayers which people had sent to her during John's crisis. She found great comfort in talking to John's closest friends about him, and in thinking back over the past year, when she and John had really come to know one another. Her apartment itself, which is one of the units which she and John had planned, built and decorated together, had many memories. Her mother suggested that she might be happier if she moved to another place, a place without memories. But June decided against that.

"I have never seen any point in running away," she said. "I have always found that it is better to go right through your troubles instead of trying to walk around them."

By the end of November, the pressures of her career began again where they had left off when June finished the last dance scene of *The Daughter of Rosie O'Grady* and rushed to the hospital to be with John. First, there was a big portrait sitting—for what they call "poster art"—and Bert Six, the chief portrait photographer at Warners, claims that June was never lovelier. She posed for pictures in all the costumes from the movie, a long, tedious session in the gallery that would have been difficult under any circumstances. The wardrobe department reported that through the entire sitting June was cheerful, cooperative and helpful, as she usually is.

In December, there was real significance in the selection of the Hollywood Women's Press Club when they named June as the most cooperative actress of the year and invited her down to receive their "Golden Apple" award. June treasures the tiny gold pin which they gave her. But the big basket of real apples which also went with the award June thoughtfully took to the nuns at St. John's Hospital, whom she met during John's illness.

Christmas is always a time of joy and love of mankind, but this year it had a special meaning for June. Never before had she so completely experienced the importance of giving—of giving herself and her time to others. One day just before Christmas, June received a call from her stand-in and close friend, Shirley Clark, who invited her to come out to Birmingham Hospital and help entertain the boys in the paraplegic and aphasia wards. June spent the whole day at the hospital, singing and dancing.

June spent Christmas Eve with her younger sister, Evie, and had a wonderful time wandering around the neighborhood singing Christmas carols with a group of her sister's friends. They finished the evening by attending midnight mass in Hollywood.

On Christmas, June took on the job of entertaining her entire family in her apartment. It was a gay day, with her mother, her two sisters and their families, and her close friends filling her apartment to overflowing. June doesn't know quite how she accomplished it in her tiny kitchen, but somehow she managed to serve a lavish buffet dinner to 25 people that afternoon.

A few days later, June left for Rock Springs with her grandmother to spend a "second Christmas" with John's parents. She meant only to stay for a day or two, but didn't get away until January 2nd, and then she regretted leaving so soon. For ever since June made her first visit to John's home two years ago, she has loved the rugged mountain country of Wyoming. She and John had talked many times about building a home there. As long as June feels that she can help to fill the aching void in his parents' hearts, she will always consider Rock Springs her second home. June and John's mother built a firm bond out of their common suffering during the long hours of uncertainty at the hospital.

Since she returned from Rock Springs, June has again begun to do a few of the

I SAW IT HAPPEN



We had been having lunch in a restaurant in Beverly Hills which presents a mask in the shape of a pig to all its young guests. As we were leaving, my daughter dropped hers and a sudden gust of wind carried it further away. I made several attempts to get it but was unsuccessful. I had given up and was consoling my daughter, when my friend told me that a very handsome gentleman was going after it. It wasn't until he approached me, mask in hand, that I realized it was Robert Mitchum who thought a child's happiness important enough to chase a mask half way up the block.

R. Green
Los Angeles, Calif.

things that characterized her busy and exuberant life of a year ago. Which is as it should be, for June is by nature a cheerful and healthy person. Last month, to get some exercise, she began playing tennis again. In time, she hopes to get her golf game back into the form which won for her the women's championship in the studio tournament last year. Just a few days ago, June called Shirley and said, "Guess what I did yesterday! Believe it or not, I went skiing for the first time in my life."

June went on to tell Shirley about meeting a gang of kids with whom she went to Beverly Hills High School a few years back. They persuaded her to go up to Big Pines with them for a Sunday romp in the snow, and June had so much fun that she plans to continue her ski lessons every weekend until her picture starts.

But since the middle of January, most of June's interest and time have been taken up with a project which is more than a hobby or a way to pass time. Two years ago, June and John pooled their savings and, as an investment, built an apartment house. It is the building in which June now lives, and as apartment houses go, it is an agreeable modern building. It is also a personal achievement of June's, for in addition to making a smart investment of it, June also is responsible for the interior decoration of every room in it.

As a matter of fact, the building turned out so well that June and John were planning to build another one, a bigger building which would include a penthouse apartment for them, to be occupied by them as soon as it became possible for them to be married in the Catholic church. They had the plans all drawn and were looking for a building site just a few weeks before John went to the hospital. After his death, June dismissed the entire project from her mind. Didn't want to think about it.

old plans revived . . .

Then one day about five weeks ago, a contractor friend of John's named George Froley called her on the phone.

"How'd you like to decorate a house I'm building out in Beverly Hills?" he asked her. "It's a big Colonial place with lots of opportunities to use colorful wall papers. I think you'd have a lot of fun doing it. How about it?"

"I'd love to, George," June enthused. "When can we talk about it?"

"Right now," George said. "I'll bring you the plans."

Before she knew what had happened to her, June found herself running around like an anxious bird, looking at paper samples, testing paint colors, and clipping off tiny swatches of fabric. It didn't take George long to approve her selections. They were original, bright, and exactly right for the house plans. Now, for the next three weeks, June will have a big job on her hands, that of supervising the plasterers, painters, and paperhangers.

Out of her enthusiasm for this new undertaking, June has reclaimed the plans for the building which she and John were going to build together. This project is no misty dream to be put into effect in the vague future. June plans to break the ground on the building site sometime this year, and as soon as she finishes *I'll Get By*, she'll begin on her decoration scheme.

"It never hurts to have a sideline," June laughed, and it was a joy to see her eyes so bright. "I want to have something interesting to do when people get tired of seeing me on the screen."

I saw no reason for answering her with the obvious—that that day would never come as long as she continued to find joy in living and bringing joy to others.

THE END

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why stars can't take criticism

(*Continued from page 48*) a hoarse, cruel voice cried.

"Hey—why aren't you in the Army, Bud?"

Milland matched his volume and tone. "Are you kidding?" he yelled. *"With a war on?"*

A small incident. It proved that the actor was equipped to defend himself with a classic quip, spontaneous or studied, for an eventuality that shriveled his soul. But it was also proof—since Milland was of a mind, it is said, to call off the rest of his trip then and there—of the contention that movie stars can't take criticism.

Because of their temperamental make-up, and because their perch on the rocky pedestal of flicker fame is always a shaky one, stars can't take criticism both for reasons of personal sensitivity and simple business policy.

Stars are paid their handsome salaries as public attractions on the strength of their ability to charm large numbers of people into loving them sufficiently to plunk down huge sums of money to get a look at them. Therefore, it is held by reporters, editors and writers that a movie star has small right to a private life. They, and consequently the reading public, feel then that a star is a fair target for the most personal kind of criticism.

The stars, on the other hand, clutching at the premise that they are eligible for a small serving of dignity, beg at first, then roar for privacy in some matters. For example, Paulette Goddard.

No associate of Paulette Goddard can ever mention in her hearing, her marriage to Charlie Chaplin. If anyone in any capacity at any studio that wanted to ever make a picture with Goddard were to criticize her silence on the Chaplin affair, his head would fall beneath Paulette's pocketbook-size ax before he could finish.

battleground . . .

Goddard is a prime example of the inability of a star to take criticism in any form. They say she has a hate list as long as Sunset Boulevard. Her frequent change of directors is a positive affirmation of this, as it is reported she will not work twice with a man who intimates that she might have done better in that last scene if she had tried a little harder. The rumbles of friction from the stages of *Anna Lucasta* last year were enough to start small fires.

The star, even the most affable star, can foul up a picture to a fare-thee-well in a pique. Bob Hope, they say, did it in a recent picture when he is said to have heard that the producer had made a couple of remarks at a party about old jokes. Whether by accident or design, the movie took almost twice as long as scheduled to complete. Hope didn't feel good today, had to go to Minneapolis or some place to play a benefit, didn't like the dialogue or the sketch in the ninth reel, and a number of other things. The heads are still bouncing in the gutters.

To criticize Abbott and Costello on their home lot is to tempt the fates that line the people up in front of the state unemployment offices. These lads, for all their knockabout souls, are sensitive. They base their sensitivity on the premise that they've made Universal at least a hundred million dollars—and there are those who go along with them in that contention. No director dares tell them much more than where the camera will pick them up, nor does any set flunky say anything more expressive than "yes."

Unlike most stars, though, they have done something constructive about their temperament. They carry their whipping-boy with them—a small, rugged ex-vaudevillian. Whenever one of the comics feels a rage coming on, or some other emotion that will interfere with the business at hand, he howls for the vaudevillian and anything can happen. He pushes a soft pie in the foil's face, pours a bucket of water in his new hat, or performs any other little funny that might relieve his spleen. The current invective that is said to send Costello into a tizzy is the truthful, "Say, you sure have gotten skinny."

Everybody has enemies, but in Hollywood they are on a more personal basis. The proprietor of a butcher shop in Indianapolis will frankly agree that his enemies expend some of their venom on other folks, and that he is merely a name on a list of victims. In Hollywood that is seldom the case. The motion picture victim is usually convinced that he is the little black spot in the center of the target his enemies are throwing knives at.

A recent illustration is the hue and cry recently in the public prints over the excess poundage picked up on a vacation by Judy Garland.

a matter of weight . . .

Actually, it mattered very little to the one party most intimately concerned, the cameraman, for he could quite easily light and shade the Garland torso and chin line to kill or build the pouches. It is said, and from reliable departments, that Judy went into a rage, then went home and wept uncontrollably when the matter of pudginess was pointed out to her.

Now, if you were to place Judy Garland in a dime store in Wilmington, Delaware, and have someone drop a hint to her that she was developing a tummy and a crease under the chin, she would no doubt have waited until closing time to take a look in the mirror, then, in a day or so, trotted down to the drug store to pick up a package of reducing pills and pledged to lay off sweets and starches for a couple of weeks.

But Judy Garland is a movie star. She has enemies. The first, more than likely, was a columnist who, needing a filler item, chattered that: "Judy Garland, who was so painfully thin last time we saw her, is beginning to look like a blimp."

The second probably was a studio executive who, spotting the item, dictated an inter-office memo: "See if you can get Garland to consider taking off 15 or 20 pounds. Hear she is beginning to look like Elsa Maxwell."

The third might have been an underling who had to approach Judy with a sick grin and say, "Miss Garland, the front office wants to know if you would mind, please, not eating such a big lunch. You're 11 ounces over the weight your contract calls for."

By the time the words were said face to face, Garland had been buzzed and briefed by a hundred friends that her enemies were out to get her—via the waistline—and she blew like a sperm whale on a sunny day.

Most of the female stars have at one time or another been the victims of this overweight assassination. Lana Turner, for one, falls into the range of the weight gossipers' guns at least once a year. She's

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too fat, they say, or too thin—she looks like a Goodyear ad flying over the house, or else the last discovered tenant of a concentration camp. And Turner has reacted in the true tradition of the star by howling: "I've got enemies!"

Even patently honest criticism without malice is dangerous in the realm of the movie star. The odd ventures into vengeance on the parts of the stars when in anger over a slight are rather amusing. There was the time that Betty Hutton's husband said something uncomplimentary at the breakfast table, as is a husband's right and duty, and Betty stormed into the office of the executive in charge of keeping Betty Hutton happy and demanded that her mate be barred from the lot. "If he sticks his face in here," she howled, "I leave! It's him—or me!" Before such an order could be issued, however, love won a speedy joust with hate over the telephone, and when Mr. Briskin pressed the buzzer, the door was blown open by a hearty sigh of relief.

There is the Case of the Hairy Lip—or Peter Lawford's Mustache Knows No Fear. There was a period in the young English actor's life when, to him, a thriving patch of fuzz on his upper lip ranked with the Marshall Plan as a thing of consequence. It would have been less hazardous to steal one of his women than to cast a slurring remark about the tickler. A suggestion that maybe the thing was sapping his strength would send Pete into a fury. Finally, convinced that the world was set against his little beauty, he went hog-wild. Cultivation prospered, the mustache grew to fabulous proportions. Along the lip and out it spread until Lawford was faced with playing nothing but officers in the Turkish Army or quitting pictures. It took, they say, the entire MGM front office, four studio policemen, a brace of barbers and a personal plea from the British Ministry of Hair to get it trimmed—and Lawford was a beaten and unhappy man for days. All this because of an initial idle remark that Peter made a mistake when he started his mustache.

don't say that! . . .

If there were a statuette for the most temperamental actress on the screen, at least 5,000 Hollywoodites would chip in to buy a solid-gold one for Hedy Lamarr. She has many sore spots, but the most delicate one has to do with physical well-being. The slightest suggestion that she does not look the picture of splendid health shatters her completely. She is incapable of criticism in this matter, and they might as well close the store for a day or so if she hears, or suspects she hears, a whisper to the contrary.

Robert Mitchum, publicity to the contrary, is violently allergic to allusions to his brief hassle with the law of a year ago. He went along for months with the writers and pals who joked or paddled him for the incident. Then he figured he had taken enough, and today if you mention it within his hearing you're liable to have to go and get your jaw wired back in place.

Even though criticism may be deemed by a majority to be deserved, the stars kick up a fuss. Ingrid Bergman fell in love with Rossellini. She didn't keep it a secret, feeling probably that the fans would understand. The fans didn't understand and criticized Ingrid at every opportunity for her act. Instead of frankly stating her case and asking for a just decision from the people who paid her salary, Bergman haughtily announced that she would never make another movie. They say she intends to keep that promise. And the finish of her career can be laid solely at the feet of the temperament that angered her into deciding the public which criticized her would never get an-

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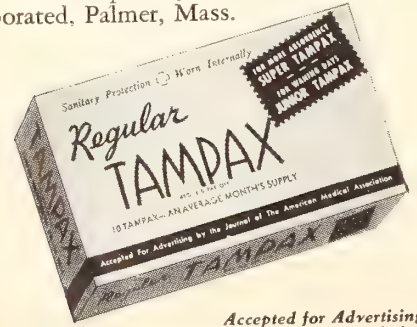
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other look at her for their dollar bills.

Even Clark Gable. When moviedom's hero of World War II arrived back in Hollywood, he was more paunchy than when he had left. The word was passed around the MGM lot that Clark was trying to do something about it, and that he would resent any reference to his change until he looked himself again. The result was a general embarrassment that followed Gable around the studio like a cloudy tail. When he entered the commissary for lunch, all conversation would stop, as though a switch marked MUMBLE OF VOICES had been pulled in the front office. It must have been obvious to Clark, but it had to be. A tribute to a personal vanity.

There are endless tales attesting to the impediment in the character of an actor or actress that bars criticism, valid or not. Maybe it's a good thing. Maybe it is required that a man or woman who makes a living as a public puppet be delicately strung, and to keep them in performing balance, the string of criticism must never be joggled.

If this is true, an enigma exists. It has been the experience of most of these players to prepare for their greatness the hard way. They have, in the main, been buffeted almost beyond endurance in their climb to their current heights. There have been scores of adverse notices of their work, looks and possibilities. Some took these stabs in better grace than others, but they all took them.

Some of them have literally taken tomatoes in the face and have been thrown out of stage doors—all because of their loudly-howled inadequacies. The mob, the press and their own friends have had at them to their fullest desires.

But when that star has risen, when the name they have built is shining bright in lights of neon and frosted white, the imbalance sets in—and everybody begins to tiptoe across the acre of eggs surrounding each and every movie star in Hollywood.

But then, maybe it is we, the press and public, who have become sensitive and have dreamed up this wall that stands between us and our idols. Maybe the coworkers of the stars are the villains of the piece. Try on this last anecdote for size.

It was a Bing Crosby picture at Paramount. About the middle of the afternoon of a fairly hard day of shooting, a pale executive with trembling hands called a producer.

"We're in terrible trouble," he panted.

"What's the matter—are we fired?" croaked the producer, matching the boss's pallid hue.

"Not yet," said the exec. "Worse. I just talked to the production office and they tell me Crosby has to work tonight."

"Oh, my Lord," moaned the producer. "Who's going to tell him?"

"You," said the executive, quickly hanging up and dashing out of his office.

The producer sweated and trembled for a few minutes, then called the director. "You," he said, "go down to the set and tell Crosby he's working tonight."

"Are you out of your mind?" screamed the director. "Nobody's said anything, but already I have the feeling Crosby despises me. I've worked too long at my career to throw it out of the window like that."

"It's your set," stormed the producer, "and your picture. You go right down and tell him he's working tonight or so help me I'll see you never get another job!"

The producer hung up quickly and dashed out of *his* office.

The director went back to the company, obviously a beaten man. He eyed his aggressive assistant.

"Hey you," he said. "Go on over to Crosby's dressing room and tell him he's working tonight."

"But—" said the assistant director, turning a rare shade of pea green.

"Your wife just had a baby," said the director. "Assistant directors are a dime a dozen. To your duty before something final happens to you!"

The assistant walked over to the water bottle and proceeded to drink copious slugs of the stuff, carrying it to his mouth with two trembling, wet hands. A standin walked by.

"What's the matter with you?" he asked.

"I've got to tell Crosby he has to work tonight," said the assistant. "I'll be all right after I take a couple of phenobarbitals."

The stand-in walked over to Crosby's dressing room, where Bing, smoking a pipe, was reading a paper in the doorway.

"Hi, Bing," he said. "I see we have to work tonight."

"Yeah?" said Bing without looking up. "Guess I better phone my wife and tell her I'll be late for dinner."

And he puffed happily on his pipe.

THE END

how doris day won her son

(*Continued from page 47*) talents fell into place and she was a success at Warner Brothers studio, singing on coast-to-coast radio shows, making best-seller phonograph recordings.

She realized that the hectic schedule of a band-singer had been largely responsible for destroying her two marriages, and had forced her to relegate to her widowed mother the duties of rearing Terry. She wondered if it were too late to establish a normal mother-son relationship with her five-year-old boy. Perhaps his infant impressions had destroyed his security. He might always look upon her as a woman who tomorrow, the next day or the next, would desert him, leaving him again to seek shelter from another person.

In May, 1948, Doris found a house she could afford in the San Fernando valley. By September, after an exhausting summer of work and intensive shopping for sturdy antique furniture, she had the home ready for Terry and her mother.

"I wondered how it was going to be—having Terry with me permanently," she recalls. "It came to me suddenly that the important things of life cannot be bought with money—only with humble effort. I now had the professional success for which I had been struggling. I was secure, financially, for the first time in my adult life.

"But here I was, more nervous than I had been the day I asked Director Mike Curtiz for my first job in motion pictures, wondering what a six-year-old boy would think of me—his mother—and the home I had provided for him.

"When he arrived, I kissed him, then looked at him a moment. I saw a sturdy boy, looking a little like me, a little like his father. But he was neither of us. He was himself—a human being, the product of his environment—a motherless and fatherless environment.

"I asked him if he wanted to go into the backyard and play. He looked at me silently for several seconds. I would have given anything to know what was going on behind his inscrutable eyes. Then he said very gravely, 'I'd better ask Nana'."

At that instant Doris knew the extent of her problem, for she must take from him a previously reliable source of authority without damaging the respect or impairing the affection he held for his grand-

mother. Then she must substitute her own authority in such a way that he would respect her as well as love her.

"Mother came to my rescue," Doris says. "She said to him, 'Whatever your mother says is always right.' Terry smiled—and went out to explore the yard."

That evening, Doris and her mother had a long talk. Terry would have the bedroom down the hall from Doris' room, while the grandmother would use the bedroom and bath at the other end of the house.

Without training in child psychology, Doris had to depend upon native commonsense and mother instinct. She knew that Terry's life, up to this time, had been top-heavy with women. His only adult male companion on anything like a consistent basis had been Paul, Doris' older brother, who had been with Terry for about a year in Cincinnati.

Doris could have smothered her son with affection, but instead, turned in one of her most superb acting jobs by returning his "Hi" with "Hi" until the first time he came to her, instead of to his grandmother, for comfort and security.

"It was a little thing," Doris explains—with a softness to her smile that makes her seem more mature than is indicated by her slender figure and prominent freckles. "He'd been playing with the neighbor boys when two of them bumped together. Terry fell hard."

With elbows skinned and lips bruised, Terry came to his mother—not his Nana—for repairs and solace. "I didn't give him the full treatment," Doris says. "I tried to think how a boy's father would have acted. So I treated his wounds. kissed him and told him to go back and play."

the protective instinct . . .

Terry, too, seems very aware that there is no man in his family. In June, 1949, when his mother obtained her divorce from his stepfather, George Weidler, Terry went to Doris and said, "Don't you worry, I'll take care of you. And when I get big, I'll get a job, and you won't have to work any more."

Terry hardly knows his own father, Al Jordan—for Doris and Al, a trombonist with Jimmy Dorsey's band, separated immediately after Terry was born.

Shortly after Terry's arrival from Cincinnati, Doris decided to give him a temporary, 100 percent masculine existence to counteract the influence of women in his life. So she sent him to a camp near Mount Baldy.

"He came back a changed boy, filled with man-talk and a new self-confidence," she says. "But a boy needs the companionship of a man—not merely for a month each year, but every day.

"It is right that Terry should think of protecting me. And when he is in trouble it is logical for him to turn to me—as men have always turned to women—for comfort. But every boy needs a man to whom he can go for advice, or simply for a man-to-man talk about the affairs of the world, the way their women are treating them, or what sort of lure will be the most effective the next time they go fishing."

Terry seems to feel a need for such masculine companionship, and the friendship he has struck up with Marty Melcher, his mother's six-foot-four-inch agent, has been a bright spot in the boy's life. Melcher handles the professional affairs of Doris Day in motion pictures, radio, and phonograph recordings. Consequently, he has many conferences with her. In this way, Marty has become acquainted with Terry, and the warm relationship existing between the man and the boy seems a natural outgrowth of two basically friendly personalities.

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Shortly after the 1949-50 school year started and Terry began second-grade work, Marty gave the boy a man-sized lunch bucket with a special thermos container for chocolate milk—Terry's favorite beverage.

Prior to that, Terry had shown virtually no interest in his mid-day meal at school. But when he carried his lunch, he developed a better appetite.

Then, one evening as Doris was getting him ready for bed, he opened a conversation of the type that frequently bewilders mothers.

"Mommy, do you pay for the milk they give me at school?" he asked.

"Why, yes. I pay for it each month in advance."

"Well," said Terry, shrugging into his pajamas, "next month don't pay. I don't drink it now that I've got Marty's lunch bucket. I carry my own milk."

This concern of Terry's, who is not yet eight years old, for the needless spending of money reflects, Doris knows, the insecurity in his life through the years when she was a band-singer struggling for recognition.

financial worries . . .

Not long ago he wanted to get a paper route. "I can make plenty of money that way," he declared.

Doris, too, thinks it's a good idea for a boy to work a little and thus establish his independence. But when she investigated, she learned that Terry must wait until he is 10 years old before he can become a newsboy.

"By the time he's 10," Doris smiles, "he'll probably want to be an airplane pilot."

Shortly before Thanksgiving, Terry had another inspiration. He said to his mother, "Say, have you paid for my entire school year in advance?"

"Why?"

"Well," said Terry, "just in case you haven't, I could quit school the first of next month and save you quite a lot of money."

Doris began to laugh silently, but Terry wasn't finished. "I might as well, anyway," he continued, "because if I ever get to be President, I'm going to close all the schools."

Doris explained that he'd be a lot better off going to school for at least a while. "Especially if you plan to be President," she said, and tucked him into bed.

Terry seems entirely unaware that his mother is an important Hollywood personality. He knows that she makes pictures and records and appears on radio programs. But he accepts this as simply something his mother does for a living.

Incidentally, Terry is *not* one of Doris Day's most enthusiastic movie fans. He's seen *It's a Great Feeling* five times—it's happened to have been coupled with cowboy pictures on double bills. The last time he returned from such a show, his grandmother asked how he liked the picture.

"It was a swell Western," he replied.

His grandmother should have dropped the subject right there. But she persisted. "How did you like *It's a Great Feeling?*"

"Gee," he replied, "how many times can a guy laugh at the same jokes?"

But Terry has proved that as far as he is concerned, age does not necessarily impair a joke.

"He's always killing himself with a joke that is months old," Doris explains. "Recently, he's been giving Hallowe'en jokes a terrific ride. The other morning at breakfast he asked, 'Mommy, is Hallowe'en over?'"

"Certainly. Months ago."

"Then why are you still wearing your mask?"

"With that," Doris says, "he practically fractured himself. No wonder Milton Berle is one of his favorite TV programs!"

Although Doris has a house that is quite small, Terry has complete freedom within it. When writers interview her, or when big deals are being talked out, Terry's life goes on as usual. If he and his friends are pursuing "rustlers," a swarm of sombreros may pass through the living room to the accompaniment of numerous bangs and the whistle of bullets.

The matter of getting another house is a pressing problem with Doris today. She wants more room—not so much inside as outside.

"I'd like to have space enough for a volley ball or badminton court, and a small swimming pool. It would make a wonderful place for Terry and his friends to play. And I could play with him, too," she adds, glancing down at the jeans she was wearing at the time. "I try to play with him, and I like to be dressed for a romp or a rough-house."

The manner in which Doris dresses when she has a chance to spend a portion of a day around the house with Terry, seems to reflect a subconscious desire to be both a mother and a father to Terry. Her normal attire on Sunday morning is either jeans or pedal-pushers with a T-shirt. Dressed this way, she's ready at a moment's notice to play with Terry and Smudgie—or with Terry alone when the dignity of the French poodle seems violated by the cavorting of the two human beings closest to his heart.

This manner and mode of the Day household gives added meaning to Doris' words when she frankly admits she wishes she had a husband. "Certainly I want to get married," she says. "Every girl does. And not simply because Terry needs a father, either. A woman should have a husband—the right sort of husband. I believe I know now exactly what I want in a man—love, friendship and respect."

Making movies, appearing regularly on the Bob Hope radio show as well as making frequent guest appearances on other programs, and turning out a heavy schedule of phonograph recordings—all this prevents Doris from spending as much time with Terry as she'd like.

Movie-making probably interferes more with her routine than her other two main activities. For example, when Warners started shooting *Storm Center*, early in December, Doris had to be away from Hollywood for several days.

When such location trips separate her from Terry, neither likes it. But now, after nearly a year-and-a-half of real home-life, both Terry and Doris take such separations in stride.

"He knows he is my boy," Doris says. "He knows we belong together. If I have to stay away for a few days, he knows I am coming back—not going off on a tour with a band that will keep me away for so many months that he could almost forget I'm his mother!" THE END



that's hollywood!

A magazine writer was interviewing Ava Gardner at Le Chambord Restaurant. "Does gossip annoy you?" he asked. "Certainly not," said Miss Gardner. "What would you like to tell me?"

Irving Hoffman in
The Hollywood Reporter

(*Continued from page 24*) to the fore once again. The rumor-mongers began to go to work on Ava. "Of course," said one. "I saw them together in New York."

"That's nothing," said another. "I hear that if Frankie gets married again, Ava is the one."

"Isn't it true," asked a third, "that Ava was at Frank's New Year's party at Palm Springs? And didn't he give her a beautiful piano for Christmas?"

Actually, what had happened was this: Frank and Nancy Sinatra had quarreled, as all wives and husbands occasionally do. Rather than have his children sense the strained atmosphere around the house, Frank had packed a wardrobe trunk and had moved into his office for a few days.

During those few days, he spent some time with old friends—one of whom was Ava. And in the course of those same few days, a large Steinway piano arrived at his office, and Frank let Ava play it. When those few days elapsed, and his anger had worn off, Frank returned home.

Of all the people he had been with during that time, only Ava made the gossip columns. Apparently, whenever the lovely North Carolina brunette is connected with a news item, the reaction is feverish.

The day in 1941 when Ava first arrived in Hollywood with an MGM contract, she was taken on a tour of the lot. She was led to the stage where Judy Garland and Mickey Rooney were playing a scene for *Babes on Broadway*.

When the scene was finished, Ava was introduced to the principals. Rooney, who'd been in the entertainment business all his young life and who'd been around beautiful women from the day he first could see, had never been around anything like Ava. He looked at her and did a double take. This girl was beautiful. What was even more important, she seemed to generate sex-appeal.

Mickey gulped and drank in all this beauty. A few nights later, he called and asked for a date. In six months' time, Ava Gardner, the lovely farmer's daughter, was Mrs. Mickey Rooney.

You've probably read a good deal about Ava's short-lived marriage to Mickey. When Ava married Mickey, she didn't particularly care about her career. "All I wanted to do," she says, "was to take care of Mickey. I wanted to make a go of our marriage. If someone offered me a part, I played it. If I wasn't offered any part, I didn't worry about it. To me, Mickey was the most important thing in life. I used to be very lazy about my acting. But I was never lazy about my marriage."

Ava has always been in love with love. As she herself says, "Each time my marriage has broken up, it's been like dying. I tried hard to make them work. I even quit movies because they take too much out of you. They don't leave anything for your husband."

the simple things . . .

To Ava, marriage is and always has been the main objective of her life. There are some who would have you believe that she's a siren who collects men as a queen bee collects suitors.

Not true. Ava has played the field pretty widely, especially between her two marriages and since her divorce from Artie Shaw in 1946. But she has had a discriminating eye cocked on matrimony.

"What I want out of life," she says, "is what my momma and daddy had, and I don't see why I can't have it. I need marriage and a home and kids to feel like I'm really living."

In short, Ava is ready to give up all the tinsel and glitter and phony romance for the real thing—a husband she can love and respect and grow with.

This she did with Artie Shaw, whom she married in 1945. A musician who knows Ava well and therefore prefers to remain nameless, says, "If Artie asked Ava to come back to him, I'm sure she would. Ask anyone who knows anything about their marriage, ask Ava if she still isn't in love with him, and I'll bet you she'll say 'yes.'

"Artie Shaw is one of the great lovers of this generation, and he understood Ava better than anyone ever will again. And he really loved her.

"Ava did everything to make him happy. And he did wonders for her. Before Shaw, you must admit, she was a pretty poor actress. She had no perception, no insight, no understanding of a role. But after Shaw, she came up pretty fast. She knew what she was doing in *Whistlestop*. She knew what she was doing in *The Killers*, and she knows what she's doing in *East Side, West Side*."

star-struck kid . . .

Another intimate of Ava's concurs in that belief. "Ava's greatest period of growth," she says, "was during her marriage to Artie. She used to be a small-town girl with the typical small-town prejudices. But he broadened things for her. He introduced her to a world of intellectuals, to a world of intelligent men and women that she'd never before known.

"My own feeling about Ava is that she was star-struck when she married Mickey Rooney. She was determined to make him a good wife, but though I think she respected Mickey for his talent, I doubt if she loved him with the ardor she had for Artie.

"Artie is basically a self-centered, egotistical fellow, and I think that five years ago, Ava wasn't capable of understanding and controlling him. His ways puzzled her. She couldn't fathom him. Some of his talk and actions, you know, called for great patience and fortitude."

Ava herself will get into no psychoanalytical discussion concerning Artie Shaw. As a matter of fact, she is reticent about discussing any of the men in her life, but the apparent truth is that subconsciously she compares practically all of her escorts to her last husband.

Howard Duff, with whom she ran around for three years but stopped seeing late in 1949, intrigued her for a while. Duff is a moody, taciturn young man whose voice and looks have been the basis of his success, but he lacks Shaw's wide range of interests and, what is even more important, Artie's dynamic impetuosity.

Duff, in short, is the kind of fellow who grows on girls of a type. He was engaged for a short while to Yvonne de Carlo, which explains more eloquently than any words the kind of beauty that attracts him.

Ava used to say, whenever she was asked about her relationship with Howard, "I'm very fond of him and we're devoted friends. Naturally, there's a deep feeling, since we've been pals for three years—but not to the extent that we're going to get married. We're not romantically serious."

This, more or less, is how she answered queries concerning Peter Lawford, who probably will one day wind up the richest man in the Hollywood graveyard. "Peter," Ava says, "is a charming fellow and a wonderful dancer. I've been out on dates with him from time to time, but there's nothing serious between us."

"The first thing I notice about a man,"





she adds, "is his personality. His clothes don't impress me. Some of the most fascinating men I've known could never be placed in the 'best-dressed' category."

Another thing Ava notices very quickly about men is whether or not they're married. Under no circumstances will she date a man who has a wife, even if his marriage is in the process of dissolution. That's why all the talk about Ava and Sinatra was so ridiculous, although if Frank were free and eligible, it might not be.

A few years ago, a crooner, now dead, met Ava. He obtained Ava's telephone number from a friend of hers who's in the music publishing business and began a telephonic courtship.

Ava was most civil and polite. "I think you're a very nice fellow," she said, "and it's nice of you to ring me up. But you're also married, and I simply will not go out with any married man."

Persistent, if nothing else, the crooner refused to give up. He'd call Ava and leave his name and phone number. When she refused to answer, he would call and leave the name of Ava's friend.

Ava finally put a stop to it by showing the gentleman she meant exactly what she said. She wouldn't even talk to him on the telephone.

Back in the middle 1940's, she took her night-club fling, with a new escort every evening—but she soon realized how empty that sort of life was. So instead of on men, she concentrated on her acting. She surprised studio officials by requesting that certain films be run in the projection room so that she might study them. She began to read books on the modern drama. Soon she was getting better roles.

When Jack Conway began casting *The Hucksters*, Billy Grady, the Metro casting director, suggested Ava for a part. Conway went to Gable, who had seen Ava in *The Killers*.

"She's got what it takes," the King said. That was tantamount to law and into *The Hucksters* Ava went.

It was just about then that she met Howard Duff. After the picture was finished, she began seeing Howard more and more frequently. As she did, her interest in acting diminished. You see, the possibility of love existed in this relationship, and whenever the love-possibility enters Gardner's life, her career takes a back seat.

Ava is a girl who owes her success to her face and her figure. The beauty in both of these is transient, and she knows it. Essentially frank and honest, she knows, too, that she has a long road to travel before she can become an actress of genuine stature.

At the moment, she is a personality, as Jane Russell is, and while she has achieved a little confidence, she still suffers from an inferiority complex in the presence of well-educated men. When she first came to Hollywood, she would freeze up when she stepped into a crowded room, but nowadays she has managed to achieve a certain stage presence which nullifies this shyness.

The point, however, is that in her heart, Ava knows she is not a great actress, ready to achieve a great role.

What she does know in her heart, however, is that she is a full-grown, well-developed woman, that she is nearing 30, and that she is capable of achieving a marriage with love, passion, and devotion.

In short, her problem is the same one which today taunts millions of other American girls—"Where do I find the right man?"

According to statisticians and geographers, Hollywood is the worst spot, Alaska the best. But they don't make motion pictures in Alaska. And a girl has to eat—especially if she wants to maintain a figure like Ava's. THE END

state of the union

(*Continued from page 62*) suddenly come down with a craving for something with relish and mustard on top. And when their second son, Michael Anthony, was on the way, it didn't surprise Paul in the least when Jeanne, after laying out her costume for a fancy-dress ball they were going to, and bathing and putting on her make-up, quietly crawled into bed and went to sleep instead.

Today, with the health and welfare of the children to be studied and considered, the original policy has had to be revised to permit full discussions of all family questions. However, the spirit of agreement is every bit as strong and evident as before.

Jeanne was 16 when she first met Paul, and she was smitten hard. How hard? Well, about the first time they went to the beach together they were standing shoulder high in the breakers when he suggested that they swim out to a raft about a hundred yards off shore. Jeanne, her eyes on Paul, dreamily agreed. She took a couple of strokes, hanging on with one hand to his shoulder at the same time, and then a wave came along and she disappeared. Paul went diving for her and pulled her onto the beach. You see, Jeanne had completely forgotten she couldn't swim!

Not only can Jeanne swim now, but she's taught little Paul, who is hardly three, to swim across their pool and even dive into the shallow end to bring up his toys from the bottom. And Michael Anthony, who is a year old, swims a creditable six to seven inches, dog-paddle fashion. All you have to do is deposit him face down in the water and give him a fond pat on the tag-end to start him off.

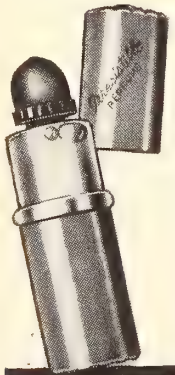
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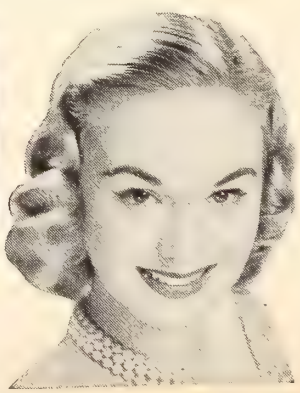
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Paul, Jeanne is 24 now. This means, as she points out, that she has not only spent one-third of her life knowing Paul, but hasn't known adulthood without him. "That makes him so much more a part of my own life," she explains, "and makes us so much closer to each other."

According to anyone who knows them, they have an awareness of each other that is instant and constant. When Jeanne recently had her hair snipped just a bit shorter at the studio for her role in *Pinky,* Paul didn't notice it specifically—but the second he saw her he did know something was different and said so.

"My hair," she said. "Just an inch or so off at the ends. Do you mind?"

"I don't know," he replied—but didn't look too happy.

"Well?"

"Well . . . I guess it's that now there's just that much less of you," was his answer.

That hair is now getting to be as long as it was, and will not be altered again for any role without a special conference on the subject in the Brinkman home. The kind of man Paul is, he has to be conditioned for surprises like this, Jeanne realizes.

Without thinking about it, both Jeanne and Paul, out of habit in the first year, would occasionally shop separately for clothes. Slowly, and without any talk about it, this practice came to an end. It just didn't work out. They both learned that the appearance of each is very much part of the life of the other and that a suit or gown they both liked and approved gave them 10 times more satisfaction than anything bought independently. Or, as Jeanne puts it simply, "It sort of makes marriage more."

As newlyweds they had an unsettled time to begin with, having to live in a steady succession of hotels, motels, and short-term apartments. It wasn't just the housing shortage that caused this; they happened at the time to be foster parents of a young lioness, a studio gift to Jeanne. They got to be quite adept at sneaking the lioness into a new room or apartment —usually in a laundry basket. But every landlord they had seemed to have the hunting nose of a Tarzan. He'd soon uncover their tawny cat and order them to begone with the beast and never let her scratch his door again—not to speak of the floors and upholstery.

Once there was a little sewing to do on an overstuffed chair that their 300-pound pet had playfully worked over with her claws. Paul asked Jeanne if she'd please get busy with needle and thread. That was when he learned that she couldn't sew. Paul just couldn't understand. "Why, that's *impossible,*" he said. "Every woman knows how to sew. . . . Doesn't she?"

Jeanne thought that over. She must have—because today she is rated a top hand at running up her own clothes. Her last creation, made in her studio dressing-room where she does most of her sewing, was a full-cut, cerise-colored skirt with scalloped bottom and cut-out felt faces of different colors around the hem.

Not till Jeanne was about to give birth to Paul, Jr., was the house they were building ready for them. To be truthful, it wasn't quite ready. Jeanne had to stay 16 days in the hospital, and was afraid the baby was going to be able to walk out by himself, before Paul finally told her she at last had a bedroom all her own to go to.

They finally parted with the lioness, but when little Paul was two years old they bought him a pair of shoes with eye-hooks in them. Result: The same as a lioness with claws. For their fourth anniversary they gave each other a mutual present, a spinet piano, and that piano represented the final item necessary to furnish their house completely. But on account of those shoes with the eye-hooks, this achievement was only a technical one. The shoes, which cost $4.95, have caused $495.00 worth of damage to the living-room furniture, having untufted the tufting on the divan, unveiveted the velvet covering on the best chairs, and cut grooves and scars on most of the harder wood surfaces. So now, the Brinkmans are prepared to start right in refurnishing.

Despite their own happiness, neither Jeanne nor Paul will presume to give one word of advice on marriage. It isn't that they are keeping anything secret. They frankly think they are just lucky. Dissension pops up its nasty little head once in a while but it hasn't much chance against a quality of their relationship that can be described most simply as an active "togetherness."

They look at life and the world from the same viewpoint, socially, religiously—even politically. Their tastes match in everyday things. Paul, who manufactures furniture, has business interests to occupy his mind and balance his home life. Jeanne, of course, has her career.

Jeanne never deliberately brings her career home, but she's so impressionable and gets so lost in the parts she plays, that it gets there just the same. When she portrayed a young small-town girl in *Margie,* Paul would catch her skipping down the street instead of walking. When she starred in *Apartment for Peggy,* the story of a mother-to-be, she learned that her own Michael Anthony was on the way. And when she made *Pinky,* a moody drama, she was the gravest wife and mother her family had ever seen.

Paul has never objected to Jeanne's career, but on several mornings Paul, Jr., opposed it so eloquently that he almost talked her into his point of view.

It happened when she was making her current picture, *Cheaper by the Dozen.* She plays Anne, the eldest of the "dozen" children, with Clifton Webb and Myrna Loy as the parents. There are a number of scenes in which Jeanne is seen playing with the other children, and one day



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JOAN LANSING

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Why I'm just about ready to bounce the dishes right off the table when dandy DON McNEILL and "THE BREAKFAST CLUB" start me marching around the breakfast table. Then on to "MY TRUE STORY" (with a *complete* story every day) . . . followed by BETTY CROCKER'S home and food hints on her famous "MAGAZINE OF THE AIR." For fine nutrition and health commentary there's VICTOR H. LINDLAHR, an outstanding expert on food and diet. A little later in the morning there's BILL CULLEN'S "QUICK AS A FLASH" and immediately thereafter, "LADIES BE SEATED" with JOHNNY OLSEN—two programs that keep the girls (and me) jumping with joy. Then in the afternoon things really start perking again when JOHN NELSON chimes in with "BRIDE AND GROOM" and the wonderful WALTER KIERNAN drops over with his "ONE MAN'S OPINION." See what I mean about variety on ABC?

Of course, there are the "thrillers," . . . such as "HANNIBAL COBB" (hey, ABC, having a half-hour mystery series right smack in the middle of the afternoon—2:30 EST—is a slick bit of hit programming) and the kids' delights . . . the mighty "CHALLENGE OF THE YUKON," "GREEN HORNET," dashing "JACK ARMSTRONG" and "SKY-KING." The kids tell me there's nothing better than that 5-6 P.M. (EST) "Adventure Hour" for excitement and thrills.

All of which brings me right back to the original fact of the matter—the American Broadcasting Company (through your local ABC station) makes daytime listening real *gay-time* listening. Drama, mystery, music, romance, quizzes, comedy, news and views, health and harmony . . . these and many more are in store for your leisure-pleasure during the day on ABC. It kind of makes your housework seem lighter and go faster when you're really *enjoying* something on the radio. At least, that's the way *I* feel . . . so . . .

Here's a coast-to-coast toast
to variety and fun—
ABC has great daytime entertainment for everyone!

Joan Lansing

she took little Paul with her to the studio and he watched the filming of one of these. Naturally, he wanted to play, too. And for several days afterward, whenever she prepared to leave for the studio he had announcements to make to everyone in the house.

"Mommy doesn't want to go to the studio this morning and play with the other children," he would chant. "Mommy wants to stay home and play with me and Michael Antelope (his name for his brother, Michael Anthony). Doesn't Mommy? Huh?"

It was a little tough to leave after that.

In Jeanne's life, and in Paul's, there are many warm moments and memories like this to tie them to each other and to their home and children. That's the kind of marriage it is.

Perhaps the best illustration of it is furnished by something that happened a few months ago. Jeanne and Paul decided to plant some trees back of their house. However, they didn't plant just ordinary trees. The way their minds run, they planted sequoias—the longest-lived things on earth, with a possible lifetime of 4,000 years. THE END

You won't want to miss the complete screen story of Jeanne Crain's latest movie, *Cheaper by the Dozen,* in the April issue of Dell's SCREEN STORIES. It's one of the brightest features that sparkling magazine has ever carried.

bluebird on their windowsill

(*Continued from page 38*) us—we haven't learned Canasta yet—Bill and John were kidding around and John hit the jackpot for the first time. *He* didn't even *whistle!*"

But there was the night when their prize-winning shepherd dog, Annie, had her pups. Pati, who knows a lot about dogs and loves them, sat up with the soft-eyed mother-to-be all night. John, who admits he doesn't know much about dogs, especially when they have pups, loves Annie too, and wanted to help. Pati, calm and efficient, comforted their pet up until the eighth and last tiny canine made its appearance. John, amazed and wonder-struck after the first puppy came on the scene, wandered off and fell asleep on the couch . . . awaking to the straggly dawn, a tired Pati and Annie, and the assorted yips of eight new and hungry creatures.

Since that night, the little house in the Valley revolves around the dogs which fill it. One by one, as they are old enough, the puppies are being given away to good homes. Still, the four remaining, with Annie, herself, require a lot of attention. They have a place of their own off by the garden. Annie, as befits her standing, has the run of the house.

Strange things happen, though, to the best-laid plans. The night Pati and John went to the glittering première in Hollywood of *All the King's Men,* and on to a party afterwards, it was nearly two A.M. when they finally drove up to the house, tired and happy at the triumphant reception the picture had received.

John halted abruptly as they entered the dark living room.

"Something's wrong," he said, quietly. Pati rushed to turn on lamps. She looked around for Annie, who always met them as they came in. No Annie.

"Good heavens, where is she?" she cried excitedly, as she raced from room to room, wildly anxious. Then John discovered the door leading onto the patio was open. They both looked at each other—and said in unison, "The pool! The pups!"

As though to confirm their horrified thoughts, just then a feeble bark and a tiny whimpering came from the dark patio. John switched on outside lights. There, in varying degrees of wetness, were the four miserable puppies, dejectedly ranged around the pool, while an equally wet Annie went from one to another, trying to lick them dry.

There was no sleep for the Dereks that night. The pups were wrapped in Turkish towels, brought into the warm house. Annie was rubbed dry . . . milk was heated . . . a vet was called. Next day, none was any the worse for wear—and the tired dog-owners finally got some rest.

In fact, while John and Pati were sleeping it off, the pups, cozily ensconced in the house, chewed up a sleeve of the new suede jacket Pati had bought for a surprise for John and had left in its box on the floor of the closet near where the pups lay. Adding insult to injury, the ungrateful and now thoroughly dry fur-balls of mischief pulled down John's wallet from a table and chewed up everything but his driver's license.

To this day, nobody knows exactly what happened that wild night. Probably Annie somehow worked loose the well-fitting catch on the patio door, went to visit her pups, left open *their* door, and then rescued them one by one as they tumbled into the pool. (Pati admits that Annie probably should have gotten a ribbon for heroic endeavors that night, instead of the scolding she did get.) Doors are locked tight now, whenever John and Pati go out.

The two are planning for the time when they'll need a bigger place. "After June," says John dreamily, with an arm about his pretty, vivacious wife. June will be the joyous month when there will be three Dereks instead of two. And since they've had that wonderful information, Annie and the pups have taken a decidedly secondary place before the greatest wonder of all.

"It'll be a boy," says John with assurance. Pati smiles. "Maybe not," she says softly. But neither cares too much. Boy or girl, it'll be a bundle of happiness for them.

John hopes some day to have a big ranch where he can raise horses. He is unquestionably one of the finest horsemen in town. Until that day, however, John and Pati will both settle next for a place of their own—not rented—after the baby comes.

Pati, who has been in this country only four years, was born and brought up in Europe, and attracted attention of talent scouts who saw her dancing in Paris. Brought to this country, her career hadn't even started when she met John and they decided, soon after, that they couldn't live without each other. Ever since, their marriage and John's meteoric rise to popularity have just about filled up Pati's life—to say nothing of the junior Derek on the way.

Nevertheless, Pati wonders a little wistfully what her career *would* have been like. "Some day, maybe I try it again!" she says with just a trace of an accent, but without too much determination. Marriage, very definitely, comes first.

For there at the Dereks', though you can't see him, peeping in from the windowsill where he sits with blue wings folded, is that wise old Bluebird of Happiness, straight out of a fairy tale. He's all set for a long, long stay. THE END

. . . and so to wed

(*Continued from page 61*) Christmas. Could they be married on Christmas? Would Howard Hughes, who was handling everything, be able to have the license clerk on hand and select a place where clerk and minister and they could meet for the ceremony in privacy?

He could and did. And so it was Christmas, and they flew to Phoenix, and the minister began, "We are gathered here . . ." —meaning Betsy and Cary, and the license clerk, and the rancher and his family, and the pilots and the man who met them with a car at the lonely flying-strip where they landed.

With her stage-trained ear for voice pitch, it came to Betsy that the minister was speaking in a monotone—was not being particularly dramatic about . . . well, about her wedding! But worse than that, when it came time for her and Cary to respond, she realized they were both taking their tone-cue from the minister and sounding just as undramatic!

Then suddenly it was over, Cary was kissing her and she was glad she had decided not to wear her glasses. Then things got a little confusing because somebody was insisting that she cut the wedding cake while somebody else was insisting that she hold an empty glass. She heard a popping of corks and figured out quickly that if she took that glass somebody would be sure to pour champagne in it. It was wiser to get the cake-cutting over with first.

here comes the bride . . .

Champagne and cake with people you had never seen before and all of them looking very happy and wishing Cary and her well. So that was a wedding. But that wasn't the full feeling of it. That came later, when they flew back to Los Angeles and banked over the city at night before landing.

Down below them was Los Angeles in holiday glow. It was like flying over a gigantic Christmas tree alight with millions of gleaming bulbs. That was more like it, more in the spirit of what had happened.

The Cary Grant of the movies would have done something with a moment like that. He would probably have pointed to the gala sight below and said something like, "A little thing I arranged for you."

But not the Cary Grant she married. He looked down and was content to be just as impressed as she was, and without any cute remarks about it.

For that moment they were alone—for the first time since the wedding. Then the plane started down and Betsy knew they would soon be part of the lights and glitter below.

The next day was still a holiday. Cary took her to visit a children's hospital and Betsy was almost startled when he introduced her. For the first time she heard aloud whom she had become. "This is my wife," Cary said. "Mrs. Grant."

The day after that, Mrs. Grant reported back for work at Warner Brothers studios where she is making *Pretty Baby*, with Dennis Morgan, Zachary Scott and Edmund Gwenn. And, just because she had become Mrs. Grant, she was confronted with a fine problem.

"You'll have to take your wedding ring off," an assistant director said, pointing to the plain gold band Cary had given her. "In the picture you are unmarried."

"Oh, no!" Betsy came back in dismay. "I can't do that!"

There was a conference. After all, it is a problem that has come up before in studios. Somebody thought of flesh-colored tape and a thin strip of it was neatly wound around and around the ring—while it was still on her finger. People with sharp eyes will still perhaps be able to tell she is wearing a ring when they see the picture.

And soon she was before the camera and everything was the same. But not quite. She would go home to Cary now, to the house he'd bought three years ago. He was going to get an architect. He was going to do it all over. And, as she later told her women friends who asked about it, *he* was going to do it over, not *she*.

"Cary has excellent taste," she said. "I know I'll like it. All I've asked for are closets and bookshelves."

That was one of the things their romance had been founded on, their liking for the same things; the same cheese and salads; the same wine—white and very dry; the same sort of comedy—Ed Wynn; the same sort of music; the same sort of quiet, simple life in every way.

For the first week after their marriage they went nowhere—except to that children's hospital. And then, New Year's Day and the day afterward they spent at Irene Selznick's—seeing eight films, four each day.

After that Cary started a picture, *Crisis*, at MGM, which is a good 10 miles away from Warners, so for a spell it was a case of just "Hello" and "How have you been?" the brief hour or two they could be with each other daily, what with early-morning rising to go to work, and pages of script to study nightly if they were to give any account of themselves at the studio.

Not till Cary's birthday, January 18, did they go out again, and then only to a private party with Dore Schary of MGM as their host. Still, it was an event. For the first time Betsy could wear the pearl necklace Cary had given her for a wedding present—a string of beautifully graduated pearls. Cary loyally wanted to wear the socks she had knitted for him but she talked him out of it. Though she had taken from August to Thanksgiving to do one sock, and from Thanksgiving to nearly Christmas to finish the other, they didn't come out quite right—by inches in some places.

Yes, Betsy Drake and Cary Grant married quietly last Christmas, and today they are quietly married. But then, even their romance was a quiet one. And as for Betsy, no star has ever walked through the Hollywood scene with as quiet a footfall.

no gay young thing . . .

Columnists or commentators who make a living noting departures from the norm in the behavior of celebrities have always drawn a blank in her case. She flung no flings, was never seen in this bright spot or that, and somehow was never overheard saying the oracle-like things that seem to come endlessly from most of the others —to be repeated just as endlessly.

As a matter of fact, only once since she has been in Hollywood has Betsy ever been seen in a night club—in Ciro's, for exactly one hour.

"What have you got against night clubs?" she was asked once.

"Nothing that some windows in them wouldn't fix," she replied. "I can't breathe, that's all."

Instead, Betsy used to study, and to go to out-of-the-way lunch places with Cary, and to talk to him about the business they are both interested in—acting.

At first they used to go to Romanoff's a lot, but there were always people stopping by at the table for a chat. And since few people know Betsy and almost everybody knows Cary, she would have to sit quietly by and listen.

They used to do a lot of driving. Betsy

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loves to drive and she has been responsible for a basic improvement in driving conditions on the bridle path stretch of Sunset Boulevard leading into Beverly Hills.

Betsy used to make a slow, careful job of it entering the boulevard from a certain side street. A motorcycle policeman stopped her one afternoon and suggested that she be a little more snappy about it as the time she consumed in the turn made her a road hazard.

"Oh, no!" countered Betsy—and pointed to a line of high bushes running along the middle of the boulevard which obstructed one's view of crossing traffic. "I have no idea of what might be coming against me and I wouldn't *think* of going fast."

The policeman studied the situation and then told her that she was right. He made a note of it and two days later the whole line of bushes was lopped off.

But the activity in which Betsy really wanted to get places when she came to Hollywood was her film work. When she was on the stage she thought she knew a little about her job, but when she gets in front of the camera she feels she is more lost than found.

"It's something like driving west in Hollywood's traffic when the sun is setting," she says. "The sun shines you almost blind and you're in a golden glare in which you barely sense the cars moving on either side of you, and you pray that you're keeping in your own lane. On the movie set the glare comes from all the lights, people are busy at dozens of other things, other actors are all about you, you get cues, you talk, you move—and you just hope it's all making sense. You don't really know."

It was in this quandary that she looked at Cary, who has made about 70 pictures and is considered a master of himself in front of the camera.

"When will I know what I'm doing on the set?" she asked him once.

"It works out in a funny way," he replied. "You just keep on working and trying, and you don't feel you are progressing at all. Then, suddenly, you wake up one morning and you have it!"

Betsy doesn't think that morning has come yet. But she's content to work hard and wait. And, pending that morning, she is waking up quite happily these days as Mrs. Cary Grant. THE END

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bringing up susan

(*Continued from page 28*) For a few minutes my tiny girl strutted about the room, her eyes glued on the shiny birdcage. And as soon as I left her alone for a moment, she tiptoed to the cage and gave it a good yank. From the next room I heard shrill cries from the birds and the clanging of the metal chain. I rushed in as the cage crashed to the floor, missing Linda Susan by inches.

At first, her ears tucked between her hunched shoulders, Linda Susan was too stunned for tears. But when the tears started to form she noticed the two love birds stalking out of their cage. They flipped their wings a couple of times and then took off for one of the big ceiling beams. There the pair sat, chirping happily in their new freedom.

When Linda Susan became aware that I'd been watching her, she peeped at me sheepishly. There was a small grin on her face, half amused, half guilty.

That's when I decided the time had arrived to administer a little corporal punishment. I didn't spank Linda Susan hard, just enough to impress on her the danger of such an act and that a little girl must consider the rights and welfare of others, including pets.

Of course I learned what is meant by "it hurts the parent more than the child." But the realization that Linda Susan might have been badly injured if the birdcage had fallen on her helped me feel justified.

After a few minutes Linda Susan was happily romping about the room again—but it took me two hours to get the birds back into their cage.

I have made it a rule never to say "don't" to Linda Susan. Instead I've simply said, "I wouldn't"—and, except in the case of the birdcage, it has always worked. "I wouldn't" lifts Linda Susan to a higher level. It makes her feel more responsible for her own actions—more grown-up. And that is what she likes, apparently—because there's nothing she resents more than being called a baby.

Just as the doctor had told me she would, Linda Susan started to develop a temper soon after she passed her first birthday. At first, when she got angry, she'd throw herself on the floor. But as soon as she found out that this procedure hurt her head and didn't get any reactions from me, she switched to an easier method. She'd sit down, slowly—then clench her fists and start bawling.

To break the habit, I told her she was acting like a baby. Since, as I've said, Linda Susan doesn't like being called a baby, she usually stops crying now before I can say "Jack Robinson." However, if that doesn't work, I have an alternative that has never failed yet—I start singing "Happy Birthday." I don't exactly know what magic influence "Happy Birthday" has on my daughter—but maybe it is that the memory of her huge birthday cake lifts her out of the unhappy thoughts that originally sent her to the floor.

Another point in her training that I am emphatic about is baby talk. When explaining something to Linda Susan I *never* use baby talk. It's not always easy for me to adjust myself to the logic and reasoning of a two-year-old. But so far I've been quite successful in explaining things to Linda Susan in an adult manner while keeping my explanations on her own age level.

Since Linda isn't, and never has been, used to baby talk, some of the oddest situations occur when adults gurgle meaningless syllables at her or try to carry on some kind of imbecile conversation. Usually Linda Susan just looks at them with a bewildered expression that seems to say, "What on earth are you trying to tell me in that weird language of yours?"

Yes, my two-year-old daughter is really growing up. She is even getting clothes conscious now.

I intentionally dress Linda Susan in shirts and overalls in the morning and in pretty dresses in the afternoon. In the morning she putters in the sandbox and roughs it in the yard. In the afternoon she usually goes for a walk or plays in the house with the dolls, stuffed animals and toy cars she got for her second birthday. Or else she sits in her little garden swing—her favorite Christmas present—and chirps "Push me—push me," till someone weakens and gives her a shove.

I want Linda Susan to become aware that she can play in the sand and get messed up when she's wearing jeans or play clothes. And in the afternoon, in party dresses, she'll have to behave like a little lady and not like a tomboy.

My method has proved so effective that my little daughter has reached the point where she really enjoys getting all dressed up in the afternoon—in *my* clothes.

I first observed this one day when I fol-

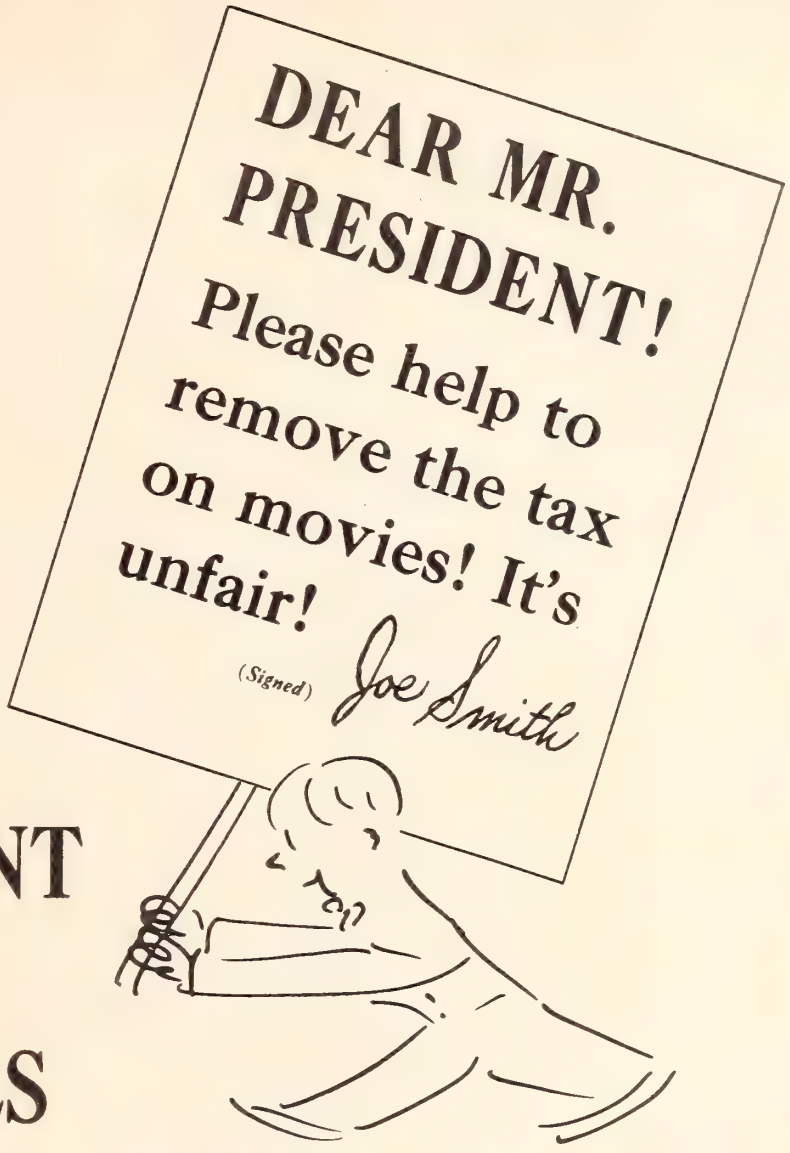


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lowed her into my room and watched her try on some of my clothes. She adored the fur coats—especially a short cape with long, soft fur. She loves everything with long, soft hair. That's why she likes Lannie, our collie, better than Chris, the boxer—Lannie has longer hair.

Anyway, that afternoon I watched Linda Susan drape my fur cape over her tiny shoulders. Then, clutching in her right hand the orchid my father had given me the night before when I had gone to a première, she gleefully strutted up and down the room, her short blonde hair bobbing about her head, her big brown eyes dancing. Then she stopped in front of the long mirror to admire herself. Not till I'd cleared my throat a couple of times did she tear herself away and make a bee line for Lannie with the long brown fur. As usual, the collie welcomed her with a good-natured wag of his tail.

Lannie is good for Linda—as pets are always good for children. I'd been warned that collies can get dangerous when they play with children, but my experiences have been exactly the opposite. Patiently Lannie lets Linda Susan stroke him and even strike him, kiss his head or pull his hair. When he gets tired of too much playing, or too much bossing, or too much affection, he just struts away. Sometimes Linda Susan hangs on to him. Then she goes where Lannie goes. Till she lets go of him she doesn't have much choice.

It's nice that Lannie and Linda Susan are getting along so well, because she doesn't have too many other companions. I've kept her away from big gatherings and parties because I've been afraid that she might catch the usual childhood diseases. Maybe I'm too careful. But then, I've got only one Linda Susan.

Recently, however, she acquired one close companion who is also her first cousin. Scotty, two weeks older than she, is one of my brother Jack's two children.

progressive education . . .

Already Scotty has given Linda Susan her first lesson in how to take care of herself. It was a useful lesson, but I do hope that, if Scotty plays teacher again, he won't use such drastic measures.

Scotty is quite a Don Juan, but his actions are a great deal more reminiscent of the great John L. Sullivan than the great lover. Scotty has spent most of his two years in the company of older children. His brother Stanley has reached the ripe old age of six. His other companions vary between his and Stanley's ages. It was truly a man's world Scotty was living in and he soon became effectively able to take care of himself. Unfortunately, the day after he'd arrived at my house he took care of himself at Linda Susan's expense—and by a very fundamental but most effective method: He bopped her one on the head.

Bawling as if she'd been stung by a bee, Linda Susan rushed to me and buried her head in my lap. For a few moments I didn't know what to do. Then I decided to let her work out her own problem, because if I interfered, Scotty would resent it, and this certainly wouldn't result in warmer relations between the two.

When my daughter realized that I wasn't going to get her out of her predicament, she further realized that she had to find her own solution. And she did. She hustled back to Scotty—and landed a right jab on his chest that pushed him into an abrupt sitting position on the floor. Thereafter they became the best of friends.

Linda Susan had solved her first boy-girl problem. THE END

(Another delightful installment of "Bringing Up Susan," by Shirley Temple, will appear in next month's MODERN SCREEN.*)*

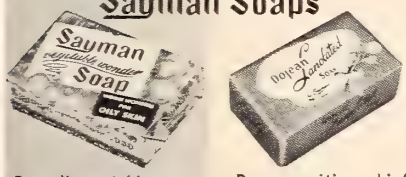
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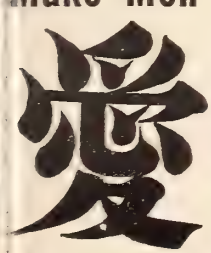


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busiest girl in town

(*Continued from page 31*) kinds of people. Business is fun, and Ben and I have learned so much from meeting its challenge and from our association with people in every walk of life. The things we learn from them about pictures! I wouldn't miss that barometer for anything."

What's more, she feels that a business partnership is one of the best ways to cement a marriage and keep it happy. "Too many couples break up because they haven't enough things to do together. Believe me, Ben and I have so many interests together that our only problem is getting away from all the business projects long enough to have vacations. Ben should have started his new television show months ago but he was waiting for me to finish *Duchess of Idaho* so we could get away to Sun Valley for a couple of weeks. Then we're going to Honolulu for a week together before I start work in *Music on the Waters* and Ben starts his new TV show. This carefree time together is essential and it's the balance for the busy life we lead. We're always going to steal vacation time. We have from the beginning. We used to fly all the way to Acapulco for week-ends because we had had such a heavenly honeymoon there and we knew we could always recapture the peace and the magic."

Esther's complete practicality dates back to that honeymoon. They loved the house at Acapulco so they bought it and have rented it out for a substantial income ever since.

good for all . . .

Also rented is their island in Crystal Lake, near Waupaca, Wisconsin, a wedding gift from Mama and Papa Gage. The next business venture was the gas station. Then Esther's brother Dave had a severe attack of asthma and was ordered to the desert at Twenty-Nine Palms. Esther and Ben used to visit him there and were much concerned because of Dave's difficulty of finding employment in such a small town. If the climate was so beneficial for him, they decided, it would be good for others, too.

They put their heads together and envisioned a building project. They'd build small, compact houses—say, 850 feet square—but very modern and with two bedrooms. Dave, who had never built a house in his life, took charge of construction. Esther and Ben have now financed five houses, three are sold, two are rented. They call the project the Wil-Gay Investment Company, and they now have additional plans for Twenty-Nine Palms.

The next real-estate venture was of a different sort—a mountain-top lot for their own home, and six months ago they were busy with blueprints and plans. Esther wanted that home very much and she was surprised when Ben suggested that they buy The Trails Restaurant.

"Oh, Ben," she said, "there must be lots quicker ways to lose money than that! Besides, we can't buy the restaurant and build the house."

They talked about it a great deal. One night Ben suggested that it was silly to build the house when they could buy the restaurant and within a year it would build that house for them.

"He knew what would get me," laughs Esther. "And it did. This venture was a real challenge for we knew nothing about the restaurant business and this particular one had been in financial troubles. It's much more difficult to build up a place which has won a poor reputation than it would be to start from scratch.

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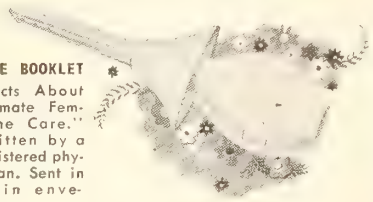
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"Luckily, we had such good help and counsel. Ben is always making friends with people and it pays off in the most unexpected and delightful ways. Take Bob Kreis, for example. He's the head chef for all the Brown Derbies and we've known him for years. We love to explore kitchens—we used to go back into the Derby kitchens all the time, and that's how we got to know Bob.

"Well, when we got into this restaurant deal, we went to talk with Bob Kreis and what had been a very pleasant friendship turned into the most intensely important business contact. He found us a chef, one who'd been at the Beverly Brown Derby for 10 years, he explained about food costs and operative costs and menu planning. He advised us on everything and still comes out all the time to check and be sure we're 'doing good.'

loyal friends . . .

"Waiters—we had no trouble getting. I'll never know how the word got around, but those waiters came from everywhere. Some of them Ben had known at the Town House when he was stationed in Santa Anna, some came from the Brown Hotel in Louisville, Kentucky, where Ben used to sing. They just adore Ben, and here again his interest in people and his complete friendliness have paid off big dividends."

Just to be sure their restaurant got off to a good start, Esther and Ben had a dress rehearsal the night before opening, to give their personnel a chance to get into action. They invited columnists and friends and put on an impromptu floor show. Producer Joe Pasternak directed, Gordon MacRae sang, so did Connie Haines, Lina Romay, and Ben and Esther. Keenan Wynn and Jim Backus had the guests hilarious, so did Bullets Durgham, an agent who is what Esther calls "a character."

Esther and Ben still sing at The Trails and Ben m.c.'s the place. "Many families come with their children," says Esther, "and Ben sings to the little girls. Sometimes he dances with them and it's so cute, the little five-year-olds and big Ben."

At least three times a week, Esther hurries from the studio to have dinner at The Trails, to sing with Ben, to help as waitress and act as hostess to the Westchesterites who have made the restaurant a community affair. "I'm no movie star to them," Esther says. "Ben and I are just the host and hostess. It's fun and we've learned so much."

Esther is up at six to feed young Benjie, by 7:30 she's at the studio. After a hard day of acting or swimming, she leaves at six and dashes for dinner at The Trails, then home at seven to bathe her baby and give him his last feeding. The bathing is, in reality, a swimming lesson. For 15 minutes the baby paddles his arms and legs while Mother supports chin and tummy. He was out of his bathinette at three weeks and into the big tub where his aquatic exercises have given him an excellent start on muscular coordination. He now stands (with someone holding his hands) and sits erect, something of a feat for a tot his age.

Between-times, Esther fulfills her contract with Cole of California to design and model bathing suits; talks over countless business projects with Ben—who says she is the most efficient and thrifty girl he's ever known; and, on free afternoons, drives across town to visit the blind children whom she taught to swim while she was pregnant. To them, also, Esther is no celebrity. She's a great swimmer and a loving friend whom they are free to touch and question and who always comes with some wonderful surprise—such as a doll which one Williams fan designed especially for "feel," a game, or a story.

Perhaps her greatest contact with the American public is via her replies to fan mail. Rather than have these handled by a secretary, Esther has it done by her mother, Beulah Williams, formerly a school teacher and now on the staff of the Institute of Family Relations. A trained psychologist, Mrs. Williams is particularly alert to those letters from young people with problems. She reads these over with Esther, and together they map out an answer.

Recently there was a letter from a young girl, "unattractive, tall," who had thought the only way to attract boys was to neck, and now found herself with a bad reputation. Lacking the courage to try to live down a bad name, she was writing Esther as a last resort, for like Esther, she liked to swim, and the actress seemed the epitome of what she wished to be.

Esther and her mother read that letter with care—then Mrs. Williams typed out an answer which only the mother of Esther Williams could have written. She told how the actress also had been overly tall in high school, awkward and something of a wallflower. She told how hard Esther had worked at her studies and how she had devoted herself to what she liked best, swimming, and the development of the strokes which were to make her a champion. Every person, wrote Mrs. Williams, has a creative center—and the aim should be to find and develop it. "Keep busy," Mrs. Williams wrote. "If you will keep busy and develop your talents, your hobbies and *yourself*, you'll build a good life. Esther did—and during that process, she not only became a good swimmer, she became beautiful. She has never stopped building that busy life."

She has not, indeed. By being the busiest girl in town, she has matured mentally, emotionally and spiritually.

Esther is never too busy to send her thoughts and letters to people in hospitals; to visit blind children; to get to know the electricians and technicians who work on her pictures, to understand their jobs—as she does the jobs of the boys at the restaurant and the gas station.

As could only a very busy person—she has time. For really busy people, like Esther Williams, make time—by making the best possible use of it. THE END

I SAW IT HAPPEN



When Peter Lawford was making a personal appearance tour in Houston, Texas, for the opening of The Red Danube, *he was applauded quite loudly when he came onto the stage. After he had been talking for a while, he was interrupted by a loud wolf whistle. Peter smiled and asked the person who had whistled to stand up and introduce herself. A girl, not more than 10 years old, stood up. She was dressed in blue jeans and a long shirt. He was rather surprised and asked her to whistle again. She puffed up and once more the whistle was heard through the theater. Peter laughed and said, "They start early here, don't they? Even at my age, I can't do that, and living in Hollywood, one gets lots of practice."*

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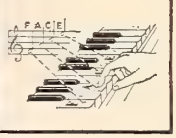
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movie reviews *continued from page 4*

CINDERELLA

Cast: Walt Disney cartoon characters.
RKO

Cinderella is Walt Disney's first feature-length cartoon since *Bambi*. (*Ichabod and Mr. Toad* was only semi-feature length.) It took six years to complete, and it's enchanting. The heroine is blonde and slender and sweet-tempered. The stepmother has cruel eyes, and a deep voice and a really frightening presence. The two stepsisters are harpies. The fairy godmother is a dumpy, absent-minded little lady. These are all marvelously cartoonable figures, of course, and to piece out the story, Disney has invented some new characters. There are mice, birds, a horse and a dog, all friends of, and sympathizers with, poor Cinderella. The mouse destined to become most famous is Gus-Gus, a gallant, dopey little character whose real name is Octavius. (He calls Cinderella Cinderelly.) There's also a villainous cat called Lucifer (Lucifee, to Gus-Gus) who has no virtues, and who likes to chase Gus-Gus and the other mice until their small hearts thump in terror. The Technicolor and settings in *Cinderella* are lavish—the great manor-house where Cinderella scrubs and slaves, the ballroom at the royal palace, the coach and gown produced by the fairy godmother. If you've ever doubted that cartoons were the proper medium for rendering fairy tales, go look at *Cinderella*. No flesh-and-blood girl ever captured a prince with such musical grace.

THE BLACK HAND

Cast: Gene Kelly, J. Carrol Naish, Teresa Celli, Marc Lawrence
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

The Black Hand deals with the early 1900s, when Italian immigration to the United States was heavy, and the reception accorded the new citizens was heartbreaking. Immigrants came expecting to find the streets paved with gold, and stayed to discover that nobody'd rent apartments to Italians, except in the slums, that the only kind of work Italians could get was digging ditches, that they weren't even called Italians, but dagoes, and wops. Part of the feeling against the Italian minority was based on the exploits of an illegal organization called The Black Hand. Composed mostly of thieves and murderers who'd fled Italy, and entered the United States illegally, The Black Hand preyed on impoverished new citizens, demanded protection money, ran all kinds of rackets. Decent Italians, hating the terrorism, the newspaper stories headlining knife slayings by Italians, the whole messy business, tried fighting back. This is the story of a young man named Johnny Columbo (Gene Kelly) and an elderly detective named Louis Lorelli (J. Carrol Naish), who led that fight. Columbo's father had been killed by The Black Hand, Lorelli had spent all his life as a detective trying to find some Italians brave enough to testify against the men who were victimizing them. Together, Kelly and Naish make a marvelous team, their adventures are moving and exciting. The acting's flawless, the suspense is constant, and a blow has been struck for a little more understanding.

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Paid In Full: Lizabeth Scott has just run over the only child of Diana Lynn and Bob Cummings. She makes a desperate atonement.



Young Man With A Horn: Kirk Douglas is Rick Martin, trumpeter who yearns to blow impossible notes. Doris Day sings with the same band.

PAID IN FULL

Cast: Robert Cummings, Lizabeth Scott, Diana Lynn, Eve Arden.
Paramount

I bet you've never seen anything like this before. It's based on a factual story, but if I hadn't been told different, I'd swear whoever dreamed up *Paid in Full* had been smoking hashish. Here goes: Lizabeth Scott loves Robert Cummings who loves Diana Lynn (Liz' sister). Diana Lynn's enamored of a millionaire, but when he throws her over, she agrees to marry Robert. He only gets $15,000 a year, but he has prospects. Liz, who's brought Diana up, swallows her tears, and wishes the young couple well, but you've had a glimpse of Diana in operation, and you know Bob's a chump. Diana wants parties, clothes, young men to kiss her. Having a baby only aggravates her selfishness; she wants to own the baby's soul. Sick in the head, you can plainly see. She decides on a divorce, accuses Liz and Bob of having an affair. Liz goes leaping out of the house into her car, and runs over the baby who's playing in the driveway. Since Diana couldn't have another baby (physical impossibility) even if she weren't divorcing Bob, this puts her right into a sanitarium for mental patients. Meanwhile, Liz has decided she's got to fix things. She invites Bob to take her to Mexico, where they get married (I'm a little fuzzy about Bob's and Diana's divorce, but I guess it doesn't matter), and Liz gets herself with child. Now you see her plan. Liz knows she'll probably die in childbirth (it's a problem her whole family suffers from) but she's determined Diana and Bob will have back the child they lost through her. She goes to a strange city, has the baby, and Diana and Bob show up before she passes to her reward. They promise to take care of the baby—Diana's all cured, and out of the booby hatch—and give it a home. Of course, Diana doesn't know it's her own husband who's the father of her child (if he still *is* her own husband, which *I* don't know) and if the baby grows up to look like Bob, I guess the shock will put her right back in the sanitarium. Still, Liz is convinced she did right, and that's all that seems important. A more preposterous picture you would go far to find. Speaking of finding, the new Broadway sensation, Carol Channing, is supposed to be in *Paid in Full* somewhere, but I couldn't find her, either.

YOUNG MAN WITH A HORN

Cast: Kirk Douglas, Lauren Bacall, Doris Day, Hoagy Carmichael.
Warners

I admit I can't review *Young Man With a Horn* without prejudice. For me, it was a great short novel, a work of art, and I think it's been thoroughly loused up. Maybe if you've never read the book, you'll think it's one of the best pictures of the year; I don't know. Rick Martin's a lonely young boy who falls in love with a trumpet, and comes alive. So okay, Kirk Douglas is sensitive, but does he look 20 years old? Rick's best friend in the book is a colored boy named Smoke Jordan, whose sister, Jo, becomes a singer. In the movie, Smoke is Hoagy Carmichael (Smoke Willoughby, that is) and Doris Day plays singer Jo Jordan. I guess Warners figured they paid for every name in the book, might as well use 'em. There's Amy North, Rick's neurotic wife. He's crazy about her because she's different from him, deep, strange. Lauren Bacall, the movie Amy, has been handed an endless line of babble that makes her about as mysterious as a high-school girl playing Marlene Dietrich. Then there's Art Hazard, the Negro trumpeter who teaches Rick how to play. He's a successful musician, a man of parts, but the movies make him call Doris Day "Miss Jo" and, in the end, depend on Rick's good nature to keep his job for him. Still, my main kick is with the character of Rick himself. Here's a fellow who only wants to do one thing—play a horn. It's his life. He's got one sure talent, and he believes in it. In the end, he's destroyed by it, because he starts demanding things of a horn that a horn can't do. He tries for notes that don't exist, and he busts wide open. There are other things that speed him to his downfall—a bad wife, a lot of liquor, a refusal to compromise. But the main thing is him and his horn, and when the horn lets him down too, he has nothing to live for, so he dies. Warner Brothers' Rick, down and out, dying in an alcoholic ward, suddenly hears the wail of an ambulance, and sits up. "They told me there was no such note," he whispers, and the last thing you see is a happy ending with Kirk blowing his horn, and sounding just like an ambulance siren. All I can say is, "Nuts." This is no way to treat a masterpiece.

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Side Street: Poverty stricken, Farley Granger foolishly turns to crime when he discovers wife Cathy O'Donnell will soon have a baby.

SIDE STREET

Cast: Farley Granger, Cathy O'Donnell, James Craig, Paul Kelly.
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

I'm afraid this is an attempt to cash in on the critical praise reaped by that fine RKO picture, *They Live By Night*. *T.L.B.N.* was artistic, and touching, and it cast Farley Granger and Cathy O'Donnell as ill-fated lovers, *Side Street* casts Farley and Cathy as unfortunate lovers, but it is neither artistic nor touching, nor anything else very good. Farley plays a boy who wants to buy minks for his wife. Can't do it on his salary as part-time mailman. Cathy's going to have a baby. One place where Farley delivers mail, he notices a big envelope of money in a filing cabinet. He steals it. It belongs to Edmond Ryan (a crooked lawyer) and James Craig (a powerful thug) who got it out of a blackmail racket, and who can hardly claim it, since they've murdered the lady who turned it over to them, and they don't want the whole matter dug up, so to speak. But Farley's astonished when he discovers just how much gold he's really made off with, and from there, things get horribly complicated. More murders, several beatings, a couple or robberies (in the middle of everything, poor Cathy has a baby) and as we fade out, police captain Paul Kelly's calm voice assures us that our young couple is going to be all right. Farley and Cathy are still an appealing, un-Hollywood twosome, Jean Hagen, a comparative newcomer from Broadway, gets herself murdered in a nice professional way, and there's an exciting chase down around the waterfront, at the end. It's no A picture, though.

JOHNNY HOLIDAY

Cast: William Bendix, Hoagy Carmichael, Stanley Clements, Allen Martin, Jr.
United Artists

Some 12-year-old boys, if their widowed mothers go off to the hospital, act nice. They join a Boy Scout troop, work a paper route, grow up to be good insurance risks. Johnny Holiday (Allen Martin, Jr.) is nothing like that. He's a 12-year-old boy who falls under the influence of an older, rattier type lad (Stanley Clements) and before you can say reformatory, they're both in the Indiana Boys

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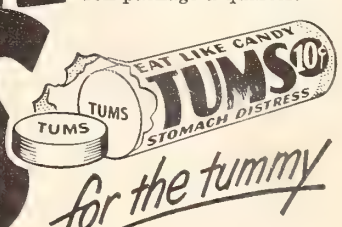
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Johnny Holiday: Allen Martin, Jr., says goodbye to his mother in the hospital—where Bill Bendix has brought him from the reformatory.

School. Johnny Holiday's not really naughty. He likes Sarge Walker (William Bendix), the man in charge of the school's stable, and he loves Nellie, a horse. He'd reform like a shot, but Stanley Clements keeps working on him, and then one day Sarge Walker has to kill Nellie (to save her foal) and that turns Johnny really sour. But there's no such thing as a bad boy (with the possible exception of Stanley Clements, that snake), and Johnny works out his salvation by foiling Stanley's escape, and saving Sarge Walker's life. Hoagy Carmichael plays himself here (he entertains at the school, New Year's Eve), the Governor of Indiana also plays himself, and Greta Granstedt is Johnny's widowed mother.

THE SUNDOWNERS

Cast: Robert Preston, Robert Sterling, Chill Wills, John Litel.
Eagle-Lion

Here's a Technicolored Western that's different, exciting, terrific. In fact, you'd better keep impressionable kids away from it. The villain is so fascinating, they're likely to take him as a model. Story deals with Robert Sterling and his young brother, John Barrymore, Jr., trying to make out on a cattle ranch. They're new in the community, and their neighbors—mostly thieves—resent their coming, and make off with most of their cattle. Up rides Robert Preston, known far and wide as Kid Wichita. He's a gunman, but Sterling lets him stick around because he needs help. Wichita gets back the stolen cattle, and more besides, though he has to murder a couple of folks in the getting. Young brother, meanwhile, is developing a crush on Wichita, making him his hero, and Sterling's worried. Well, that's part of it. Then there's a secret about Wichita's real identity, there's excellent acting, there's tremendous suspense. In a way, it's too bad Preston makes Wichita so magnetic. He's a cold-blooded murderer, but he's got a sense of humor and a brand of charm that could turn a Bryn Mawr girl into a gun moll. Go ask any Bryn Mawr girl. As for John Barrymore, Jr., he's a lanky lad, and I can't see the much-heralded resemblance to his handsome father, but he has plenty of talent and personality. That goes for everybody in the picture.

THE GREAT RUPERT

Cast: Jimmy Durante, Terry Moore, Tom Drake, Frank Orth.
Eagle-Lion

Rupert is a trained squirrel (he dances the Highland Fling), but nobody books his act, and his owner, who's been living in a garage, is evicted for non-payment of rent. Sadly, owner frees Rupert in a park, tips off a friend (Jimmy Durante) that the garage is now vacant, and fades. Jimmy's delighted about the garage. He's an unemployed acrobat, once balanced his wife (Queenie Smith) and daughter (Terry Moore) on his shoulders, but those days are over. Wife's waistline has thickened, and daughter's practically six feet tall. Or, anyway, too tall to perch on her old lady's shoulders. Mr. Dingle, who owns the garage—and lives in the house adjacent—wants rent in advance, but his son (Tom Drake) takes a look at Terry Moore, and fixes things temporarily. Now, Mr. Dingle's a tightwad. Main thing he likes is money—to hoard, not to spend. When an old investment pays off, he cuts a hole in the wall baseboard, and stuffs $1500 a week into it. Meanwhile, Rupert, the squirrel, bored with park life, returns to live in the rafters of the garage. Once a week he picks up the $1500 Mr. Dingle stuffs in the wall and sprinkles it down on Jimmy Durante's head. Jimmy's family thinks God is responsible for the miracle, and they help all the little businesspeople in the neighborhood, and prosperity reigns. There's some confusion, what with the income tax people, and Rupert's burning the Dingles' house to the ground, and Tom Drake's getting some music published, but everything works out. *Everything*. This is a picture with at least five different happy endings. Even Rupert's old boss, and Rupert, go on to make a success of their act. (Before the crowned heads of Europe, I shouldn't wonder.) Durante's delightful, enchanting, lovable. If you can say bad things about a picture he's in, you're braver than I am.

SHADOW ON THE WALL

Cast: Ann Sothern, Zachary Scott, Gigi Perreau, Nancy Davis.
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

Ann Sothern's sister (Kristine Miller) is married to Zachary Scott, but carrying on with Tom Helmore. Tom is Ann's fiancé. Now, since childhood, sister's always got everything away from Ann, due to her superior allure (not evident to the naked eye), and this Tom business is just too much. Ann goes to sister's house to squawk, finds sister and Zachary have had a big fight (over Tom business, also) and Zach's lying on the floor unconscious. Sis lets him have it with a handmirror or something. Ann shoots sister in a moment of pique, is overheard by Sis' and Zach's child, Gigi Perreau, but doesn't know it. Zach goes to jail, is going to die in the electric chair for wife's murder. Gigi is in a state of shock. A child psychiatrist (Nancy Davis) starts working on her. The kid knows something. Maybe they can find out what it is, save her father. Ann's worried now. Half the time she resolves to be a good girl, 'fess up, the other half, she plots ways to rub out Gigi. I find it particularly unpleasant to watch somebody attempting murder on a little child, even when I know it's just a movie.



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The Kid From Texas: Betrayed by his former comrades, Audie Murphy dramatically prepares for a last-ditch stand, backed by Gale Storm.

THE KID FROM TEXAS

Cast: Audie Murphy, Gale Storm, Albert Dekker, Shepperd Strudwick.
Universal-International

This is a sympathetic story about Billy the Kid, and I don't know how much of it's fiction. It's absorbing, and the Technicolor is gorgeous. Audie Murphy (as Billy) turns up in New Mexico during a fight between two big land-owning factions. Both factions want control of the range. Albert Dekker and his partner Shepperd Strudwick are on one side of the fence, Dennis Hoey's on the other. Hoey's side hires gunmen, but Strudwick's a peaceful soul. He takes on Billy as a ranchhand, to the displeasure of partner Dekker. Strudwick makes a friend of Billy, and the young sharpshooter puts away his guns, determined to live peaceable. Nobody's ever treated him like a human being before; Strudwick becomes his idol. When Strudwick's killed by Hoey's gangsters, Billy goes back to his old ways, vows to get every man who had anything to do with Strudwick's murder. Dekker says okay, sends his men, led by Billy, to get Hoey's bunch, but after a lot of people on both sides are killed, Dekker shifts the whole blame to Billy, tells the governor of the territory he never authorized his men to murder anybody. Billy becomes an outlaw, still intent on revenge. (There are a couple of men implicated in Strudwick's death that Billy hasn't yet caught up with.) Billy's finally trapped by his love for Dekker's young wife (Gale Storm) but there's plenty of excitement first.

KEY TO THE CITY

Cast: Clark Gable, Loretta Young, Frank Morgan, Marilyn Maxwell.
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

If you can believe that all the mayors in the U. S. are having a convention in San Francisco, then I guess you can believe that Clark Gable, self-made man and ex-stevedore, is the mayor of some town (I can't remember the name), and Loretta Young is the mayor of still another town (I can't remember the name of that either). Loretta's prim, scholarly, a Harvard grad. Clark's all brawn and sex appeal. When his city council doesn't agree with him, he dumps them into a fish pond outside the city hall.

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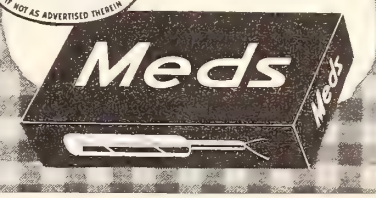
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Key to the City: Stevedore-turned-mayor Clark Gable fights off assailants while lady mayor Loretta Young offers good advice, but no help.

No trouble with drys in his state—the legislators are always wringing wet. Well, love blooms between Loretta and Clark, but she mistrusts him on account of flashy atom dancer Marilyn Maxwell (she certainly can can-can), and the late Frank Morgan plays an Irish fire chief, and Lewis Stone plays Loretta's uncle with-the-kindly-twinkle who hopes Loretta will learn to live dangerously, but what's the difference? It's perfectly absurd. It's also pretty funny.

THE THIRD MAN

Cast: Joseph Cotten, Valli, Trevor Howard, Bernard Lee, Orson Welles.
Selznick

Joseph Cotten, down on his luck, arrives in the American zone of Vienna and goes looking for his old school friend, Harry. Harry has a business of some sort and he's written Joe to come to Vienna if he wants a job. Only Joe's too late. Harry's dead. A number of people will testify to that. The two men who picked up the body after Harry was run over by his own chauffeur, and the girl who loved Harry—she's an actress named Anna (Valli). A porter tries to give Joe some information (he says there were *three* men carrying Harry's body) and he (the porter) is murdered shortly thereafter. Now Joe's both angry and curious. He thinks Harry's death was no accident. After a while, he has reason to think Harry isn't even dead. It seems Harry was mixed up in some unsavory black market dealings (Harry wasn't above watering penicillin for sick children) and the body in Harry's grave may not even be Harry's. Harry (Orson Welles) may be hiding out, biding his time. The authorities, particularly a British officer named Calloway (Trevor Howard) advise Cotten to give up trying to solve his little mystery. Go home, take the first plane, they urge. Vienna's not a nice place to be, and there's no use looking for trouble. But Cotten's stubborn; besides, he's fallen in love with Anna. Anna smiles, when he tells her. "If you'd phoned and asked me what color your hair was, I wouldn't have known," she says sadly. She's still in love with the memory of Harry. Harry'd never quite grown-up. Harry'd never cared too much about right or wrong, but Anna loved him.

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It would be too bad to give away the rest of the plot, because knowing takes some of the fun out of seeing. It's enough to say this is an excellent thriller. It's based on a story by Graham Greene, it's directed and produced by Carol Reed, and it's acted with the same taste and intelligence which characterizes the writing and direction. Joseph Cotten's never been so good. That goes for Valli, and everybody else, too. . . . Among the picture's other unusual features is the haunting zither music—which runs right through it, from the title to the finish. It's strange, moody, exciting stuff.

MOTHER DIDN'T TELL ME

Cast: Dorothy McGuire, John Lund, June Havoc.
20th Century-Fox

Dorothy McGuire, coughing like a bull moose, phones doctor William Lundigan. Then she rushes into a filmy negligee, and plays Camille. (William Lundigan is her type.) So they get married. But every time she puts dinner on the table, he's off softening somebody's arteries. Occasionally he takes time out from his practice, only to accomplish such feats as sinking all his money into a broken-down house (the seller just showed him a picture). Even after the twins are born, Dorothy can't resign herself to this erratic way of life. Not only is she snubbed whenever she tries to put in an edgewise word about the habits of ulcers (she wants to belong, when her husband has his doctor friends over), but her husband takes a lovely girl-doctor into his office as a partner, her mother-in-law swipes away at her from the sidelines, and a charlatan psychiatrist (Leif Erickson), tells her she's misunderstood, and would she care to dance? It's unbelievable but mildly amusing.

DEAR WIFE

Cast: William Holden, Joan Caulfield, Billy De Wolfe.
Paramount

Dear Wife is the sequel to *Dear Ruth*, with the same cast playing the same characters. Ruth (Joan Caulfield), married to Bill (William Holden), discovers that being a bride is often a headache, never a bore. For one thing, Bill resents living with her family. Hurts his pride. Besides which he has his wife's old job, in the town bank, and his wife's old boyfriend (Billy De Wolfe) for a boss. (De Wolfe is always giving him pompously confusing advice like, "Hit the ball hard; keep pitching!") Ruth's adolescent sister Miriam (Mona Freeman) is frightfully civic-minded, so she starts a campaign to run Bill, whom she admires, for State Senator against whatever candidate George Stiver, the local political boss, chooses. She finds out too late that her own father, the Judge (Edward Arnold), is Stiver's man. By this time, she's already written a letter to the paper, roasting "Stiver's Stooge." Her father says to her mother (Mary Phillips) plaintively at one point, "Do you think if I pulled some strings I could get that child deported?" But Miriam's only just begun to fight, and the political battle is on, and Ruth and Bill nearly split up (there's a redhead running his campaign), but all's well that ends, you know.

THREE CAME HOME

Cast: Claudette Colbert, Patric Knowles, Florence Desmond, Sessue Hayakawa.
20th Century-Fox

This outstanding picture is based on the actual experiences of writer Agnes Newton Keith. Mrs. Keith (played by Claudette Colbert, who gives one of the best performances of her career) was an American, living in Borneo with her husband (played by Patric Knowles), a British colonial official, when the war with Japan broke out. The Japanese occupied Borneo, and Mr. and Mrs. Keith were separated, sent to different prison camps, their little boy going with his mother. This is chiefly a story of those years in prison, and their effect on a sensitive woman. Mrs. Keith was capable of great objectivity; looking back to a time of particularly intense suffering, she said, "At that moment, I hated all mankind—not just the enemy. A race which still allowed wars to happen to innocent children. Was there any hope for such an animal?" Because she was so unusual a person, her pain and hunger and loneliness are particularly affecting. . . . Mr. and Mrs. Keith and their son were finally liberated and reunited, in 1945. It's good to know that these three did come home.



Three Came Home: Fearful for their lives, prisoners Claudette Colbert and Florence Desmond are forced into obedience by a Jap guard.



Dear Wife: Mona Freeman lays plans to run brother-in-law Bill Holden for senator, despite the fact that her father is running, too.

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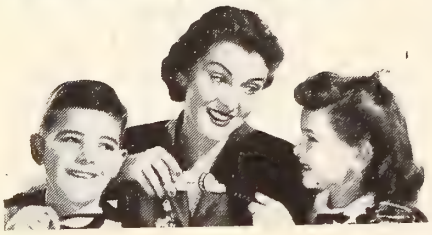


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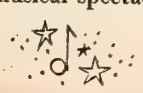
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for Enchanted Moments

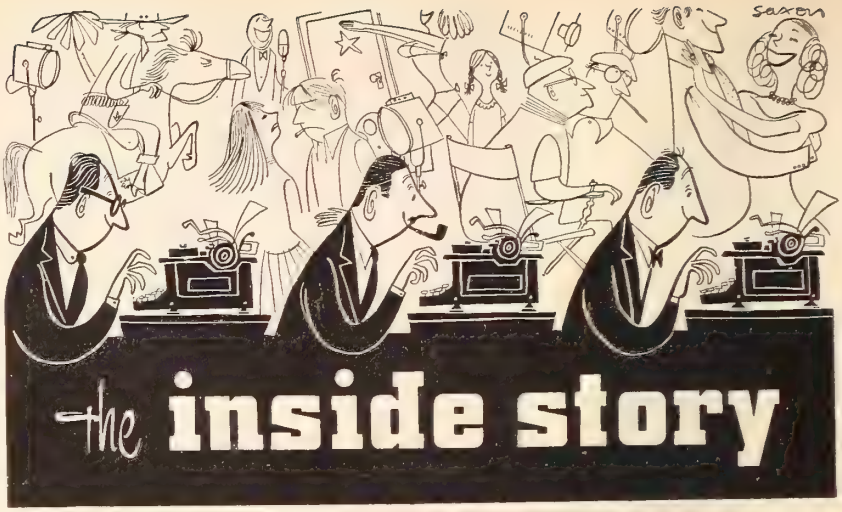
For your enchanted moments—at last a lipstick that *will not smear*...at last a lipstick of such exquisite texture that it goes on easier and stays on longer than any you have ever used.

The *new, exclusive* Tangee formula makes all this possible for the first time.

In Tangee Pink Queen and six other enchanting shades.



THE *New* Tangee LIPSTICK



MEN, WE FIND, generally fall or are pushed into categories. The first and more prevalent variety is known as "sloppy." The members of this category behave as if they'd never heard of coat hangers or green vegetables and have to be threatened before they'll have their hair cut. The telephone, to them, is an instrument of torture and more times than not its clarion call is answered with the simple invitation to drop dead. The second category, scientifically termed "neat" is rapidly becoming extinct and maybe it's a good thing, too—even though Dick Powell happens to belong to it. He and others of his stamp are usually the great organizers and rearrangers. This drives June wild. For instance—but June tells more about his fantastic cruelty in *Sometimes I Hate My Husband* on page 46.

SHIRLEY TEMPLE IS *Bringing up Susan* on page 61—but the two-year-old seems to have the situation well in hand herself. Linda Susan took her first plane ride to Hawaii the other day and comported herself as if she'd been born with wings. Ate a whopping good meal, made conversation with the other passengers and probably would, if they'd asked, have given sound advice to the pilots. And when we think how wildly excited *we* used to get over our weekly horse-and-buggy ride . . .

SHELLEY WINTERS AND Monty Clift are practically blood relations. Six years ago they were both learning the Broadway ropes, getting bit parts and darn glad to be eating regularly. Now they're both in Hollywood, and times have changed—but not Monty. He still can eat three steaks and four desserts at one sitting, he still doesn't go for the brassy nightspots, he's still in love—with acting. All of which goes to show why she is, was and always will be *Mad About Monty* (on page 44.) Well, move over Shelley—you've got company, kid.

WE USED TO think that Hollywood parties were nothing but champagne, caviar, and glitter. Dresses down to here and patent leather pumps for the men. We couldn't have been wronger. MODERN SCREEN's Bev Ott got an invite (along with Dick Long, Peggy Dow, Douglas Dick, Anthony Curtis and other bright young things) to a charade-type party and there was nary a drop of champagne and nobody got dressed—at least not up. It's something we can't explain, but you can read the hilarious and mystifying experience in *I Love a Charade* on page 34.

WANT TO KNOW how girls get ahead in Hollywood? Do you think it's talent? —or luck?—or knowing the right people? Well, there's a surprise in store for you on page 34. Lizabeth Scott and Marie Wilson reveal all in *For Girls Only*. (And no self-respecting male we know is going to let an inviting title like *that* stop him.)

WE'LL BE BACK on the same corner next month with special coverage on Liz Taylor's wedding plans. We're also telling how Clark Gable's new wife is making certain changes in the King's heart and home. We're telling all that and lots more when we go on sale— May 10!



y Grable and Harry James sit with their sweet-faced youngsters, six-r-old Vickie and two-and-a-half-year-old Jessica for a portrait. The es are rightfully considered one of the happiest families in Hollywood.



Tyrone Power finds time between scenes to chat with Hugh Marlowe, 20th Century's newest nominee for stardom. Ty and Hugh are on location at Lone Pine, in the Rockies, for *Rawhide*—rugged new stagecoach drama.



M Freeman and her husband, Pat Nerney, are among the 300 guests erman Billingsley's party in the Stork Club. The party, which lasted wn, was given for Louella Parsons on her recent trip to New York.



Emmett Kelly, the sad-faced and most famous clown of all, greets Sylvia and Clark Gable at the première of *Key To The City*. Gable played the role of mayor in the film which starred him and Loretta Young.

date Betty Hutton sure gives the big the idea that English are staid and c beaux. Staid? Prosaic? Not *this* boy. n the moment he set eyes on blonde, shell Betty at Ciro's just a few nights she separated from Ted Briskin, he has pursuing the belle with the ardor of a cavalier.

t, Stewart got a cameraman to intro- them. Then he immediately moved in danced every dance with Betty. When eft the café to attend a private party, went Granger.

vard dawning, when the Hutton group ed by the Van Heflins for scrambled and coffee, the smitten Stewart was anging on!

Without a wink of sleep, he reported to MGM to work the next day on *King Solomon's Mines*. But the minute the company was dismissed, Granger was ringing Betty's doorbell.

The lady, flattered but flabbergasted, asked how come?

"You're having dinner with me tonight, and tomorrow night and the next night—I hope," said the dashing actor.

Betty couldn't help laughing. But she told Stewart she isn't doing any dating, except in groups of friends, so soon after her separation from Ted Briskin.

"All right," said Granger. "Invite lots of people."

What can you do with a cavalier like that? Exciting, I calls it—I'll bet Betty does, too!

* * *

The invitations to Adrian's spring fashion show read, "So many men have asked me, 'Why can't we come to your fashion show and see what our wives are buying?' "—that he invited the gents.

Even so, seeing Clark Gable sitting beside his bride, Sylvia, who carefully marked all of Adrian's best numbers down, was something I thought I'd never live to witness! Yes, there was King Gable, looking as interested as all get-out—and seeing him was worth paying admission for. At first I thought Clark was blushing, but it was only a deep sunburn!

Loretta Young's husband, Tom Lewis, sat

"Soaping" dulls hair— Halo glorifies it!





Not a soap, not a cream— Halo cannot leave dulling, dirt-catching soap film!

Gives fragrant "soft-water" lather —needs no special rinse!



Removes embarrassing dandruff from both hair and scalp!



Halo leaves hair soft, manageable— shining with colorful natural highlights!



Yes, "soaping" your hair with even finest liquid or oily cream shampoos leaves dulling, dirt-catching film. Halo, made with a new patented ingredient, contains no soap, no sticky oils. Thus Halo *glorifies* your hair the very first time you use it. Ask for Halo—*America's favorite shampoo*—at any drug or cosmetic counter!



Halo reveals the hidden beauty of your hair!



Rhonda Fleming, star of *The Eagle and The Hawk*, is caught prettily by the camera on her well-earned vacation in Las Vegas, Nevada.

next to me and he said: "You know, Clark isn't looking at the clothes at all—he just keeps looking at Sylvia and agreeing with her."

Adrian really started something new in Hollywood by inviting the husbands to see his collection, feeding the hungry creatures and plying them with champagne. Believe me, it was no ordinary fashion show. He put on a revue Ziegfeld might have envied.

For instance, in the "Frogs in the Organdy Garden" number, he had seven beautiful girls in diaphanous organdy, each gown more beautiful than the other. But to top it all, there were two huge frogs who croaked their appreciation!

In the "Shepherd's Dream" number, he had one black sheep in a flock of white. In the "Colony" number, the entrance to the Colony restaurant in New York was duplicated to a T—all the girls wearing the smartest cocktail and dinner clothes.

I can tell you, it was a night to remember. Not one person—not even a male—left before the show was over.

Irene Dunne, looking like a model herself, checked off number after number of the more conservative gowns—but I also saw her mark a very swirly and beautiful evening gown.

Next to Gable, the biggest surprise of all was to see Darryl Zanuck, boss-man of 20th Century-Fox, sitting quietly by the side of his lovely Virginia and pointing out the dresses he thought she should buy. When I commented on his being there, Virginia said, "Oh, he always goes with me when we're in Paris."

Clifton Webb picked out a few numbers for Mabelle, his favorite mother.

If you ask me, I think Adrian has started something new in this town. From now on there won't be any trouble getting the men who pay the bills to come with their wives to his beautiful shows.

* * *

Elizabeth Taylor's mother said, "Poor little thing! She didn't get to announce her engagement like other girls, at the party she planned for 20 of her girl friends. The story



The Daughter of Rosie O'grady

IN COLOR BY **TECHNICOLOR**

STARRING **JUNE HAVER · GORDON MacRAE**

WITH **JAMES BARTON · CUDDLES SAKALL**
AND WARNERS' HANDSOME DANCE-SOME NEW STAR **GENE NELSON**

DIRECTED BY **DAVID BUTLER** · PRODUCED BY **WILLIAM JACOBS**

SCREEN PLAY BY JACK ROSE, MELVILLE SHAVELSON & PETER MILNE • FROM A STORY BY JACK ROSE & MELVILLE SHAVELSON • MUSICAL DIRECTOR RAY HEINDORF

Deodorant News to Delight You!

New finer Mum more effective longer!



NOW CONTAINS AMAZING NEW INGREDIENT M-3—THAT PROTECTS AGAINST ODOR-CAUSING BACTERIA

New Protection! Let the magic of new Mum protect you—*better, longer.* For today's Mum, with wonder-working M-3, safely protects against bacteria that *cause* underarm perspiration odor. Mum never merely "masks" odor—simply doesn't give it a chance to start.

New Creaminess! Mum is softer, creamier than ever. As gentle as a beauty cream. Smooths on easily, doesn't cake. And Mum is non-irritating to skin because it contains no harsh ingredients. Will not rot or discolor finest fabrics.

New Fragrance! Even Mum's new perfume is special—a delicate flower fragrance created for Mum alone. This delightful cream deodorant contains no water to dry out or decrease its efficiency. Economical—no shrinkage, no waste.

REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY
Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
IF NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN



Mum's protection grows and GROWS! Thanks to its new ingredient, M-3, Mum not only stops growth of odor-causing bacteria instantly—but keeps down *future* growth. You actually *build up* protection with regular, exclusive use of new Mum!

Now at your cosmetic counter!

New **MUM** *cream deodorant*

A PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS



Jennifer and David Selznick, sitting with Selznick's ex-publicity chief, Paul MacNamara, have fun at the opening of Felix Young's nightclub.

leaked out, even the date, and my baby is *so* disappointed."

She was talking about Elizabeth Taylor's "surprise" that she is marrying Nicky Hilton, son of the millionaire hotel man, on May 6th. I was one of the first to tip the date on my radio show, and the word spread like wildfire—so Elizabeth's pretty announcement party was definitely on the anticlimax side.

Mrs. Taylor says that luscious Liz and young Nicky have been "going steady" ever since Christmas when they met on the Paramount lot. Frank Freeman, Jr., son of the Paramount executive, introduced them after Nicky told him he wanted to meet Elizabeth more than any girl in the world.

Well, all the world knows now that our teen-age American beauty will be married with a big church wedding with six bridesmaids and matrons, including Janie Powell. Ann Westmore, daughter of the Wally Westmores of cosmetic fame, will be her matron of honor.

Helen Rose, MGM designer, will do Elizabeth's wedding gown and Edith Head, the Paramount designer, will make her going away suit and several dresses for her trousseau. Ceil Chapman, of New York, will make the rest of her clothes.

Maybe it ain't so bad being a "poor little movie star" after all.

(*For further details about Liz Taylor's engagement, see page* 40.—Ed.)

* * *

"Charleston, Charleston,
Get hot, Charleston! . . ."

I tell you, our town has gone crazy about the revival of that dance from the roaring Twenties, and the place they are going the starkest raving mad is at the Mocambo, Monday nights.

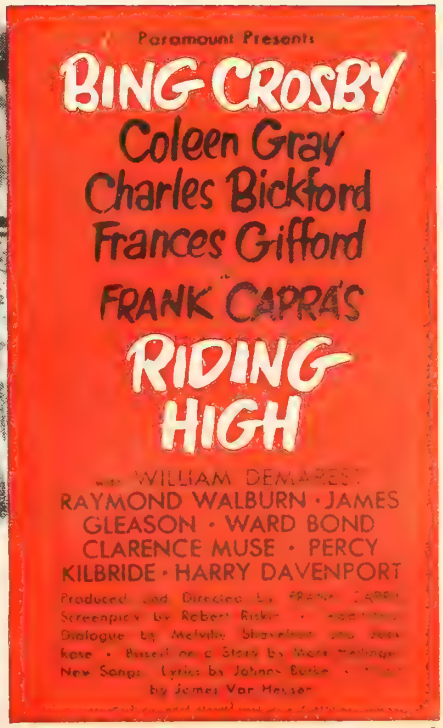
At that time a musical group calling themselves (heavens knows why) "The Firehouse Five Plus Two" takes to the bandstand and the Pied Piper himself never attracted a more glamorous swarm of dancers than those crowding the floor and practically shagging up the walls of the famous old nitery.

The Firehouse bunch wears red shirts and

Bing Crosby's greatest is Frank Capra's Riding High



The "Blue Skies" kind of music . . . the laughter of "Road To Rio"... the heart-warmth of "Going My Way" ...all wrapped up in the happiest Bing picture of all time!



BING SINGS HIS BIGGEST HITS...IN HIS BIGGEST HIT OF ALL!...
"Sunshine Cake" • "Sure Thing" • "The Horse Told Me"
"Somewhere On Anywhere Road"
"Whiffenpoof Song" "Camptown Races"

Paramount's Joyful Springtime Hit! See It Soon At Your Favorite Theatre!



Let it fall!



It can't break—
It's PLASTIC!

New!

Shulton

SHAMPOO

5¾ oz. .85

Perfumed with the famous Old Spice



Made by Shulton, long famous for soaps and toiletries, this wonderful shampoo is tops in every way—*and gives you*

- more glory lights in your hair
- more glamour in its perfuming
- plus an unbreakable plastic bottle!

At Drug and Department Stores

SHULTON
Rockefeller Center, New York

helmets and dangling suspenders. When they aren't tooting their hot jazz, they work on the Walt Disney lot as artists, carpenters and technicians. But man and boy—do they *go!*

Just to give you a rough idea, her Nibs, Bette Davis, recently contested in the Charleston—and the gal is good!

Another big thrill was when Ginger Rogers and Ann Miller, both terrific dancers, answered a roar of popular applause with an exhibition "sister act." They were so wonderful dancing the Charleston together that they could easily step into a Broadway show without another rehearsal.

So far, they haven't been able to lure Joan Crawford out onto the floor—though Joan was the Queen of the Charleston addicts at one time. But she's beginning to show up on Monday nights, and the bets are that she won't be able to hold out much longer.

* * *

Everybody's been asking me, "What was Katharine Hepburn really like when you were interviewing her for your radio show?" This girl gives so few interviews (*never* gives them is nearer the truth) that press and public seldom get a glimpse of her real personality.

Well, let me say she was swell!

She is quite the most devastatingly honest person I have ever met. From time to time I have chided her in my column for her political views. Instead of ignoring what might have been an embarrassing topic, she led off with, "How come you invited me on your show when you think what you do of my politics?"

I had to laugh. "Well, I've never thought you were other than a swell actress, Katie," I told her.

Another "touchy" topic she took up immediately was the subject of her imitators—some of them have been really cruel.

I hope you heard my show with Hepburn, because if you missed her imitating her imitators you missed the one and only Hep-

FREE SUBSCRIPTIONS!

If you have spring fever, we can sympathize with you. We know what it's like. We love to sit and pull petals off daisies, too. We like to have things nice and easy—like this contest we dreamed up for you. It's so simple—all you do is tell us which stories you liked best in this issue and which you liked least. And tell us which stars you like, too. Then send this questionnaire to us right away, because we're giving a prize to the first 500 people who do so—a prize that'll help you pass the time of day all summer. For free, you'll get the June, July and August issues—so come on! Don't put it off another minute!

QUESTIONNAIRE

Which stories did you enjoy the most in our May issue? WRITE THE NUMBERS 1, 2 and 3 AT THE RIGHT of your 1st, 2nd and 3rd choices.

Colleen Townsend's Flight from Hollywood ☐
Heartbreak for Sinatra? ☐
Ingrid's Forgotten Child ☐
Hollywood Takes Its Medicine (Walker, Gardner, Mitchum) by Hedda Hopper ☐
For Girls Only (Lizabeth Scott, Marie Wilson) ☐
I Love A Charade (Barbara Lawrence, Anthony Curtis, etc.) ☐
My Prayer Was Answered (Loretta Young) ☐
Pete's Place (Peter Lawford) ☐
I'm Yours! (Elizabeth Taylor) ☐
No Time for Love (Ann Blyth) ☐
Mad about Monty (Montgomery Clift) ☐
Sometimes I Hate My Husband (June Allyson) ☐
Why Our Marriage Will Work (Jane Powell) ☐
My Heart Stood Still (Farley Granger) ☐
Bringing Up Susan (Shirley Temple) ☐
How Ingrid Got Her Divorce ☐
Hollywood Pictorial (Janet Leigh, Kirk Douglas, Linda Darnell) ☐
Christopher Kane's Movie Reviews ☐
Modern Screen Fashions ☐
Louella Parsons' Good News ☐

Which of the above did you like LEAST?.....

What 3 MALE stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them, 1, 2, 3, in order of preference.....

.....

What 3 FEMALE stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them, 1, 2, 3, in order of preference.....

.....

What MALE star do you like least?.....

What FEMALE star do you like least?.....

My name is.....

My address is.....

City..... Zone..... State..... I am ..... years old

ADDRESS THIS TO: POLL DEPT., MODERN SCREEN
BOX 125, MURRAY HILL STATION, NEW YORK 16, N. Y.

MICKEY ROONEY



It's a new kind of role for Rooney... the rough, tough, tense story of a guy who yields to one temptation—and can't stop 'til he hits bottom! *A picture that must be seen by every boy...and girl...*

"QUICKSAND"



A **SAMUEL H. STIEFEL** PRODUCTION

"QUICKSAND"

Starring

MICKEY ROONEY

with

JEANNE CAGNEY · BARBARA BATES · PETER LORRE

Directed by IRVING PICHEL • Original Story by Robert Smith
Mort Briskin, Producer • Released thru United Artists

Which Twin has the Toni?



Eleanor and Jeanne Fulstone of Smith, Nevada. "Toni is the *one* wave that never frizzes my hair—but always leaves it *soft and natural looking*," says the Toni Twin. Can you tell which one she is? See answer below.

Hair styles in this picture by Don Rito, famous Hollywood hair stylist

Toni looks as lovely as a $20 permanent —feels as soft as naturally curly hair*

Isn't it wonderful? Now for only one dollar you can get a wave that's marvelously soft—like naturally curly hair . . . and guaranteed to look as lovely, last just as long as a beauty shop permanent costing $20. (*Including shampoo and set.)



What's Toni's secret? It's the lotion. Toni waving lotion is an exclusive creme formula—a gentle-action formula especially created to give you a wave that's free of harsh frizziness—a wave that *feels* and *behaves* like naturally curly hair. But remember, *only* with Toni Home Permanent do you get this superb waving lotion.

Wonderful results—again and again! What better proof of Toni quality! Toni is the only permanent that has given over 67 million lovely, long-lasting waves. Letters of praise come from women with every type of hair—even gray, bleached and baby-fine hair. So whether it's your first Toni or your tenth, you can be sure of getting a wave that looks as lovely as a $20 permanent—feels as soft as naturally curly hair. Eleanor, the twin on the left, has the Toni.

P. S. For a lovelier you, get Toni Creme Shampoo and Toni Creme Rinse, too.



"Now daddy calls both Mummy and me his Toni Twins," says Barbara Wiltgen of Evanston, Illinois. "Everywhere we go people say our hair is so soft and pretty and natural-looking . . . guess that's why daddy's so proud of us and our Toni waves!"

NEW!

TONI MIDGET SPIN CURLERS



For perfect neckline curls far easier—far faster!

Wonderful for new, short hair styles. Winds short, wispy ends closer to the head for longer-lasting curls.

SPECIAL! Toni Refill Kit with 6 Midget SPIN Curlers and tube of Toni Creme Shampoo. $1.50 value only $1.33



Monty Clift recently mastered the art of handling a billiard cue—something he learned for a scene in Paramount's *A Place in The Sun.*

burn at her very best and most humorous.

* * *

Around Town: Howard Duff, looking like a private thunder cloud when his date, Gloria De Haven, sat on the piano bench and sang with the pianist at the new Encore cafe . . . Almost every set you go on, some star is telling fortunes or reading cards and palms. Joan Fontaine turned her dressing room into a "Gypsy Tent" and read palms all during *Bed of Roses.* Lloyd Bridges, working with Valli in *White Tower,* reads palms and cards for his co-workers. A very good handwriting analyst is Signe Hasso. Everybody's doing it! . . . Linda Christian (Mrs. Tyrone Power) goes in for the Oriental when she dresses formally for the evening. She has a Chinese coat—several of 'em in fact—and she twists her long hair into a bun on top of her head with exotic pins stuck through the coils. . . . Arlene Dahl brushing her lips against Lew Ayres cheek as they sit side by side in a quiet corner of their favorite night club. . . . Ginger Rogers closes her eyes when she dances with Greg Bautzer. . . . Shelley Winters is acting temperamental again. Shelley, I thought you said that was all over. . . . Kirk Douglas astounding Stanley Kramer by telling him he will make another picture for him for the same salary he got for *Champion*—which was $50,000. Now Kirk's salary is $150,000 for a picture. That's what I call $100,000 worth of gratitude!

* * *

I might as well have been in Hollywood the five weeks I spent in New York and Florida—I saw so many of our stars.

Sherman Billingsley, of the Stork Club, gave me a wonderful party for 300 of his and my most "intimate" friends. All the visitors from Hollywood were there dining and dancing until the wee small hours.

Alice Faye was having a marvelous time and it was good to see her. Alice greatly admired Carol Channing in *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes,* and the way she talked gave me an idea that Alice may be hankering after the movies again.

I have to tell this on Baby and Bogey. While the tough guy (*Continued on page 105*)

Dream house, Dream pattern . . . with these



New SPRING GARDEN

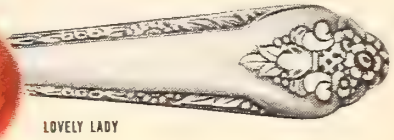


Happy young home planner!
And so very, very wise . . . for the pattern
of her choice is by Holmes & Edwards,
the silverplate that's Sterling Inlaid!



YOUTH

Two blocks of sterling silver are inlaid at the backs of bowls and handles of most-used spoons and forks to keep Holmes & Edwards lovelier longer.

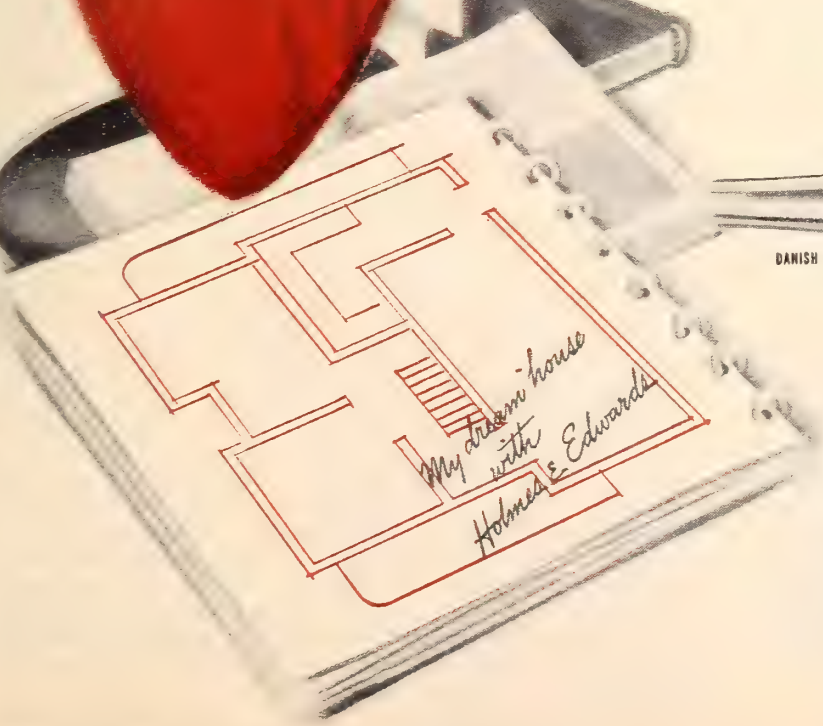


LOVELY LADY

And why take years buying silverware by "place settings," when tonight you can serve a dinner for 8 with Holmes & Edwards for only $49.95, and no Excise Tax.



DANISH PRINCESS*



HOLMES & EDWARDS
STERLING INLAID° SILVERPLATE

HERE HERE
It's Sterling Inlaid

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*ALL PATTERNS MADE IN U. S. A.

Picture of the Month



Clarence Muse provides the gay string music as Bing Crosby and Coleen Gray let themselves go before the big race in Paramount's *Riding High.*

MOVIE REVIEWS

by Christopher Kane



RIDING HIGH

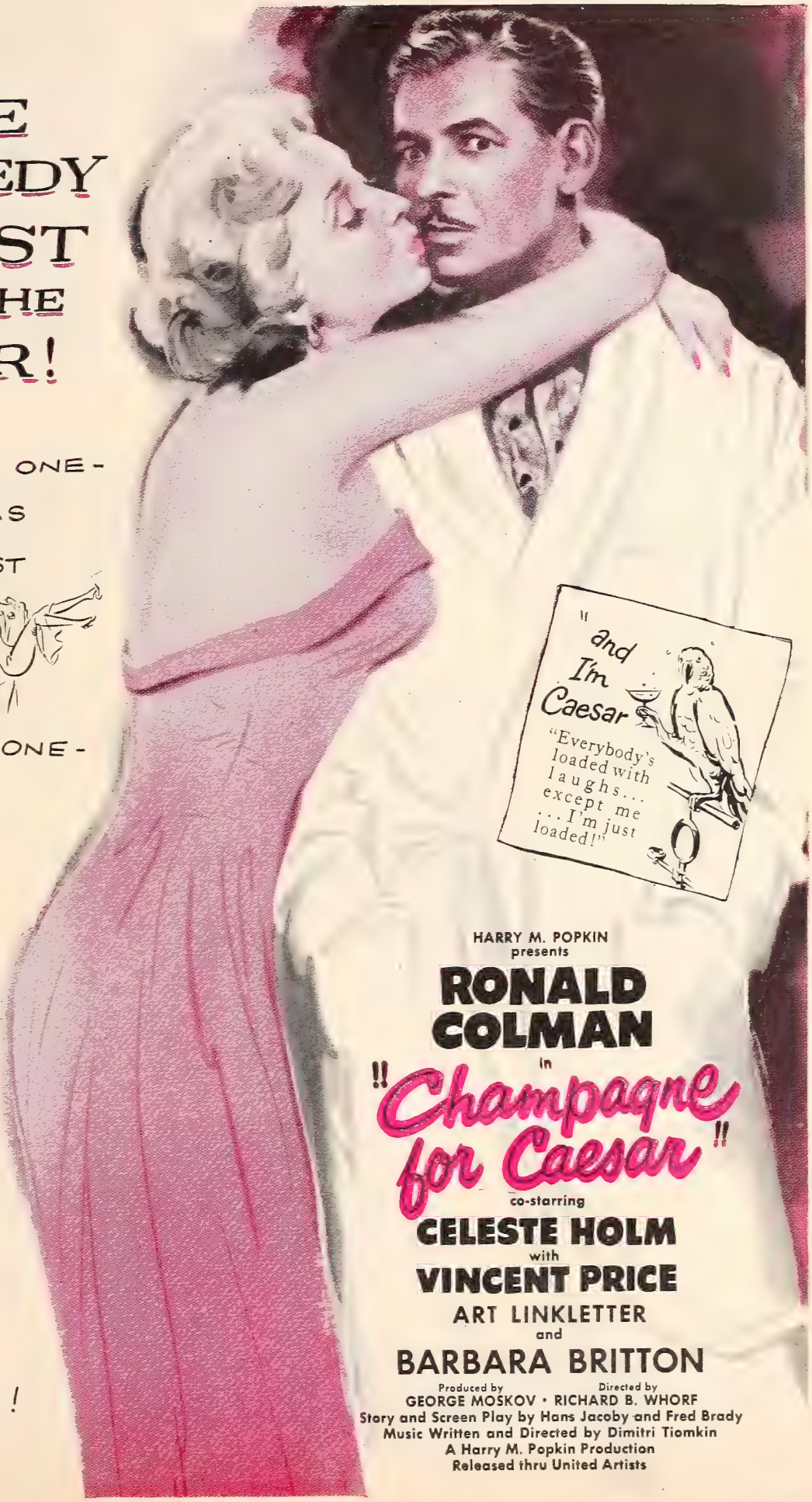
● Bing Crosby, who's always talked to horses, talks to a girl (Frances Gifford), and it's love. But if he weds this girl, he'll have to be head of a paper-box factory (girl's father owns everything in town) and paper boxes bore him silly. He gets rid of all his horses except one—he keeps Broadway Bill for sentimental reasons—and tells himself his youth is over. It's time to settle down. Father-in-law-to-be demands the ultimate sacrifice: Part with Broadway Bill. Never! cries Bing. I'd rather part with your daughter. Bing leaves town with horse and sidekick (Clarence Muse); they're off to the races. Ex-fiancée's younger sister, Coleen Gray, also loves Bing. She follows him to Imperial City, where he's planning to enter Broadway Bill in the Derby. She raises the horse's entry fee, she stands by and helps nurse the horse when he gets sick (the barn where he's quartered leaks when it rains), and she's at Bing's side the day of the race. As if having just got over the horse equivalent of pneumonia isn't enough, Broadway Bill's got a crooked jockey on his back (a big gambler's paid the boy to throw the race) and the horse has to fight his own rider, as well as the other horses. Does Broadway Bill win, does everything work out? Well, I won't spoil the story. There's a tremendous cast of characters and bit players in this picture. All of them are good; most of them are funny. You see Raymond Walburn and William Demarest as racetrack habitues, Gene Lockhart has a tiny part as a rich old man, Oliver Hardy (without Stan Laurel) plays a bettor who loses his shirt (vast though it is), and Jimmy Gleason's a crisp track official.

THE COMEDY TOAST OF THE YEAR!

COLMAN'S A ONE-MAN RIOT AS THE SMARTEST MAN IN THE WORLD.



CELESTE IS A ONE-WOMAN RIOT SQUAD WHO REALLY SMARTENS HIM UP! IT'S THE BUBBLIEST, FROTHIEST, TICKLIEST MOVIE YOU EVER CELEBRATED!



HARRY M. POPKIN
presents

RONALD COLMAN

in

"Champagne for Caesar"

co-starring

CELESTE HOLM

with

VINCENT PRICE

ART LINKLETTER

and

BARBARA BRITTON

Produced by GEORGE MOSKOV · Directed by RICHARD B. WHORF

Story and Screen Play by Hans Jacoby and Fred Brady

Music Written and Directed by Dimitri Tiomkin

A Harry M. Popkin Production

Released thru United Artists

FILM GLUES ACID TO YOUR TEETH !

Tooth decay is caused by the acid that film holds against your teeth. This acid is formed by the action of mouth bacteria on many foods you eat.

PEPSODENT REMOVES FILM ! HELPS STOP DECAY !

When you use film-removing Pepsodent Tooth Paste right after eating, it helps keep acid from forming. It also removes the dulling stains and "bad breath" germs that collect in film.

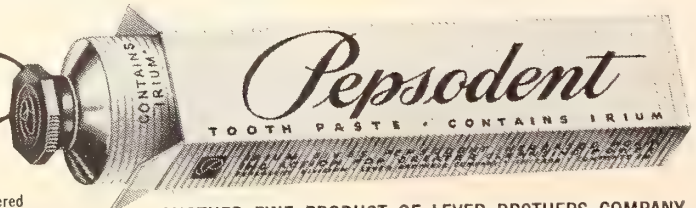


FILM NEVER LETS UP !

Film is forming on everyone's teeth day and night. Don't neglect it. Don't let decay start in your mouth. Always brush with film-removing Pepsodent right after eating and before retiring. No other tooth paste can duplicate Pepsodent's film-removing formula. No other tooth paste contains Irium* or Pepsodent's gentle polishing agent. Use Pepsodent every day— see your dentist twice a year.

YOU'LL HAVE BRIGHTER TEETH AND CLEANER BREATH when you fight tooth decay with film-removing Pepsodent!

Ask your Dentist!



*Irium is Pepsodent's Registered Trade-Mark for Purified Alkyl Sulfate.

ANOTHER FINE PRODUCT OF LEVER BROTHERS COMPANY



Stage Fright: In Hitchcock's newest thriller, Richard Todd, accused of murder, flees from the London police into the arms of Jane Wyman.

STAGE FRIGHT

Cast: Jane Wyman, Marlene Dietrich, Michael Wilding, Richard Todd, Alastair Sim.
Warners

Alfred Hitchcock's new one is good. It's pleasantly tense—with only small doses of horror—and a large, flawless cast makes watching and listening a delight. Richard Todd (the *Hasty Heart* star) plays a young man of London fleeing from justice. He gets girl friend Jane Wyman to take him to her father, out on the seacoast, where he, Todd, can lie low. Todd tells Jane that his mistress, musical comedy star Marlene Dietrich, has murdered her husband. He went to Dietrich's house to get her clean clothes (she was a trifle bloodstained) and was seen there by her maid. Now he has to run from the police. There are complications, including Jane's getting a job in Marlene's employ, in order to discover the truth about the situation, and then a charming detective (Michael Wilding) comes into her life, etc. Surprise ending, too. But real joy of this movie is the acting, including that of Alastair Sim as Jane's faintly diabolical father; Dame Sybil Thorndike as Jane's vague, yet bossy mother; Kay Walsh as Marlene's maid; and a lady named Joyce Grenfell, who operates a shooting gallery with the most comical accent you've ever heard. That is, she doesn't operate the shooting gallery with the accent, but she . . Oh, well. Jane and Michael have a wonderful love scene, and Marlene sings a song about all the money she'd have if she wasn't forced to turn down propositions because of being the laziest girl in town. Though maybe the censors will catch up with her before you ever get to see *that* act.

PERFECT STRANGERS

Cast: Ginger Rogers, Dennis Morgan, Thelma Ritter, Margalo Gilmore
Warners

This starts out like one of those FBI-ish documentaries. You see a big office with books of names, and a man calling off every seventh name. All these names are typed up, and rolled around in a barrel (I've left out several steps) and this, you're informed, is how a jury is picked in a big city. Now on to the serious business. On our jury are Gin-



Comtesse de la Begassiere, French Resistance heroine, like so *many* Frenchwomen, makes Evening in Paris a lovely part of her life. She completes the effect of her lovely clothes with Evening in Paris, applying it at the tips of her ears, at her temples, curve of arms, wrists and neckline, letting the warmth of her skin float its loveliness about her.

Wear Evening in Paris the way French women do*



Suzy Solidor sings and entertains in her Paris nightclub, *Club de l'Opera.* Her long-lasting Evening in Paris Lipstick goes on smoothly, evenly, matches her complexion and her fashions. Final touch—Evening in Paris Perfume where there is a pulse to keep the fragrance warm, alive!

Evening in Paris Perfume, **$12.50** *to* **75¢**
Eau de Cologne, **$1.50** *to* **65¢**
Face Powder, in 8 shades, **$1.00**

All prices plus tax





Comtesse Yves de Saint Seine, connoisseur of art, lavishes her body with stimulating Evening in Paris Eau de Cologne after her bath. Frequently, she bathes her wrists, throat and temples with its fragrance. Even on the warmest days, Evening in Paris Eau de Cologne keeps her refreshed, cool!



Madame Edouard Prat, popular member of Paris society, chooses her delicately scented Evening in Paris Face Powder to compliment her clear, fair skin, but varies the smooth, clinging shades for day and evening—so easy to do with such a choice of flattering colors.

* *It's the largest-selling fragrance in France!*

Bourjois

THIS MONTH

SPRING CLEANING

Must Guard Against Germs



MRS. FRANCIS BARR, DALLAS, TEX., declares: "Spring cleaning calls for extra vigilance, with potent 'Lysol' for all cleaning . . . woodwork . . . walls . . . our whole house."

Wise Mothers Fight Infection Risks



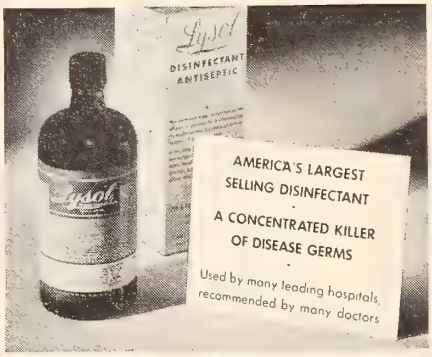
MRS. B. VERNON SMITH, BALBOA, CALIF., says: "I use 'Lysol' when cleaning bathroom shelves, all cabinets, other dust collectors, as well as all the *routine* places."

A CLEAN HOUSE, these clever young mothers realize, is not necessarily *hygienically* clean. Because many disease germs lurk in ordinary house dust. So these, and other wise mothers from coast-to-coast, add potent, effective "Lysol" brand disinfectant to the cleaning water, daily, to fight infection risks.

"EVERY DAY," they say, they use "Lysol." And in a thorough job like spring cleaning, they use it all through the house. Walls, floors, *everywhere.* Just 2½ tablespoons of economical "Lysol" to a gallon of water—and house cleaning becomes an important step in guarding family health.



MRS. ELVIN ERICKSON, BAY RIDGE, N. Y., says: "'Lysol' works wonders . . . I add it to the water when cleaning the kitchen, the baby's room . . . and our whole house."



IN *YOUR* HOME, as you get rid of winter's dust and dirt, fight disease germs with effective "Lysol," as these and millions of other smart mothers, all over America, do.

ger Rogers, separated from her husband, Dennis Morgan, married father of two children. Also 10 other more or less familiar types, such as the society lady (Margalo Gilmore), the amorous traveling salesman (Anthony Ross) and the simple, good-hearted truck driver's wife (Thelma Ritter). This jury's sitting in judgment on a man whose wife has fallen (or was she pushed?) off a cliff. The man's admittedly in love with his secretary, and the state contends that he did away with his helpmeet. Dennis and Ginger, however, fall in love themselves (the jury's locked up for the duration of the trial, so it won't be influenced by outside opinion, and Dennis and Ginger see lots of each other), and they decide the prisoner isn't guilty. According to a studio synopsis, they discover, "it's wholly possible for a married man to fall honestly in love with another woman, and such a love need be no motive for a criminal thing, nor something that necessarily must end in dishonest action." Ginger and Dennis convince the other jurors the guy didn't do it, and he's freed. But Ginger and Dennis suddenly know they can't be happy if they make Dennis' wife and kids sad, so goodbye. I'll love you all my life, it could have been so beautiful, etc. Last we see of Ginger, she's going back to her estranged husband in Cleveland. Lord knows why. I thought she couldn't stand him. There isn't much action in this movie, but there's characterization galore (you get to know all 12 of those quaint jurors) and the whole business is based on an old play by Hecht and MacArthur. I'm told the play was a terrible flop.

THE CONSPIRATOR

Cast: Robert Taylor, Elizabeth Taylor, Robert Fleming.
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

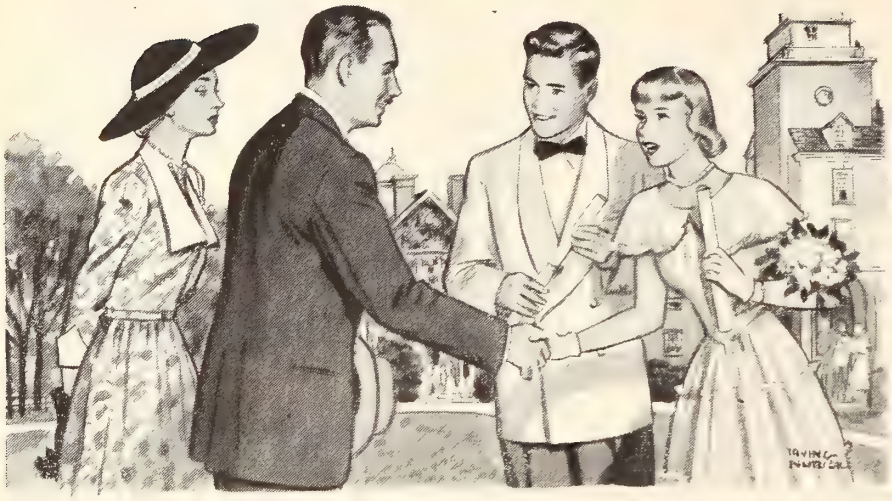
Plot: Aging communist Robert Taylor marries schoolgirl Elizabeth Taylor. Suggested motto: The hand that robs the cradle rules the world. Anyhow, Robert's a respected English officer (subversive, under the skin), Elizabeth's an American girl visiting abroad, they fall in love, get married. Liz doesn't know Robert's a communist, not even when he gets all fixed up with horn-rimmed glasses and a trench coat and goes off into the night with irritating regularity. Liz is a social butterfly; politics bore her. The Communist Party, however, is very resentful that Bob has seen fit to wed without its sanction. "Rub her out," they say coldly, referring to Liz. Oh, what a fix. Shall Bob rub her out, or shall he resign from the Party, or will the Party resign him with a bullet through his head? That's the thanks you get, after being a faithful party worker since you were a mere lad. The real crisis comes when Liz discovers Bob's dastardly other life, and demands that he throw off the scarlet chains that bind him. (Scarlet sounds more dramatic than red, don't you think?) Bob takes Liz on a hunting trip and almost blows her brains out, before she gets the notion that maybe he'd rather dispense with her than his ideals, peculiar as those ideals appear to be. This isn't what you'd call a powerful picture, but Liz is very pretty to watch, whether she's squealing with delight, or horror. She does quite a bit of both.



Story and Screenplay by LAWRENCE KIMBLE • Directed by HUGO FREGONESE • Produced by LEONARD GOLDSTEIN

A UNIVERSAL-INTERNATIONAL PICTURE

Are you in the know?



To make a favorable impression on his family —

☐ *Greet them in Spanish* ☐ *Affect a chawmin' accent* ☐ *Avoid Slurvian*

"Widen Bill tell me you were here? I bin dine to meetcha." You wouldn't say that, *any*way! But in all your chatter, avoid Slurvian—if you'd win favor with this family. It's the language that slurs words, lops off syllables. Like "widen" for "why didn't" . . . "dine" for "dying." Good diction builds confidence. And to *stay* confident on certain days, do yourself the favor of choosing Kotex: made to stay soft while you wear it. *This* softness really *holds its shape*. Keeps you serenely comfortable!



If wrinkles worry her, should she bring —

☐ *Just denims*
☐ *Double-dark sun glasses*
☐ *Her new organdie dress*

Your holiday's better with a bit of la gla*mour*. So if "wrinkle-phobia" tempts you not to pack that dreamy cotton formal—here's news. *Now* many cottons are crease-resistant. Even organdie can shed wrinkles! And even at calendar time you can be your smooth, unruffled self—with Kotex. For no telltale outlines show. With those *flat, pressed ends* you're free from *outline*-phobia! And by trying all *3 Kotex absorbencies* you'll find Regular, Junior or Super suited to *you*.



In removing a bone, should you use —

☐ *Your fingers*
☐ *A napkin*
☐ *A spoon*

Don't use your dinner napkin as a "catcher" or a "curtain"! Get the bone back to your plate quietly, neatly, with your fingers. Learn how to save yourself embarrassment, in all sorts of situations. On "problem" days, Kotex is the answer. That special *safety center* gives you extra protection—and you're so *comfortable* with your new light weight Kotex Wonderform Belt. It's made with *DuPont nylon* elastic—non-curling, non-twisting. Washable. Dries fast!



*T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

More women choose KOTEX than all other sanitary napkins*

3 ABSORBENCIES: REGULAR, JUNIOR, SUPER



Woman of Distinction: Innocent victims of a newspaper-promoted romance, astronomer Ray Milland and Dean Roz Russell find true love.

WOMAN OF DISTINCTION

Cast: Ray Milland, Rosalind Russell, Edmund Gwenn, Janis Carter.
Columbia

Roz Russell is dean of a women's college. Got no time for romance. Ray Milland is an astronomer. Over from England on a lecture tour. Janis Carter's a press agent who thinks astronomy's dull. Wants to liven up Ray's tour. So she promotes a newspaper romance between him and Roz, and Roz gets very indignant and follows Ray around smashing him across the face with a large handbag, and love is so terrific. Before they admit they were made for each other, Roz has been drenched by a garden hose, had mud slathered on her face, been taken for a ride in a hot rod. Ray has worn ill-fitting riding breeches, fallen off a broken bicycle, and been shoved into a river. Now, what have I forgotten? Roz has a child she adopted in France, but both Ray and Francis Lederer claim to be the kid's father because they don't believe that adoption story, and they're chivalrous. Jerome Courtland, as a college kid (owner of the hot rod) who thinks Roz loves him, is the funniest thing in the picture. Every time Roz comes near him, he ducks painfully, and cries, "Ah, gee whiz, Dean, cut it out."

STROMBOLI

Cast: Ingrid Bergman, Mario Vitale, Renzo Cesana, Mario Sponza.
RKO

By now, you must have heard nearly everything there is to hear about *Stromboli*, and there's not much point in my putting my two cents' worth on paper. But anyhow . . I think Ingrid Bergman is pleasantly natural (for the first time in years) as the girl who marries a simple fisherman in order to get out of a European detention camp. I think Mario Vitale is remarkably wonderful as the simple fisherman (especially since he's supposed never to have acted before in his life). I think the story is interesting, up to a point. You can believe in a sophisticated woman's horror when she's brought to live on the island of Stromboli. Barren, rocky, with a live volcano, a little cemetery, a view of the sea, a

few fishing boats—that's Stromboli. You can also believe that such a woman, trapped in such a place, would go to any lengths—even attempted seduction of a priest—to free herself. But you—or at least I—find it hard to believe the rather abrupt ending which has Ingrid, in the shadow of the volcano, suddenly repentant, ennobled and, indubitably, saved. Not that she isn't basically decent enough to be saved, just that the conversion comes so fast you'd think they'd been trying to cram the whole thing into a half hour on television.

CAPTAIN CAREY, U.S.A.

Cast: Alan Ladd, Wanda Hendrix, Francis Lederer.
Paramount

Alan Ladd's an ex-OSS officer. In Italy, during the war, somebody betrayed his outfit's hiding place, and now, after the war, Alan's going back to find the guy and kill him. Alan thinks his Italian sweetheart, Giulia, is dead, and this makes him especially vengeful in attitude. In Italy, however, he discovers Giulia (Wanda Hendrix) not only alive but kicking. She's married to a baron (Francis Lederer), but she still loves Alan; her grandma, the Countess, had told her Alan was killed so she'd marry the baron. Since you know Alan and Wanda have to wind up together, figure out who's that betrayer. You got it—husband the baron. Worked with the Nazis during the war, helped Grandma the Countess get Wanda's brother out of a German prison camp by telling the Nazis about the OSS hideout, and the partisans in the village. (Grandma the Countess is the actual betrayer, in cold fact.) Twenty-seven partisans were shot by the Nazis, the night of the double-cross, so nobody in the village is too delighted to see Alan when he shows his face in those parts again. But he sets things straight in fine Alan Ladd fashion. His name, by the way, is Captain Carey, U.S.A.

NANCY GOES TO RIO

Cast: Ann Sothern, Jane Powell, Barry Sullivan, Carmen Miranda.
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

Gorgeous Technicolor, sweet music, thousands of actors—oh, MGM does give you a ride for your money. Here Ann Sothern's a famous actress, toast of Broadway and everything. Her daughter Nancy (Jane Powell) has aspirations in the same direction, but nobody takes her seriously. Ann falls in love with a new play, goes to Rio with her papa (Louis Calhern) to study it. Jane stays home, meets the man who wrote the new play. Lo and behold, he decides *she* should play the lead; Ann's too old. Well, Jane doesn't know that Ann's up for the part, and Ann doesn't know that Jane's up for the part. Jane goes to Rio, to have her mother coach her, discovers her mother's reading the same script, and decides to drown her sorrows in marriage with Barry Sullivan. (She met him on the boat coming down.) Sullivan isn't in the mood to get married—until he sees Ann—but everybody figures he's the father of Jane's unborn child. Not that Jane has an unborn child; it's all a lot of misunderstandings. So—Sothern is beautiful, Powell is cute, Sullivan has S.A., and Carmen Miranda never made me laugh more. P.S.: Jane gets part, Ann gets man.

AMAZING SHAMPOO DOESN'T ROB HAIR OF NATURAL OILS

Doesn't destroy precious natural oils your hair needs to be...



PROCTER & GAMBLE'S GUARANTEE

Buy Shasta. Use only once. If you're not overjoyed with beauty results, return unused portion to your dealer and get your money back.



Even dull, dry, unruly hair looks unbelievably softer, shinier, more beautifully groomed, after your first Shasta shampoo. New, improved Shasta doesn't rob hair of its natural oils. That's important because your hair must have these natural oils to be naturally soft, shiny—healthy.

If you're not entirely satisfied with the appearance of your hair, try new, improved Shasta today. See how lovely your hair can look. Remember, Shasta doesn't rob it of its natural oils.

NEW, IMPROVED

SHASTA *beauty cream* SHAMPOO

Doesn't rob hair of natural oils

There's a long road ahead for courageous Colleen Townsend—a humble road of service to God. Behind her lies her movie career.

BY LOUIS POLLOCK

Colleen's FLIGHT FROM HOLLYWOOD



■ It hung in the window of one of Los Angeles' most fashionable stores early this spring—a white, strapless formal with lovely tulle *bouffant* around the shoulders. Colleen Townsend, young enough at 20 to ache for it, and with the money to buy a hundred like it, knew she would never wear it.

She knew more than that—she would probably never again in her life be able even to *consider* buying anything that expensive. Just that morning she had given up her movie career—a career already highlighted by early stardom—to devote herself fully, and for always, to spreading the teachings of Christ. She would need all the money she had saved to complete her religious training. And she was content.

This was last February. A year before, many people in Hollywood had been skeptical when MODERN SCREEN broke the news that Colleen was primarily interested in Christian work, and only secondarily in acting. She had said, "If I felt that it was God's will that I shouldn't be in the movies I would leave them." That was exactly how Colleen did begin to feel a few months ago when she was finishing *When Willie Comes Marching Home,* in which she is co-starred with Dan Dailey, and Corinne Calvet.

Her problem (*Continued on page 87*)

your letters . . .

NO MORE MOB SPIRIT

Dear Editor: I am so glad fans are finally beginning to treat the movie stars like human beings! Last month, a popular male star was dining at a hotel here. He was spotted by three big-eyed bobby-soxers. As they made a beeline for him, I thought he'd had his last bite of dinner for the night. But to my relief and amazement, instead of falling all over him, the girls merely said "hello" and told him they'd enjoyed his latest picture! Then they left him to enjoy his dinner!

MARGIE WELCH, KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI

BABY TALK

Dear Editor: That story you printed in the April issue about Rita Hayworth, Aly Khan and Yasmin just about made me sick. Honestly, I never saw such a stupid fuss over the birth of a little baby, as if there were anything so unusual about that, princess or not!

MARIANNE DUNCAN, SEATTLE

Dear Editor: Shirley Temple's story, "Bringing Up Susan," in the April issue was one of the best you've ever printed. Really, I was so deeply touched by Shirley's description of her baby's cute behavior that I cried as I was reading it! Shirley certainly is a brave young woman to try so hard to carry on in the face of her disaster. I think she's wonderful, and I'll look forward to future installments of "Bringing Up Susan."

MRS. NORMA GOLDBERG, CHICAGO

LINES ABOUT LIZ

Dear Editor: Why, oh why did you devote so many pages of your magazine in March to Elizabeth Taylor? It doesn't seem fair that one star should get all that attention. I suppose she has a lot of fans, but surely not that many. Please give the other stars a break from now on.

ROSITA GUTIERREZ, HOUSTON

Dear Editor: Your wonderful magazine is even more wonderful since you printed all that grand stuff on Liz Taylor in the March issue, and I love you for it. Liz is my favorite star, and I think she deserved every inch you devoted to her. So do lots of other people. Thanks!

MARIAN JEFFRIES, BIRMINGHAM, ALABAMA

PLEASING PICTORIAL

Dear Editor: I have wanted to write you for some time now to tell you that I think your Modern Screen Pictorial is one of the best, if not *the* best, features in your magazine. It's so packed with human interest, so full of action, so realistically done in comparison with what most screen magazines try to do in showing what the stars are like in their daily lives, that I want to congratulate you in all sincerity on the fine job I think you're doing.

JOSEPHINE BURNS, BOSTON

INGRID'S BAD EXAMPLE

Dear Editor: I admire the stand writer Arthur L. Charles took on the Ingrid Bergman case in his story in the March issue. It is nice to know that there are those who sympathize with Ingrid without condoning her actions. Perhaps, though, it would be best for the press to drop the whole matter. Then there would be no bad example for the public and less suffering for Ingrid.

NANCY LYONS, NEW YORK CITY

Beauty is my business—

says EVELYN McBRIDE, Stunning Cover Girl

And SweetHeart Care Does So Much for Me!

"For it agrees with my delicate skin—reveals the peaches-and-cream look that photographs beautifully. So it's really SweetHeart Care that keeps my date book full."



9 out of 10 Cover Girls Use SWEETHEART Soap

• All the world looks fresh and young, so be part of the springtime picture! Awaken your complexion's true radiance and dewy-fresh young look the way America's glamorous cover girls do.

For the *one* heavenly gentle beauty care almost *all* cover girls choose is SweetHeart Care. Try it and you'll see why! Just one week after you change from improper care, your skin looks softer . . . smoother . . . far fresher and actually younger!

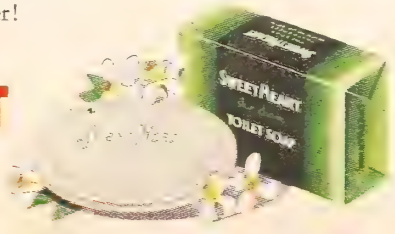


Beauty is my business, too!

• Nadine Koehne, 10 months old, is already a popular model. And every day—like grown-up cover girls—she enjoys a real beauty bath with pure, mild SweetHeart Soap.

SWEETHEART

The Soap that AGREES with Your Skin



• *Today get SweetHeart Soap in the new, large satiny bath cake.*



You'll be drifting in a cloud!

Remember the delicious dizziness of your first kiss? Or the way a certain voice explodes in your heart . . . or how a bar of music surrounds you with clouds? You'll get that whirling, sparkly sort of lift when you first wear Dream Stuff.

Dream Stuff is a tinted foundation-and-powder . . . magically blended into one brand new make-up! Not a drying cake or a greasy cream. Pat it on with its own puff—it clings for hours! It can't spill in your purse. Four dreamy shades, only 49¢, plus tax.



NEW! TINTED FOUNDATION AND POWDER IN ONE!

WOODBURY Dream Stuff

ONLY 49¢ PLUS TAX

heartbreak for Sinatra?

Gossip comes easy about him and Nancy. But who ever told the truth about Sinatra—the kid who climbed out of the gutter, who fought for the right to live?

BY KATHY O'SHEA

■ You all know Frankie Sinatra, the fighting, loving, wisecracking crooner.

That is, you all know the Frankie Sinatra his publicity paints.

But almost none of you knows the essence of this man, his true character and background. And the reason for this is simply that the truth about him has never been told.

Oh, sure—over the years there've been dozens of stories printed with the claim that here, as last, is the "real" Sinatra. A few of them have, superficially, hinted at the truth. The others have all been phonies.

Why hasn't the true Sinatra story been plainly stated?

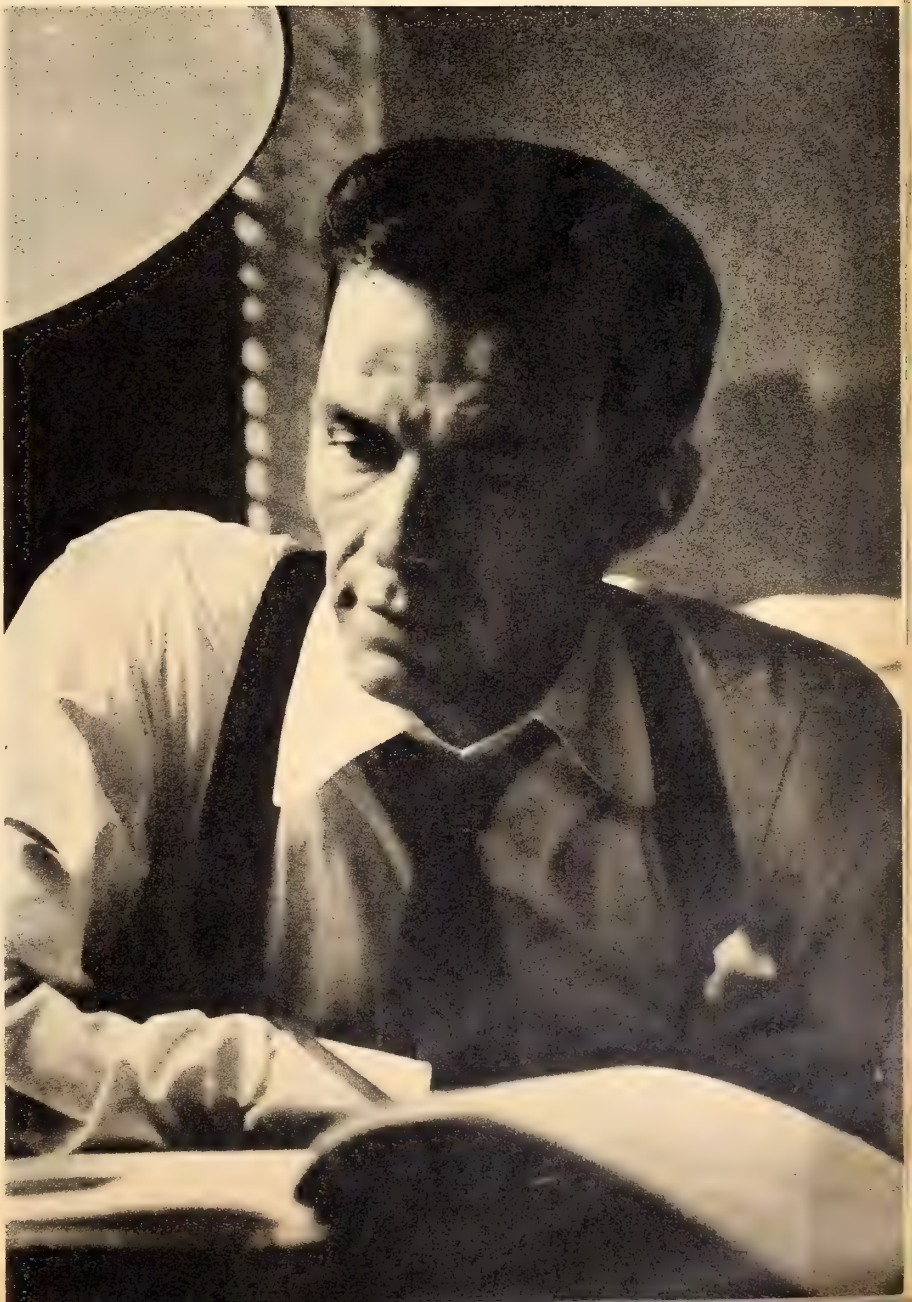
The answer is that it's been considered too unbelievable, that it's too raw, too tough, and would violate the legend the public has been taught to believe about him.

But the millions of Sinatra fans who have given Frankie their support and loyalty have the right to know the truth about him and his background and his separation from his wife, for they have been responsible for his success. They are not children to be insulted with storybook falsehoods. They are young men and women entitled to be told the blunt facts.

So, to begin with, let's present the facts about his separation from Nancy.

Frank didn't want that separation. He felt and still feels that the problems of his homelife can be worked out. But Nancy felt that her pride and self-respect called for some sort of direct action.

Whatever you (*Continued on page 89*)





Ingrid's

Overlooked amid the sensational tumult of the Bergman-Rossellini affair, there stands a small, pathetic figure— Ingrid's daughter, Pia Lindstrom. What is she like, what are her feelings as the mother she so adores is swept from her side in a bewildering storm of scandal? Here, in a moving and illuminating story, is the first complete portrait of this innocent victim.

forgotten child

by Consuelo Anderson

■ The story of Ingrid Bergman's little girl, Pia Lindstrom, must surely have a happy ending. There will be a wonderful reunion with her beautiful mother one day, and after awhile others will make new headlines and the story of Bergman and Rossellini will recede and be forgotten. Pia will proceed with the business of growing up. Bruising her knees roller-skating and getting bubble gum in her hair . . . thrilling to her first orchid and her first kiss . . . falling in love and then out again. And people will say, "Youth is resilient. See—she has forgotten everything."

Yes, Pia will recover—but she will never forget what it was like to be 11 years old. Some things you can't forget as long as you live. . . .

There was a bright blue morning last summer. Pia, visiting on a farm in Minnesota, was hurrying through her breakfast, thinking of the sunshine and activity outdoors. There was a rap on the door, and two newspapermen stood there. Masquerading as broom salesmen, they had gotten past the hired hands, and they stood there now facing the small girl in blue jeans. They asked her questions like, When is your mother coming back? and What does your father say about her? and Are you lonely for her? Questions that put a lump in her throat and hot tears in her eyes. Something is wrong, Pia thought, lying wide-eyed in her bed that night. And frightened, she longed for the warmth and comfort of her mother.

Pia and her father were living in the San Fernando Valley with the John Vernons (John is Dr. Lindstrom's close friend and advisor) when he told her the terrible thing: Her mother didn't love him any more, and had fallen desperately in love with Roberto Rossellini.

Perhaps Pia had already guessed the truth. She is an intelligent and sensitive child, and in spite of Lydia Vernon's best (*Continued on page 75*)



Pia goes shopping with Mother—getting the same thrill from it that all little girls do. This rare photo was taken in Beverly Hills shortly before Ingrid left for Italy.



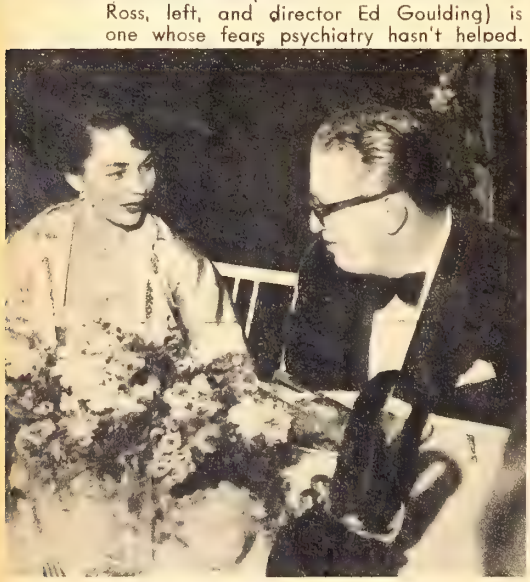
ROBERT WALKER is Hollywood's outstanding example of how psychiatry can help sick minds if the patient has enough courage.



JEAN ARTHUR (here with ex-husband Frank Ross, left, and director Ed Goulding) is one whose fears psychiatry hasn't helped.



AVA GARDNER, after her divorce from Artie Shaw, sought psychiatric guidance—on his advic Living with the intellectual, emotionally-complicated bandleader had given her a sense of inferiori Now, mental therapy has built up her self-confidence—to the point where she may re-wed Sha



JENNIFER JONES wisely consulted a psychiatrist to be sure she knew her own mind before her happy marriage to David Selznick.



PAT WILDE'S marriage was ruined by film ambitions. But psychiatry, which made her see greater value in homemaking, may reunite her with Cornel and Wendy.



VICTOR MATURE recently took his d Genius, to a mind doctor when Genius ill—and, claims Vic, the doc cured h

Hollywood takes its MEDICINE

by hedda hopper

Stars whose emotional mix-ups threaten to wreck their personal lives are facing facts with the aid of science—and finding happiness.

■ I've wanted to write this story for a long time—ever since one day last year when a young Hollywood star, calm and clear-eyed, sat in my sunny patio and told me how a modern miracle of science had brought him back to a new life and a new career from the very brink of the deep end.

Robert Walker had suffered from a desperate mental illness; now he was back on balance, confident and happy. He was deliberate in recalling every detail of his cure at the Menninger mental clinic in Topeka, Kansas. "I want to tell this straight," he said, "so people will understand that a mental illness is nothing to be ashamed of. There's needless and cruel suffering among the mentally sick. I know, I've been one. Maybe in talking about myself, revealing personal things, I can show people, I can help. . . ."

A few months before, Bob had been fleeing from every question and snarling at every criticism of his rash, unbalanced acts. He was resentful and hostile to almost (*Continued on page 101*)



DOROTHY MITCHUM persuaded Bob to see a psychiatrist—who warned him to say "no" to phony friends. But Bob learned too late.



BETTE DAVIS began divorce action against William Sherry because of his temper. Now he visits a psychiatrist regularly and he and Bette are back together.



SUSAN HAYWARD and Jess Barker found the way to married contentment through the helpful advice of a marriage psychologist.



No doubt about it,
a girl in the movies
must learn the facts of life.
Here, two experienced
and forthright ladies tell
with remarkable frankness
how Hollywood has
taught them what every young
girl should know.



FOR GIRLS ONLY

by Elizabeth Scott

■ I've learned about life from men. And most of the lessons I've learned they taught me the hard way.

Once upon a time, a playwright was my beau. His masculine directness and poetic nature seemed very necessary to my happiness. I respected him and I respected his opinions—except one. This particular belief of his I thought was nutty as a fruitcake.

"Women of the theater," he used to say, "so steep themselves in make-believe that they lose the naturalness which made us admire them to begin with."

My hackles would rise whenever he'd make this solemn pronouncement—but I had enough sense (I thought) not to argue with him. I wanted to wait to *prove* he was wrong.

So six years ago when I did *Rain* in summer stock, I invited him to the opening. "This'll show him!" I thought. "He'll watch me as that hard-boiled Sadie Thompson, and afterward when he sees the real me he'll understand I'm the same natural, feminine female I always was."

The third act curtain was barely down opening night before I floated to my dressing room, heady with applause, to wait for him. Not only was I eager to point out to him how I'd disproved his theory; I was also anxious to get his reaction to my performance.

I threw open the dressing room door before he even had a chance to knock. "Well?" I asked breathlessly. He gave me a long, studied look. Then, with finality, he said, "You (*Continued on page 85*)

by Marie Wilson

■ I've been fighting my way up through Hollywood since I was 15 years old, so I know what I'm talking about: Hollywood is a man's town.

And I'm sure your town is, too. All this talk about women's emancipation and equal rights is grade A malarky. Men everywhere hold the whip hand—and most of the time they crack it hard enough to get what they want, when they want it.

It was on my first day in Hollywood, when I got off the street car, suitcase in hand, and walked the three blocks to the realtor's office, that I learned that sad lesson. Or should have.

"Hello," I greeted the realtor, a Mr. Jonah, my eyes shining with all the self-assurance of an innocent 15-year-old. "I want a house that looks down on Hollywood. Not that I'm a snob, you understand. It's because I'm going to be a movie star."

"A movie star!" he echoed mockingly, fixing me with his business-wise eyes. I could feel ANAHEIM written all over me in neon letters. He sized me up, down and across the middle. I had the distinct impression he thought I should go back where I came from via the most direct route.

But he was a business man, so he condescended to show me a big, empty, frame house up on Verbena Street in Hollywoodland. If I'd ever had anything in mind, this was it. And I had to go and open my big mouth and tell him so. I was "delighted" in the living room, "enchanted" in the dining room, "thrilled" in the kitchen. By the time I'd peeked into the first bedroom, I (*Continued on page 96*)



For the party's first charade, Barbara Lawrence tries to convey the title *I Was A Shoplifter* to girl teammates Piper Laurie, Peggy Dow and Anne Pearce, who guess gaily. Tony Curtis, Dick Long and Jerome Courtland, of the opposition, watch anxiously.

I love a charade

Think Hollywood parties are all mink and champagne? Not the ones—like this one—that are the most fun!

BY BEVERLY OTT

■ As Western Editor of MODERN SCREEN, I was over on the Universal-International lot on some glamorous business or other when I ran into Anne Pearce. She seemed in an awful hurry.

"Hi!" she gasped. "Can't stop to talk. The gang's coming over tonight. Don't know how I'll ever *make* it! I work till six, then have to rush home to get things ready for the party."

"Sounds like fun to me," I said. (A genuine Hollywood party! . . . Champagne sipped by a swimming pool . . . Orchids strewn around . . . In the distance, an orchestra of strings led by Jascha Heifetz . . . White ties and tails, dresses down to here . . .) "Sure does sound like fun."

I must have sounded as wistful as I felt. You see, I'm new to Hollywood.

"Say," said Anne, "why don't *you* come? A wonderful crowd will be there, you should meet them. You *must* come!"

She grabbed a near-by paper cup, scribbled an address (*Continued on page 36*)

continued→



Peggy eavesdrops as, before the charades start, the boys think up things to stump the girls. She figured anything was fair in a battle of the sexes—but bearded Douglas Dick caught her.



Barbara and Tony give their version of an ad for Eskimo Pie. They were each other's blind date—blindfolded, they were introduced to one another as Charlie Clift and Hedy Toren.

Jerome tries to catch an olive tossed by Piper (he made it!) as the gang attacks party eats, prepared by hostess Anne Pearce.





Jerome sews away on the third syllable of *Superstition Mountain* at Anne Pearce's zany party.



Anne has put all her dramatic fire into pantomiming *Buccaneer's Girl,* and now someone's on the verge of guessing it.



Time's running short as Barbara frantically enacts *Peggy*—but the girls got it just in time!



The second word of Piper's charade, *Sleeping City,* has her a bit worried before she manages to put it across to her teammates



Peggy forgot rules and answered Dick's charade. "Don't look now, your brains are bulging," he says.



Peggy peers into the distance and then rows across the floor. *"Deported!"* shrieks her team—when she's done it five times.

on it, and before I could say, "What shall I wear?" she was on her way.

So a few hours later, back in my apartment, I was on the phone confiding to this friendly girl that I didn't have a mink coat to my closet. Anne laughed and set me straight. "A sweater and a skirt will be most appropriate," she said. "We're going to play charades and it's strictly informal."

It sounded like something that would happen back home. And later, when I found myself sipping coffee—with not a mink coat or a swimming pool in sight—I really felt at home. . . .

Barbara Lawrence, Piper Laurie, and Peggy Dow were at Anne's when I arrived. They were having a bull session on the living-room floor and the main topic of conversation was Barbara's blind date. His identity was a fine mystery. Barbara, who'd been working in *Peggy* every day of her loanout from 20th Century-Fox on the Universal-International lot, hadn't had much of a chance to get to know the younger set. For all she knew, this guy's name was Charles Clift—as Anne had told her it was. And the gentleman, when Anne had telephoned him, had been equally mystified. He'd been told he had a date with a beauty named Hedy Toren.

Meanwhile, Jerome Courtland had been invited for Piper. Peggy's date was Richard Long. And Anne's partner was her old friend, Douglas Dick.

The gabfest broke up when the doorbell rang. Anne reached for a large hankerchief, folded it carefully and tied it over Barbara's eyes. "This is a blind date that *is* a blind date," said Anne firmly.

"I should have brought along a seeing-eye dog," Barbara murmured.

When they opened the door, it was like a meeting of great minds—because the boys had had the same idea. There were Jerome and Douglas, leading a blindfolded Tony Curtis.

"Charlie?" said Barbara hopefully.

"Hedy?" queried Tony expectantly.

Off came the handkerchiefs and, if Tony was surprised, he didn't show it. But he was pleased—and he did show it. He clicked his heels, bowed low, and offered his date his arm. "To the Casbah," he said, and the couple swept superbly into the living room.

When Dick Long (*Continued on page 82*)

At first I prayed for reward, then I prayed for understanding— and I discovered the mysterious ways in which a prayer can be answered.

MY PRAYER WAS ANSWERED

by Loretta Young



■ When I was 15 I saw the play *Berkeley Square*. I knew it was to be made into a picture at Fox and I immediately decided the leading feminine role belonged to me. I was doing very well in pictures but *this* part was just what I needed to make me really important. I was under contract to Warners. Fox was going to make the picture. But that was a mere detail. God would take care of *that!*

I prayed earnestly, specifically for the part. "Dear God, please give me the part in *Berkeley Square.*" Day after day I made this request—adding courteously, "If it be Thy will." I lived with the conviction that the part was mine and waited confidently for my studio to phone the order, "Loretta, go over to Fox. They want you for *Berkeley Square.*"

But as time passed and the telephone call failed to come, I became impatient. Mindful that "the Lord helps them who help themselves," I went to the casting director of my studio. "Hasn't anyone from Fox called for me for the lead in *Berkeley Square?*"

No one had. "Well, then," I said, "you call Fox. Tell them I'll make a test for it." And shortly afterwards I was told to go to Fox to make the test. I walked on air. The test was a mere technicality. I would be tolerant of such studio gestures. The test made, I waited almost smugly.

Then came the bombshell.

I was totally unprepared for the announcement in the paper. Unbelievingly (*Continued on page 95*)

SIXTH in a series

Pete checks over his large assortment of socks. Today one of the best-dressed young actors, Pete can remember the time not many ye

Pete's place



Taking his ease in the den of the Brentwood home he shares wit his parents, Pete uses the coffee table as males universally do—c a convenient foot-rest. He designed the house and its furnishinc



ago when he could afford few clothes.

It's warm

and happy now

where Peter Lawford lives.

But he's known

what it means to be

out in the cold . . .

BY DUANE VALENTRY

■ Softly, the rain began to fall. Peter Lawford and his father, out walking that autumn night in Hollywood, hurried their steps toward home. As a sudden gust of chilly wind shook drops from the shining leaves onto their shoulders, Sir Sydney pulled closer the collar of his tweed jacket.

"A bit like England, this rain," he said cheerfully.

Peter nodded. Then, whatever he was about to say remained unsaid, as suddenly he stopped short, listening. . . .

His father, a few steps ahead, looked back. "What is it, son?" he asked.

"I heard something. . . . Wait, there it is again!" Peter bounded off into the darkness. His father looked after him, somewhat impatiently. "I don't hear anything but rain," he said.

But then he too heard the little sound. A faint mewing, it seemed to come from the air about them. The General peered into the shadows toward Peter. "It sounds like a very small kitten in a very small place," he murmured. He began, like Peter, to explore the shadows and bushes. The cry was continuous now, and plaintive.

"Sounds as though it's coming from that can there . . . though surely it couldn't be," said Peter, moving towards the vague outline of a garbage can against the wall.

He wrenched off the lid. A tiny black object hurtled into the air, landed in a puddle, righted itself, and began to purr about his ankles. Peter reached down and picked it up. The kitten meowed loudly, twisting in his hand.

"Why you poor, forlorn little creature," said Peter, gently. "How did you ever get in that garbage can, anyway?" And, pulling out a large silk handkerchief, he began to mop the wet black fur. The rain came down, suddenly, in a torrent.

"Let's get home, Dad," yelled Peter, pushing the kitten into the pocket of his jacket and making off at a run.

Today that kitten is a fine, sleek creature, and one of Peter's best friends. When Peter listens to his favorite records, his languid length sprawled out on the red leather cushions in his den, the feline orphan of the rain curls companionably beside him, purring gratitude and contentment. . . .

Like that kitten, Peter Lawford knows what it is to be out in the cold. And he knows that there's no cold quite like that of being Nobody when you desperately want to be Somebody.

Even though the family name's an old and respected one, and the family income as assured as the Bank of England, and you're definitely Somebody to loving parents and friends—all this doesn't help. The (*Continued on page 60*)



The living room reflects the two worlds to which Peter Lawford belongs. Here are family heirlooms from the Lawfords' bombed-out English home, in contrast to up-to-date things like Pete's tiny radio on the foreground table.

I'm yours!

"He's so right for her," they all said—keeping their fingers crossed. And now, at last, Elizabeth Taylor has given her heart to the man of her choice.

BY CYNTHIA MILLER

■ She stood there in her bridal gown, a dream in white, her face radiant in its glow of happiness.

Elizabeth Taylor was about to be married.

Spencer Tracy walked her down the aisle. He was her father, and he was giving her away. As they reached the altar, and Spence moved away, director Vincente Minnelli called, "Cut."

The company broke—all but Elizabeth Taylor. She remained fixed, her eyes focused on infinity, her mind carried away by the play-acting. She seemed to be saying to herself: "So this is what it's like. This is what it's like to get married."

A woman walked up to her. "How do you feel, my dear?" she asked.

Liz turned her head. "I feel so wonderful," she said, "I could cry."

This marriage ceremony occurred on the set of *Father of the Bride* which Elizabeth has just finished with Spencer Tracy, Joan Bennett, and Don Taylor. But a real marriage ceremony starring Liz will take place on May 6.

The cast of characters, of course, will be slightly different. For one thing, Conrad Nicholson Hilton, Jr. is scheduled to play the groom.

Twenty-three-year-old Nicky is the son of Connie Hilton, the hotel magnate who owns the Waldorf-Astoria (New York), the Plaza (New York), the Manor (San Diego), the Caribe (Puerto Rico), the Palmer House (Chicago), the Mayfair (Washington, D. C.), the—but why go on? I'm sure you get the general idea: Nicky Hilton, who's been going with Liz since early last December, comes from a family that doesn't have to be too careful about turning the electricity off.

And the attractive Nicky's family believes in young marriages. Nicky's brother, Barron Hilton, is 15 months younger than Nicky and is already the father of two.

A tactful and well-bred young man, Nicky would say nothing about his honorable intentions toward Liz when I asked him prior to the announcement except that "we're going steady, I'm more than fond of her, and anything connected with weddings, engagements, and formal announcements will have to come from *her* parents.

"I see that my father, when he was in New York, said that Liz and I were scheduled to be married on May 6th—but I can assure you that I'm a whole lot closer to Liz than my father is.

"I don't know. Maybe he has some inside information. Maybe Liz has been holding out on me. But if you don't (*Continued on page 98*)



A bit of perfume is the last touch as Liz prepares for a date with fiancé Nicky Hilton—who (*right*) brings his lady orchids.





NO TIME FOR LOVE

Ann Blyth is Hollywood's prettiest puzzle. The whole town adores her—but can't figure out why her unselfish heart is still her own.

BY KIRTLEY BASKETTE

■ "And now," boomed the announcer, all heartiness and smile, "stepping up to our microphone is that lovely teen-ager, Ann Blyth. Will you say something, Ann?"

"Yes, I will," replied Annie, frowning with mock indignation under the spotlight. "You've made a terrible error. I'm no teen-ager—I'm 21! . . . Still," she added, breaking into a grin, "sometimes I guess I behave like one, at that."

That happened the other night at a Hollywood première. And the same error gets pulled wherever unbelievable Annie floats around Hollywood, trailing girlish sunshine and charm.

But the late Mark Hellinger, as keen an observer as Hollywood ever saw, had this to say of Ann after he got to know her three years ago while making *Swell Guy:* "Outside, she's as untouched as a convent girl—and inside, she's as wise as a woman of 50."

It's no wonder that the young lady has acquired an extensive knowledge of life. Ann Blyth has been as busy as a beaver ever since she was five years old, building the career that's been her everything—with little time for fun or frolic. At six she played so many kid radio shows she can't remember them and at eight, she sang in grand opera. She made a Broadway stage hit at 13, bucked the rigors of a nation-wide road tour at 14, came to Hollywood the same year, and (*Continued on page 92*)



Ann got a shillelagh from Mayor Bowron of Los Angeles on becoming honorary mayor of Toluca Lake. She takes the job seriously, happy to help.



Roddy McDowall often squires Ann around—yet, as are the other boys she goes out with, he's on a gay but strictly friendship basis with her.



First he made
me forget my sandwich,
later he made me
forget my woes, now
he's made me forget
our love scenes aren't
real. Ah, yes—I'm . . .

MAD ABOUT MONTY

by Shelley Winters

■ Back in New York in 1943, I was sitting alongside my girl friend, Lyn Whitney, in a restaurant booth on 45th off Broadway. I was having a minor experience everyone's had a hundred times: I was carefully eating a tomato, cheese, bacon and lettuce triple-decker sandwich—carefully, since because it must be illegal or something to serve triple-decker sandwiches without first slicing them into four collapsible sections, every time I took a bite I had to hold the arrangement just so or all the insides would fall out. This takes concentration.

So I didn't even notice when this guy walked in and parked himself in the booth opposite. But Lyn, who was merely having a double caramel marshmallow sundae, dug her elbow into my ribs.

I jumped and said, "Whub?"

She pointed with her eyebrows. So I turned and looked across at him.

"It's him!" she whispered.

"Yeah!" I whispered back, letting my sandwich fall apart and not caring.

The lad under our goggle-eyed observation was Montgomery Clift.

That, as I say, was back in 1943. Now the scene shifts. We got a scene six years later—October, 1949, at Lake Tahoe in Northern California. Two people are in a rowboat on the lake. The man is Montgomery Clift. The girl is me.

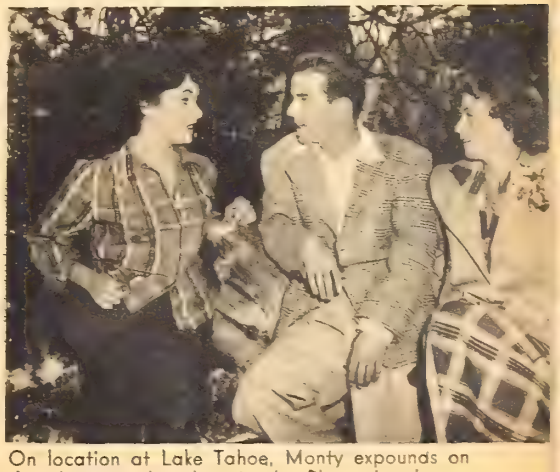
When we are well out from shore, Monty stops rowing. We have a little talk about this and that. Then the boat tips over and we are tossed into the water. I drown.

Now, the ghost of Shelley Winters isn't writing this story! For right after I drowned in the icy waters of Lake Tahoe they fished me out and handed me a towel and some dry clothes.

Then we did it all over again. (*Continued on page 72*)



A make-up man mops Monty, the hard-working, between the shots of a scene with a deglamorized Shelley Winters for *A Place in the Sun.*



On location at Lake Tahoe, Monty expounds on the character he plays in the film—who drowns his girl, Shelley, so he can switch to Liz Taylor.

I'm sure he loves me,
and I sure do love him.
I guess he'd cross
the burning desert
barefoot for me
if I said please.
And yet—

Sometimes I hate my husband

by June Allyson

■ I wouldn't trade the big lug for any 10 men out of the Union League Club, the Brain Trust or the 4-H Club, but there are times when I have a strong urge to bash him in the head with a piano.

It isn't that Richard's inconsiderate or unkind—the wonderful guy couldn't be that way if he tried. But he *is* possessed of a few little habits and idiosyncrasies that sometimes make me want to retire to a clothes closet and count to 2,000 while I regain a calm frame of mind.

There is, for instance, his habit of lecturing me to be prompt. Which is silly in the first place because I'm always on time for appointments and am irritated when other people are late. But I understand his motive; it all stems from his desire to be doing something, to be thinking of something every minute. And so it is that he comes into my dressing room each time we have an engagement for the evening.

"Wife," he says, "we are due there at seven, you know, so please try to get yourself ready in plenty of time."

I restrain myself from the obvious answer, which is that it is now only five o'clock, and I have all the time in the world. Instead, I dutifully run the water in the tub and discard my beloved blue jeans, and at 6:30 present myself, dressed to the teeth,

Like all husbands, Dick Powell has his little quirks; like all wives, June Allyson sigh



How can men wear such huge things, anyhow? And why must Dick leave them around for June to trip over?



The guy's got a mania for removing the trees around the house. June hates to see the poor things chopped down—but here gives wifely aid in eliminating one.



Even binoculars can't help her decipher her own bookkeeping code. Dick knew the code wouldn't work. He's so irritatingly right!

in his dressing room. There I find him, in slacks and sport shirt, talking busily on the telephone. He swings in his chair and looks at me, aghast at my trim and waiting presence.

"Why, doll! Dressed already?" he says. "Now, you just wait a minute—I have a couple more phone calls and I'll shower and be with you in a jiffy."

So I go downstairs and sit until after seven o'clock, all bound up in new clothes, and gaze moodily out the window.

Once I conceived what I considered a brilliant idea, and determined to stay in the tub until Richard was dressed and ready. On trial, it turned out rather badly, as I was submerged for more than an hour and finally had to give up for fear of erosion. And then when I finished dressing, he wasn't ready anyway.

Sometimes I think he should have married a telephone instead of me. As it stands now, the accursed instrument is my only rival for his affections. When he comes home at night he kisses me only if I happen to be standing inside the door. It is a hurried little kiss, unworthy of the name, and more like a cold wind going by. He zooms past me and into the den and soon I hear the dial clicking merrily away.

"Hello—Joe?" (*Continued on page* 100)

nd puts up with all of 'em.



All ready to go out, June has plenty of time for a waltz with Dick's coat while he sings in the bath. He usually hurries *her* into dressing—then is late, himself.



But, with all his little husbandly flaws, Dick is still to June just about the most wonderful thing in the domestic line since the invention of the vacuum cleaner—and her affectionate feelings carry her away as she rehearses a radio show with him.



Sure, like any young couple who dream of sharing a life, Janie and I had problems. But together, we've made our dreams win through. Now we know . . .

why our marriage will work

by Geary Steffen

■ When Janie and I were married last November, I happened to overhear one of the reporters who was covering the affair talking to his photographer.

He was a youngish, matter-of-fact cynic, this reporter, with the kind of face that very early in life begins to look like a family portrait. I guess he'd covered 50 or a hundred weddings, and no man could blame him for feeling complacent about this one.

"Well, Joe," he said, as the photographer popped his last flash bulb, "this one should last all of six months."

Now, I don't know. Maybe it's fashionable to be skeptical about Hollywood marriages. Certainly, there's enough reason to be. Only somehow, that crack so sandpapered my temperament that for a minute I wanted to grab hold of that reporter and say, "Look, wise guy, you're the kind of heel who gets a big kick out of telling two-year-olds there isn't any Santa Claus."

But then I stopped and thought for a moment—and thinking, I realized how people might come to the conclusion that our marriage was destined to a bitter brevity.

There are few working actresses today who are still married to their original husbands. A fellow like myself may be called "Mr. Jane Powell" any day in the week. Jane earns a whole lot more money than I.

And there are dozens of reasons why any marriage may go on the rocks. But the Jane Powell-Geary Steffen marriage? Never! And I'll tell you why.

To begin with, Jane and I are very much in love, yet we entered marriage not through any adolescent and romantic haze, but after sound and simple reasoning.

Janie and I have known each other four years. I met her first in 1945. Tasie McCarthy, Mike Kirby's sister-in-law (Mike is Sonja Henie's skating partner) introduced us. We took it from there.

When I say we took it from there, I mean we started going around with each other under all sorts of circumstances. Janie knew at the start that I didn't want to spend my whole life on skates. She understood my varying moods. I came to understand hers.

She seemed so honest and down-to-earth, so plain and unaffected that for a while I thought she was putting on. Then, "My father used to manage apartment houses during the Depression," she told me one night, "so that we could have a place to live. So I never had any luxuries."

When a girl tells you something like that, you know she's not putting on or merely trying to make a good impression when she says, "Save your money. I'd rather have an ice-cream soda than go to the Mocambo."

Over the years you exchange confidences with a girl. Janie quickly came to realize that sports meant a good deal in my life. She herself had had no opportunity to learn any. I taught her to skate and ski and ride. She in turn, opened up a whole (*Continued on next page*)



Good housewife that she is, Janie gives the apartment's linen closet a brisk tidying. Besides linen, many wedding gifts are stored here—for the day when she and Geary have room enough to use them all.



Janie fixes dinner, her favorite domestic duty—cooking has been one of her hobbies for many years. ***Below:*** Being a sensible wife, she makes herself beautiful for her husband before he gets home.



why our marriage will work

(*Continued from preceding page*) new musical horizon for me.

Our engagement lasted 11 months. In those 11 months we saw each other practically every day. It's impossible to camouflage your basic emotions and your natural instincts for that length of time. If Janie weren't the girl for me, I would certainly have found it out in that length of time.

So I'm sure I know my wife and all her strengths and weaknesses. I knew these before we got married. I gathered my information from many sources. For example, one of the best information sources in any studio consists of the people who work with an actress, the extras and grips and electricians.

Lots of times I'd be waiting for Janie to finish a scene and some grip would come up to me and say something like, "You've got a good one in that little girl. Not a false bone in her body." And workers who didn't know of my connection with Janie would tell me out of thin air, "That girl is going to make some guy a wonderful wife."

And she has indeed. She does all our washing. We have no help of any sort. We live in a small apartment. Janie does the cleaning. Mornings when she has to be at the studio by eight, she gets up extra early and fixes breakfast which she leaves in the kitchen for me.

I love Janie and she loves me. Our love is founded on common interest, mutual respect, and combined objective. That's reason number one why our marriage is going to work and last.

Reason number two is that we both have our feet on the ground. I work for the Murrell Brothers Agency in Los Angeles, and I write insurance for the Mutual Benefit Life Insurance Company. The organization pays me a fair salary. It isn't anything compared to what Janie makes, but no other industry can compare salary-wise to the entertainment business—except, of course, in the very top brackets.

I was in the entertainment business myself for several years when I toured the country with Sonja Henie's ice-skating troupe, and I like it and understand it, but I prefer the insurance game even though it pays less. For one obvious thing, I can still have a career in it when I'm old and gray, and how long does the average entertainment career keep a paycheck coming in regularly?

We're a sensible young couple living on a budget that I can afford. I have my pride and so has Janie, and I'm not the kind of husband who would let his wife support him.

Janie and I have worked out a very equitable system as regards finances. We pay and pay alike for everything. It's strictly a 50-50 proposition. We had this understanding before we were married, and Janie has abided by our agreement perfectly.

She's not a girl who has expensive tastes. For example, we bought a lot of our furniture unpainted and then painted it together. It's a whole lot cheaper that way. Janie also makes her own clothes and really knows how to economize on the cooking.

Fortunately, Janie is not a night-club fiend. It costs very little to go ice-skating and to play badminton. When we go dancing, it's not at Ciro's or Mocambo. We go to the Biltmore Bowl or the Ambassador or some other place where I can get away with $5 or $10 for the evening's fun.

Janie and I make believe that she's getting no more than the average secretary's salary. Janie's in the position right now where she could go out and buy a large house and expensive car, but if she did, what would we have to look forward to?

This way, if I work and save, and we buy things jointly, our eventual enjoyment and appreciation will be much greater.

We're also blessed in that we have no in-law trouble. I'm extremely fond of my mother-in-law, Eileen Burce, and, I think, she is of me. After Janie and I returned from our honeymoon, we found that our apartment wasn't yet ready. So we moved into Janie's house. Know what Janie's mother did? Moved right out. Checked into the Knickerbocker Hotel and let Janie and me have the house all to ourselves.

"Newlyweds," she said, "should never be bothered with a mother-in-law cluttering up their home."

Janie's mother and father have been separated since last year, but I get on just as famously with my father-in-law as with my mother-in-law. Paul Burce runs an ice-cream parlor, and Eileen Burce gets a salary from MGM for looking after Janie. I call them by their first names.

Janie is simply crazy about my whole family. When she learned that my father was once a prizefighter—he won the world's championship under the name of Willie Ritchie—she was really overwhelmed. "Why didn't you *tell* me you were the son of a famous boxer?" she demanded.

"That's simple," I said. "You never *asked* me."

I have a married sister, Barbara Covington, whose husband runs the fuel and ice company up in Idlewild, California. When we go up to visit her, Janie and Sis just can't do enough for each other. Matter of fact, only a few weeks ago, we went up there to ski, and Janie wound up as the baby-sitter. Barbara has two little boys, and Janie's mad about them.

"Taking care of babies," she says, her eyes twinkling, "gives me practice."

"I know exactly what you mean," I answer, "and what's more I agree." Janie and I both want kids of our own. I'd like our first to be a boy. Janie wants a girl. But of course, we'd both be terribly happy with either.

One night before Janie and I got engaged, we were parked in my Buick, talking about life and love and all the things young lovers talk about. "What do you think," I asked Janie, "breaks up most marriages around town?"

Well, we sat and thought that one out. Four reasons came quickly to mind: career trouble, financial trouble, in-law trouble, and fading-love trouble.

We also listed such other causes as selfishness, cruelty, lack of manners, indifference to the other's aims and interests, laziness, impatience, and lack of consideration.

After that, we took inventory of ourselves, but honestly. The only obstacle that stood in our way a year ago was the financial one. I didn't have a job and a future. That lone problem has now been solved.

So now Janie and I are Mr. and Mrs. Geary Steffen, a very happy married couple. We'll be that always. THE END

modern screen's hollywood pictorial

■ Tearfully happy as she embraces a jumbo token of esteem from friends and neighbors, Janet Leigh on the opposite page has just reached the high point of a recent flying visit to her home town of Stockton, California. She hadn't been back since the day three years ago, when she took off for Hollywood to become a movie star—and one of Stockton's fondest boasts. Among the affectionate celebrations, formal and informal, that the home folks put on for her, was a testimonial banquet, complete with the mayor, educational and business big wigs, and that gilded key to the city. In other ways, too, Janet found her native city extremely nice to come home to—as you'll learn in detail from the story and pictures on the following pages.

continued→



Away three years, Janet Leigh returns as a movie star to her home town of Stockton, California, with her parents, Fred and Helen Morrison.

janet's homecoming

by tom carlile

■ Stockton, a friendly northern California city of about 75,000 people, is bursting with civic pride these days. It has the only inland seaport on the West Coast. Which is fine. It has the beautiful College of the Pacific. Which is splendid. And it has a famous and pretty native daughter known to the world as Janet Leigh. Which is *wonderful!*

Janet, greatest reason for the city's pride, is known to Stockton as Jeanette Morrison. Most of the citizens can remember her as a pretty little girl who, dressed in a gay, fur-trimmed skirt and red booties, led the Stockton Scouts band on every festive occasion. A good many others, who went to high school or college with her, remember her as a nice looking teen-ager who blossomed into a lovely young woman before she went away to Hollywood. In short, they remember her as a home-town girl, (*Continued on next page*)



Her first night home, Janet brings herself up-to-date on her boyfriends and their new wives at a party given her by fo College of the Pacific classmates at the Naval Officers' C



entimental stop before the house they lived in is for Janet and her ents the high point of their early-morning sightseeing tour of ckton's streets. Janet points nostalgically to her old bedroom.



Janet broadcasts with Eddie LeBaron, the College of the Pacific All-American football hero, to open officially the town's March of Dimes drive. She excitedly fluffed several responses to announcer Arthur Farey.



lergrad Eddie takes alumna Janet for a tour of the COP campus—ch, though it's grown some since she was there, still holds countless nories, and is still "the most beautiful school in the world" to Janet.



On their way to a reception at Janet's sorority, Alpha Theta Tau, Eddie gets Janet to stop by with him at his Omega Phi fraternity house—he wants the other brothers to turn green with envy. And do they!



et meets some new sorority sisters as Mrs. Velma Turner, the house her, conducts her down the receiving line. It's easy to see why the rority has a reputation for pledging the school's prettiest girls.



Finding time to visit an old Stockton friend, Marie Boyle, and her husband, Janet patty-cakes happily with their little girl—who, like the children of most of her young friends, she'd never met.

continued ➤



Janet Leigh and All-American Eddie LeBaron speak up for the March of Dimes at Stockton's Fox Theater. The pair inspired big donat

and they still can't quite get over feeling a little amazed when she appears on the local screens as a full-fledged movie star.

As a rule, it doesn't take long for glamorous Hollywood to completely overshadow the average star's home town. In no time at all, the place she hails from has become just another small item in her press biography. And if the star ever goes back home, the celebration usually turns out to be an artificial affair in which both the townspeople and the star find themselves behaving with staid formality and uncomfortable ceremony.

But when Janet Leigh went home, it wasn't that way at all. Not that Stockton didn't do her honor. If her welcome had been any greater, Janet perhaps couldn't have stood it. As it was, the welcome made her easily the happiest girl in California that day. . . .

Janet had just finished a very emotional scene in *Jet Pilot* when the letter arrived. John Wayne, who plays her jet-pilot husband in the movie, had just discovered that she was a foreign agent, stealing his secrets as she cooed sweet nothings in his ear. It had required several extra takes for Duke to hit her convincingly. So Janet was pretty tired when she settled down in her dressing room to read the letter. It was from a college chum, Marian Jacobs, and it said:

"Dear Jeanette: I find that I am on the March of Dimes Committee again, and I was wondering if you could come (*Continued on page 77*)

JANET LEIGH GETS THOROUGHLY KISSE



That night, at a banquet for her, Janet s autographed photos plus kisses for the dri Chancellor Knoles of COP is the first custom

After autographing for an hour in the theater lobby, Janet gets a lift from her Marine Guards—a souvenir hunter has swiped her shoes!

CITIZENS OF HER HOME TOWN WHO PAY FOR THE DELIGHTFUL PRIVILEGE WITH CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE MARCH OF DIMES.



Carlos Souza, San Joaquin's sheriff, gets a good grip on himself and Janet to display his simple yet effective technique.



Football star John Poulous collects a kiss for a shy business man. (Taking no chance on losing them again, Janet holds on to her shoes.)



Another COP gridiron hero, John Rohde, is the other enthusiastic kiss-collector for bashful purchasers. This is much more fun than football!

hollywood pictorial continued ➤

IT'S ALL IN WHAT YOU SEE—BUT LINDA DARNELL

■ The hands at the right do not belong to a pair of people playing some sort of kids' game. They are those of Linda Darnell and Valentine Becker, California State Vocational Rehabilitation Officer for the Deaf. He's giving her a lesson in sign language—a means of communication she employs in her role in 20th Century-Fox's *No Way Out*. No, Linda isn't doing a Johnny Belinda in the movie. But in it she and co-star Richard Widmark must use sign language to talk with Widmark's deaf-mute film brother, played by Harry Bellaver. Mr. Becker, acting as technical adviser, has been instructing them. Linda has been an earnest student. "I'm so afraid I'll forget the signs," she reported, "that I keep practicing wherever I am. When I got home the other night and my husband asked me something, I found myself trying to answer with my hands. And I caught myself doing it to a salesgirl in a store the other day!" Still, it's a handy thing to know.



IT'S ALL IN WHAT YOU HEAR—BUT KIRK DOUGLAS READS HIS LINES WITH GESTURES



Performing for the eye as well as the ear, Kirk warms to his role as he stars in a "Suspense" radio drama.



Kirk portrays a supermarket clerk who's falsely accused by the butcher of carrying on with his wife. Here Kirk defends himself—and begins to perspire a bit.



Kirk locks himself in a refrigerator to escape the furious butcher—who then accidentally kills himself. Kirk knows he'll be blamed.

HAS TO LISTEN ATTENTIVELY TO LEARN THE ART OF SPEAKING SIGN LANGUAGE.



Linda gets a sign-talk lesson from Valentine Recker, of the California Department of Education, for her role in *No Way Out*.



Linda, long noted for her expressive hands, makes rapid progress. In the film she plays a normal character who must communicate with a deaf-mute.



Linda soon can hold simple conversations with her teacher—and, at home, she forgetfully tries sign language.

AND FACIAL EXPRESSIONS, EVEN ON A RADIO SHOW.



■ When Kirk Douglas starred recently in one of CBS's "Suspense" radio plays, he gave the studio audience as well as the far-flung listeners at home a fine time.

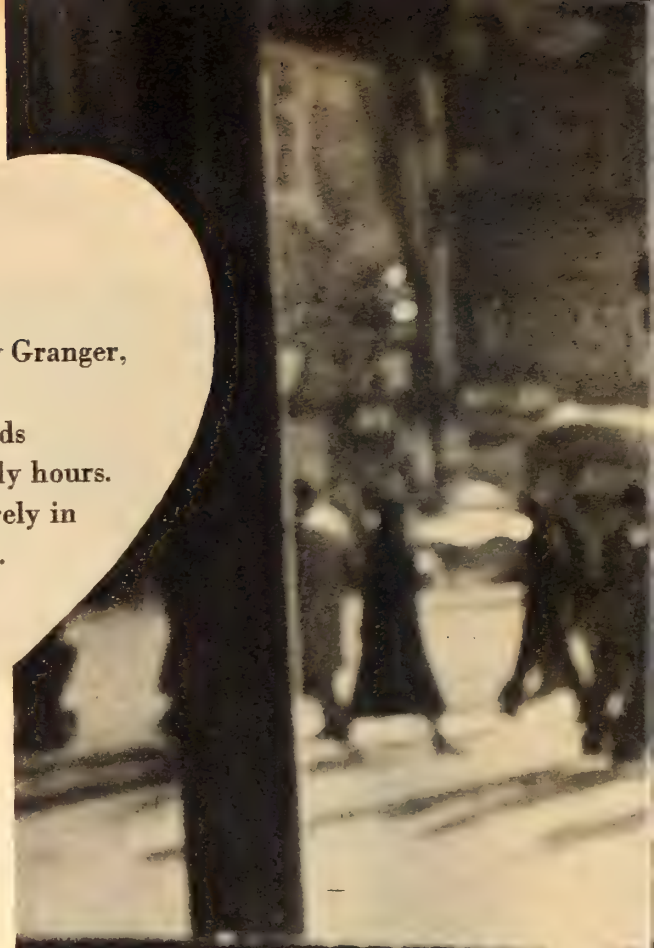
The half-hour drama was called "The Butcher's Wife," and it was quite up to the grisly standard of enjoyable horror that "Suspense" maintains. Kirk played Harry, a supermarket clerk, who after hours one evening is chased about the premises by a knife-wielding butcher, who incorrectly thinks Harry has been making passes at his wife. Harry ducks into the meat refrigerator, slamming the glass-panelled door—through which he sees the charging butcher slip and impale himself on his knife. So there's poor Harry, locked in the icebox—with, it develops, the dead body of the lady in question. Clearly, he'll be charged with two murders he didn't do. End of drama.

As these pictures taken at the broadcast show, Kirk's performance was quite a sight to see.

I used to have a crush on Farley Granger, but that was before we held hands for three heavenly hours. Now, I am merely in love with the guy.

BY CHRISTOPHER KANE

My heart stood still





■ A while ago, I became the movie critic for MODERN SCREEN, and developed a very blasé attitude toward movie stars.

"Stars," I would say in a bored voice. "I make 'em and break 'em every day." (None of the people to whom I said this believed me, but it's one way of amusing yourself if you're a movie critic.)

The chink in my armor developed the night I saw Farley Granger in *Roseanna McCoy*. I had to be carried out.

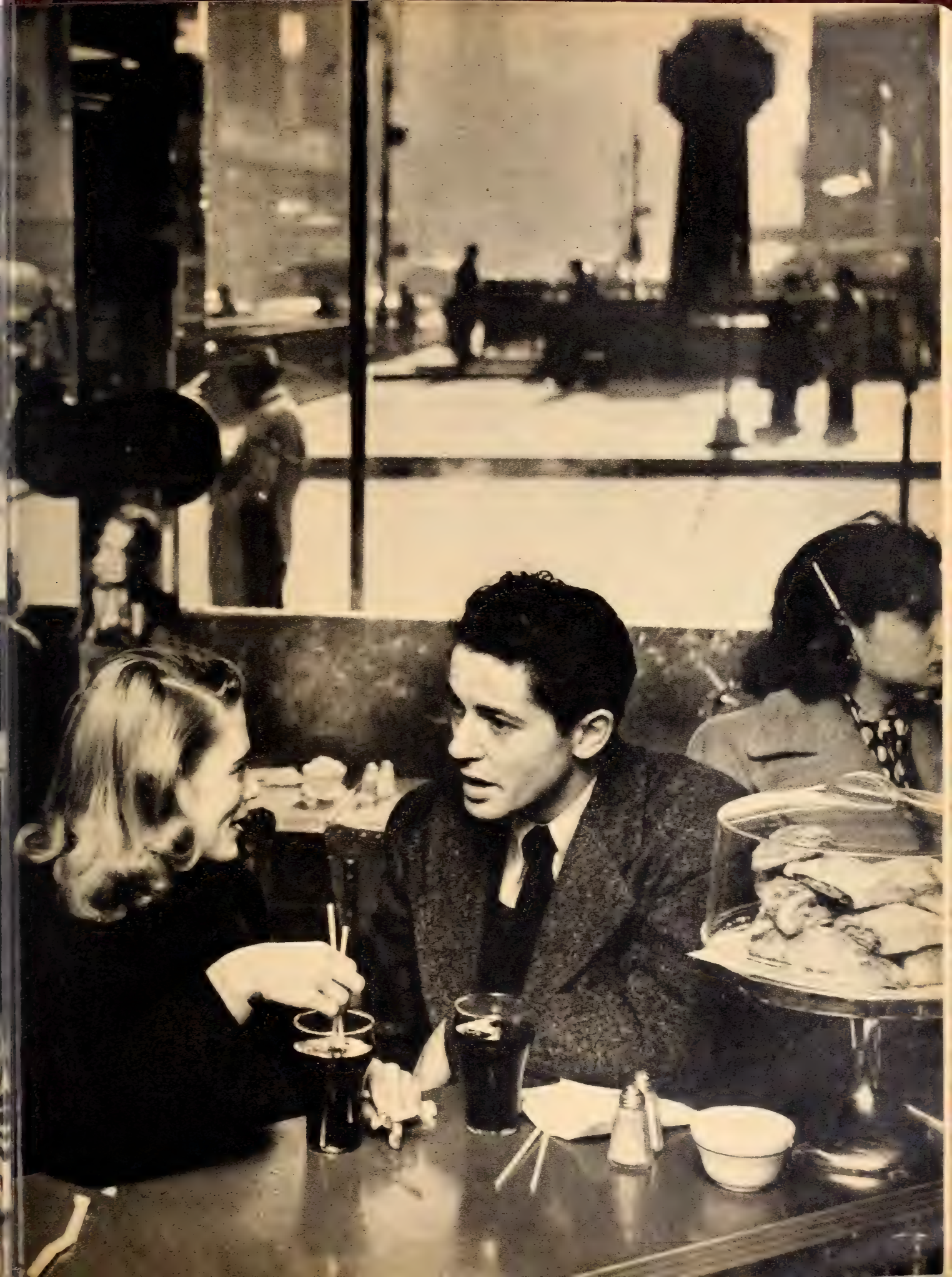
"Oh, something I ate," I said airily, gasping between words. If that doesn't sound airy to you, never mind. A while later, I saw Farley Granger in *They Live By Night*, and had the same experience. "Nonchalance at all costs," I muttered, as RKO officials poured water on my head.

So to make a long story even worse, when MODERN SCREEN assigned me to do a story on Farley Granger, my heart ——— ———. (See title of this story.)

However, I kept my dignity. "Why me?" I said, fixing the editors of the magazine with a fishy eye.

"Oh, no special reason," they said. "Except you have 47 pictures of Farley Granger on your bedroom wall."

"It's to cover up the (*Continued on page 99*)



Lovely lady... Lovely hair

She's a "Rayving Beauty" now!

"Rayve Home Permanent is my wave from now on!" says Terry Thomas

PROMISING NEW YORK MODEL



"I'm ready for the camera *any* time since the day I had my Rayve Home Permanent. It left my hair so lustrous and softly waved right from the start. As natural as could be. Believe me, that's important to any woman!"

WANT TO DO YOUR HAIR LIKE MISS THOMAS? Write Janet Wakefield, Dept. D, Pepsodent, 80 Varick St., New York 13, N. Y. for free, easy-to-follow instructions.



No other is faster... yet the Dial-a-Wave makes it so sure! Now you can wave your hair in much less time, yet be *sure* of getting exactly the amount of curl you want! Rayve's exclusive Dial-a-Wave gives you the *fastest* waving time for *your* kind of hair. There's no guesswork!

A Rayve wave lasts longer... yet looks lovelier from the start! It will shimmer with highlights... and almost set itself! No frizzy ends, *ever*... for Rayve's improved waving lotion is so much *gentler*, safer for hair. And because it's timed *individually* for you, your Rayve permanent stays lovely *weeks* longer!



Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

Accepted by the Committee on Cosmetics of the American Medical Assn.

COMPLETE RAYVE KIT $2

RAYVE REFILL $1

WHAT ABOUT CURLERS? Use *any* plastic curlers ... for Rayve's lovelier results come from the *gentler* solutions and *individual* Dial-a-Wave timing.

Rayve Home Permanent

ANOTHER FINE PRODUCT OF LEVER BROTHERS COMPANY



P.S. KEEP THAT "RAYVING BEAUTY" LOOK BETWEEN WAVES... with Rayve Creme Shampoo. Not a soap... gets hair cleaner!

pete's place

(*Continued from page 39*) nagging, devilish, driving imp within isn't satisfied. Ambition, with one goal in view is a whip-wielding master and a tyrant until that goal, and none other, is achieved. Peter Lawford, from childhood on, was driven by an ambition sparked by the strong feeling—almost an obsession—that he could act.

Today, Peter is a Somebody—in his own right and in the way he chose. But having his cup filled with the wine of fame, after thirsting for it for so long, has left him a bit breathless. And adulation is a heady thing. But Peter learned a few hard lessons in humility a while back that should enable him to withstand its intoxicating influence.

Drab and dingy, cheap and cheerless were the only rooms Peter could afford when he was an usher in the Westwood Village Theater. Watching the guys and girls up there on the screen doing what it seemed to him *he* was born to do, he often had to force himself to snap out of his dreams. After all, he'd reason, he had a job, he could pay his room rent—he was lucky. Real lucky. Patience, Pete learned then, was a virtue not to be despised. Yet, back in his drab quarters, some of the lustre of dreams that refused to fade out lent the ugly rooms a certain glow. . . .

In the beautifully-furnished and comfortable home which Peter Lawford shares today with his parents in Brentwood there are many signs of real appreciation for the security he's achieved. There are signs, too, of the tradition-steeped past that is his family background, and which forms further acute contrast to the tempo of his life today.

among their souvenirs . . .

Although most of the family possessions were bombed-out in England during the war, a few treasures survived—and they make islands of Old World charm in the snug and attractive modern home. Two small tables in the living room came from the ancient Pekin summer palace of the Empress of China—as did a wonderful 58-piece jade collection, of which only a solitary gold-figured piece remains.

A 13th-Century French Bhul clock, sparkling with exquisite color and design, is atop the spinet piano, where Peter's mother may have her favorite "Blue Danube Waltz" on the music rack. Around the room are photographs of such world figures as the King and Queen of England; the Aga Khan, an old friend of many years; the former King and Queen of Belgium. There's a water color of Peter's father—a retired British general who, as a young officer, fought in the Boer War—in full military regalia.

Contrasting these objects are Pete's up-to-the-minute record collection; the tiny, streamlined radio that was a gift from fans on a recent personal appearance tour, and the bronze bust of Peter done by the nationally-known sculptor, Gladys Bush.

His parents, Lady Lawford and Sir Sydney, are certainly as attractive folk as can be found in Hollywood. Strong ties of affection and respect join the three.

"Peter designed this house and its furnishings," says his mother with the pride the two parents feel in their boy who overcame obstacles of ill-health, family taboos and the disdainful cold-shouldering of producers before succeeding in the career on which he'd set his heart. Long ago they gave up any sense of distaste concerning his heart's desire, realizing that if this were the thing with which his happiness was bound up, they could only pray he'd make the grade.

Far removed (*Continued on page 62*)

She packed
her small toothbrush
and seized a large
lollipop—she knew
she was going,
though she didn't know
where, for Hawaii
to her sounded
like "bye-bye."

Bringing up susan

by Shirley Temple

Here's the second charming story from Shirley in her series about her and her tiny daughter—a little girl who is, in so many delightful ways, exactly like other little girls you know. And once again Shirley indirectly reveals herself—as a young mother who is not allowing her own recent tragic experiences to cloud in any way her daughter's sensible and happy upbringing.—THE EDITORS

■ For the third time, Linda Susan had untucked the skirt of my grey dress which I had just neatly folded into my suitcase. The first time she did it I thought it was a game. When she did it again while my back was turned, I had warned her, "I wouldn't, Linda Susan." But when, unlike her usual self, she ignored my warning, I became curious about what she was up to. And as I tucked in my dress for the third time—I discovered she had pushed her tiny toothbrush beneath the dress! It was her own little share of packing for our trip to Hawaii.

When I first told her that as a second-birthday present for her, Grandpa was taking her, Grandma, Linda Susan's nurse, Mrs. Halversen, and me to Honolulu for three weeks, it hadn't made much impression on Linda Susan. Beautiful-sounding names like Waikiki and Lanakaoi didn't mean anything to her—but Hawaii sounded like "bye-bye." So as we packed she knew we were going some place, and she intended to help with the preparations by bringing along a very necessary —and very cherished—item: her toothbrush.

Linda Susan's affection for her toothbrush dates back to last September when she first got acquainted with a habit most children dislike, brushing teeth.

Until last fall I used to do the brushing for her, and I don't think she liked it any *(Continued on page 71)*



Linda Susan is a sleepy girl as she and Shirley wait to board the plane for Hawaii. She soon perked up and was the life of the party on the trip—her birthday gift from Grandpa.

DANGEROUS CURVES AHEAD...

in a Catalina

Left: Bow Peep in Laton taffeta. $11.95

Right: Shirred, slim Laton taffeta. $11.95

Both have straps for swimming.

LOOK FOR THE FLYING FISH



Write for folder of other Catalina styles, and name of nearest store. Catalina, Inc., Dept. 612, Los Angeles 13, California

(*Continued from page 60*) from the Peter Lawford who so often makes headlines as a youthful Don Juan of the Ciro-Mocambo circle is the tumble-haired, be-sweatered fellow who daily says family prayers in his home with his mother and dad—a Lawford custom of long standing that is faithfully followed.

Last month Peter Lawford, the Ronald Colman of tomorrow, signed a new long-term contract with his studio, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. It looks as if Peter, no mere flash in the pan, is on the screen for keeps, and his studio is building him that way. From now on there will be less "playboy" and a lot more dignity in his publicity.

On his recent 10-weeks' personal-appearance tour of most of the nation's large cities, both Pete and his studio were surprised at the wild reception he met everywhere. Surprised, because while response of movie-goers to Pete has always been healthily active, it wasn't known to be of the "Oh, Frankie!" variety until he met the crowds face to face. In every city, they mobbed him and stormed theaters where he appeared with his picture, *The Red Danube*. At the Capitol in New York City, where he did a comedy routine and dance, it was necessary to schedule 72 shows a week to take care of the lined-up bobby-soxers.

On the same bill was the veteran comic, Jerry Lester, who shook his head as he watched the irrepressible throngs gang up on Peter. "I've worked with a lot of movie celebs in my time," he said, "but I swear I haven't seen anything like this in a long, long while! Not since the days when Sinatra first made them swoon in droves."

family black sheep . . .

To Peter's staid British kin, the world of theater was a world apart and alien, and the idea of any scion of the Lawfords doing a session of comic patter and jitterbugging would have met with reactions of horror. As would the cry, "Hi, Loverboy!" which usually greeted Peter as he emerged from stage doors into the myriad clutches of passionate autograph-seekers.

It was a weary young man who returned home to Brentwood to catch up on a few hundred hours of sleep and sunshine.

The pleasantly English-hedged home is comfortable but a bit small for the three Lawfords. Recently Pete decided to put aside certain savings for a bachelor wing for himself. Maybe one or two rooms—a place to bring friends late at night where, without disturbing Peter's parents, they could hear the latest King Cole or Billy Eckstine recordings on which he dotes.

"Two or three thousand ought to do it," decided Pete. Then he got estimates.

"My plans evaporated fast," said Pete ruefully, "when I found I couldn't get anything built for less than $8,000. That seemed a little steep. Actually, I'm not home much, anyway—so I guess we'll manage a while longer with our 'cottage,' as Mother calls it."

Pete is likely to be home even less since the success of his tour. The studios have decided there is no better way to sell a picture than to send its stars on the road.

One of the cities on Peter's tour was Washington, D. C. He had no sooner established himself in his hotel than, as usual, the phone began to ring. His friend and secretary, Peter Sabiston, answered it. He listened awhile, gravely, murmured a polite thank you, and hung up. He turned to Lawford.

"Well, what d'you know?" he said. "*That* was a personal invitation from the Russian Embassy to a cocktail party to meet Vishinsky!"

The two looked at each other. Very nice—but after all, Pete was in town to ballyhoo his picture, *The Red Danube*, and

there was no sidestepping the fact that this was an anti-Communist film. What did one do in such a case?

So Sabiston got on the phone. Called the British Embassy and found the British Ambassador would be present—it would be quite proper to go. Checking elsewhere, he got the same answers.

So Peter Lawford went, and had an interesting time, and met Mr. Vishinsky—all quite without strain, while up the street, a scant half-block away, theater lights boldly announced his presence in *The Red Danube*—and its theme.

In Hollywood, the English Peter's friends are, among others, the very American Van Johnsons and Gary Coopers—as well as many students, boys and girls, from nearby UCLA.

Occasionally Peter will entertain, with his parents, at a small, formal dinner at Romanoff's. But usually his parents do their own entertaining while he's off with his crowd—at the beach, for volley ball, or at the many University dances, where the presence of a movie star doesn't excite as much interest as any football name. And there is tennis, at which Peter is quite expert; and going to football and baseball games—he's a fan of both. Recently Peter got himself a green jeep, and finds it swell for rocketing to the beach and studio.

"Next thing I've planned," he says, "is to take up skiing, something I've always wanted to learn."

One thing he doesn't plan for the near future is marriage. Although his name has been coupled with more glamorous femininity than any other five male stars, there isn't, as his fans know, any particular One. Not right now, there isn't. Still, next week could be a different story.

charmed circle . . .

Columnists have been making much of Peter's interest in the international charmer, Sharman Douglas, daughter of our ambassador to the Court of St. James and friend of Princess Margaret Rose. Peter and Miss Douglas have had several Hollywood dates and he has been a guest of the Douglases at their Arizona ranch. While there, he flew back to Hollywood to pick up a present for Sharman—a gold wrap-around bracelet set with diamonds. As Louella Parsons observed, "engagements have been popped on a lot less evidence—in Hollywood, at least."

But, when Peter has been asked when he'll quit the fast-diminishing Hollywood bachelor list, he has answered emphatically, "Not before I'm 30." After all, he's as yet barely used to the feeling of the solid fact of security after those long and anxious years.

Preparing his own breakfast of tea and eggs and toast before dashing off to the studio these mornings, Pete will remember those far-off days when he made $15 a week, and the bare rooms and motels that went with it—when he had preceded his family here and was hanging on by sheer persistence to his Dream.

Or perhaps, as he tans his lithe body in the little, grassed, walled-in patio, Pete thinks of more pleasant memories—all the earth's elegant corners he knew as a child and adolescent, when the Lawfords traveled to the Riviera, Paris, Palm Beach.

Some kids have all the luck? No, not when that hankering is going on inside you, when the only skies that look blue are the remote and seemingly impossible skies of a place called Hollywood.

Under those skies at last, and knowing he belongs, Peter Lawford is enjoying the satisfaction of having reached the goal he set himself—and enjoying every minute of the hard work it entails.

He doesn't plan too much the details of the future. *This* is it! He's found his place.

THE END

Dream girl, dream girl, beautiful Lustre-Creme Girl

Hair that gleams and glistens from a Lustre-Creme shampoo



Tonight!...Show him how much lovelier your hair can look...after a

Lustre-Creme Shampoo

Exclusive! This magical secret-blend lather with LANOLIN!

Exciting! This new three-way hair loveliness . . .



Not a soap! Not a liquid! But Kay Daumit's cream shampoo with lanolin. Jars: $2, $1. Jars and tubes: 49¢, 25¢.

1 **Leaves hair silken soft,** instantly manageable . . . first wondrous result of a Lustre-Creme shampoo. Makes lavish, lanolin-blessed lather even in hardest water. No more unruly, soap-dulled locks. Leaves hair soft, obedient, for any style hair-do.

2 **Leaves hair sparkling** with star-bright sheen. No other shampoo has the same magic blend of secret ingredients plus gentle lanolin to bring out every highlight. No special rinse needed with Lustre-Creme Shampoo.

3 **Leaves hair fragrantly clean,** free of loose dandruff. Famous hairdressers insist on Lustre-Creme, the world's leading cream shampoo. Yes, tonight, show *him* a lovelier you—after a Lustre-Creme shampoo!



Are you always Lovely to Love?

Suddenly, breathtakingly, you'll be embraced . . . held . . . kissed.

Perhaps tonight.

Be sure then, that you are always lovely to love; sweet and alluring. *Never* uncertain. So many lovely girls depend on Fresh Cream Deodorant because it is completely effective —*stops* odor—*stops* perspiration worries completely. Fresh is different from any other deodorant you may have tried—creamier, more luxurious, and really effective.



Test Fresh against *any* other deodorant—creams, messy liquids, hit-or-miss sprays or powders. You'll never change to another once you've begun to use Fresh Cream Deodorant.



New! Here is a Fresh Cream Deodorant in a handy new tube for those of you who find a tube more convenient.

wardrobe for a summertime sweetheart

by connie bartel, fashion editor

■ Love is lovely all the time—but if it happens to happen in summer, it's most delicious of all. June, moon, and so on. The scent of wisteria, or maybe honeysuckle. A dance tune you'll (both of you) never forget. *You* know.

In this issue we have rounded up a wardrobe calculated to give romance a gentle shove. Our chosen fashions are all designed to make you look pretty and feminine and as though your phone rings constantly. More cagily, they have been carefully selected to cover practically every occasion which could possibly turn up.

We begin, therefore, with the darling sunback Mona Freeman wears opposite. Suppose you meet him sunning on someone's terrace? Or, suppose it happens while you're dancing? Here's your dress, either way . . . bare-shouldered and bewitching.

On pages 66 and 67 we offer two cute cottons that could turn up absolutely anywhere. The pastel's for your demure moods; the dotted camisole is rakishly what-the-heck!

Page 68 features sweaters and skirts, which you naturally can't live without—and which men can't seem to see enough of. On page 69, a super-slick shantung suit—for moments when you want to look woman-about-town. And on page 70—denims, from hat to sandals, if your guy likes to date his girl outdoors. All in all, we think we've covered every boy-girl situation from beach to balcony, and from sun-up to midnight. Why don't you just buy *all* of them, and bank on a beautiful summer?

Mona Freeman bares her shoulders in pink pique

Mona Freeman, currently in Paramount's *Dear Wife*, looks like the typical summertime sweetheart all the boys dream about. She shows her pretty shoulders in a pale pink pique sundress which can go sunning or dancing with equal grace. The bodice is lightly boned, the skirt swings gently, and the little matching jacket has a tiny square neckline and buttons snug to the waist.

Waffle pique, also in blue, maize or aqua. Junior sizes 9-15. By Betty Barclay. $8.95.

All fashions this issue at The Hub, Baltimore. How to buy, page 72.

Pumps by Capezio, Necklace by


modern
screen
fashions



the cutest *girls*

Sweet and smooth
as a Jordan almond.
Pale lavender dress,
with palest pink portrait
neckline and inset sleeves.
Pima broadcloth in
blue with pink neckline,
pink with blue, grey
with maize, maize with grey.
Sizes 9-15. $10.95.
By Miss Peggy Ann Jr.
At The Hub, Baltimore.
How to buy, see page 72.

deLill bags
Grandoe gloves
Coro jewelry
Capezio shoes



wear Cotton

Look, ma, no sleeves!
The smash hit camisole
dress—lime-dotted
navy over lime inset bodice
and pleat—with a
cummerbund to brag about
your waist.
Sanforized broadcloth.
Also navy with coral;
brown with aqua. 9-15
By Perky Frox . . . $10.95.
At The Hub, Baltimore.
How to buy, see page 72.



proportioned skirts

■ Big boon to sweater-and-skirt girls. Proportioned skirts—for happy hemlines—whether you're tiny, tall, or medium. Look: the trio above are all wearing the same skirt in the same size 12—yet each skirt hits each girl in exactly the right places. Proportioned skirt in tall, medium and short lengths, also sweaters, at The Hub, Baltimore. See page 72.

THE SKIRTS: Washable Soap 'N' Water butcher rayon with snug-tex waistband. Cherry, aqua, beige, green, navy, toast, black. Sizes 10-18 short; 10-20 medium; 12-20 tall. $4.95. By College-Town.

THE SWEATERS: Button front, slip-on, or plunge. Cotton-and-rayon boucle. Flame, lime, blue, maize, oyster. $3.95. By Little Miss English.

shantung pocket suit

Four pockets where they'll do the most good: two high on the breast, in the French manner; two curved at the hips, to cut a figure. A super summer suit for street, travel, dates. Silky rayon shantung. White, gold, pink, blue. Jr. sizes 9-15. Misses' sizes 10-18.

By Joselli . . . . . $22.95.

The Hub, Baltimore.

How to buy, see page 72.



Agnew necklace
Jana bag
Grandoe gloves

denim from head to foot



Beautiful, dutiful denims—ready for anything from maximum bareness to complete coverage—topped and bottomed with denim hat and shoes. Above, jut-pocketed skirt with waist-whittling semi-belt; sleeveless striped blouse with longer-than-usual pockets.

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(*Continued from page 61*) better than I did at her age.

But knowing Linda Susan's love of imitating, I let her watch me when I brushed my teeth. After a couple of times she wanted to try it, too. So I gave her a brush of her own and ever since, without any pleading or prompting on my part, whenever I brush my teeth, Linda Susan keeps me company by brushing hers. In fact, it has become a pleasure for her because it makes her feel more grown up. It was no pleasure for me, however, until I decided to put an apron on her—Linda Susan not only takes delight in swallowing her toothpaste, she also smears it all over her face and lets it dribble on her dress via a shortcut down her dimpled chin. On top of that, she either groans or chatters during the process. (All this she hasn't learned from me!)

Linda Susan had no intention of leaving such fun behind when we were getting ready for our journey.

All along I was afraid that once we got to the airport, Linda Susan would be frightened by the plane or the people rushing about in the usual commotion that accompanies any departure. In anticipation of tears, I had fortified myself with half-a-dozen extra handkerchiefs. I should have known her better.

The people didn't scare Linda Susan. Neither did the plane. And the photographers? That was old stuff. She's been used to photographers since she was four months old—when her first picture was taken.

not-so-camera-shy . . .

Incidentally, her introduction to cameras and flashbulbs has made a lasting impression on her. When that first flash went off one-and-a-half years ago, like any child or grown-up she blinked her eyes. Ever since, she associated cameras with flashbulbs and flashbulbs with blinking eyes. As a result, whenever she sees a man carrying a camera she immediately starts blinking her eyes. She was doing it continuously at the airport the day we left—that, and saying "bye-bye" to everybody.

There was, however, a moment when I thought she was going to cry. I had given Linda Susan a lollipop when we left our house, hoping to keep her occupied till we had settled in the plane. In the rush of boarding the plane, it slipped out of her hand and shattered into a dozen pieces. Linda Susan looked heartbroken for a moment—but swallowed her tears. Too many other exciting things were going on.

When we took off, Linda Susan was hunched in the seat next to mine. It was the first airplane ride for both of us—so neither knew what to expect. I must confess, however, that Linda Susan was a lot calmer than I was.

So smooth was the take-off, I didn't even realize we had left the ground till the stewardess unfastened our safety belts. I felt as comfortable on the huge clipper as on the grey couch of my living room.

And Linda Susan? No need to have worried about *her!* She had a wonderful time. I had expected she'd fall asleep on my lap after a short while because of all the excitement and also because she'd gotten up so early that morning. But no indeed! She stayed awake till long after we had arrived in Honolulu. And did my little daughter get airsick? The only way she almost got sick was by overeating. Linda Susan ate so much at her two meals it was almost embarrassing. People might have thought we didn't feed her at home!

I worried that she'd get in the way of other passengers and the crew because she toddled all over the plane chirping "bye-bye" to everyone. No one seemed to mind, though. As a matter of fact, one elderly lady told me that Linda Susan's unconscious little shows greatly helped everyone pass the time.

Linda Susan soon found a playmate on the plane in Buster Crabbe's daughter. In spite of the nine years' difference in age, the two nevertheless got along fine for the better part of the ten hours' flight.

When we arrived at the Honolulu airport we received a wonderfully warm welcome. People immediately took Linda Susan to their hearts. And as usual my daughter made the most of it with "bye-bye's"—and a few "hi's" and "no's" thrown in for variety.

Although awake for over 14 hours, Linda Susan still didn't show any signs of weariness when we arrived at the Royal Hawaiian Hotel. After dinner, members of the hotel band came to our room to serenade us with Hawaiian music. Worn out as the rest of us were, we couldn't help feeling inspired by the exuberant antics of Linda Susan—trying to keep in time to the exotic, vibrant rhythm with her version of the hula-hula!

But when I put her to bed an hour later, the trip finally caught up with her. I usually make a game out of undressing Linda Susan. I talk, and count her toes, and explain her garments—trying to make going to bed fun for her, so she doesn't mind it. But that night in Hawaii, her little head kept falling forward. It had suddenly gotten s-o-o-o heavy.

My tiny girl fell asleep long before I had her undressed. THE END

(There'll be another heartwarming story by Shirley Temple in this "Bringing up Susan" series in the June issue of MODERN SCREEN.*)*



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mad about monty

(*Continued from page* 45) Of course, we were making a movie. It's called *A Place in the Sun,* and it's based on Theodore Dreiser's terrific classic, *An American Tragedy.* I'm a happy girl to have played in it. And certainly one big reason I am is because I worked with Monty Clift.

Yards and yards of words have been poured out about this "rising young star." Most writers have used their best superlatives for Monty. Real rave stuff. Well, if you think I'm going to rave about him some more—you're right! I find it hard to remain calm on the subject of Montgomery Clift.

But let's flash back to 1943.

I'd love to be able to say I "discovered" Monty Clift that day in the restaurant booth. But—shucks!—somebody else had seen him first. He was then already well-established as a young Broadway star.

I didn't even meet the guy that first day. I just got a look at him. But I was affected in much the same way he's since affected a few million movie fans. This reaction may be summed up in one little word: *Wham!*

I learned that Monty was playing in Lillian Hellman's *The Searching Wind.* I was playing a teeny-weeny part in a musical called *Rosalinda,* in a theater close by the one housing *The Searching Wind.*

That night, when I wasn't on stage during the second act, I sneaked over to the Fulton Theater to see the second act of Monty's play. (It's against Equity rules to leave the theater during your own performance, so maybe you'd better not mention this to anyone.) There was Monty Clift, on the stage. And it happened again. *Wham!*

At a party a few nights later, we were introduced. I remember exactly what we both said. Oh, it might have been yesterday.

Monty said, "Hiya."

And I said, "Hello."

After that sparkling introduction Monty and I became friends. I saw him several times during the following months. When you work in show business in New York you move in the same circles with other young hopefuls. Some of them are work-

ing. Some of them are just making the rounds and living on hope and mighty little else.

But you all have a strong common bond—that great, wonderful, make-believe business, the theater. So Monty and I found a lot to talk about. We both loved show business. It filled our lives in those days. It still does.

In Hollywood today, the word is around that Monty is not very sociable. They say he never drops in at the plush night clubs and fancy restaurants.

"Look," says Monty. "Just because I don't happen to like the glitter spots, is that wrong? I have fun just sitting around hoisting a few beers with friends. We have some good talk, and we don't get hoarse trying to compete with a 16-piece name band."

The "good talk" Monty likes is about—what else?—the theater. The Broadway stage, and the Hollywood sound stage. That's Monty Clift's whole world.

After those first meetings with Monty in New York, our paths separated. I got my first chance in Hollywood. I was signed at Columbia, and I rushed out here prepared to take over for Bette Davis. But it didn't quite work out that way. Bette's brilliant career went smoothly ahead. And mine ran smack into a stone wall. I played a few very small parts, then my contract was dropped. After that I did some free-lance work, but the going was rugged.

Then one night at a party at the Gene Kellys' I looked up and there was Monty.

"Hey, Shelley!" he hollered when he saw me. "How you doing?"

Well, I told him I was doing fine. I said everything was going great, I was a big success. But I wasn't fooling Monty. He caught on right away that I was feeling pretty low. So then and there he gave me a much-needed fight talk.

"Look," he said, "This town isn't so tough. They need and want young players with experience and talent. You'll get going. It's just a question of time. You can't miss."

Naturally that made me feel better. There's nothing like a pat on the back from a friend. But there's a little more to this episode. I found out later that Monty had come to Hollywood to make a screen test. It hadn't worked out. So he was about ready to pack his bags and head back to Broadway.

How do you like that? Right in the middle of a great disappointment for him he takes time out to cheer *me up*. And not one word does he mention about his own troubles!

What follows after that is pretty well known. Monty was soon back in Hollywood, signed by Howard Hawks to make *Red River*. Then he went abroad to play in *The Search*. After the two pictures were released it was clear as day that he'd become a big star.

I'd talked to Monty on the *Red River* set. I worked in the picture exactly one day. Between takes he came over and sat down beside me and gave me another pep talk.

"Don't give up, Shelley," he said. "I'm getting my break now. Soon you will, too. I know it."

And not long after that it happened. I was signed to play the waitress in *A Double Life*, which starred Ronald Colman. That got me my present contract with Universal-International. Since then I've played opposite William Powell, Alan Ladd, and Howard Duff.

And now—Montgomery Clift.

Within his powers, Monty leaves no corner of a role unexplored. And believe me, those powers are very great. In a scene with Monty you feel his earnestness. It's so great it's almost a passion. And it inspires confidence in those around him. I know.

Let me tell you something that happened while we were on location at Lake Tahoe. In this scene Monty and I were going on a picnic. We had a lunch basket, and I had my coat and a scarf. We were supposed to be a little embarrassed—Monty because he had something on his mind, and I because I was very much in love with him.

Well, we rehearsed the scene, and then we started to play it. Then something

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went wrong. I was a little late for a cue, then I jumped in too soon and crowded Monty's lines. Then—horrors! —I dropped my scarf.

Now, as you probably know, if this sort of thing happens on the stage, you're trained to work your way out of it. You must never, never step out of your character. But in Hollywood it's different. If you make a mistake somebody says, "Oops!" or words to that effect, the director says, "Cut!" and you do the scene over again.

So, when I dropped my scarf, I expected that the next voice I would hear would be director George Stevens saying, "Cut!"

But no. The next line was Monty's and he was still playing the scene for all it was worth. I took one look into his eyes and I could almost hear him pleading, "Come on! Stay with it. Don't let go of the character." He was giving me a helping hand and letting me know he was right in there with me, working all the time.

Well, I leaned down to get my scarf, and Monty did, too, and we bumped heads. But he kept right on playing. And I went along with him. Then we picked up tempo and went on through to finish the scene.

I looked up just as George Stevens said, "Print that," which meant that the scene was okay. He was grinning as he walked toward us. He said, "That was wonderful! You were supposed to be a little embarrassed. So your momentary confusion made it look absolutely real."

And that's the sort of thing that happens when you work with Monty Clift.

But I think I've rambled on enough about Clift, the actor. Now let me tell you about my friend Monty who is also quite a fella.

For one thing, you may have read that he has a huge appetite. I believe it's been reported he often eats two whole steaks at a sitting. I want to deny that statement. It's absolutely untrue. Montgomery Clift does *not* eat two steaks at one meal. He eats three!

And they've said that for breakfast he polishes off four or five eggs in addition to coffee and a few side dishes. Another lie. He has six.

And for dinner, three desserts. I've seen it with my own eyes. The other night he had some fruit, and then he had a piece of apple pie. After that he said, "Guess I'll just have an order of cheese and crackers. To go with my coffee. Always like a little something to go with my coffee."

How he does it I'll never know. And he's still as thin as a rake handle. Maybe it's because he moves around a lot and burns up so much nervous energy.

You ought to see the way he handles a car. We had some scenes up at Lake Tahoe in an old battered Ford coupé. And the way he hurtled that crate around those narrow mountain roads, I used to shut my eyes every time we'd come to a curve.

"Say," I asked him once, "how'd you ever learn to drive a car this way? Did you work in a parking lot?"

"Nope," Monty said. "In fact, I never worked anywhere. Never had a job except acting."

"You mean—you never worked as a soda jerk or an office boy or a truck driver, maybe? Just acting?"

"That's right. No—I take that back. I had one job. One summer up in Napa Valley, California. I worked a couple of months laying irrigation pipe."

(Maybe that gave him his muscles. He doesn't look it, but he has 'em!)

Monty's quite a swimmer. When he churns along in the water he looks like a reduced edition of Johnny Weissmuller on his way to mix with a team of crocodiles.

His swimming prowess came in handy while we were on location at Lake Tahoe. Director George Stevens wanted a long shot of the tragedy that happens out on the lake.

"Our camera," explained George, "will be high on the side of the hill. After the drowning, George Eastman (that's Monty) swims to shore, struggles up over the rocks and scrambles his way up the hill. Then he disappears briefly in a clump of bushes and comes out to finish the scene right in front of the camera."

"Why disappear?" Monty wanted to know. "Wouldn't it be more realistic if the camera followed him all the way?"

"Of course," George agreed. "But that's a long swim with all your clothes on. And then that long hike up the side of the hill. We ought to use a double for that. Be easier on you. The double can disappear in the bushes and we'll pick you up coming out the other side."

Monty shook his head. "No doubles for me. I'll make the whole shot. If I'm tired by the time I get to the camera we'll have greater realism."

And that's the way it was done. Not once but four times. Monty skinned his legs and arms on the rocks, and when the day was finished he was thoroughly bushed but he and George Stevens agreed they had a fine scene.

Working with Monty Clift has been a real experience for me, a liberal education in the art of acting. But it hasn't all been work. We've had fun, too.

In *A Place in the Sun*, Monty and I have four love scenes. And as I've pointed out, Monty is all for realism.

Wham!

THE END

You'll enjoy the bright feature on Monty Clift in the current issue of SCREEN STORIES—another Dell magazine.

ingrid's forgotten child

(*Continued from page 29*) efforts to protect her, some of the gossip must have reached her. In any event, she took the news standing up—and in the manner of children when they are deeply hurt or deeply moved, she changed the subject.

"Daddy," she said softly, "let's buy a tent so we can go on hikes, and sleep in the woods."

"Fine," her father said. "I'd like to." Tall, thin Dr. Lindstrom, with his heart aching, his illusions shattered, went out and got that tent, and for three consecutive nights he and his little girl slept outdoors, 50 yards away from the house.

What does a little girl think about, lying under the stars, knowing that nothing will ever be the same again? She remembered the three of them around the dinner table, close and secure. And Christmas morning with her mother and father opening her hand-made presents and looking at her and at each other. Never any more. Pia remembered other things. The funny slang her mother learned when she was making *The Bells of St. Mary's* with Bing Crosby, and the jitterbug steps the soldiers taught her when she toured overseas, and which her mother in turn taught her long-legged, serious-faced father. (How they had all laughed that night when he was learning!)

She remembered the first time she realized that her mother was an important actress. Driving in New York traffic with Pia, Ingrid had broken some minor rule of the road and had been given a ticket.

"What will *happen,* Mother?" Pia had asked anxiously.

"I made a mistake," her mother had explained, "And it will cost me five dollars."

"Five dollars!" Pia had gasped. To Pia that meant months and months of allowances, dozens of ice cream cones. It meant practically all the money in the world.

"Where will you ever *get* five dollars?" Her mother smiled at her and squeezed her hand, and afterwards Pia's nurse had told her that they paid her mother a good-sized salary for all the hard work she did.

so young for tears . . .

Pia remembered visiting her mother in New York when she was starring in the play *Joan of Lorraine,* and being allowed to go to the theater twice to see the first act. She had watched both times, her heart bursting with a curious mixture of love and pride, and had then been bustled home by her nurse before the second act.

"Why can't I stay?" Pia would plead. And her nurse would explain, "The next act is sad. You're too little to be sad."

Lying in the tent in the quiet dark, Pia remembered that. "I am 11 years old now," she told herself staunchly, "I am not too little any more."

Somehow, a little girl gets through her first heartbreak. Pia is lucky in that she has a restrained and understanding father —one who seems to see inside her heart and does all he can to make her ordeal easier. He took her out of school at a time when he felt that the curious eyes and small sharp tongues were more than she should be called upon to bear, and he re-enrolled her when he felt that Pia's own adjustment to the situation had somewhat insulated her from her classmates' gossip.

When her beloved dog, Laila, a Labrador Retriever, was run over by a car, the doctor couldn't bring himself to tell his already over-burdened little girl the truth.

"Our Laila ran away," he told her gently, and—though Pia misses him—she is sure that he has a fine new home somewhere. Meanwhile, she consoles herself with her nice Welsh terrier, Happy.



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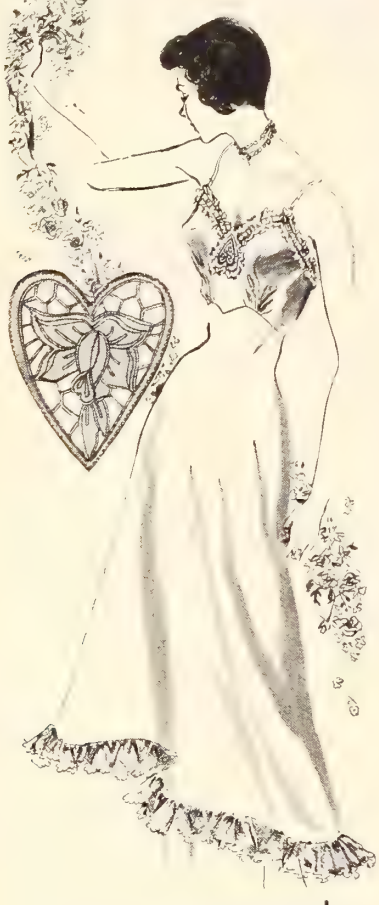
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Dr. Lindstrom, who knows from experience that keeping very, very busy is one antidote for loneliness and unhappiness (he himself often works 14 hours a day), has arranged a great many activities for his youngster. There are ballet lessons, piano lessons, and ballroom dancing lessons—and when he has an afternoon off, they go horseback-riding together. In the evenings, though he may be dead tired from long hours of surgery, he visits with her.

"I learned a new step today," Pia will tell him.

"Fine," the doctor will say, smiling his slow smile. "Let's see it."

"You have to *do* it with me." He gets up from his chair, on goes a record, and for a little while Pia and Dr. Lindstrom are just any little girl and her devoted pop—except that there is nobody there to watch them with shining eyes, to applaud like mad when the record is over.

In November, Ingrid Bergman's personal representative, returning from a trip to Italy, brought Pia a package of gay Italian dresses from her mother. Holding them in her arms, almost smelling the familiar scent of her mother's perfume—the mother she hadn't seen in over half a year became a reality again.

"Is—is she coming home soon?" Pia wanted to know, hoping again just for a minute, believing again for the space of a heartbeat that everything might still be all right. The answer to that, of course, was "no."

On December 12, Dr. Lindstrom read the headline in a Los Angeles newspaper that announced his wife was expecting a baby. It was the very first word he had had about it. If he had only known before, how different things might have been. If Roberto Rossellini had gone to Dr. Lindstrom, if Ingrid herself had written him and told him of her pregnancy, the chances are that the doctor would have granted his wife a quick divorce so that her son would not have been born out of wedlock.

As soon as he read the report, he wrote to Ingrid for confirmation—but his letters were never answered. While the rumors were vigorously denied, reliable sources insisted that they were true, and at length, there was nothing for the doctor to do but tell his daughter as kindly as he could. Pia listened, tight-lipped and still, but what she thought about it is her own secret.

like father, like daughter . . .

They didn't talk about it very much, this father and daughter who are so close, so alike in many ways. (Those few people who knew Ingrid and her doctor intimately say, "There is more of Peter in Pia than there is of Ingrid.") But one day soon afterward, Pia went to the hardware store and bought a hammer and a bag of nails. That night she gave them to her father.

"Here is a present for you," she told him simply—and he knew that she was really saying, "Please don't feel so hurt. I'm here. I love you."

Pia spent the Christmas holidays with the Gary Coopers and their little girl, Maria at the Coopers' magnificent new ski lodge in Aspen, Colorado. The only harsh intrusion for Pia on those blessedly beautiful white days and silent nights was the news broadcast stating that Roberto Rossellini's Austrian divorce had come through on December 23—and that the dark-eyed stranger was now free to marry her mother as soon as her mother's divorce came through. But this had not yet happened It still *might* not happen, Pia's thoughts ran. In the midst of so much beauty and so much kindness, it was impossible to feel really unhappy.

Pia returned from the mountains, tanned and glowing, with so many things to tell her school friends that she simply wouldn't her mother. And then, a few short weeks later, the news came that started them all whispering again, all looking at her in that funny way that made her cold inside.

On February 3, the newspapers front-paged the story of the birth of Bergman's baby boy. Pia, Ingrid's first-born, the little girl whom she had brought to this country at the age of 15 months and whom she had carried everywhere, papoose fashion, in a snug fur bag, must have read the story furtively, her 11-year-old heart breaking. While Renzo Rossellini, Roberto's eight-year-old son, was being rushed into the chintz-decorated suite at the Villa Margerhita Clinic to see Ingrid, here was Pia 6,000 miles away.

How some of Ingrid's quoted statements must have hurt—the one that she was "fiercely happy," the rhapsodies about her new son. How hard a thing it all must have been for a little girl to understand. Suddenly her own mother had become an alien creature—a name in a garish newspaper headline, a smudged picture staring with challenging eyes from every newsstand, a woman gossiped about on every street-corner.

Can you imagine her feelings about Rossellini? The black hatred she must bear him? Yet everyone claims that when she meets him, he will woo her and win her. There are those who say that the 43-year-old Roberto is irresistible. In Rome, he has frequently been called the Ace of Hearts, *Il Asso di Cuore.*

saint and sinner . . .

Anna Magnani, the fiery Italian actress who knew and loved him before Ingrid came along, says, "When a woman is with Roberto, she feels that she's on the brink of a spiritual whirlwind. He is more than a man; he is a hurricane."

Marlene Dietrich, another Rossellini friend, says, "He is a charming, intelligent, talented human being."

Renzo Rossellini, Roberto's brother and a musical composer who has written the scores for more than 50 films, reportedly says, "He's an incorrigible sinner and a profound mystic."

When Pia Lindstrom tries to find out what sort of man stole her mother's heart, she will discover much that is puzzling, for this man Rossellini is cunning, wise and devious.

He claims that he was under the influence of drugs when in 1936 he married Marcella de Marchis, a slender, warm-hearted brunette. It wasn't, however, until December of 1949—having fallen in love with Ingrid Bergman—that he had that marriage annulled. This was 13 years later, by which time he had had two children by Marcella, one of whom died.

He claims to be a great believer in freedom and democracy, and yet, under Mussolini, he made some of the best Fascist propaganda pictures the dictatorship ever turned out.

Yes, Pia Lindstrom will find her Latin step-father a man of many talents, of many moods, possessing a temperament quite incomprehensible to a girl of Scandinavian blood. She will be puzzled, for instance, to hear it alleged that a week before he became a father for the third time, Roberto was so depressed that he contemplated suicide because of the publicity he and Ingrid were receiving. Yet, despite all this, Pia is sure to be charmed off her little feet when she first meets him sometime this year.

Rossellini is a great director of children In his pictures, *Paisan, Open City, Germany Year Zero,* his understanding of a child's mentality and motivation is absolutely masterful. At this moment, he must know that Pia despises him and, knowing this, he will employ all his wiles on her a

Pia's mother, it is believed, will make her home in Italy—because Italy is Roberto's home and the birthplace of the son she calls Robertino, and—most important—it is a nation of broad-minded people who cast no stones. She says that she is finished forever with making motion pictures. Yet it seems safe to predict that she is finished for only a little while. In time she will find surging mightily through her the great, driving, unquenchable desire to act. Someday, this girl who once said that acting was her life will act for the films again.

As for Pia, when she is grown and knows all the facts in the case, she will be certain that this woman, whose flesh is her flesh, was—aside from any moral judgment of her conduct—a woman of courage and pride, a woman who, undaunted, defied the whole world for the yearning of her heart.

As long as she lives, Pia Lindstrom will never exist in obscurity. Always, she will be known as "Ingrid Bergman's daughter."

Whether this title shall bring her pride or shame only we, the public, can decide.

THE END

janet's homecoming

(*Continued from page 54*) back home to help us launch the campaign this year. I know you're making a movie right now, but Stockton would be very grateful to you if you could talk your studio into giving you a day off to come up."

A few minutes later, Janet was telling John Wayne about the invitation.

"Do you think the studio *would* let me go?" she asked, hoping that Duke would reassure her by saying he thought so. But Duke is a realist.

"Honey, you know the schedule as well as I do," he drawled—and then, seeing that she was disappointed, added, "But it certainly wouldn't hurt to ask them."

Jet Pilot has been one of those pictures with a murderous schedule, for its co-stars. Janet and Duke are in almost every scene, and with production costs still way up in the stratosphere, studios naturally are not inclined to allow the non-professional activities of their stars to interfere with movie-making. It didn't look very likely that Janet could go, March of Dimes or no March of Dimes.

But as it turned out, Janet found she had a day off on January 15—the day which, it just happened, was the national kick-off day for the March of Dimes campaign.

"Oh, how I'd love to go back to Stockton," Janet told the unit manager of *Jet Pilot*. "I haven't been back for nearly three years. Please, please, don't let anything happen to my day off."

But because motion picture schedules sometimes change faster than you can say "filmed in gorgeous Technicolor," Janet didn't know definitely that she could go to Stockton until just four days before she did. And as she dashed off the set on Saturday afternoon, the last words she heard from the assistant director were:

"Have fun up there, Janet. But don't forget you have a make-up call back here at eight o'clock Monday morning."

As she drove toward Stockton, 400 miles away, with her mother and father, Janet sat excitedly on the edge of her seat, paying very little attention to her father's warning that she should get some rest.

"I understand the town has some big plans for you," he cautioned.

"Why, I couldn't sleep," she replied. "It's broad daylight."

She was still wide awake six hours later when they drove into Stockton and pulled

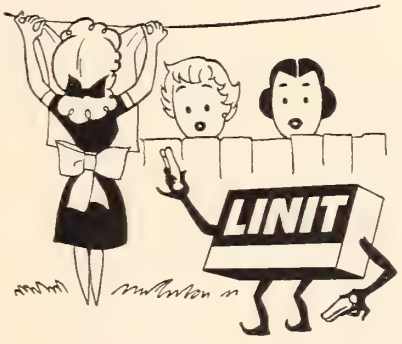
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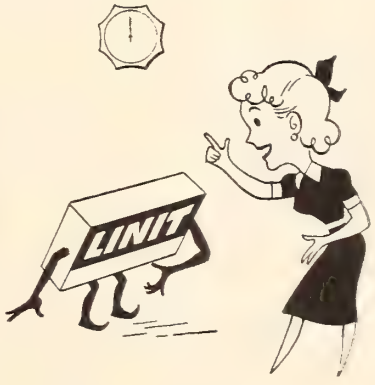
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up in front of the old Stockton Hotel. Her letter-writing friend, Marian Jacobs, was waiting for them in the suite upstairs, and after an exchange of greetings, told Janet a few things about her schedule.

"Tonight, a lot of your friends from the college are throwing a party out at the Naval Officers' Club. You'd better get dressed right away."

There were more than 40 of her college friends at the Club when she arrived, and Janet had a busy time for the first hour meeting the new husbands her girl friends had acquired, and the wives her old boy friends had acquired. It was a wonderful evening, and she didn't get back to the hotel until 2:30 a.m. As she explained to her folks, she'd stopped with some of the kids at Ferguson's drive-in and had had a Fergyburger. Hadn't had one for three years and couldn't resist the urge.

The next day started off with a bang for Janet when, up bright and early, she saw the headline in the morning paper which announced, "MAYOR MORRISON PROCLAIMS TODAY JANET LEIGH-EDDIE LEBARON DAY." In the story below, the Mayor—who is Janet's uncle—was quoted as saying, "Because of the achievements of these two young people, and the honor which they have brought to Stockton, I have issued my first formal proclamation, naming this day as Janet Leigh-Eddie LeBaron day."

gridiron napoleon . . .

At breakfast, which Janet had with her folks, Judge Robert Sullivan and her high-school music teacher, she met Eddie LeBaron, her fellow celebrity for the day. Eddie is a guy about three inches taller than Mickey Rooney, who, last year playing football for the local College of the Pacific, climaxed three years of brilliant play by being named an All-American. Stockton thinks he's a pretty special young man—and it wasn't hard for Janet to think so, too, just a few minutes after they met.

"You're even prettier than I thought you would be," he told her sincerely. Even a movie star likes to hear that!

After breakfast, Eddie and Marian took Janet for a quick tour of the COP campus, which has grown some since Janet was there. Eddie pointed out the new students' lounge, built last year, and Janet caught herself wishing she could come back for another semester just to enjoy it. . . .

"I hate to break up your reverie," said Marian, "but we're due over at the radio studio right now."

College of the Pacific has its own radio station, which presents some of the best special events broadcasts in town. Fifteen minutes later, Janet and Eddie were seated in front of a microphone there, telling the Sunday stay-at-homes why they should give generously to the March of Dimes this year. Janet made several rather bad fluffs that would have dismayed her directors—and her—in Hollywood. But it didn't matter much here. She was back home, and a little excitement was understandable.

When they left the radio studio to attend a reception at Janet's old sorority house, Eddie grabbed her elbow and said,

"Do me a favor, will you? Stop by with me at my fraternity house. I want to see the guys' eyes drop out when we come walking up." Naturally, she did. Naturally, the Omega Phis' eyes dropped out.

Janet's sorority, Alpha Theta Tau, has a campus reputation for selecting beautiful girls as members, and this year, they pledged a bumper crop. There were about 30 of them sitting around the living room when Janet arrived. After Janet had walked down the receiving line with Mrs. Turner, the house mother of Alpha Theta, it wasn't long before the party had broken up into informal conversational groups. For more than an hour, Janet made friends with the new girls.

They took her upstairs to her old room and showed her the new coffee mugs that have become a house tradition since Janet left school. Then, back downstairs, Janet had a chance to talk to many of her former teachers—including Mr. Brown, the college drama director who once told her she didn't have enough dramatic ability to be an actress. While Janet was talking to Mrs. Turner a few minutes later, a good-looking young man in his twenties tugged at her sleeve.

"I'll bet you don't remember me," he said, with a smile.

For a moment, Janet had an inner struggle—and then she exploded, "Roy! Roy Kirsten! How are you? Daddy, look who's here."

Her father didn't remember Roy at first either—until Janet told him that Roy was the boy she used to play with when she was in grammar school and lived on California Street.

Reluctantly, Janet and her parents had to say goodbye to the Alpha Thetas and rush back to the hotel to get ready for Janet's appearance at the Fox theater that afternoon. She ate a sandwich hurriedly while she put on a plaid dinner dress. Then she walked out to meet the two stalwart Marines who were her guard-of-honor for her appearance at the theater—the marquee of which boasted, "IN PERSON, STOCKTON'S OWN JANET LEIGH."

Eddie LeBaron was waiting for her at the curb, and she had to tell him right there about the first time she'd been in the Fox Theater. It had been the day it opened, and she'd stood in line for more than an hour to get a seat. She was eight years old at the time—never dreaming she'd someday see her name in lights on the marquee.

Suddenly, she and Eddie were out on the stage. When the applause had died down Mayor Morrison read his proclamation and introduced them to the crowd.

"Never before in my life have I had the privilege of proclaiming a day which gives me as much pleasure as this one. Janet and Eddie, on behalf of the people of Stockton, I want to say thanks for your participation in the opening of the March of Dimes campaign this year. Especially to you, Janet, for making the trip up from Hollywood."

return of the native . . .

"Thank you, Uncle Dan," Janet said. "I'm the most thrilled girl in the world to be here. I feel that I should be up in the balcony there, holding hands, instead of down here on the stage." This provoked a series of shouted invitations from the balcony. When they ended, Janet smilingly went on, "Coming back to Stockton would be wonderful at any time, but I'm glad the studio let me come up here now to help launch the March of Dimes. I'll always be grateful to Stockton for the fun I had here. Thanks for the memories."

Then Eddie made a speech, too—after which they both spent nearly an hour in the lobby signing autographs. When the crowd finally thinned out, Janet found that some ardent fan had stolen her shoes, which she had slipped off while signing autographs. Her two Marines gallantly carried her out to her car, and her father and Judge Sullivan took over when they reached the hotel. A barefooted actress looks pretty silly, even in her own home town. But fortunately, she'd brought an extra pair of shoes to wear to the banquet that night.

Stockton's biggest restaurant, the Pump Room, was filled to overflowing for Janet and Eddie's testimonial banquet. When

Mayor Morrison got up to introduce her, he said, "Now that she's a big movie star, maybe I shouldn't tell this about Jeanette. But about 15 years ago when I first knew this young lady, she used to come into my drug store at California and Sutter, twirling and tossing her baton around. She'd make a complete circuit of the store and, nine times out of 10, she'd have a package of gum or a candy bar in her hand when she went out. Remembering those days so well, it is a real privilege for me, as Mayor of Stockton, to extend the key to the city of Stockton to this beautiful young woman who has brought so much fame to her home town."

It took two people to bring the huge golden key up to the table, and when Mayor Morrison gave it to her, Janet finally did what she'd almost done several times before that day: She cried.

"Look at me," she sniffled. "And I'm a big girl now, Uncle Dan. . . . But I wish I could tell you all how happy it has made my mother and father and me to come back to Stockton for this day. I'm never going to forget it."

The rest of the evening settled down to a torrent of tributes for Janet and Eddie. All Janet's teachers were introduced and credited with the parts they played in making her the girl she is. A delegation from her sorority presented her with flowers and sang the Alpha Theta song: *"She likes sorority life, those midnight get-togethers every night. There'll be nothing but sweet dreams for our Alpha Theta gal."* And Janet had another surge of tears.

kiss from cinderella . . .

Then, to raise money for the March of Dimes, the m.c. began auctioning off a few autographed pictures of Janet. Dr. Tully Knoles, chancellor of the college, bought the first one—and when Janet gave him a kiss to go with it, the bidding for the rest became spirited. After the Sheriff and several of the town's business men had bought a picture, a gentleman in the back of the room began buying them for the members of the football team. Half an hour later, Janet had been substantially kissed, and the March of Dimes was off to a fine start in Stockton.

It was nearly midnight when Janet and her parents finally said goodbye and went back to the hotel to pack. Half an hour later, they had all their bags in the car and were ready to start rolling down the 400 miles of highway back to Hollywood. Completely exhausted, Janet curled up in the back seat. Before they had passed the city limits, she was sound asleep.

Fortified with coffee, her father drove all night and arrived in Hollywood just half an hour before Janet was due at RKO. She woke up just a few blocks from the studio.

When they drove onto the lot, Janet said a hurried good-bye, pulled her key to the city of Stockton out of the back seat, and dashed for the make-up department. An hour later, she was on the set of *Jet Pilot*, ready to go back to work.

When John Wayne arrived a few minutes later, he walked over to Janet's dressing room to say hello.

"Well, girl, how did it go?" he asked with a grin. "I hope you didn't disgrace us Morrisons."

"It was simply *wonderful*," Janet bubbled. "I saw all my old friends and look, would you, at what they gave me!" She ran over to her closet and hauled out her key to the city.

Duke whistled when he saw it. "Say, that's a mighty big one. They must think a lot of you up there."

Duke doesn't know the half of it.

THE END

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The setting was unspectacular—yet here was enacted a vital scene in one of history's most dramatic romances.

BY JAMES McARTHUR



Judge Eugenio Calzada Flores signs Ingrid's divorce decree in her lawyers' presence.

how ingrid got her divorce

■ ON FEBRUARY 11 there was posted on the official bulletin board of the First Civil Court in Juarez, Mexico, under "divorce decrees," the names, Ingrid B. Lindstrom—Peter Lindstrom.

And thus Ingrid Bergman was free to marry Roberto Rossellini, avowed father of her son.

So ended another act in one of the most famous and spotlighted romantic dramas of modern times.

The Juarez scene was highly unusual. In the middle of the action, the spotlight turned from Juarez to Rome—and then slowly and almost grudgingly came back to the Mexican setting. The temporary shift stole the show. But on the local action rested the drama's entire development.

The Juarez scene was unusual in another way—even for a Juarez divorce court. Not a single principal was on-stage during the entire proceedings.

An expected appearance of one star performer, Ingrid Bergman, had to be cancelled due to a prior and more important booking. The co-star, defendant Peter Lindstrom, chose not to appear. A stand-in armed with power-of-attorney, together with the judge, played the principal parts in the ending of the important local scene. Then the action again shifted to Rome. The number of scenes yet to be enacted and the drama's ending no man could foretell. . . .



City Hall in Juarez, Mexico, where the suit was heard.

Despite the many widely-publicized divorces that have been granted in Mexico, "quickie" divorces are not prevalent among the Mexican people. Such divorces can, in fact, be secured only in two of the nation's 28 states—in Chihuahua and in Morelos, the one handy to the border, the other handy to Mexico City. Mexican lawyers will tell you that "the easy divorce laws are just made for the convenience of people from the United States."

Juarez is the divorce capital of Chihuahua, while Cuernavaca—where Faye Emerson recently received her divorce from Elliott Roosevelt—is in the state of Morelos. In all other Mexican states it takes from 10 to 14 months to secure a decree.

Juarez is just across the Rio Grande from El Paso, Texas. It is a progressive Mexican city of 75,000 persons with modern schools, theaters and hotels. It is one of the main points of entry for Mexican commerce.

(*Continued on next page*)

Its First Civil Court is located in the large and impressive Palacio Municipal (City Hall), which also houses the Second Civil Court, the mayor's office, police headquarters and other municipal offices.

The court, itself, is comprised of a suite of three plain but well polished offices—the reception room, the clerks' office and the courtroom. The courtroom is simply furnished with two desks, one for the judge and one for his secretary. The few chairs stand around the walls. The only adornments are a calendar and a picture of Miguel Aleman, President of Mexico. In this austere setting the court carries on its work.

Thirty-year-old Judge Eugene Calzada Flores is presiding judge. With six years experience in the judiciary and with a professional regard for law and for propriety, he was perturbed at the furore that the Bergman decree was causing in his court, declaring that this divorce was just another case. The world, to put it mildly, did not agree.

The divorce action had been filed in the Juarez court on January 25, but word of the proceedings did not leak to the press until two days later. By that time the wheels of justice had already been thrown into high gear to speed the action and to permit the appearance, if possible, of Miss Bergman in the court at the earliest possible date. But it was not to be.

A special trip by one of the lawyers to Chihuahua City, some 200 miles south, on the same date that the decree was filed, enabled the first legal publication to appear in the official state bulletin that same day.

no contest . . .

Dr. Lindstrom chose to ignore the suit. It seemed that the suit would be granted without contest at the end of the two-week waiting period.

However, on February 4 a possible explosive was placed under the suit. Arturo Castillo Calero, a former state and Federal judge, requested that he be named "official intervenor" in the suit in behalf of the defendant. Under Mexican law an individual may ask to be appointed intervenor without the defendant's permission if he posts bond in an amount set by the court. However, no action was taken on the request and the suit remained uncontested.

The judge set February 6 as the date for a hearing at which Dr. Lindstrom could appear to answer a set of questions submitted in a sealed envelope with Ingrid's petition. When he failed to appear, the envelope was opened. On February 7, Ingrid's attorney asked the court to state that all the questions had been answered in the affirmative—as the law provides in a case in which a defendant, having been advised of a suit, fails to appear.

The court thereupon ruled that Dr. Lindstrom had, in answering affirmatively all the questions, admitted the following to be true:

1. That on July 10, 1937, he contracted marriage with Mrs. Ingrid B. Lindstrom in Stode Medelpad, Sweden.
2. That as issue of the marriage there is a child 11 years old, whose name is Pia Lindstrom.
3. That the minor child is presently living with the defendant.
4. That there is not any common property that can be divided within the jurisdiction of this court.
5. That the defendant has caused ill treatment to Mrs. Ingrid Bergman Lindstrom.
6. That the defendant has failed to support Mrs. Ingrid Lindstrom as provided by law.

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Mrs. George Jay Gould, jr.

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"It Figures" says Maureen O'Sullivan

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7. That the defendant's temperament is incompatible with that of his wife, Mrs. Ingrid Bergman Lindstrom.

8. That due to the incompatibility of temperaments the defendant and his wife have been separated since the 11th day of March, 1949.

If Dr. Lindstrom had appeared and answered questions 5, 6, 7 and 8 in the negative, the divorce would not have been granted.

As it was, the judge signed the decree on February 9, the court finding "the marriage of Peter Lindstrom and Miss Ingrid Bergman . . . is hereby dissolved with all its legal consequence, leaving both parties their legal rights to contract a new marriage." The divorce was granted on grounds of "cruelty, non-support and incompatibility of temperaments existing between the parties."

The 24-hour appeal period having elapsed, the official notice was posted on the court bulletin board. The board on which the decree was posted has listed other prominent Hollywood names—including Paulette Goddard, Merle Oberon and Laraine Day. Only the day before the Bergman decree was signed, John Huston secured a mutual consent divorce from his actress-wife Evelyn Keyes.

But no names appearing on that bulletin board have ever received such world-wide attention as those of Ingrid B. Lindstrom and Peter Lindstrom. And, it seems safe to say, none ever will. THE END

I love a charade

(*Continued from page 36*) (who's in *M and Pa Kettle Go to Town*) arrived a few minutes later, Anne announced that for charades the males would be teamed against the females.

(Right here would be a sensible place to tell readers who've never played the game just what in tarnation the game of charades is all about. Well, it's simply this: Both teams go off into separate huddles before the excitement gets under way and write on slips of paper the names of a number of things—all in some classification previously agreed on, such as names of famous plays, or people, or painters. Then each team takes a hat or something, places its slips therein, and the opposing team-members draw from it in turn the name of something they must act out in pantomime for their fellow team-members to guess—within a three-minute time limit for each one.)

Anne passed out pencils and paper. "Ladies and gentlemen," she said, "the classification will be *movie titles*."

I decided to stay neutral and watch. The boys retired to the hall stairs for the huddle. Peggy Dow, figuring everything was fair in a battle of the sexes, tried to listen in. But, before she could overhear any vital information, Douglas Dick detected her pretty head peeking around the doorway. "Hey!" he shouted. "A spy!"

"Spy?" said Peggy, all innocence. "I'm merely checking on the fire escapes."

"O.K.," said Jerome. "Escape."

She did.

Once the teams had decided on their movie titles, they all regathered in the living room—and the game began. Barbara drew first. She drew *I Was a Shoplifter*—which happens to be Tony Curtis' new movie. And she was a very dainty shoplifter, indeed. In fact, it took the girls almost their time limit to figure out what she was up to.

Dick Long took the floor next. He indicated that his title contained only one

word. But before he'd acted out the first syllable, Peggy forgot which side she was on, and shouted, *"Stromboli!"*

Dick stopped in mid-gesture. Then he walked over to Peggy and offered to examine her head. "Don't look now," he said, "but your brains are bulging."

It was entirely possible, because Peggy had been across the room eavesdropping when her team had come up with that particular title to confuse the enemies. "Well, here's an easy one," she told the girls and proceeded to take her turn. First, she waved a frantic goodbye, then got down on her knees and began to row across the rug. She did it five times before someone guessed *Deported.*

Tony thought it was very funny. "That was so misleading, it makes you the best player on *our* side," he remarked. "You could have been deported to Mexico, you know, and that doesn't require a rowboat."

"Sure it does," said Peggy. "I was going by way of Bermuda."

Jerome followed Peggy. Douglas recognized the first two syllables as "super" and Jerome started to sew furiously. No one caught on, and he had to tell them. *"Superstition Mountain,"* he explained.

Dick Long held his head in his hands. "That was changed to *Lust for Gold,"* he moaned. "Sabotage."

The girls had better luck, when Anne enacted *Buccaneer's Girl*—her latest flick. But poor Douglas never had a chance. He was about to take the spotlight when he got a call from one of his neighbors. Someone was prowling around his apartment. He had to take time out to play cops-and-robbers—at home.

guess again . . .

And the charades? Well, that game really got out of hand. The kids decided on a new ruling. Whoever guessed the title first, would get to act out the next one.

For a while it seemed as if Barbara and Tony had a monopoly on right answers. Tony always knew Barbara's titles and vice versa. But finally Piper guessed the tough *Curtain Call at Cactus Creek.* Then she stumped the experts with *The Sleeping City*—Peggy Dow's in this new one.

The second word was a cinch. Piper curled up on the floor with her head on folded hands. "Sleep . . . sleeping?" cried Barbara.

Then Piper looked toward Mecca, or some such place. "See?" Anne shouted.

Next, Piper sat in a chair and pretended to drink tea. Somehow it always came out *Sleeping See Tea.*

Finally, Tony, who'd read the Universal-International production chart that day, got it. And so it went. After everyone had a turn—Barbara and Tony having had five turns apiece—they thought they'd try another game. The idea was for one person to go out of the room and let the rest of the group select a word. When the victim returned, he'd attempt to guess it.

Tony was elected. The word was a dilly. It was "naturally." Poor Tony. You've never seen anyone work so hard.

"Smoke a cigarette in the manner of the word," he commanded Dick Long. Dick smoked his cigarette—naturally.

It was a rugged beginning, but 10 minutes later—with a little help from Piper and Anne—Tony came through with flying colors.

Barbara volunteered next—and went into the kitchen for a cup of coffee. The word chosen was "accidentally." Barbara returned, coffee in hand, puzzled look on face. She asked Dick to smoke his cigarette again. He promptly dropped it.

Peggy offered sympathy and aid. She and Dick staged a short skit. "Now—the scene is laid at a party," explained Peggy.



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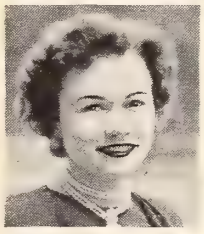
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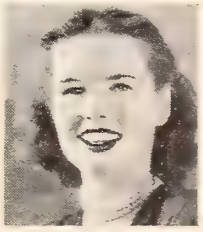
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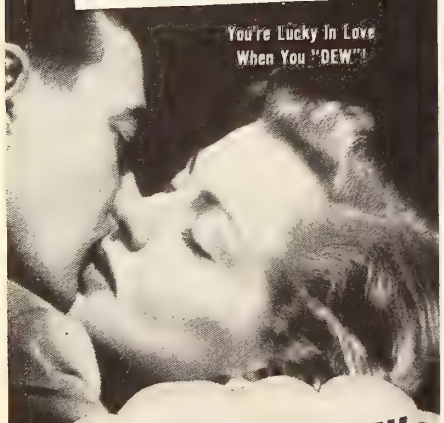


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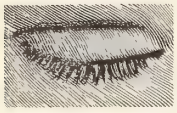
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She turned to Dick. "Hello, *darling*," she cooed.

A surprised look crossed her face. "Oh—I'm sorry. I thought you were someone I *knew*."

End of skit.

Sherlock Holmes Lawrence was deep in thought. "Something that shouldn't have happened," she concluded. Her face brightened. "Mistake?"

She was getting closer. Then she did it—spilled a spot of coffee on her skirt. "That's it," screamed Anne.

"It was an—an—well, what was it?" coaxed Piper.

"Gosh, it was an accident," Barbara said patiently. Came the dawn.

Tony, the perfect date, was very tactful. "Our reputation is being ruined," he suggested. "Let's go back to charades!"

Which they did. Lawrence and Curtis, Inc., went into a huddle. "Figure this one out," they challenged.

They escorted Dick to the piano; switched the lights off, then on again; and, while Dick played, began a jitterbug routine. Of course, the title was *Dancing In The Dark*, but nobody, least of all me, wanted to put a stop to the floorshow by guessing it. When it ended, Anne had still another idea. "How about some refreshments," she ventured—and almost got trampled in the rush to the table.

We were all rushing through the hall when the doorbell rang. It was Douglas—and what perfect timing! He hadn't found the prowler, and had decided to console himself with a sandwich or 10—which he had with him. You've never seen such a table. It was all but sagging from the weight of the food. I'm sure there was enough material for 20 Dagwoods.

Between bites, came conversation. Piper took a lot of teasing. That day a news story had broken which claimed she'd been kissed some 549 times during screen tests to find a leading man for her first picture, *Louisa*. So Jerome kept wondering out loud if she'd like to play a game of post office. Piper declined, with thanks. "Now look," said Jerome. "Just because I'm *The Palomino*—I'm *not* a horse!"

Peggy and Anne got together in a discussion of long-lost mutual ambitions. At one time, they'd both wanted to become doctors. Peggy has a Bachelor of Science degree from Northwestern. And Anne was a pre-med student before she decided to became an actress.

I'm not much for medical terms, so I joined the group listening to Douglas Dick explain his beard. Seems he grew it to relieve the "between pictures" monotony. And presto, he found himself with a part on a television show—a t.v. producer spotted him sporting the whiskers and invited him to his office for an interview. "I need just your be-whiskered type for a role," Doug was told.

I looked around for Barbara and Tony. They were busy working out another charade. "Here's one you'll *never* guess."

"Oh, no!" said Peggy. "I've got an early call at the studio—and I need some sleep."

She and Dick started for the door. A half hour and six charades later, they made it.

The rest of us sat around watching Jerome and Tony do vaudeville routines, and having hysterics.

I was still laughing when I got back to the apartment. My roommate was up. "You don't look at all soaked in champagne," she commented.

"I'll take coffee and charades anytime," I said. And I was beaming—because at last I'd been to a Hollywood party and it was like I'd never left home! THE END



break the bank

by bert parks

a modern screen quiz

Bert Parks, the bright young m.c. of radio's Break the Bank quiz show—which comes over the NBC network every Wednesday night at nine o'clock, Eastern Standard time—has dreamed up these special questions about movies and movie stars for MODERN SCREEN readers. Test your movie knowledge with these brain teasers.

(Answers are on page 99)

1. What actress won an Academy Award in 1948 without speaking a word in her winning role?
2. What MGM feminine star used to work in Billy Rose's Aquacade?
3. What famous Hollywood celebrity has been a pearl fisherman, a boxer, and is still a "great lover?"
4. What anti-war movie won an Academy Award in 1929?
5. What movie was based upon an epic novel of the South? (Clark Gable starred in this one.)
6. What son of the actor who was known as "The Great Profile" made his screen debut recently in *The Sundowners?*

for girls only—by liz scott

(*Continued from page 33*) were terrible."

He couldn't have shaken me more if he'd thrown a glass of ice water in my face. I stood staring at him a moment in hurt disbelief—then tore into what I like to think of as one of the greatest unwritten scenes in the history of the theater.

"Why, you self-appointed poor man's George Jean Nathan!" I shrieked. "How *dare* you tell me I was terrible? You heard that applause, didn't you? What did you think it was for—your last Broadway flop? Why, you're so prejudiced, blind and stubborn you wouldn't admit a woman was good in a part if—if—if your own *mother* were playing herself in the story of your life! Maybe you think we should all go back to the kitchen! You're no friend *or* critic—you're an insulting snob!"

My friend bowed stiffly in my direction. "My opinion," he returned coolly, "remains unchanged. You've proved I was right. You were Sadie Thompson on stage. Now you're playing her off-stage." And he turned on his heel and left the room.

I stood there trembling with rage and let him walk right out of my life—simply because I had neither the intelligence nor the courage to take his sincere criticism.

Looking back on it now, I realize that scene was something I needed in order to grow—but the memory of it shamed and hurt me for months.

Later on, when I'd been on the screen about a year and a half, another man I liked and respected, a reporter, ambled onto the set. He waited for the assistant director to call lunch, and then he ushered me into my dressing room.

a dressing-down . . .

"Scott," he said sternly, "sit down."

I could tell by the look in his eye that he had something stern to tell me. "I'll take it standing up," I said.

"I've been hearing stories about you, kid," he said. "And I don't care for them at all. I think it's time somebody who likes you wised you up."

"Oh?" I said—and sat down.

"You're a very warm, friendly girl, Scott," he went on, "but you're alienating people by being so outspoken. I know that frankness is part of your nature—and I wouldn't have you change that part at all. But, for Pete's sake, I wish you'd put a bit in your teeth to keep from blurting out the first thought in your mind. Learn to *think a situation through* before you open your mouth—before you *ever* form an opinion!

"When——— (he named an important female star) snubbed you on the lot the other day, you took it like a slap in the face. But did you stop to think *why* she snubbed you? Scott, I found out she'd just filed suit for divorce against her husband that morning. She wasn't snubbing you—she was too emotionally upset to even *see* you!

"I'm going to hammer this idea into your head," he went on, "so you won't be hurt by the things people do to you—and so that you won't hurt them: Always remember there's a reason behind everything anyone says or does to you—a reason that usually has nothing to do with you as an individual.

"You know, you have to be like a prizefighter," he continued earnestly. "I don't mean you have to approach everyone as a potential enemy. But just watch a boxer's technique. He doesn't come out of his corner swinging—he sizes up his opponent first. That's what *you* have to learn to do. In your dealings with the people you work with, you must take their different personalities into consideration. You can't

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treat everyone the same way!"

That's probably the most important lesson in human relations I ever had. That dressing-down from my reportorial "Dutch uncle" made a much happier, better-adjusted girl out of me.

My first picture had been released only a few weeks when another man, a perfect stranger, gave my morale a large boost and convinced me for all time that individuality is a girl's most valuable personality trait.

Lunching alone at a Hollywood restaurant one day, I suddenly remembered an important call I'd neglected to make earlier. There was no booth, so I used the telephone at the cashier's desk and stood with my back to the room. As I was about to put down the receiver, a man behind me said in puzzlement—"I know I've heard that voice somewhere before!"

I could have kissed him!

If my voice was the quality that made me so different from everyone else that he remembered it after my only screen appearance, then I was glad I'd made a pet of the frog in my throat!

Until I went to the Alvienne School of the Theater in New York, I never even realized I *had* a quality that could be classed as "individual." It wasn't until my third day in dramatics that one of the boys sitting near me turned and said, "I hope you don't mind my saying so—but I've never heard such a husky contralto before."

the golden gift . . .

There it was. It may seem strange to you that I hadn't been aware of my voice before that, but few people have the knack of hearing themselves as others hear them.

I'd been criticized before for a tendency to take on the qualities of people I associated with, for coming up from time to time with their inflections and mannerisms. Now I guarded my new-found individuality with loving care.

It was a real chore for a girl like me, with such a "quick ear," to keep the frog in my throat uninfluenced by my classmates' more highly-pitched voices; but I'm glad I took the time and trouble to develop, as I then did, that one characteristic that was peculiarly "me."

Nowadays, too many girls seem to be cut from one pattern. I'd much rather be identified as the girl with "the voice," "the look," or "the legs," than just as—"Oh, you know the one, the third secretary from the left as you enter the office."

One of the major studios recently was casting for an important film, and a close friend of mine showed up for an interview for a supporting role. She was one of six possibilities. The producer, a man well-known in film circles for his frankness, finally selected one of them for the part, and dismissed the other girls—including my friend. She was crushed but stayed behind long enough to ask the producer why he hadn't liked her test.

"Oh, I thought your test was splendid," he told her. "But, frankly, I thought you looked too much like every other young starlet in town. This part calls for individuality." . . .

I wasn't born with a silver-plated script in my hand; I've had to work hard to achieve any small bit of success. So I'm afraid that during a great deal of my Hollywood existence, I've taken myself much too seriously.

One of the nicest guys I've ever met, Victor Mature, is just the opposite; he takes nothing—and no one—seriously at all. And Vic is the man who taught me the most valuable lesson I've ever learned.

We made *Easy Living* together last year, and Vic seemingly dedicated himself to breaking me up before we did our scenes together. It was fun at first. But I've never been what they call a "quick study." I pore over the script for hours, and work like a horse to get and sustain a required mood. So Vic's jokes were my undoing.

He can hurl himself into any emotion on a moment's notice, and his off-screen levity didn't throw his scenes off-key at all. But I had to beg off. I asked him nicely, sweetly, politely, if he would desist. "Hold your gags until *after* our scenes," I begged.

He did. For a couple of days. I was congratulating myself on having disciplined the undisciplinable Mr. Mature when, just before a tender and emotional love scene, he pulled another uproarious gag out of his personal joke book. He broke me up completely. But it wasn't until after the *fifth take* that anything was said.

Director Jacques Tourneur spoke up. "Liz," he said quietly but with great meaning, "you're not getting the feel of this scene at all. Put a little more tenderness into it—now, we'll try it again."

Then I had *my* say! I told Vic just what I thought of him. "You've made me look like a fool," I wound up, "just for laughs!"

Victor, Mr. Tourneur and I parted coolly at six o'clock.

The next morning, after a very chilly day of shooting, I joined them and the rest of the cast in the projection room to view the previous day's scenes. It was painful to watch all five takes of that one, agonizingly awful scene. The fifth take was even worse than the first.

Then I sat up, puzzled, as a huge head close-up of me flashed on the screen. It took me a couple of seconds to realize what was happening—even after the rest of the "audience" began whooping with laughter. Then, I had to throw my head back and howl right along with them. For there on the screen, blown up out of all proportion, was Lizabeth Scott, screen star, being outraged and hurt and—worst of all—just too righteous for words!

While Victor and Jacques, those maniacal master minds, had maneuvered me into making a darned fool of myself, the cameraman had gleefully kept on grinding!

And, believe me, if you ever want to see what a silly and pompous ass you can be, have someone blow up *your* angry face twenty times larger than life and make you look at it! If you don't learn from that to laugh at yourself, you're a lost cause.

In one way, a job in Hollywood is like a job anywhere—it takes a sense of humor to get you over the rough spots. And when that humor can be refined to the point where you can laugh loud and lustily at yourself and your failings, then no problem can ever get too tough to beat.

I'm grateful to the man who taught me that—as I am to the men in my life who've otherwise contributed to the education of Lizabeth Scott. And believe me—I'm still an eager student! THE END



"You can't possibly be any more curious about how it all ends than I am . . . I wrote the book."

colleen's flight from hollywood

(*Continued from page 24*) came to her in the form of a simple realization: She could not go any further working for Christ—or at least it would be difficult—without more training. She wanted to be more effective when she visited missions and jail camps, when she accompanied other workers in special deputations to churches all around Los Angeles. When those she sought to convert asked questions, she wanted to be able to answer them without having to turn to others to help her. And more than anything else, this was the work she wanted to do.

"Why?" asked a friend. "You've been in pictures only three years, you're just getting recognized. Isn't it exciting enough? Don't you like it?"

"I do," replied Colleen. "I love acting. But I find it just as exciting, and much more satisfying, to talk to a person about his life and the way he can come to God. It is more real than acting; it is truth itself."

Colleen has a saying which most of her friends have heard her quote: "You don't know what your future holds, but you know the One who holds your future." And so, as she reports it, "I began to discuss my problem with Him Whom I reach through prayer."

When her decision was made, the first person she told about it was her mother, Mrs. Stella Wilhelm. Her mother had made no comment at all up to that time, although she had long surmised what was in Colleen's mind—or, more accurately perhaps, what was in her heart. Mrs. Wilhelm had known because, ever since Colleen had taken on active church work when she left Brigham Young University for a studio contract, her love for it had been apparent. Also, though Colleen began making a lot of money, she didn't change her mode of life in any manner, and indulged in no extravagances. Save for buying a car to get her around, she lived exactly as before and banked her money. It is this money that is going to pay for the completion of Colleen's college course, majoring in Church doctrines and religious philosophy.

her own choice . .

"I'm glad," her mother said to Colleen when told of her plan. "I didn't want to confuse you by saying anything beforehand."

Colleen's step-father, James Wilhelm, who operates a filling station in Beverly Hills, smiled his acceptance of her decision. Colleen, who calls him "Jimbo" (he calls her "Cokey," as do all her friends), thinks he is the easiest-going man she has ever known in her life. He has treated her as his own daughter ever since he married her mother, but without presuming to impart any parental advice—implying in this manner a respect for her judgment that Colleen feels has done wonders for her.

There was one more person who would be importantly affected by what Colleen had chosen to do—her agent, Mel Shauer. He had labored long to help her to get to prominence in Hollywood, and now, just as they were both succeeding, she was going to quit. But there were no cries of pain from him.

"How could I say anything?" he has commented. "There never was a client like Colleen. Never a complaint from her about the parts I got her—she took whatever I did with a grateful smile. She set me an example I'm glad to follow now. With me, her personal happiness comes before her career."

As soon as Colleen told him what was on her mind, he accompanied her to the

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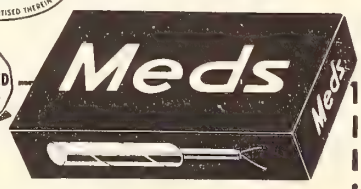
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20th Century-Fox office and made arrangements for her to step out of her contract.

These were the people to whom she went. There were many who came to her, or wrote. Dan Dailey looked her up in the studio when he heard about it. "I'm sorry because I thought we were going to make another picture together," he said. "But I'm glad you're going to do what you want."

Kay Kyser wrote her immediately, wishing her the happiness he knew would be hers in her new work. Lew Ayres had to phone right away and tell her that there was no more important side to life than the spiritual. Jane Russell, one of her best friends, said again what she's always told Colleen many times before, "If it's right for you—it's right." And Portia Nelson, who sings sophisticated songs in night clubs, wanted to know if Colleen had a good Bible. Colleen did—but Portia expressed her sentiments by giving her another one, big and leather-bound.

There was another man who made it his business to come and see her—the head of one of the largest chains of department stores in the country. He offered financial help in any religious or welfare work Colleen would like to start. "You go ahead with it," he said. "I'll back you."

It was something to think about . . . but she decided against it because it meant either postponing or foregoing the education she felt she needed to best prepare herself for her work. And since it was this feeling that had originally led to her decision, she thought it wrong to deviate from her plans now. She prayed quickly for confirmation and got it.

"Thank you," she replied to the department-store man. "I don't know enough about what is needed to be able to accept such an offer now. When I do, I will come to you."

Colleen's praying is, as she puts it, a sort of "talking to God." She actually talks—as if putting a question to someone she is with. She may pray for quite ordinary things—and do it simply and without stopping whatever activity she is engaged in at the moment. She will quickly pray if someone asks her to—and her ready, guileless compliance usually silences anyone who is tastelessly trying to kid her about it.

voice from within . . .

When Colleen prays, or "talks," she hears no answering voice in her ears—but she does feel a Presence and senses an answer. Many people argue with themselves and are aware of inner promptings. Such promptings are what she receives, but with them a conviction that they come from Him

One night, while still working on *When Willie Comes Marching Home*, Colleen attended a prayer meeting in Westwood. Leaving late, she was driving home fast on Sunset Boulevard, because she had an early picture call at the studio, when something urged her to slow down. She obeyed and as soon as her speed abated a tire went flat. As she came to a stop, a cab driver ran across the street to her and offered to fix the tire. Nearby stood a little old man waiting for a bus.

The tire was soon fixed. Colleen paid the driver and started off again. Almost immediately she seemed to sense the Presence and became conscious of a prompting to go back and "witness" to the cab driver and the old man—to tell them what Christ had done for her in warning her to slow down and to ask them if she could not help them to accept Him.

"Oh, no!" she replied, talking aloud. "I'm late and I have to get up early. And besides, I hate to go up to strangers and talk like that. How absurd I would look!"

But the feeling that she should return persisted and there was no denying it. Colleen turned her car around and drove back. Just as she approached the same corner, the cab driver jumped in his cab and drove away. Before Colleen had brought her car to a stop, the bus came along and the little old man had hopped on in.

In that moment the parable of Abraham, whom God directed to sacrifice his only son, Isaac, came to her mind. Abraham desisted at first, then finally climbed the mountain with Isaac. But no sacrifice was necessary. God was only trying him out. God—as Colleen interpreted this minor experience of hers—had only been trying her out.

Colleen readily admits that often she seemingly prays in vain. Nothing happens, a problem is not solved. "But through having to face the problem I get strength," she points out. "I may have been lacking in something, and this way I get it. Whatever it is—strength, faith, love—I get it. It is the long-range benefit of prayer."

final fling . . .

Her last picture at 20th Century-Fox, *When Willie Comes Marching Home*, will not be the last picture in Colleen's career. This summer, while waiting for the beginning of the fall semester at college, she will work as an independent star in several religious pictures, one of them for the Protestant Film Commission. She may even take a theatrical role if it can be over by school time. But after that, the acting days of the blue-eyed, dark-haired beauty, who had only to walk along a downtown Los Angeles street as a 15-year-old girl to be discovered by the show world, will be over.

It was a talent scout for a television station who first brought Colleen to professional attention. But the world in which she was really interested, the spiritual world, needed no talent scout, no special emissary, to win her over. The call came from within her, she knows not how exactly, and has grown stronger over the past few years.

Her mother was a churchgoer but not what is known as a strong or ardent one—still isn't, in fact. There was no special religious background to Colleen's life, no relatives in the ministry or in mission work. As one friend has commented, "She directed her own footsteps towards Christ to begin with—and has kept them headed that way by herself ever since."

Colleen says definitely she will not become a minister when she finishes her course in religious instruction; rather she feels she will turn to Christian education or mission work among the underprivileged—mainly the young. She is quite sure she will marry—"and raise a large family"—and she is very sure the man she marries will be a militant follower of Christ.

"The Lord guides my affections and desires," she says. "He won't let me fall in love with anyone who would place anything else before the church. He will pick the boy for me, I know."

The boys who call Colleen now, and those who take her out, find her a pleasant and entertaining companion—but also a girl for whom night clubs and drinking parties have no attraction. Often when someone calls for a date Colleen will reply that she is on her way to a church meeting—as she generally is. Hollywood being the way it is, this generally stumps the boys. One lad replied, "Well, I won't go along, but when you get to run your own Sunday School I'll certainly send my children."

Colleen thanked him. She really liked the idea. THE END

heartbreak for sinatra?

(*Continued from page 27*) may have heard to the contrary, Frank's primary interest in life is to make his family happy. When Nancy told him she'd be happier with a separation, he agreed to try it. There would be a simple joint announcement to the effect that Mr. and Mrs. Frank Sinatra "have mutually decided to separate for a brief period until such time as they can work out a satisfactory solution to their marital problems."

What happened instead is typical of Hollywood. Nancy went to her lawyer, Arnold Grant. Mr. Grant got in touch with a press agent named Arthur Jacobs. Shortly thereafter, Mr. Jacobs distributed to the press the following statement, purportedly from Nancy: "Unfortunately, my married life with Frank has become most unhappy. We have therefore separated. I have requested my attorney, Arnold M. Grant of the firm of Weisman, Grant and Jaffe, to attempt to work out a property settlement. I do not contemplate divorce proceedings in the foreseeable future."

When reporters then beseiged Frank for a statement, this supposedly emotional firebrand was his usual calm self. "After 11 years of marriage," he muttered, "all I can say is that it's a shame we have to part."

That's all he said—but in that sentence he covered his entire marital life.

A girl reporter who'd been present came out with a remark that gave much food for thought. "In 11 years," she said, "Frank worked his way up from a $15-a-week job to a point where he could give his wife three beautiful homes, cars, furs, swimming pools, three fine kids and all the help and money she wants—and she's unhappy. I wish *I* were that unhappy."

he could've been a bum . . .

Nancy Sinatra is a fine, sweet girl and a wonderful mother, but friends who know her well have declared over and over that she has never quite understood the miracle of Frank Sinatra. And the miracle is that today this man is a successful and popular actor, an all-time-great singer in the field of popular songs, a man of wealth and position; whereas by background and environment, Frank Sinatra well might have been a criminal, a hoodlum.

The fact that he isn't is a tribute to his character, his will power, his instinct to do good, and his unshakable integrity. That's pretty high-sounding. But here's the proof.

Frank was raised in Hoboken, New Jersay. The street was a slum. The tenement in which he lived was one of the slummiest. He lived with his parents, Italian immigrants, in a four-room flat that rented for $14 a month. The only heat came from the kitchen stove. The toilet was a community project out in the hall.

When Frank was 10, one of his sweet refined playmates broke a Coca-Cola bottle across his nose. When he was 11, his skull was creased with a chunk of lead pipe. In order to get spending money, he and his pals used to steal building supplies out of condemned buildings. When he was 12, he stole a bathtub with two other kids—that brought them all of 60 cents.

He was raised in a breeding ground for criminals. He used to play hookey from school for 30 days at a time. His father, who worked as a steamfitter in a shipyard, could give him little parental supervision.

Of the kids he played with, one has already been electrocuted for murder, another is doing life for killing his wife, and a third is serving 15 years.

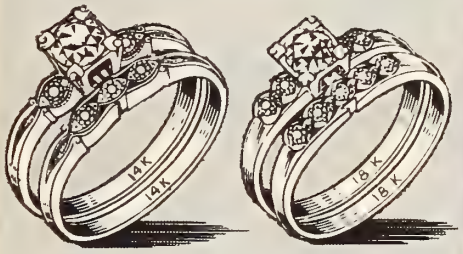
In brief, Frank Sinatra had no advantages. He is a self-made man. Everything he has, he earned—earned by singing his guts out, by getting to the top after years

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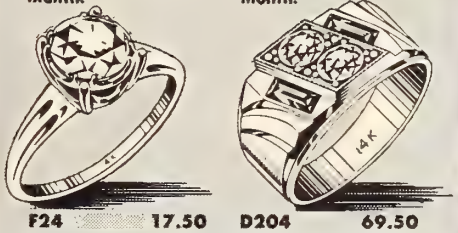
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of being kicked around, insulted, pilloried, rebuffed, but all the time trying, working, singing and sweating.

You don't read about it in his biography, because the studio thinks it's too tough, but when Frank left Demarest High School in Jersey, he went to work in a shipyard as an ironworker's helper. They paid him 40 cents an hour; he weighed 95 pounds, and his job was to carry tools and heavy metal. On several occasions, it was thought he had ruptured himself. Whether he had or hadn't, no one seemed to care.

Then, when he was 16, love came into the barren, dog-eat-dog, slum existence of this thin, bony-faced, unloved and unloving young boy.

His Aunt Jo invited him to her house at Long Branch. In the house across the street from Aunt Jo, there lived a girl named Nancy Barbato. Her father was a contractor.

Frank said "Hi" to this little dark-haired girl one day—the first girl he'd ever known, the first girl he ever met socially—and there came over him a wonderful feeling. "She was the first person I felt I could love," he has told friends.

Frank was married to Nancy Barbato when he was 20. He had no youth. That's the all-important point to remember. He became an adult at the age of 10 when he stole lead pipe to buy himself an ice-cream cone. He met one girl and he married her.

was it a mistake? . . .

Sociologists and marriage experts say this sort of thing is a great mistake. Boys and girls should date frequently before they decide on a life mate. If they don't, the chances are that they will do so after marriage, because they will then feel that marriage has robbed them of companionship and the carefree dating they should have known previously.

But Frank never went to college, and he didn't know sociology. All he knew was that he loved Nancy and wanted her; so wanting her he married her, and not very long after, she gave birth to little Nancy. There was Frank, all of 21, saddled with the responsibility of supporting a family.

There's little point here in going into his fabulous singing career. The one fact to bear in mind, however, is that whatever money he earned went for his wife and children and parents.

First, he bought a house in Hasbrouck Heights, New Jersey; then he bought Nancy a fur coat; then he bought his parents a house and himself a car. When he moved West and began to star in pictures, he bought a handsome home in Toluca Lake. When Nancy got tired of Toluca Lake, he bought another home in Holmby Hills.

Sinatra has always been generous to a fault. You'll read about his escapades in the newspapers, but what newspaper has ever carried the story of Mildred Bailey and Frank?

Never heard of it? Well, Mildred was one of the great singers of popular music. A few years ago, she became desperately ill in Poughkeepsie, N. Y. She lay there, neglected and dying. Frank and songwriter Jimmy Van Heusen had her sent to a hospital and given the best medical care possible. After she recovered, Frank saw to it that she was brought out to California and the mild climate. To date, he's spent more than $5,000 on Mildred.

Ever read a word about it? Never.

There's a little fellow by the name of Frankie Dranda. Used to go to school with Frank in Jersey. Has no folks or anything. Frank brought him out West and put him on his payroll. A few weeks ago, Dranda came down with appendicitis. Sinatra sent him to St. John's Hospital, had his own doctor perform the operation. Cost to Sinatra: $2500.

Several years ago, the high-school kids in Gary, Indiana, went out on strike, stayed away for 30 days. It was a political mess. The Mayor and the Governor called Frank. He gave an anti-prejudice talk. The kids knew he meant it. He'd been the victim of some pretty rotten prejudices himself. Three days later, they returned.

In Banning, California, there's an orphanage, St. Boniface's. It looks after abandoned Mexican and Indian children. It's a poor, out-of-the-way orphanage. Frank learned that the place had no stove. He bought an $1,100 stove from Kalamazoo, the biggest hotel stove he could buy. It was so large, it couldn't fit into the orphanage, so the Brothers got together and staged a huge raffle. The raffle brought in $6,000 and the Orphanage had enough money for several stoves of its own. Every year, Frank sends St. Boniface's about $500 worth of toys. Ever read about that? No.

Frank Sinatra is not the most wonderful, self-effacing person an earth. He's a mortal man like the rest of us. He has his allotment of wild oats to sow, and he's sowed most of them.

But fundamentally, this is a good, kind, charitable guy. Don't let anyone tell you differently. This man's virtues have mostly gone untold. If you look back on the women in his life, you'll find that what attracted him most was the fact that they were in trouble, and he wanted to help.

He became Lana Turner's friend when she was disillusioned, heartbroken, and embittered. He came to her with help and advice and friendship. Hollywood being what it is, the community refused to believe that the relationship was platonic. It was built into a big romance, and the next thing any of us knew—Frank was living apart from Nancy.

But then what happened? Lana got married to Bob Topping. And people never said, "Maybe we were wrong about Frank and Lana." Human nature doesn't work that way. Neither does gossip—those affected and waylaid by it, suffer—those who can recover, go on.

Frank went on. He and Nancy reconciled.

Now, at this writing—it's Ava Gardner. Again, the Grand Romance. Ava is so mixed-up at the moment, it's not even funny. She's afraid of men, afraid of falling in love; afraid that she will suffer what she suffered while in love with Artie Shaw.

And perhaps Nancy has still to understand that this former boy of the streets has a sort of greatness—of which she is part, the inspirational part.

Maybe she'll understand something further—something Frank himself must sadly understand by this time. And this is that the price of eminence in life is heartache—sometimes, indeed, heartbreak.

THE END

I SAW IT HAPPEN



One evening while at the Copacabana in New York, I noticed Dan Dailey sitting a few tables away from me. Nearby I heard a girl say, "Gee, it would make my birthday complete, if I could take a picture with Dan Dailey." Her escort went over and asked Dan Dailey if it might be arranged. He was glad to oblige and posed with her. I never saw a happier person than she.

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no time for love

(*Continued from page 43*) won an Academy nomination two seasons later for *Mildred Pierce*. Since then, Ann's piled up a dozen hit movie jobs. Now, at 21, she finds herself the undisputed queen of Universal-International and one of Hollywood's very best bets for a marathon stardom.

Along that professional path to fame, Ann Blyth has had more than her share of rocky going, including scattered schooling, shattering Hollywood disappointments, a broken back and, in her teens, watching her adored mother die.

She's earned her own living since she was 12. She bought the first house she ever lived in and fixed it over, survived four nasty automobile accidents, traveled 150,000 miles playing scores of benefits for church schools, t.b. camps and veterans' hospitals. She's worked devoutly at her religion and for her church, served energetically as mayor of Toluca Lake, where she lives, and learned to bake terrific but unpredictable blueberry muffins.

About the only thing she hasn't done is fall in love—not once.

And that's why Hollywood just can't figure out Ann Blyth. That's why she's its prettiest picture puzzle on two trim feet, and a curiosity in a place where you see all kinds of strange things ambling around.

nobody's sweetheart now . . .

Annie baffles the most brashly inquisitive community in the world by staying out of love, out of the gossip columns, out of nightclubs, out of easy-come-easy-go engagements and marriage—which in the Hollywood book are what prove you're a grown-up woman of the movie world.

But she hasn't a sweetheart. Yet, if lovely Ann is in love with nobody, you certainly can't twist that one around. For everybody's in love with her. She's the darling of a rugged business which ordinarily shuffles pretty young actresses callously around like so many playing cards.

"Ann has more guardian angels than any girl this side of Heaven," says Bob Cummings, who's on that privileged flying squadron, along with Bing Crosby, Sam Goldwyn, Barry Fitzgerald, Nunnally Johnson, William Powell and practically everyone, great or small, who has ever been exposed to Annie.

"If any Hollywood wolf ever even got fresh with Ann," thinks Dan Duryea, "he'd get run out of town, or maybe murdered!"

Rules, business or otherwise, simply melt the minute they bump up against the warming, disarming Irish miss with the gentle manner and winning ways. When Ann was making *Free For All*, she fell hard for a helicopter they used in some scenes. The whirligig was parked on a hill overlooking the U-I lot and there were ironclad orders from the studio chiefs: No one at no time for no reason—no sir—was to ride in that buggy. Everyone wanted to, of course—particularly Ann. She has no more guile than a goldfish, but she doesn't need it. To get her ride, Ann simply went up to Jim Pratt, production head, and said, "I'd really like a ride, Mr. Pratt. I really would."

That did it. Next lunch break, Annie was whirling through the skies with the delighted pilot, cruising over the San Fernando Valley and dipping down at her own roof to thrill Aunt Cis and Uncle Pat, with whom she lives. Jim Pratt doesn't know yet how he happened to say yes. "For Ann," he thinks, "it's just different."

The truth is, Ann Blyth is different. She's different, because in a hardboiled, unreal world she's stayed soft yet successful and very, very real. How come?

The reasons are that Ann is dedicated to three faiths: to her faith in herself and her future, to the faith her mother had in her, and to the faith of her church, which is a living part of her every day. She's been that way almost since babyhood.

Ann Marie Kathleen Assumpta Blyth was born in Mount Kisco, New York, on August 16, 1928. She was in a hurry then to get going, as she's been ever since, because she picked four o'clock in the morning to make her entrance and her mother made it to the Westchester hospital in the nick of time.

When Ann was a mere baby, the responsibility of raising the two daughters fell upon her mother, Nan Blyth. It meant she had to toil at tough New York jobs endlessly, doing sewing and laundry and dressing hair. But Dublin-born Nan Lynch wasn't the kind of girl to shirk responsibility.

Nor was she one to overlook any talent a child of hers might have. Right away she saw the talent in Ann—not the prettier of her two daughters, for Dorothy was and still is that—but obviously the one with the golden gift.

"I was a show-off," Ann confesses. "I was always putting on Mother's dresses and singing, dancing or trying out some kind of an act—even before I knew what an act was." These amateur theatricals began in the cramped fourth-floor flat on 49th Street near the East River in New York City that she first remembers as home, and were continued in her next apartment home on 49th near Second Avenue.

Everyone who saw her, including the sisters at St. Patrick's School where she went, thought Ann was one terrific tot. Especially did her mother's sister, Catherine, and her husband, Pat Tobin. It was out on their Mount Kisco farm that Ann spent all her summers and holidays. Aunt Catherine—or "Cis," as she's called—reminded her sister that the Lynches had been Irish story-tellers from away back and that some of the Lynch girls had won national prizes at piping and the Irish dances. Everybody agreed Ann must be an actress—especially Ann. "I wasn't backward about it at all," she says. "I may look it—but my record proves I'm *not* a shrinking violet."

She certainly wasn't the day she bucked up against 40-odd show-sharp moppets for a kiddie audition on WJZ. Yet, being no smart-alec brat projecting her personality precociously about the room, Ann looked the least likely to succeed. She simply didn't know how to slap on a phony act. (She still doesn't.) She just got up and beamed her Blyth smile and sang a Shirley Temple ditty—"The Codfish Ball," Ann thinks it was—and she got the job. She also got her picture in Billboard, the entertainment-world trade magazine, along



HOW TIME FLIES!

■ Word comes from Olivia de Havilland's studio that she's caught the biggest swordfish of the season on one of her weekly deep-sea fishing jaunts. Imagine landing the biggest fish and Jimmy Stewart in the same season. —*April, 1940, Modern Screen*

with the prediction, "This child will go far."

She had so many singing jobs right after that along Manhattan's radio row that her proud mom knew there was only one thing to do, whether she could afford it or not. She trotted Annie right into Ned Wayburn's famous talent-training school, where pictures of ex-pupils like Eddie Cantor and Fred Astaire beamed from the wall. To pay the fee, she worked twice as hard, and Uncle Pat and Cis helped on the tuition. Those are things Ann doesn't forget now that her mother is gone to her reward, and she's carrying on with Cis and Pat, the dream they all fostered.

At Wayburn's Ann bore down on dancing and singing (she had a contralto then and, now that she's grown up, it's soprano). Before she knew it, she was warbling away in the San Carlos Children's Opera at the Center Theater, the while boning up on dramatics. Soon thereafter she was playing kid dramatic parts on the radio and switching to the Children's Professional School, where she could skip classes for jobs and still carry on her lessons. That's where Fate yanked her one fine day right to a Broadway hit—and a through ticket to Hollywood.

Ann, dressed in a jumper and blouse, was filling up on chop suey in the cafeteria one noon when a teacher tapped her on the shoulder and whispered, "There's a big Broadway producer who'd like to see you." His name was Herman Shumlin, a very big one indeed, and he said he had a new play with a part he'd like Ann to read for him. All he'd done, Ann found out later, was walk in, look around the room and point to Annie pronto.

it's a long road . . .

She had her first dramatic reading, nabbed the part and was off to the races in *Watch on the Rhine* as Paul Lukas' daughter. It ran 11 months at the Martin Beck on Broadway and nine more on the road, including a command performance in Washington for President Roosevelt at the White House. When Ann's road tour took her to Los Angeles, a Hollywood director named Henry Koster saw her there. Before she left town Ann took a bus out to Universal City, calmly played a monologue from *Peg o' My Heart* for a Koster test, and hopped the bus back to her hotel. Then the chase began.

By the time Joe Pasternak, Henry Koster and other Universal big wheels got around to viewing Ann's test and picking her for Hollywood with one fast look, Ann was gone. They almost caught her in Arizona, just missed her in Oklahoma, trailed her through Chicago and Detroit and finally caught up with her in Birmingham, Alabama, bedded down with a cold. "I had a sore throat, a red nose and a bark like an airedale," says Ann. "But I got well pretty fast when I saw the contract."

When Ann stepped off the streamliner in Hollywood she was 14 years old and swelled with high hopes and bright promises. She got deflated fairly fast.

First off, there wasn't any place to stay in war-jammed Hollywood and she had to jump between five-day rooms in hotels. Then at the studio, to her dismay, she discovered both Joe Pasternak and Henry Koster had departed U-I for MGM, and the grooming she'd understood she was in for, to take over grown-up Deanna Durbin's girlish place, was out. Pasternak and Koster were the wonder-workers for Deanna, as everyone knows. There wasn't anything for a girl Ann's age left to do. It made her impatient—and when there finally was, it was as a colorless, nice girl in those snappy, gee-whiz, adolescent musicals Donald O'Connor used to make with Peggy Ryan. Ann did three of them, but she wasn't happy—she or her mother

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Have You Heard?



JOAN LANSING

It's a fact! More women than men listen to mystery shows on the radio . . . which just proves that we girls really know a good thing! But it's no mystery to me that American Broadcasting Company programs *lead* the ladies' lists of "preferred" spine-tinglers.

Right through the week chills and thrills come thick and fast via your local ABC station with mysteries and adventures sponsored by alert advertisers who know we've a sweet tooth for sleuthing! For instance, on Tuesdays and Thursdays at 7:30 PM (ET) DAVID HARDING, chief of the Counter-Spies, keynotes dashing adventures on "COUNTER-SPY," sponsored by Pepsi-Cola.

The mood of mystery is maintained on Wednesdays at 8:30 PM (ET) when MARTIN GABEL recounts amazing tales culled from "THE CASEBOOK OF GREGORY HOOD." Hard on HOOD's heels is my favorite man of mystery fiction, the bard of Baker Street, with "THE ADVENTURES OF SHERLOCK HOLMES." The great SHERLOCK unlocks the doors to his famous detective domain at 9:00 PM (ET) for Petri Wines.

Friday, of course, is the night of nights for nifty, top-notch shows . . . with *three* thrillers, interspersed with a half-hour of comedy—our good friends OZZIE AND HARRIET, heard at 9:00 PM (ET). The prize-winning parade leads off with Norwich Pharmacal's "THE FAT MAN," the corpulent contender to the helm of the crime realm. Following the portly private-eye is one of the great radio programs of our time (and not really a "mystery") . . . "THIS IS YOUR F.B.I.," an exciting and authentic dramatization of cases from the official files of the F.B.I. This dynamic documentary is sponsored by the Equitable Life Assurance Society of the U.S. At 9:30 PM (ET) "THE SHERIFF" winds up mystery-filled Fridays as he pursues hunted hombres relying on modern methods—rather than old-fashioned, shooting-tooting tactics. "THE SHERIFF" is sponsored by the Pacific Coast Borax Company.

Secret missions to far away places make "CHANDU, THE MAGICIAN" stimulating fare at 7:30 PM (ET) on Saturday nights. Yes ma'am, when it comes to suspenseful listening and high adventure, intrigue and romance . . . CHANDU is the man for you—and me!

Off-the-cuff-crime-stuff:

From coast-to-coast the girls all agree
The great mystery shows are on ABC!!

Joan Lansing

either. Their eyes had always been on higher things for the golden gift. And after all, hadn't New York critics tagged Ann Blyth as one of the season's finest young actresses in *Watch on the Rhine?*

She began to think everyone had forgotten about that until that prize part in *Mildred Pierce* came her way.

Ann bucked at least a dozen other young stars far better known than she was, but Joan Crawford made Ann's test with her in person and—well, Blyth is tough competition when she's made up her mind. Joan told her after she'd played her trial scenes for that Crawford Academy Award comeback, "I wouldn't bet on who'll come out on top in this one, you or me."

Curiously enough, the part that won Ann her first important Hollywood fame was playing an ungrateful daughter—certainly the opposite to what Ann Blyth was in real life. In fact, the thing she's most thankful for today is that her mother lived to see her sacrifices and devoted faith in her daughter justified, almost crowned with Hollywood's highest honor. She died not long after *Mildred Pierce*. Not long after, too, Ann had her own tragic crack-up.

Ann was only a few days into *Danger Signal* (appropriately titled) when she drove up to Snow Valley in the mountains on a day off to show the wonders of California to some visiting New York friends. It was April and the snow was mighty thin. Tobogganning down a mountainside, they slammed into an exposed hunk of granite. The next thing Ann knew, she was lying face down in the snow and it felt as if her legs would never move. They did—enough to carry her to the cabin where her mom was—and even though she could have screamed with pain, she rode in the car down to a San Bernardino doctor. He told her right away what was the matter: She had a broken back.

They kept Ann in a plaster cast for seven months, and in a brace seven more after that. She lost out on *Danger Signal*, of course, and her extra-picture contract at Warners was canceled. But no one has ever accused Ann Blyth of feeling sorry for herself. While she knew she couldn't act in a cast, she *could* graduate from high school—and she made up her mind to. Soon as she was propped up in bed, Gladys Hoene, her studio teacher, came out three times a week. Ann worked, and she prayed to get well, and she graduated right along with her class in a wheelchair at University High, with her mom in the audience.

spunk of the irish . . .

Ann's pretty proud of the diploma that hangs on her wall at home today—also the discarded cast, still out in her garage and scribbled with autographs of the hundreds of Hollywood friends who pulled for her to get well. She didn't miss the preview of *Mildred Pierce* either, although she had to see that triumph lumpily in her cast with the biggest dress she owned—a corduroy jumper—squeezed over it.

That spirit and courage to carry on, no matter what, has never deserted Ann. Her mother was dying when Ann made her comeback, stepping from her back brace right on to the set of *Swell Guy*. Even though Ann disappeared into her dressing-room between scenes for her tears, she had them dried when she came out to work again, smiling bravely. That loss left Ann all alone at 18 to carry on the high aim her mother had set for her.

Ann hasn't failed her. Through a string of swell performances in *Another Part of the Forest, Mr. Peabody and the Mermaid, Top o' the Morning, Once More, My Darling* and *Our Very Own*, she's climbed steadily to the top in a manner that would have made Nan Lynch mighty proud of her girl. She'd be just as proud, too, of the spunky way Ann has met her disappointments. But more than of Ann's movie maturity, she'd be proud of the widely-respected, worthwhile young woman her daughter has made of herself in the confusing world of Hollywood—without guidance in the years when a girl needs a mother most.

Of course, Ann has had Uncle Pat and Aunt Cis, who came out from New York before Mrs. Blyth died to make a home for Ann. They live with her today in the little white house out in the Valley with shamrocks cut on the entrance gate. "It's the first home I've ever had," says Ann wistfully, which explains why she loves it so much. She found it herself, drably decorated inside, and covered with gloomy vines, but it had "possibilities"—and the price was right. Ann sewed the draperies, pitched in on the painting, papering and general brightening-up. Today it's cozy and warm with all the family things from Ireland that Pat and Cis have hoarded along with sentimental Ann's personal treasures—Christmas cards stacked high from seasons past, all her play-scripts and movie-scripts, the jumper she wore when Herman Shumlin spied her, programs of her kiddie radio and opera shows, and the *Watch on the Rhine* scrapbook—of course. Even her sturdy cast, back brace and the bone sliver out of her baby arm! "I'm a pack rat," explains Ann. "I'd like to save everything that ever meant anything to my life, and I almost have."

the power of prayer . . .

On her wrist she still wears the watch Uncle Pat gave her when she graduated from high school. And always around her neck is her guardian holy medal. The only time it came off was when Ann crashed on her toboggan ride. Even then as she dropped her numbed hand into the snow, it touched the medal, and she clutched it to her and prayed. She's sure that's what kept her from being crippled or worse.

Ann's faith in her religion is a working faith. No girl in Hollywood pitches more than Ann for charities and causes. The Producers' Association calls her, "Hollywood's Number One Good Will Girl." Not long ago the Mayor of Vallejo, a Northern California city where she'd gone to help put over a Navy Day rally, told Ann, "If you are a representative of Hollywood, Miss Blyth, they've got a mighty fine city down there!" That's the impression Annie makes wherever she goes, working hard and giving of herself unstintingly.

She's Father Pat Peyton's ace-in-the-hole for radio's Family Theater, on which she's played, free of course, more than any other star in town. In fact, it was pinch-hitting on that religious radio show one night, when another actress was sick, that Ann met Bing Crosby and Bing fell for both her voice and her wonderful face. The next day he called to ask if she'd consider playing his leading lady in *Top o' the Morning*—so Ann knows that, as the variation on the Biblical saying has it, the bread she casts on the waters comes back buttered.

But that's not why Ann does it. Her real reward is knowing she's helping others as hard-pressed as she and her mother once were. Her only regret is that "there's not enough of me to help more." She's convinced there's an obligation tacked to her fame.

Even when Ann got appointed honorary mayor of Toluca Lake—ordinarily one of those semi-joke jobs which lots of stars have had—she took it dead seriously and

did something about it. Mayor Annie started a campaign to beautify Toluca's streets, organized a get-together for business men of surrounding Valley communities, started a get-acquainted movement for Toluca citizens and promoted a community square dance, roping off the streets and enlisting every movie star for miles around, including busy Bob Hope, to put over the festivity. When she walks down the streets of her home town now and the kids yell, "Hi Mayor," they mean it. What was once purely a publicity honor, Ann made a real office.

That's typical of Ann Blyth and everything she touches. The golden gift in Annie's case is more than a talent for playing parts. She's brought it right into her private life. And maybe that's why she hasn't time for heart affairs and Hollywood romance. She's too busy making good the promises she vowed to herself, to her mother's memory and to her religion. She's too urgently anxious to be someone important to herself and to the thousands of people her fortunate fame can help. She's convinced none of this could have happened but for Something beyond the power of just one little girl, and she's determined to repay in kind and in kindness.

Since having her own home, Anne's learned to sew and knit and cook and she has Aunt Cis teaching her all the family recipes, especially puddings and desserts and her favorite blueberry muffins. She's saving her money thriftily, drives a small car (which gets smashed up fairly often because she's the worst or the unluckiest driver on wheels), and is socking her savings away regularly to give herself, Aunt Cis and Pat a trip to Ireland.

Ann does hope to fall in love someday, get married and have kids. But right now Ann's escorts around town are all on a strictly friendship basis. Boys like Roddy McDowall, Dick Long and Lon McCallister take her out most often, and half the time she calls to ask them to beau her to this and that, with no shy feelings whatsoever because, in her friendship with them, there's nary a heart flutter. She loves to get dressed, with French perfume and gold jewelry, and go dancing—the Cocoanut Grove's her favorite in Hollywood—but she doesn't smoke or drink. She had her first sip of champagne last August on her 21st birthday.

She had a grand time then—but after it was over and the guests had gone, Aunt Cis noted that Ann ran to her room and had a good cry. Whether it was the wistful feeling a girl gets when she passes that adult milestone and realizes girlhood's behind her, or whether it was a sign she felt lonely facing the grown-up world without someone to hold her hand, no one but Ann Blyth will ever know. She doesn't wear her heart on her sleeve.

But the general conviction around Hollywood is that while Ann Blyth's heart is not the hasty kind, it's no less warm because she hides it deep inside herself until the right and ripe time to give it. When that happens—well, a wise young married friend of Ann's predicts: "If Ann ever falls in love and discovers what she's been missing, you'll find a very different Ann Blyth from then on."

In one way, all who know her long for that to happen to Ann. In another way, they don't. They'd hate to see her change. The thing is, everyone loves Annie just the way she is. THE END

my prayer was answered

(*Continued from page 37*) I read, "Heather Angel Signed For *Berkeley Square*."

"But this can't be," I told myself. "I've *prayed* for it."

There was no mistake. And that's how I really learned about prayer. In the midst of a suddenly shattered world, in tears and bewilderment came the beginning of my greatest lesson. It was a dimly etched beginning—too dim for me to recognize it right away.

So I cried often and I cried good and hard. There was no acceptable explanation. I had asked. I had not received.

I listened indifferently when, a few days later, Warners' told me that I was going to MGM on loan-out—for a picture called *Midnight Mary*. *Midnight Mary* was a low-budget production. I was rebellious.

But the habit of prayer was so integral a part of my life that my agony of disappointment could not destroy it. Only now, I prayed to be given understanding.

I learned to bear my disappointment. I learned to walk with my humiliation as I realized that supplication cannot be dictation.

Midnight Mary was a box-office surprise. A nice, big, fat money-maker. That is important in Hollywood. So it made a kid named Loretta Young suddenly important in Hollywood, too.

Berkeley Square was a beautiful picture. Heather Angel was exquisite and Leslie Howard was perfection in this fragile, whimsical drama. But for all its loveliness, its enchantment, it was *not* a big, fat money-maker.

I was sad that this was so. I felt no triumph. I was too busy exploring the lesson He had given me.

The prayer for the part in *Berkeley Square* is the unforgettable *specific* prayer in my life—because its answer was so different from my desire. Its lesson is part and parcel of all my prayers, a lesson that is proved to me in one way or another almost every day. I find it even in comparatively inconsequential events.

There was a woman who for no particular reason irritated me every time I met her. And I was forever meeting her. At parties, at my friends' homes, at the studio, on the street. I was actually exhausted by the strain it was to be civil to her. Exasperated, I prayed one evening, "Dear God, please don't let *her* be at the party tonight! I just want to enjoy myself for a change." I know this sounds childish—but aren't we all, sometimes?

Having prayed, I arrived at the party somewhat comforted. I was aghast to see her standing right beside the hostess! And then I remembered. I was telling *Him* again! "Well," I thought, "if this is the way it's to be, I'd just better stop seeing all the things I don't like about her and start looking for something that I *can* like."

Suddenly I realized she was smiling at me—and her smile was lovely. She came up to me tentatively—not at all the gushy, aggressive person she'd always been before. She said, "Loretta, I've always felt you disliked me—and I resented it. I want to apologize for the things I've thought about you. When you smiled so warmly at me just now I knew I was wrong."

I could not have been more surprised. I had no consciousness of having smiled at her *first!*

We are now and have been since that night the dearest of friends. Again He had led me and reversed my own expressed desire.

The greatest lesson I have learned in life is to be able to recognize the answer to a prayer when it comes—bewilderingly disguised. THE END

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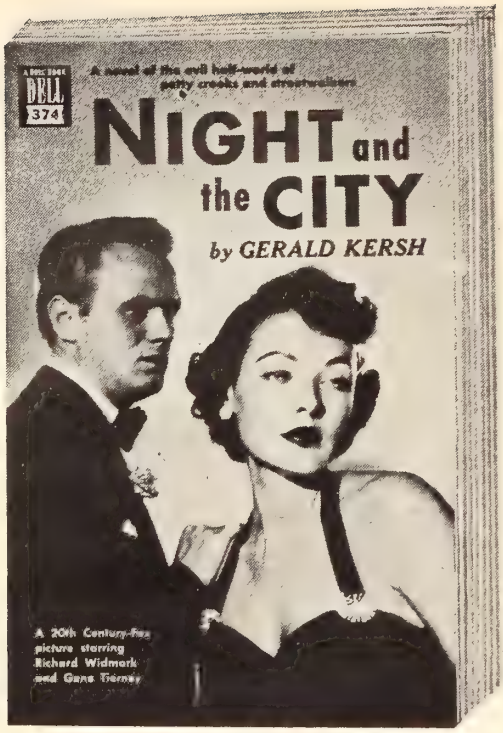
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for girls only—by marie wilson

(*Continued from page 33*) was telling him Buckingham Palace had nothing on this wonderful, big, barn of a place.

That did it!

I wish I'd known then that a little praise is music to a man's ears, but too much of it goes right to his head. Spurred on by my enthusiasm, Mr. Jonah had the shamelessness to demand a year's rent in advance!

And what a gullible girl I was. I *paid* him.

There comes a day in every girl's life when she has to make an important decision. When my day dawned, three days before my expensive encounter with Mr. Jonah, I wasn't prepared for it.

I'd come home from high school and had pushed my nose, as usual, into one of my favorite movie magazines. I was sitting at the dressing table in my bedroom, reading avidly, lost in the story of Garbo's off-screen life, when I happened to glance up into the mirror to see myself for one marvelous instant—*as Garbo!* The vision passed quickly, and in its place appeared my everyday face above the rigidly starched middy blouse, looking a little ashamed.

"See here!" I said to myself with sudden, dramatic decision. "Enough of this play-acting. You're a big girl now, and life is passing you by. The time has come for you to strike out for yourself—to ACT!"

It was a big and solemn moment. I jumped up and ran through the house looking for mother. She was doing the family wash on the back porch, and I think she was glad of the interruption.

"Mama," I said, "we're going to move! We'll leave Anaheim and the past behind us, and go to Hollywood. I'm going to be a movie star!"

move over, garbo . . !

Mother looked at me sadly.

"C'mon, Mama," I begged. "Say we can go now!"

She smiled and sighed. "Now, look," she began.

"Mama," I interrupted, "it's a *cinch!* I know all about how to get into pictures. I've been reading about it for years. We'll just sell all this old stuff—" I swept my arm dramatically over the wash tub—"and move. Today—tomorrow, maybe. I have enough money—more than enough. The money Daddy left me."

Mother closed her eyes briefly. I guess she was trying to figure how far I'd be able to stretch the $11,000 my father'd left me when he had passed away nine years earlier.

"It was supposed to pay for your schooling," Mama said, finally, "but I guess your father would have wanted you to use it for your career, if that's what you have your heart set on. . . . Now, now, you'll get all soapy!" she protested as I gathered her up in a bear hug. . . .

Three days later I stood in Hollywood in my new expensive living room, the town's carpet spread out at my feet just waiting for me to walk on it barefoot. I was excited, up there on Cloud Nine. But I was scared, too. My friend Jonah and his rent routine had taken a little of the starch out of my middy blouse.

Middy blouse! I looked down at my uniform and sneakers and wondered if they were still casting for "Our Gang" comedies. How sexless could a movie star be? What I needed, I decided right then, was something dripping bugle beads and satin.

Clutching what was left of my "career money"—still a sizable chunk—in my hot little hand, I walked down the hill into Hollywood proper to make like a movie star.

Two hours later I had put the finishing touches on my wardrobe. I ground to a stop in front of the house in a brand new used car—a huge 1928 Packard. In the back seat were a mink coat and enough elaborate gowns to see even a modest clothes-horse through six racing seasons.

Two weeks later, I had put the finishing touches on my legacy. There I sat in my hillside home waiting for the casting directors to begin to wear out the telephone line with offers—while the man in the bank began to figure up how much I'd overdrawn.

Yep! Marie Wilson, the girl with the head full of holes, had gone through her "fortune" plus $1.38 of the bank's money in a fortnight. In those wonderful days of low prices it really took some kind of a reverse Einstein to blow $11,000 in 14 days!

Still, I felt I'd accomplished something. I'd installed my whole family in the house—my mother, my stepfather, my grandfather, my two half-sisters and my two half-brothers; I'd bought them all new wardrobes and had had their teeth fixed; I'd stocked the pantry with $500 worth of canned goods; the rent was paid for a year, and I was on the verge, I felt sure, of becoming a star overnight.

Well, long before we'd made a real dent in those canned goods, I did actually break into the movies! MGM gave me a test—and then, while they did nothing about it, Warners saw the test and did. I got a $75-a-week contract and, after a few small parts, I was given a big, fat role in *Boy Meets Girl*.

But after this good start, the bottom sort of dropped out of the Marie Wilson market, along about 1940. And even a year later I was still haunted by the tune at the top of my hate parade, "No Casting Today."

Wolf at my door . . .

I remember coming out of Paramount one bleak November day in 1941, with the casting director's firm "Sorry, Marie," still ringing in my ears. It was cold. Darned cold. I patted myself on the back for having bought that fur coat. It wasn't this year's mink, but it sure kept me warm.

I remember looking around the cold, windswept corner of Melrose and Irving and suddenly thinking of a sun-drenched strip of beach in Miami, Florida—a spot I'd always wanted to visit. I looked into my purse. The buffalo on the lone nickel there looked back at me, and I swear he winked! On a crazy impulse I closed myself into a phone booth and used my last coin to call the local airline office.

"How much is a one-way ticket to Miami?" I asked the man at the other end of the line. When he told me $240.35, I started to laugh. It began way down at my toes and rippled on up until even my chin chattered. As I pushed open the telephone booth door to leave I automatically slipped my finger into the coin return slot. And sure enough, I hit pay dirt in that pay phone! For the Bell Telephone Company, with rare good timing, had poured into my hand $1.55.

On a hunch that maybe my luck was changing, I dropped one of the nickels back into the phone and dialed my agent.

"Glad you called, honey," he chirruped, "I've just made a deal for you to appear on the Texaco Star Theater next week."

Believe it or not, it was on that very broadcast that I met Ken Murray. Ken is that wonderful guy who, a few months later, put me into his *Blackouts*. And that revue kept my purse full for the next seven years.

And before it closed, I got another terrific break. Cy Howard saw me in it and gave me the title role in his radio show, *My Friend Irma*. And later on I got to have given my movie career a new and wonderful boost.

By this time, I've learned another big lesson—about pretending to be something or somebody you're not. Who're you kidding? The answer to that one is almost always—yourself.

Somebody touted me into acting like a movie star, once. Once was enough. "Marie," they said to me, "if you plan on being a big star, you'd better start acting like one. Forget you came from Anaheim."

So I did. I hired a chauffeur and a limousine. But I was allergic to the car upholstery, and the chauffeur's driving made me nervous. I smiled graciously at the Brown Derby waiter captain, instead of giving him my usual, "Hi, Bill!" And it almost broke his heart. I went to the opera, because it was cultural. I found it expensively restful. I fell asleep in the middle of the first act, in a seat that had set me back $6.50! I read Homer and Virgil and the latest best sellers—and wound up with eyestrain. And the only person who was impressed with this big act was my bank teller. He told me he never thought money could go out of a checking account so fast!

just plain me . . .

Today when I drive my own Ford convertible, and take my dog, Mr. Hobbs, to previews with me, or ask Bill, the Derby captain, how his wife feels, I'm just being Marie Wilson. If that's type-casting, I'm all for it. . . .

Girls have to play it smart where men are concerned. We're not all quiz kids. (Goodness, I guess *I* should know!) But there's a pretty good substitute for brains—old-fashioned horse-sense. If it's good enough for old-fashioned horses, I don't see why modern girls can't get some good out of it, too.

Horse-sense is that thing that tells us when a man doesn't mean what he says he means. When a fellow talks about art, it may be just his way of inviting you to preview his etchings. Or when a man tries to convince you that black is white, it's horse-sense that tells you it doesn't necessarily mean he's color blind.

Horse-sense has saved many a girl's reputation—and believe me, your reputation is your most important asset! That's one reason I never dated the fellows on any set I ever worked on. Don't get me wrong—I had plenty of chances. But dating the fellows you work with is bad business. It always ends up with holes in your reputation, because, despite what they say, most men in a girl's life love to kiss and tell. It's just better all the way around to skip dates with people on the home team. That goes for that good-looking, wavy-haired clerk down the hall from your office, and the floorwalker in the store where you work, too. On the set or in the office—it's all the same.

I'd been in pictures eight years before I risked making a date with an actor. It was in *Rookies on Parade* at Republic Studios that I first saw this fellow. Gee, he was beautiful! Six-foot-three, brown curly hair, and a cute grin! His name was Allan Nixon.

When he walked across the sound stage to ask me to go to dinner with him, the butterflies in my tummy began stamping their feet! Believe me, it was the only time in my life I forgot to say "no!"

Allan told me later that if I'd been the kind of girl who had made a habit of set-dating, he wouldn't have even asked me to go out. As it turned out, of course, I've been Mrs. Allan Nixon for eight years.

Yes, the most precious thing a girl has is her reputation. Carry yours reverently in your lily white hands. And girls—this is no time to get butterfingers!

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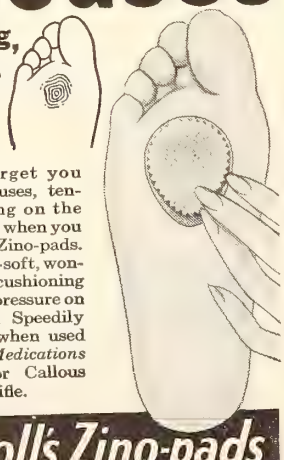
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(*Continued from page 40*) mind, I'd rather not say anything at all about a wedding. All I want to say is that Liz and I are still going steady. Any further announcement, Liz's mother will have to make."

This reluctance of Nicky's to discuss his relationship with Liz seemed understandable, since Liz has had a way of changing her beaux with alacrity.

Of course you remember how she supposedly was divinely in love with Glenn Davis. It turned out that she wasn't divinely in love with Glenn Davis at all. She was only 15 at the time and mildly infatuated with Glenn's reputation and record as an athlete.

And then she supposedly was enraptured with Bill Pawley, Jr. In this case, it was Bill who called it quits. He could see the handwriting on the wall. He realized after six months of "going" with Liz that she was never of a mind to renounce her acting career and settle in Florida. He knew which way the wind was blowing, and he resigned from Liz's heart before he was fired.

Then, who should advance to the fore of her love life but Vic Damone, the Bay Ridge lover from Brooklyn.

Vic was booked into the Mocambo in Hollywood. Liz went around to see him, well-chaperoned; and this is how those unfair stories of her being a night-club habitue originated.

Liz was so shaken up about "what those nasty columnists are doing to my reputation" that she called Vic when he was singing at the Flamingo in Las Vegas and asked him what to do.

the truth will out . . .

Vic advised Liz to write Walter Winchell the truth—whereupon she sat down and wrote Mr. Winchell that she had only been to Mocambo three times: once as Jane Powell's guest, once with her brother Howard and his girl, Mara Regan, and once just long enough to catch Vic's act and then go home.

Winchell set the public straight, and Elizabeth Taylor was acquitted in the eyes of her movie fans.

It was because of the previous men in her life, her extreme sensitivity, and her mother's hypersensitivity that people understandably refrained from publicly discussing Liz and Nicky.

An intimate friend of hers, for example, recently said to me, "I think Liz is head over heels in love with Nicky Hilton, and I'm sure she'll marry him. Only for Pete's sake, don't quote me."

A colleague of Liz's felt much the same way: "While we were shooting *Father of the Bride*," he told me, "Nicky Hilton used to come on the set often. I've been in love myself, you know, and if the love light wasn't burning in the eyes of those two kids, then all my experience has been for nothing."

"Look," said a young girl who knows both Nicky and Liz and has double-dated with them. "I think they're going to get married and get married quickly.

"Nicky has had all the education he needs. He went to New Mexico Military Institute in Roswell, to De Paul University in Chicago and to Loyola in Los Angeles. He studied business administration, and he's in the process of making some hotel deals just like his father.

"As for Liz—well, she's been in the limelight with different fellows for the past three years. A lot of writers have called her a siren and a femme fatale and all that sort of silly stuff. The truth is that she's just a normal, healthy American girl just like me. She likes to go out with boys, and so do I, only she has to be very, very careful. That's the price of stardom, of being famous. I can go out with any guy I want. Not Liz. She needs a young man, handsome, good family, unblemished reputation.

"She's got to stay out of nightclubs, dance halls, jam-joints. She might as well be running for President."

A day after Nicky Hilton had told me, "any further announcement, Liz's mother will have to make"—Liz's mother made one.

She said: "Oh, Liz and I planned to keep it secret. We wanted to make the announcement at a surprise party—but you know how those reporters are. Mr. Hilton spoke to them in New York and asked them to keep the news back for a few weeks, but they released it. So I guess we might as well come out with it now. Yes, Elizabeth and Nicky are definitely going to be married on May 6th. It will be a very large church wedding with all the trimmings."

The engagement tea which Liz gave after her mother's announcement was attended by Jane Powell; Marilyn Hilton, her future sister-in-law; Mara Regan, her brother's girl; Ann Westmore, daughter of make-up man Wally Westmore; Betty Sullivan; Barbara Thompson, and about a dozen others.

Pete Freeman, the son of Y. Frank Freeman, Paramount Theaters executive and a partner in the Hilton Hotel Chain, is the one who brought them together.

"It happened over at Paramount," Nicky says. "I was on the set of *A Place in the Sun*, the picture Liz was shooting with Monty Clift, and Pete introduced me to her. And I sure was impressed with her. We asked her to have lunch with us and then the four of us—Pete's wife was along—went to Lucy's across the street. Then, not long after, I asked her for a date, well, we simply fell in love."

Nicky Hilton—he was called Nicky by his mother because his middle name is Nicholson and there had to be some way of differentiating him by call from his father—is as good-looking, charming, and prosperous as any young man Liz ever dated. He seems very right for her.

As one of Liz's friends put it, "After all, Nicky lives in Bel Air. He won't insist that she move away or give up her career. Liz can have a real full life —a husband, a home, a family, two or three Cadillacs, all the clothes she wants, *and* stardom. What more can a girl ask?"

And what more could a boy ask for than Elizabeth Taylor? THE END

MODERN SCREEN



"Two, Please!"

my heart stood still

(*Continued from page 58*) cracks in the plaster," I cried, admitting nothing.

Well, they sent me to a Manhattan restaurant called Danny's Hideaway, where Farley was sitting with John Springer, who works for RKO. John Springer has a terrible tough job. When Jane Russell comes to town without her husband, poor John has to just devote himself to taking Jane to night clubs and theaters and restaurants every night. I gave him a pitying look. He returned it.

"This is Farley Granger," he said. Then he went away.

My heart ——— ———. "I love you," I said. I'm no beater around bushes.

"Before breakfast?" Farley said. Him either.

He was drinking orange juice, in a suave, daring manner. I gave the waiter my order. A glass of aspirin, and two waters.

A lady from the next table stuck another lady's hand across under my nose. "Farley," said the first lady, "I'd like you to meet Miss So-and-So of Such-and-Such magazine."

"How do you do?" said Farley, and the lady said she did nicely, and that was that.

"After we're married," I said, "I won't have you speaking to other women."

"I think I'll call a cop," said Farley.

Now consider the problem. Caring for a young man who's cared for by all the other females in the country. He was just voted Most Eligible Bachelor of the Year, in fact. Montgomery Clift, who was first last year, only placed third. I believe a millionaire got in there between him and Farley. Which has nothing to do with the case. Not even my case on Farley.

"Tell me what you've been doing in New York," I said. (I have a whole stock of original questions like that, for when conversation bogs down.)

on the town . . .

He told me. The night before, he'd been to see the musical comedy, *Miss Liberty*, and then had gone backstage to visit its star, Allyn McClerie. Allyn is an old friend he hadn't seen in three years and theirs was an exciting reunion, because so much had happened to both of them in three years.

After that, Allyn, her husband, Adolph Green, and Farley went to the Copacabana to hear Lena Horne sing. They had a table right at ringside, and Lena, that gorgeous, sultry lady, grinned when she saw them, and when she sang "The Lady Is a Tramp," she really gave it to Farley. "Hate California, it's cold and it's damp," she growled, singing right to him, throwing it in his lap, so to speak, and he didn't know when he'd had so much fun.

I was hanging on these glamorous reminiscences with unbecoming avidity, when Cliff Cochrane, the Danny's Hideaway photographer, came over and snapped my picture with Farley, and I began mentally to rearrange the 47 other pictures on the bedroom wall.

"Jimmy Durante is very fond of this place," Cochrane said. "Whenever he's appearing in a night club, we get free publicity. 'I don't have to work here,' Jimmy's always telling his audience. 'I can go to Danny's place. Less money, but contentment.' "

Farley and I left Danny's Hideaway singing "My Foolish Heart," from the Goldwyn picture of the same name, and we ended up in a Pepsi-Cola luncheonette, over on Times Square. This used to be a Pepsi-Cola center for servicemen during the war. There's a nice lady here who faithfully watches out for Pepsi-Cola's interests.

Take the moment when the MODERN SCREEN photographer (*another* photographer, and *his* name is Nelson Morris) goes to shoot a romantic tête-à-tête between me and Farley, and this lady springs into action.

"Push the Pepsi machine into the foreground," she tells the fountain man.

"I can't," says the fountain man.

"Why not?" says the lady.

"Because the pipe from that machine runs down into the cellar," says the fountain man coldly.

Nobody went and sawed off the pipe, so the machine didn't get pushed into the picture, but you all know Pepsi-Cola hits the spot, don't you? (There, lady, how's that?)

By this time, Farley was due at CBS, where he was supposed to put an interview on tape for commentator Margaret Arlen. (They record the interview on a Thursday afternoon, for instance, but it isn't heard on the radio until the following Monday morning. Stick with me, and you'll learn the wonders of science.)

We walked from the Pepsi palace to CBS, and the temperature was about 75 degrees, which is the kind of cockeyed winter New York had this year, and there was a funny pink haze over the whole day. All along the way, kids stopped Farley to ask for autographs, or to take pictures, but they were marvelously polite kids, full of pleases and thank-yous.

At CBS, Miss Arlen, who is a brisk, chic, blonde girl, handed Farley a script, he read it once, and then they recorded it. To give you some idea how good that boy is, the dialogue sounded ad lib, completely conversational. If I hadn't been there, I'd never have guessed that any of it was written down on paper.

Miss Arlen interviewed Farley for her listeners. They talked about his first couple of pictures, *North Star*, and *Purple Heart*. They discussed his hitch in the Navy. They touched on the miserable year he spent after he got out of service.

"Going to the Goldwyn office to beg for work," Farley summed it up.

There he'd been, for a solid year—studying voice, being coached in drama, doing some sailing, playing some tennis, putting up a good front, but not working. It was frightening, because he's a boy who never wanted to do anything besides act. Oh, a few things, of course, but not in the same class. He's no personality kid who fools around with acting, can take it or leave it, thinks it's a nice way to make a living, and that's all. To Farley, acting's serious. He's still not convinced he's good. "I will be," he says. "But I have so much to learn."

Just when he thought he'd hit bottom, *They Live By Night* came along, and then Alfred Hitchcock used him in *Rope*, a kind of nervous, unpleasant part, but you could see Farley'd grown up to be a sensitive, intelligent actor, and then *Roseanna McCoy* put him over with a romantic lead.

They say his newest picture, *Edge of Doom*, is the greatest thing since *The Informer*, and that he's the greatest young actor of our day.

Miss Arlen's interview covered the foregoing facts neatly and completely. She sounded properly enthusiastic, Farley sounded properly modest, and I sat in a nearby chair holding Farley's jacket. It was a lovely jacket, some rough, grey Scotch material, and he looked beautiful in it.

ANSWERS TO QUIZ ON PAGE 84

1. *Jane Wyman.* 2. *Esther Williams.* 3. *Errol Flynn.* 4. *All Quiet on the Western Front.* 5. *Gone With the Wind.* 6. *John Barrymore, Jr.*



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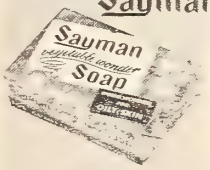
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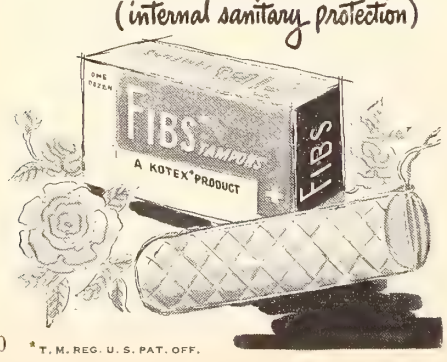


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The interview completed, Farley had to go see his boss, Mr. Goldwyn, who was also visiting New York that week. I couldn't follow him any farther. Follow him farther, and I had a vision of eight liveried minions heaving me out of a hotel suite on my ear. (I'm sure Mr. Goldwyn doesn't really have eight liveried minions, but I'm the fearful type. Maybe Mr. Goldwyn would heave me out all by himself.)

Anyway, Farley and I were phfft. Washed up. Finished. Goodbye, *au revoir, auf wiedersehen,* cheerio.

I came home sadly, to write my interview. You want to know the truth? I found out I'd forgotten to interview him. I don't know what he gave his mother for Christmas. I don't know how many rooms in his house, or if he owns an 80-foot sloop. I don't know if he does like raw onions, or sleeps in his butler's old pajamas.

But ask me what color eyes he has. Brown, that's what color. Deep, deep brown. His hair is crinkly, his laugh is special. He's very tall, he has lots of shoulders, he doesn't turn on that canned-in-Hollywood charm.

They tell me he cares for Shelley Winters. I guess I'll go kill myself. THE END

(For his fans: Farley Granger is on the Kellogg Co.'s current variety cereal package.)

sometimes I hate my husband

(*Continued from page 47*) says my husband. "Now, about that deal we were talking about at lunch. . ."

And that isn't all. He then phones Regis Toomey, and Jimmy Cagney, and his business manager, and then maybe somebody else to make a date for flying on Sunday. He gets a million details out of his head (which is that of a frustrated businessman) and finally emerges flushed and triumphant from his tête-à-tête with Mother Bell. Then, I must admit, he makes up for it to me, because whether or not I had been inside the front door on his arrival, he finds me and *really* kisses me.

Take the matter of the trees around our house. I've talked before about Richard's mania for removing them, but believe me, it's still going on after two years. By this time, more than 20 have disappeared and I sometimes wonder when he has them all down if he'll suggest we go to live in Sherwood Forest so that he can have himself a whale of a time. It goes against my grain to see the poor things chopped down, and it seems to me that a new one disappears on a weekly basis—usually a eucalyptus, because Richard harbors a dislike for them. Recently he had an entire row removed from the edge of our driveway, and the other day when we drove in, he pointed to the lumpy earth.

"There," he said. "Now doesn't that look better?"

"No," I said. "It doesn't. It looks as though the house is doing a gradual striptease."

Bushes disappear by the score and days later I find them planted on the opposite side of the house. It all stems from Richard's penchant for puttering around the house, and his desk is cluttered with maps designing the replacement of trees, furniture, bushes, pictures; of everything, in fact, but me.

To add insult to injury, he spends hours chopping the wood and claims the exercise does wonders for him. The fourth time he made the statement that his muscles were growing by leaps and bounds I asked to see his biceps. He obliged by taking off his shirt.

"Pooh," I said. "They don't look one whit bigger to me."

I trust *that* fixed him for chopping up my trees.

His puttering can include anything. My desk, for instance. While he stands there talking to me, he makes four or five neat piles out of what had been two neat piles, and when I go there to find something, instead of being able to put my finger on it immediately, I have to re-sort everything.

It also includes automobiles. By the time I've broken in a new car and have grown to regard it as a member of the family, he drives me home some night and there will be a new one in the driveway.

"I wonder who's here," I say.

"That's for you," he says. "Like it?"

Now, I want it understood that I am far from unappreciative of Richard's generosity, and a new car is something really to get excited about. But *he* switches them like razor blades, and it's only been in the last few months that I've come to recognize the gleam in his eye that means my beloved convertible won't be here tomorrow. This at least gives me the opportunity to sneak out to the garage and bid the car a proper farewell.

He's always right. All the time. When I invented the code for my checking account, he smiled wisely and said it wouldn't work, that I might as well save myself the trouble and go right on forgetting what I'd bought.

"But it's quite simple," I told him. "After I mark down the amount of the check, I put my code after it. A question mark means it was something to wear for myself, a minus sign for anything for Pamela. I have a sign for everything."

"I'm sure you have, old girl," he said. "But it would be so much simpler to write down 'blouse' or 'wastebasket' or whatever the item is."

When the bank statement arrived, Richard approached me as usual, trying his best to smile brightly.

"Honey, I have a check here—"

I interrupted him with a wave of my hand. "Hold it—wait until I get my record. I have it all down in black and white." And after I'd fished the paper out of my desk, "Now—how much is it for?"

"$18.79."

"Let's see—$18.79. Here it is. Now—" I stopped short. I had marked a triangle next to the sum and for the life of me couldn't remember what it meant.

"Well?" said Richard.

"Give me time, give me time."

"You mean you don't know what it was."

"I guess I do. Don't, that is."

He patted me on the head. "You and your black and white!" he snickered.

When I learned that Richard and I would work together in *The Reformer and the Redhead,* I was a bit apprehensive, for I've heard it said that married people usually don't work well in a picture together. So in order to protect ourselves we made a pact that we wouldn't tell each other what to do, and it worked beautifully—except the night before the picture started. We were reading the script aloud together and after Richard had read a few lines I looked up and said, "That's funny."

"What's funny?"

"Well—you and I seem to have a different interpretation of the character you portray."

"Oh?" he said. "Well, what's yours?"

He disagreed when I told him, and it turned into a spirited five-minute discussion until it occurred to me that I had a nerve telling Richard anything, because he's had so much more experience than I and I told him so.

"But you're good, Junie," he said. "Really good, and I value your opinion."

"Oh, but I'm not. You're such a wonderful actor."

And so it simmered down to a mutual-admiration society. . . . But come to think of it, I guess that doesn't belong in this story because I started the discussion myself. When MODERN SCREEN asked me to do this I rolled up my sleeves in high glee. And—oh, dear!—here I am bogging down already. But there's one more illustration of my husband's little ways.

At a year-and-a-half, our daughter Pamela is just the age where she is inspecting everything, and one night when the three of us were in the den she reached for an ashtray.

"No, no," I told her. "Put it back. You may have this box but you can't have the ashtray."

One of Richard's eyebrows went up and he put down his book. "Isn't that sort of silly, honey?" he said to me.

"Silly?"

"Well," he said, "you can't expect the mind of a child Pam's age to distinguish between things she can or can't have."

"You're sure of tha[illegible]"

"Certainly."

"And you don't want me to tell her anymore?"

"No."

So the next night when he came home and buzz-bombed into the den to phone, his voice echoed through the house. "JUNE!"

I came running, trying to wipe the smile from my face. The floor of the den was littered with ashtrays, logs from the woodbox, playing cards, and peanuts.

"This is ridiculous!" said my husband, scraping crushed peanuts from the sole of his shoe. "You'll have to speak to Pamela. Be firm. She'll have to be told they're some things she mustn't touch."

"Yes, dear," I said.

Yesterday I met a woman who told me she was married to the most perfect husband in the world, and if I'd known her better I would have told her to watch her language. She was speaking of the man I love. I'd rather have Richard any old day than 20 eucalyptus trees. THE END

hollywood takes its medicine

(*Continued from page 31*) everything and everybody, and he was wrecking his life. Now, secure in his victory, he might have been a different person, a new man—thanks to psychoanalysis and mental therapy.

A few weeks later I ran into a beautiful woman, the wife of a big star. She'd been nagged with star ambitions herself until it made her life a hell. They had split up, as they'd done before, and I expected her to wear the harassed frown she'd carried since I first laid eyes on her. Not at all. She never looked happier.

"Things take on their true values for me now at last," she told me. "I don't care about a career—I know now that it's by no means the greatest thing in life." She explained that she'd been taking psychiatric treatment, and so had her famous mate. They hadn't solved their problem yet—they were still apart—but already there was inspiring progress and peace. She knew what was destroying her, and looking at it for what it was worth, she'd tossed it aside. He name is Pat Knight and her husband, of course, is Cornel Wilde.

Last fall when Bette Davis left her artist husband, William Grant Sherry, she told him frankly the only thing that would win her and their daughter, Barbara, back was a complete cure of his ungovernable temper. Sherry admitted his weakness, went to a psychiatrist on Bette's terms—still goes twice a week—and they're back together again.

Psychoanalysis won Ava Gardner the confidence and personality to tackle the big-time star's future which MGM mapped for her. Susan Hayward and Jess Barker have held their marriage together by steady, hard-slugging emotional lessons from a marriage psychologist. After George Sanders' divorce shocked him into taking scientific measures to wipe out his sullen and insulting self, he spent close to $5,000 curing himself of a career-threatening delight in issuing remarks like "Women are little beasts" and "Children are grubby brats."

Judy Garland's crack-up was cured in part by probings into her confused nerves—and she'll need more to stay steady. Lew Ayres reconciles his spiritual self with the commercial business of being a star by self-analysis—and he told me recently, "I think I'm doing a pretty good job of it." Jennifer Jones flew to Europe for the very best psychiatric counsel before marrying David Selznick. And David, himself, occasionally takes to a psychoanalyst's couch. So do Victor Mature, Jean Arthur, Bob Mitchum, Mel Ferrer, Vincent Price—a list of Hollywoodites too long to name, from top tycoons to the frustrated French poodles of both Greer Garson and Clifton Webb!

What is this wonder-work that has taken hold in Hollywood—the most notoriously neurotic, unstable, city in the whole wide world? Is it the real McCoy? Or is psychoanalysis, Hollywood style, just another movietown vogue, a fad of fakery—like swamis and sucker seers with their gypsy bandanas, crystal balls and tea leaves? Is it a gay game of glamorous self-deception? Are the stars just having fun being fooled, to make them feel better about fooling everybody else?

The answer is "No!"—not on their lives. Some archaic souls still think so, unfortunately. And some jaded ones, it's true, try out psychoanalysis just for a new thill. But to high-strung stars who need emotional help in a high-tension world, serious psychological diagnosis and treatment is a terrific boon—and, believe me, it's here in Hollywood to stay.

There are over a hundred reputable mind-doctors around Hollywood (the real ones are all MD's, too) and they're busy night and day helping stars find themselves, their happiness and their usefulness in life. As a doctor friend of mine puts it, "psychiatry is as necessary to a sick mind as medicine or surgery."

Some successful stars are so wrapped up in the fictitious characters they play, they neglect to look at their real selves until they blow a fuse. Then, facing the dark facts of their lives isn't so pleasant. Bob Walker knows about that. His experiences at the Menninger Clinic make an illuminating case-history of what a really mixed-up star must face to find a cure.

"To me," Bob told me, "a mental clinic had been an asylum for the insane. I couldn't stand the sense of shame attached to entering a mental institution. On the plane to Kansas I wore dark glasses, kept my hat-brim snapped over my face and hunched down in my coat collar. Actually, of course, nobody noticed me—and they wouldn't have cared if they had. But I couldn't realize that.

"I somehow had the idea that I'd find the clinic run on the line of a country club. My first shock came when I found myself behind locked doors. Then everything, including my razor, was taken from me. I bitterly resented it and kept thinking, 'Do they think I'm crazy?' But the greatest shock came when I stepped into

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my quarters. I found myself in a room with bars on the windows! I remember the terror of that first night alone in a barred room with strange sounds all around me.

"For the first month I was only under observation. I didn't realize it then, but a complete, scientific diagnosis was being made of me.

"At the end of the first month I was convinced the clinic was doing me no good. Being an actor I was able to convince a doctor I was perfectly capable of going into town by myself one night—or perhaps the clinic was only trying to convince me how sick I still was. Anyhow, I was allowed to go. I took a few drinks, got into a fight with a policeman, rammed my fist through a window. Again I was in headlines.

"Now I was convinced of my desperate situation. But I wanted to get out. I told myself I'd been there a month and here I was as bad as ever. My doctor advised me to stay, but his advice only irritated me. He said he had a psychoanalyst assigned to me. I said I wanted nothing to do with the man. You see, it was another attempt to avoid a show-down. I told my doctor I'd soon be leaving. He said, 'All right. It seems we can't help you.'

clutching at straws . . .

"A few days later the psychoanalyst came. I took a liking to him right away. His face was filled with kindness and understanding. He said he'd heard I was leaving but just dropped in anyway to say hello. First thing I knew I was talking to him as I've talked to few people in my life. But in the end I told him I was still determined to leave. He said that was all right.

"Next day I found an excuse to see that psychoanalyst again; this time I liked him even more. For the next few days I endured a hell of indecision, but finally I made up my mind. I told my analyst, 'I'm going to stay here and battle this thing out.' It was the most important decision in my life.

"I had one hour a day with the psychoanalyst, six days a week," Bob told me. "It was an emotionally-exhausting experience. For three weeks I spoke to nobody else, keeping myself shut in the room, eating little, sleeping little. Then one day the darkness began to clear and I knew I was getting well. You can't possibly understand that thrill. I had been shown how mental stumbling blocks had distorted my life. Four-and-a-half months later I was discharged." They'd warned Bob it might take him a year or maybe two, when he entered. Reason he could leave so soon was that he finally came to the point where he desperately wanted to help himself. He knows he's not completely well yet, but as he told me, "For the first time in my life I'm not being driven; I'm doing the driving. All the things that used to be terrors to me are challenges. And experience has shown me I can conquer them."

To me that's an inspirational story—but not a glamorous one. Tackling the job of ironing out a sick mind is no picnic, not when the illness almost always stretches back through years and years. Bob's trouble for instance, began as a kid; he got the idea he wasn't wanted, brooded about it until it took command of his life.

With that fix he couldn't adjust realistically to his grown-up life. He didn't believe he could possibly be loved—and this turned his own love to hatred. He loathed everyone including himself; the world was one big enemy. Drinking magnified that, and his split with Jennifer Jones added fuel to the fire. Being an actor didn't help either, Bob explained. "I only saw myself the more as the chief player in a tragedy and thought 'Poor, poor me!' " He visited a psychiatrist in Hollywood but it wasn't any good. Bob wasn't ready. Only when he wound up in drinking jams and police stations and saw his disheveled self splashed over papers and magazines did the horror of it make Bob anxious for a cure.

Bob's case points up a vitally important factor in cures of Hollywood's sick psyches: You have to be ready, you have really to want help before you've got a chance.

It takes guts to face the facts but frankness is part of the treatment. Cures of crippling complexes, in spite of what you may think, aren't worked by weaklings.

Not all psychiatric treatments bring cures, in Hollywood or anywhere else. But neither do all medical prescriptions or operations. Reputable psychiatrists will tell you right off that they aren't magicians.

Jean Arthur suffered painfully from complexes for years. Psychiatrists tried to help her time and again. Jean toted, among other things, the absurd bugaboo that she was no good because she didn't have a college education. She hated herself so that when people interviewed her or shot photographs she became physically ill. She lived like a lady hermit, wore a frown deep between her eyes, while all the time she was a terrific actress with a popularity unmatched and unlimited.

After 14 years of marriage, believe it or not, Jean went to college to take a course in marriage. Yet, she was soon divorced from her husband, Frank Ross. As a star, Jean finally became so temperamental nobody could take her. She agreed to do *Born Yesterday* on Broadway, for instance, with a salary and play-percentage that would make her the highest paid star on the street. But she demanded this, demanded that, thought she was persecuted, overlooked, slighted. Finally, she stepped out. I hear Jean's still being unhappy about everything but I hope she finds a great doctor who can help her.

Robert Mitchum's stab at straightening himself out was also too half-hearted to help. It happened before his marijuana mess and that sordid black mark on Bob's record might never have stuck there if he'd listened to the psychiatrist's advice. Bob was going great guns as a star, but all the time, in his own words, "I was constantly obsessed with the phantom of failure." It's a long story and traces back to complex chapters in Bob's adolescence. Anyway, not too long before the lightning struck, Bob let himself get tied up with some hangers-on and leeches who lured him into easy vices. He earned the reputation of being a "soft touch" and a "good guy." There was a time when he preferred these phonies and their flatteries to his family, or so it seemed.

word to the unwise . . .

Finally his worried mother, his sister and his wife, Dorothy, persuaded Bob to visit a psychiatrist and get himself set on a truer course. The doctor gave him a thorough going over and his verdict, as Bob remembers, was this: "He adjudged me rational, but suffering a state of over-amiability in which failure to please everyone created a condition of self-reproach. He told me I was addicted to nothing but the good will of people, and suggested that I risk their displeasure by learning to say 'NO!' and following my *own* judgment."

Did Bob take that advice? Not a bit. He really wasn't scared enough then—as Bob Walker became—nor desperate enough for help. He wasn't "ready." So he kept on being a "good guy," and one night when some pals suggested a trip up a canyon for fun, even though he was headed for home and tired, he said "Yes," and—well you and the judge and Bob and everyon

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knows the rest. But it never should have happened.

Jennifer Jones hadn't quite finished *Madame Bovary* when suddenly she flew away from Hollywood to see a famous psychiatrist in Switzerland. Jenny was David Selznick's fiancée then but she just couldn't make up her mind whether to tackle marriage again. I don't know whether she sought psychoanalysis because of the wonders it had worked with her ex-husband, Bob Walker, or whether she was confused about her feelings for David. Nor do I know what the doctor advised her. But I do know that she was mighty certain she knew her own mind before she said "I do" at last. She ironed out every possible doubt which remained and it was probably as smart a maneuver as she ever made in her life. Certainly Jenny and David give every appearance of having a hammer lock on married happiness. And at the same time, Jennifer can enjoy her children with her former husband Bob, with no emotions stirred up, which is good for her, good for Bob, good for the kids. Maybe more Hollywood marriages should be as psychologically cautious.

In fact, a prominent mind doctor I know bewails this very fact more than anything when you bring up the subject of Hollywood divorce. "Trouble is," he told me the other day, "married couples too often come to us to repair the damage after it's done. Before they get married, they should know themselves and their intendeds psychologically, not leave their mating to luck. They stand a far better chance of finding the right mate that way."

Ava Gardner's date with the psychiatrist was one of those close-the-barn-door-after-the-horse-has-gone treatments. Ava's marriage to Artie Shaw should possibly have never occurred. Ava was a country girl from the hills of Carolina, Artie a frustrated sophisticate. He'd been wrestling his psyche around long before he became famous as a bandleader, and Artie's still trying to find out what ails him and his marriages. He's lived in a frustrated world for so long. Hated jazz, wanted to be a writer, a great musician, anything but what he was.

mind of her own . . .

Anyway, it was right after Ava's split-up with Artie that she took psychiatric treatment—at Artie's suggestion. Life with Artie had bewildered and beaten Ava down so—she dropped 15 pounds, worrying—that she had to build up her self-confidence again. The mental therapy did the trick—so well that Ava could not only tackle the major star's career she had always ducked shyly before, but could actually find herself grateful to Artie for telling her, "You haven't a personality of your own. Go find one." I think Ava did, all right—through psychiatry. And the strange thing is, her psychological cycle seems to have led her mind right back to —Artie Shaw! I haven't talked to Ava once in the past few weeks without hearing "Artie" in almost every sentence. It's no secret they get together now and then. If Ava actually should try it again with Artie, to be wife Number Six and the only repeat customer for the marrying bandman, and if it should work—brother, that *would* be a miracle of ironed-out egos!

But believe me, I'm not one to sell psychiatry short on anything. Not after what I've seen happen around Hollywood for those who take it seriously.

There's not a doubt in my mind but that most of Hollywood's tragedies could be avoided by frank psychiatric treatment. Would John Payne and Gloria DeHaven have been so yes-and-no about their marriage if they both had learned the score about themselves? Would Franchot Tone's ex-wife, Jean Wallace, have brooded her-



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self into a suicide try? Would Wanda Hendrix and her Audie have had all their troubles? I could ask Hollywood questions like that all night. And, you can bet, plenty of others are asking them too.

In fact, from a cold-blooded standpoint, the men who really run the Hollywood show know by now that psychiatry is only sound Hollywood business. They've seen stars worth millions in the bank rescued by mental treatment in the nick of time when they were about to be cancelled out. They've watched big deals fizzle for want of a meeting of minds. They've seen useless tragedies of mixed-up behavior wreck box-office bonanzas it took years to dig and develop. Believe me, the studio gates aren't closed to psychiatrists these days. It's come right down to the bankroll—and when that's threatened you'll always get action in Hollywood.

If you don't think the movie moguls are hep to the new help, listen to this: Awhile back Paramount wanted Paulette Goddard to star in a certain picture. She read the script and shook her head. There was a scene in which she shot a man and she didn't see why. What's more, nobody could tell her why. Finally Paulette set a condition and a deadline for the deal. "If by next week, you can give me a logical reason why I should kill this character," she offered, "I'll play the part. If you can't—I won't." They couldn't and she didn't. Since that experience, Paramount has kept a professional psychologist on the payroll to explain emotional motives to its stars, and to smooth out temperaments and tempers.

Me, I've never had my soul searched, it's true, although I tried once and the doctor just laughed. "Go away," she said. "You're one of those garrulous extroverts who never let a neurosis sit still long enough to get going. If you'll stop talking for a few minutes, maybe you can work up a case."

But I'm a believer. About everyone I know could use a psychological anchor in these confused days.

I know one Hollywood genius who had his psyche soothed recently. "Genius" is actually his name, and he's Victor Mature's dog. The way Vic tells it, Genius fell into a bitter, brooding state and the vet said no canine misery ailed him—must be his mind. So Vic trotted him pronto to a psychiatrist, and they went into a huddle.

"This dog," announced the doctor at last, "has B.O.—and he knows it. It gives him an inferiority complex."

So Vic bought Genius a bed of cedar chips to sleep in and the sweet-scented pup's been fat and frisky ever since!

At least, that's Vic's story. But after hearing it, I wonder. Maybe Mature had better call up his psychiatrist and make a date. Just to see if he's still perfectly okay upstairs, himself. THE END

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good news

(*Continued from page 14*) (Humphrey Bogart) and his beautiful wife (Lauren Bacall) were at the party, they both disappeared. "Where have you been?" I asked when they returned. They answered in unison, "Oh, we had to call home in Hollywood to see how the baby is."

Every day while they were in New York, the Bogarts got a report on young Stephen Humphrey Bogart. Bogey claims I have ruined him by printing stories like this which make him out a softie, while his pictures call for him to be a tough guy.

Broderick Crawford and his pretty Kay were having an awfully good time. So were Mona Freeman and her nice young husband, Pat Nerney.

Our host, Sherm, personally saw to it that everybody got the "A" treatment with a special flourish or two for such nice people as the Charles Boyers, the Sam Goldwyns, Kay Thompson, Anita Loos, Jack and Mary Benny, and others.

* * *

Maybe it's spring in the air! It must be something—for romance is bustin' out all over.

Ruth Roman is another girl who is getting the rush "crush" treatment from a rich young farmer up in Victorville where she is on location with the *Lightning Strikes Twice* company.

The moment John Whelan saw Ruth—he fell hard and didn't care who knew it. The whole thing was sort of a rural *South Pacific* with Whelan and Ruth taking all kinds of kidding about "looking over the vegetables and seeing an enchanted stranger!"

Victorville is no new spot for movie company locations—but the town seems to have gone crazier over Ruth, Richard Todd and others of this company than any others ever to work there.

Richard, himself, told me: "I've never known such warm-hearted and wonderful people. When word came through that I was nominated for an Academy Award, these Victorville people took over the biggest banquet hall in town and proclaimed me 'Victorville's Own Academy Award Boy.'

"You can imagine how I felt—a stranger 6000 miles away from London—my hometown."

Adding to all the warm-heartedness and romantics, Mercedes McCambridge (the gal who knocked us cold in *All the Kings Men*) showed up in Victorville as a brand new bride. Just before Mercedes took the train to join the movie troupe, she took time out to marry the well-known radio producer, Fletcher Markle—MGM's new associate producer.

* * *

You have to admire that kid, Wanda Hendrix, for the fight she put up to the last stand to save her marriage.

Wanda was all set to go into court with her charges against Audie Murphy. But at the last minute, she called her lawyer and said, "I'm going out of town for a few days to think everything over. Don't do anything until I return."

She didn't even tell her mother where she was going. But I hear she went to a quiet, secluded dude ranch near Palm Springs where no one knew her and where she wouldn't be getting "advice" from every side.

The gossips had whispered that Wanda would bring charges against Audie as sensational as those Shirley Temple filed against John Agar.

It is true she is as hurt and heartbroken and every bit as bitter as Shirley was. But when she came back to town—she had made up her mind against making any charges that would hurt Audie.

How wise she is—and how much respect she has won for herself.

* * *

I carefully checked your letters this month—with the following results:

Since the birth of Ingrid Bergman's baby, some letters show sympathy for her—the first of this kind I have received in two months of solid criticism and disappointment registered from her fans.

Richard Todd hastily caught your heart in *The Hasty Heart*. One woman writes, "He has much of the same charm which made Richard Barthelmess a great star."

Liz Taylor is still the leading letter lady and there were lots of letters about Colleen Townsend's taking up religious work.

Keep your letters coming!

That's all for now—see you in MODERN SCREEN next month!



Ronald Reagan and Ruth Roman are a frequent twosome these days. Here they attend *The Fabulous Invalid* première in Hollywood.



A bit of clowning on the part of Creesh Hornsby, Bob Hope's hilarious new discovery, livens rehearsal time at NBC for Bob and Doris Day.

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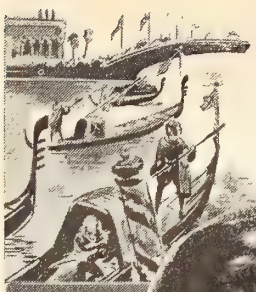
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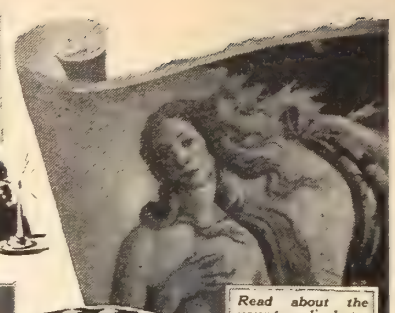
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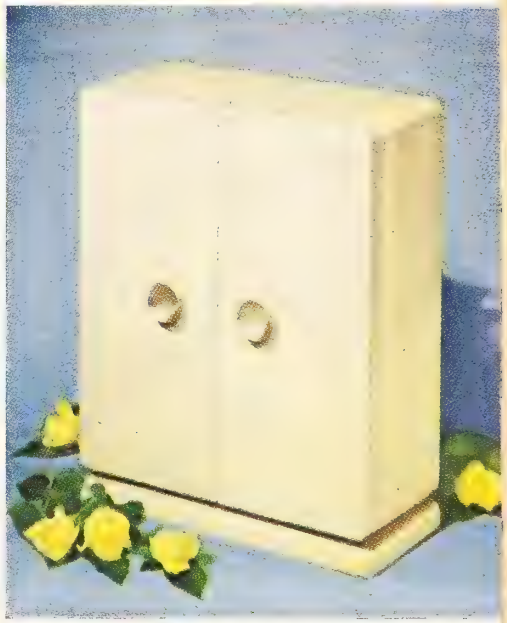
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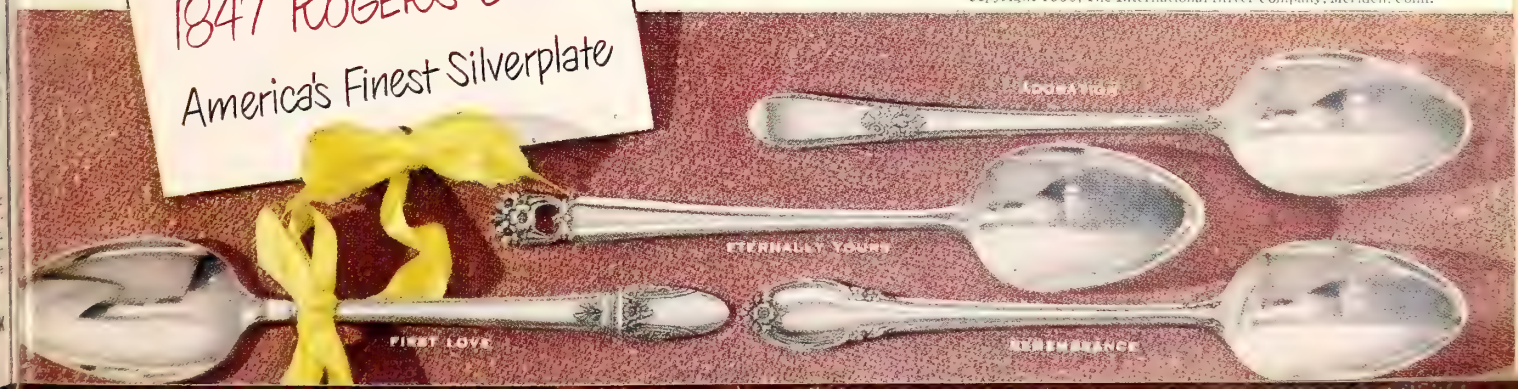
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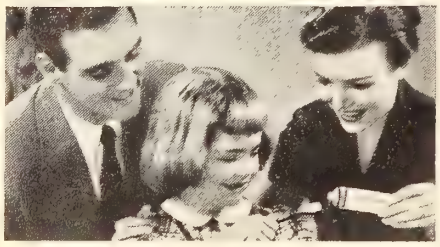
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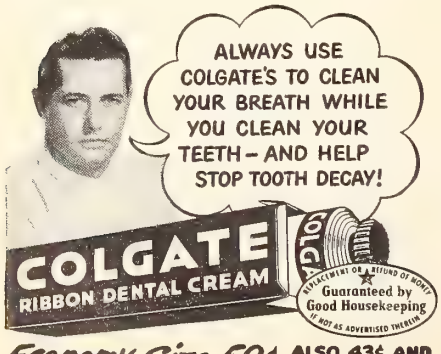
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JUNE, 1950

modern screen

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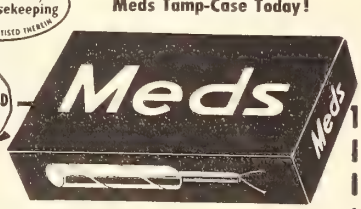
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The wildest tales ever told are those about Hollywood, because to many self-styled reporters fantasy is more exciting than fact But Modern Screen feels that its readers deserve to know the truth, want to know the truth. THE INSIDE STORY is at your service. Write to it c/o Modern Screen, 1046 N. Carol Drive Hollywood 46, California.

Q. I've heard that Bing Crosby and Bob Hope dislike each other, despite the many films and radio programs they've done together. Is this true?
—B. J., Los Angeles, Calif.

A. *The truth is that Bing and Bob consider it financially prudent to exchange guest appearances and make movies together, but in private life they are not intimates. They both respect each other's great talents, but neither Bing nor Bob give their friendship easily.*



Q. I read in the newspapers recently that Bob Hope pays the government 92 cents out of every dollar he earns. Is this so?—R. McJ., Fall River, Mass.

A. *It isn't. Most of Bob's earnings go into Hope Enterprises.*

Q. I'd like to know if Frank Sinatra is really going to the Menninger Clinic in Kansas to get himself straightened out mentally. —R. K., Topeka, Kansas

A. *Frank says there is not a word of truth to that. There is no indication that he needs any sort of psychiatric treatment, although psychoanalysis is currently very much in vogue in Hollywood. This rumor about him was begun by a Hollywood columnist two days after Nancy Sinatra announced their separation. Right now, by the way, Sinatra's business manager, R. Emmett Burns, is in the process of liquidating Frank's assets. (You can buy Sinatra's desert home in Palm Springs for $100,000.) It looks very much as if their separation will be legal and lasting.*

Q. Is Ginger Rogers going to marry Greg Bautzer, and if so, how many times will she have been married?
—A. H., Detroit, Michigan

A. *Ginger Rogers' divorce from Jack Briggs isn't final until August, so Ginger refuses to discuss marriage plans concerning Bautzer. If she does marry though, he'll be number 4, and she'll be Mrs. Ginger Rogers Culpepper Ayre Briggs Bautzer.*

Q. Who are the "tightest" actors in Hollywood?—O. P., Chicago, Illinois

A. *According to people who have mingled with them socially and financially Dennis Day, Peter Lawford and Ray Milland enjoy the reputation of being extremely shrewd and thrifty men.*

Q. Which stars make the most money per picture?—R. R., Pittsburgh, Pa.

A. *Gary Cooper gets $275,000 per picture; Errol Flynn, $250,000; Humphrey Bogart, $200,000. Other top money makers are Cary Grant, Bob Hope, Bing Crosby, Olivia De Havilland.*

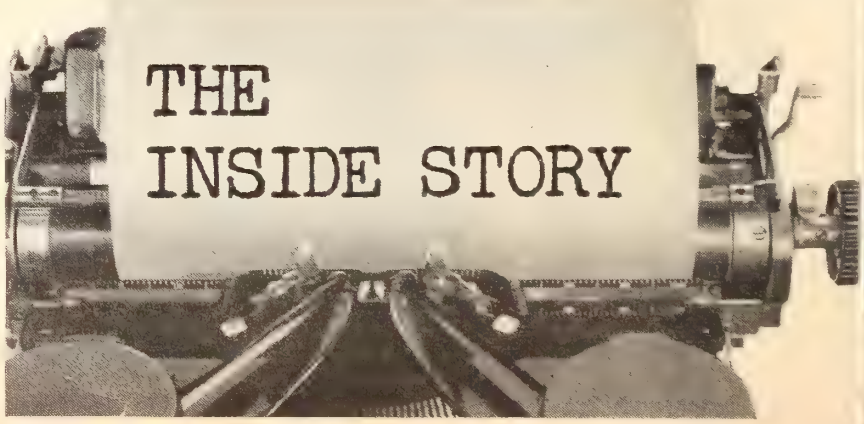


Q. Is it true that motion picture actresses get most of their clothes free in exchange for giving designers free publicity? —H. R., Troy, N. Y.

A. *This isn't true. Actresses buy most of their clothes, although, once in a while, a designer or a studio will give them a favorite gown as a gift. MGM, for example, gave trousseau outfits to both Elizabeth Taylor and Jane Powell.*

Q. How old is Ann Blyth, and who are the men in her love-life?
—B. T., Billings, Montana

A. *Ann is 21. At this writing, she has no love-life, and consequently, no men. As an actress she's talented, ambitious, imaginative. As a woman, she's a puzzle.*



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THESE THREE STOOD ALONE IN GLORY!



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as Tom Jeffords
...who dared the red man's vengeance—the white man's scorn



Debra Paget
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...whose soft lips answered a white man's search for love.



Jeff Chandler
as Cochise
...most blood-thirsty of Apaches, who took a white man for his "blood brother."



Joyce MacKenzie
as Terry Wilson
...she waited alone in Tucson, and lost—to an Indian girl.

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in

BROKEN ARROW

20th CENTURY-FOX

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Louella Parsons presents Olivia de Havilland (*The Heiress*) and Brod Crawford (*All The King's Men*) to the Academy Award radio audience.



LOUELLA PARSONS' Good news

■ No Oscar winner on Academy Award night was busier than your gal reporter—and I doubt if any of them had more fun.

It was my first night out after two weeks of seclusion with a siege of laryngitis and I had to be both "out front" and "back stage" getting material for my radio broadcast of the Awards the following Sunday.

Let me tell you some of the highlights I picked up from being all over the place:

My theater seat couldn't have been better for spying. I sat right in front of Broderick Crawford and his wife and two rows behind Olivia de Havilland, the new King and Queen of Hollywood.

All during the preliminaries, Brod sat like a man turned to stone. I doubt if he knew a thing that was going on until Jane Wyman (looking like a big doll in white lace) called from the stage, "The winner—Broderick Crawford!"

I'd never be able to describe to you the sound Brod made. It was a cross between a groan, a moan and a stifled yell. He actually sprinted down the aisle.



Lovely Claire Trevor, who was last year's best supporting actress in *Key Largo,* handed veteran actor Dean Jagger a supporting Oscar for his role as the kindly, be-spectacled major in 20th-Fox's *12 O'Clock High.*



Post-Oscar celebration goes on at Romanoff's. Jan Sterling congratulates Paul Douglas for being a wonderful master of ceremonies at the Academy Awards. Paul's in *Two Corridors East*—may be a future award-winner.



Ginger Rogers phoned Fred Astaire who was in New York to award him a special award—for everything he's meant to musical pictures. George Murphy took Oscar for Fred. "Closest I'll come to one," he said.



Mercedes McCambridge hit the jackpot with her first try—she copped the best supporting actress award for *All The King's Men.* Tearful but happy, she collects a kiss from her proud husband, Fletcher Markle

He was so much in a world of his own that I am sure he did not know that Kirk Douglas (the loser—but oh, what a good one) reached out and slapped him on the *derrière* in congratulation! Kirk was seated, so he couldn't reach Brod's shoulder, the usual place for congratulations.

It was a tough beat for Kirk. Early in the year everyone had predicted he couldn't be topped in "Champion." But, if he kept his chin up like a real Champ—his girl friend, Irene Wrightsman, wasn't so brave. She ducked her head and broke into tears.

When Olivia de Havilland's name was called as the best actress winner—she again proved that first, she is a woman in love—second, a two-time Oscar winner. Livvy, bless her heart, didn't run down the aisle as Brod had done. She first grabbed the hand of her husband, Marcus Goodrich, and bent down and whispered something in his ear before she went to receive her trophy from Jimmy Stewart.

Backstage, all was bedlam due mostly to the happy wailing of Cinderella girl, Mercedes McCambridge, who just couldn't stop crying with sheer joy. Clutching her Oscar to her breast, Mercedes kept saying, "I want my husband! I want my husband!" Well, she's just a bride, so you can understand her feelings.

George Murphy, who accepted the special award to Fred Astaire for what Fred has meant to musical pictures, was kinda wistful as I passed him. George was standing off to one side, rather out of the picture, or I should say pictures, hundreds of them being snapped of the winners.

"That Oscar looks good on you, George," I said to him.

"Honey," he replied, "holding the other fellow's is probably as close as I'll ever come to one!"

And now here are a few over-all impressions left over from Hollywood's great night:

Later, at Romanoff's where most of the winners came for supper, Olivia, who was my supper guest, and I posed for our pictures with California's handsome Governor Warren. Olivia told him, "Governor—now I know how it feels to run twice—and be elected twice.'

One of the surprises of the evening (although I don't know why)—the big, big reception Linda Darnell inspired from the sidewalk crowds both outside the theater and the cafe. Have we been underestimating the popularity of our brunette beauty?

I think Ginger Rogers stole the show among those who made the presentations. She was so gay and vivacious and genuinely happy making the special Oscar presentation to Fred Astaire via radio to New York.

And never, never ever have I seen so many lovely girls in one evening. Absolutely breathtaking was little Ann Blyth in her brilliant red dress. Ruth Roman was another stunner in floating white chiffon. Incidentally, have you ever noticed what a magnificent way Ruth has of walking? Like a dancer.

I got my first look at Miroslava, the Czech beauty from Mexico, in Hollywood for *The Brave Bulls.* She is a blonde, *très* glamorous, and one of the few women with hair long enough to pile on top of her head.

Paul Douglas proved that he can take his

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New finer Mum more effective longer!



NOW CONTAINS AMAZING NEW INGREDIENT M-3—THAT PROTECTS AGAINST ODOR-CAUSING BACTERIA

New Protection! Let the magic of new Mum protect you—*better, longer.* For today's Mum, with wonder-working M-3, safely protects against bacteria that *cause* underarm perspiration odor. Mum never merely "masks" odor—simply doesn't give it a chance to start.

New Creaminess! Mum is softer, creamier than ever. As gentle as a beauty cream. Smooths on easily, doesn't cake. And Mum is non-irritating to skin because it contains no harsh ingredients. Will not rot or discolor finest fabrics.

New Fragrance! Even Mum's new perfume is special—a delicate flower fragrance created for Mum alone. This delightful cream deodorant contains no water to dry out or decrease its efficiency. Economical—no shrinkage, no waste.

REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY
Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
IF NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN



Mum's protection grows and GROWS! Thanks to its new ingredient, M-3, Mum not only stops growth of odor-causing bacteria instantly—but keeps down *future* bacteria growth. You actually *build up* protection with regular, exclusive use of new Mum!

Now at your cosmetic counter!

New **MUM** *cream deodorant*

A PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS



Kirk Douglas, Oscar nominee for *Champio* was at the Awards with Irene Wrightsman, wl burst into tears when Brod Crawford wo

place with Bob Hope and George Jessel a top master of ceremonies.

It was all so much fun, it's a shame w have to wait another year for the Big Nig to roll around again.

Elizabeth Taylor's wedding gift from h father-in-law, Conrad Hilton, was a sizeab chunk of stock in the world's most famo hotel, the Waldorf Astoria!

Has there ever been a bride anytime, an where, to have so many wonderful drean come true? The dream of winning a prin for a husband may have been all right Cinderella's time. But the modern Americ girl had rather be beautiful Liz with a han some young prince of finance and family f a bridegroom, or I miss my guess.

I'm sure by now you must know all th details of the wedding by heart. But I a want to tell you this little pre-marriage sto about Liz which Jane Powell told me.

Jane, one of the bridesmaids, wanted have a shower for her girl friend.

"What kind of a shower do you want' she asked the happy bride-to-be.

"A kitchen shower," was Elizabeth's su prising reply.

"But Elizabeth!" gasped Janie, "what the world do you want with that kind of shower? You and Nicky are going to go Europe for a three-months honeymoon. Ar when you come back you'll probably live a hotel for a year until you find just the hom you and Nicky want."

"That's right," Liz nodded.

"Then why a *kitchen* shower?" Jane i sisted.

"Just because it is the sweetest and mo *married* kind of a shower there is," replie the girl who has everything.

The seven-months old son of Esther Willian and Ben Gage—I mean Benjy Gage—was private riot from the moment he landed Honolulu right through his entire visit.

First, Master Gage made his radio debut b grabbing a mike out of his mother's hand an giving with a big burp over the air wave

Then he was wading in the hotel pool, su ported by his famous Ma, and his special made (by the same firm that makes Esther bathing suits) bathing diapers fell off!

His next stunt was breaking a brand ne tooth on an old cocoanut he was chewin



…th Roman and Barbara Hale, co-starred in *…he Window,* awarded the Academy Oscars …r bests in art direction and set decoration.

But the climax came when he saw his first …la dancer—and started wiggling his der…ère in the most wolfish admiration!

* * *

Royalty visited Hollywood last month—and …ldom have I been more proud of our town …han I was at the beautiful dinner hosted by the …uis B. Mayers in honor of Prince Bernhard, …nsort of Queen Julianna of the Netherlands. …Exquisite charm and taste marked every…ing about the event given for a select 120 …ests in the Garden Room of the Beverly …ilshire Hotel. Tables set above the sunken …nce floor were decorated with the flags and …lors of both countries. And what magnificent …wers!

But it was the delightful guest of honor, …s hosts, his entourage and the Hollywood …eats who came to be presented which gave …e party its last word in elegance.

There was nothing stiff or formal. This may …ve disappointed some of the belles who, …ear, had been practicing to drop a curtesy …fore the Prince!

Just as everyone left the room where cock…ils had been served before the arrival of …e Prince and his party, the guests were …ietly told to "Please shake hands with the …nce" as they filed past the receiving line. …When the music started up for the first …nce, it looked like a scene from old Vienna …the women in their beautiful ball gowns …ayed to the waltz music.

Both Loretta Young and Joan Crawford …se exotic shades of green taffeta dresses—…n's having red roses caught up in the folds …the skirt.

But, first, let me say that there was no …elier lady present than Lorena Mayer, the …stess, wearing "night" blue chiffon and her …gnificent diamond necklace. She, of course, …nced the first number with the Prince, a …rming and most democratic young man …o was obviously enjoying every minute of … occasion.

…ater, I saw him dancing with Rosalind …ssell, who wore white chiffon and they …re laughing and talking with great anima…a.

Ginger Rogers wore an unusual hair-do … the occasion—her hair slicked back from … face and tied like a child's in the back

"Soaping" dulls hair— Halo glorifies it!





Not a soap, not a cream— Halo cannot leave dulling, dirt-catching soap film!

Gives fragrant "soft-water" lather —needs no special rinse!



Removes embarrassing dandruff from both hair and scalp!



Halo leaves hair soft, manageable— shining with colorful natural highlights!



Yes, "soaping" your hair with even finest liquid or oily cream shampoos leaves dulling, dirt-catching film. Halo, made with a new patented ingredient, contains no soap, no sticky oils. Thus Halo *glorifies* your hair the very first time you use it. Ask for Halo—*America's favorite shampoo*—at any drug or cosmetic counter!



Halo reveals the hidden beauty of your hair!

Everybody LOVES 'Our Very Own'



HEDDA HOPPER *says:*

"The kind of picture America has been screaming for"



OUR VERY OWN

A MOTION PICTURE FOR THE MILLIONS WITH THE *Samuel Goldwyn* TOUCH!



Sporting a new sophisticated hair-do, Joan Evans arrived at the Academy Awards with Carleton Carpenter—of *Lost Boundaries* fame.

with a black velvet ribbon. Ginger, of course, danced every dance with Greg Bautzer. (Incidentally, no matter what you hear, these two *can't* think of getting married until August. Her divorce from Jackie Briggs won't be final.)

Betty Hutton has a good time wherever she goes—royalty or no royalty—and she looked like a big, blonde doll in white chiffon and black lace, getting in a few Charleston steps whenever the music permitted.

Barbara Stanwyck looked downright regal with her short gray hair in a most dignified black gown and beautiful jewelry.

At midnight, Louis Mayer proposed a toast to Her Highness, Queen Julianna, and it was a sight to see everyone in the room rise to his feet and hold high a champagne glass in a toast to the popular Queen of The Netherlands.

* * *

Everybody is going down (or sneaking down) to Palm Springs these gorgeous weekends with Charlie Farrell's Racquet Club looking like a fan's idea of Paradise.

That place is just like being on a big house party. More darn fun.

Of course, Ginger Rogers and Greg Bautzer are usually on the tennis courts first thing in the morning. But these experts aren't the only interesting stars to watch on the courts.

One of the best players is Paul Lukas—a whiz in spite of his silvery locks. Ditto for Lex Barker who plays tennis with the same bounce he gives to Tarzan. Speaking of Lex, I think he has a terrific yen for Arlene Dahl—but that lady likes to play the field.

Dinah Shore is just learning the game—but she is getting plenty good. It's a funny picture to see Dinah and George playing a hot game of singles with their baby daughter, sitting in her nurse's lap, cheering them on loudly from the sidelines.

But it isn't all tennis by a long shot. Come the cocktail hour and the gals retire to get into their pretty cotton, linen or print formals before the evening's dinner dance.

Sue Carol and Alan Ladd brought all their children down for one weekend—and with the place so crowded, they had to move into one small bungalow. "It's like living in Grand Central Station," cracked Sue.

Jane Wyman, with her children, had the next bungalow so there were times when you

Mary's DULL



PERIODIC PAIN

Menstrual pain had Mary down but Midol brought quick comfort. Midol acts three ways to bring faster relief from menstrual distress. It relieves cramps, eases headache and chases "blues".

FREE 24-page book, "What Women Want to Know", explains menstruation. (Plain wrapper). Write Dep't. C-60, Box 280, New York 18, N. Y.

Mary's SHARP WITH MIDOL



At Drugstores have Midol



Dick Long was Ann Blyth's date on Academy Award night. Ann sang "My Foolish Heart"—one of the five songs nominated for an award.

couldn't see the stars for the kids!

Me? I'll always love this little desert town with its colorful stores and shops. I spent a year of my life there getting well.

Have you ever been completely deflated, laid low and embarrassed right out of your skin?

This pickle, all of it, happened to Jimmy Stewart and here's why:

Knowing how much his stepsons, Ronald, six, and Michael, four, love western movies, he talked Gloria into letting them come to the studio to see "Pappy—all dressed up in his cowboy outfit" for "Winchester 73."

Jimmy parked the youngsters on the set and then went off to get dressed, thinking he would knock them cold when he returned in boots and sombrero.

But, when he returned, strutting his stuff, he was amazed to see the kids didn't even lift an eyebrow.

Suddenly, Ronald leaned over to Mike and said, "He doesn't look much like Hopalong Cassidy to me!"

Yipes!

* * *

Never did two people have a more sudden fight than Bette Davis and William Grant Sherry at the MCA party given at the home of the Tom Mays.

One minute they were dancing lovey-dovey, and the next, you could hear Bette all over the place telling Sherry off in no uncertain terms. For a guy who is supposed to have a "terrific temper" (or so she claimed and he admitted when she sued for divorce before they reconciled), he didn't offer a peep in defense of himself.

Like the other surprised guests, Sherry just watched Bette as she stamped out of the place.

You've heard of million dollar casts—but you should have seen the million dollar audience that showed up (by invitation) to see the first pre-preview showing of Clifton Webb in *Cheaper By The Dozen*. It was held in the private theater on the 20th Century-Fox lot and, brother, did it bring out the biggies.

Imagine ALL this shining glamor in one projection room:

Clark Gable and his Sylvia, as suntanned as East Indians; Lauren Bacall and Humphrey Bogart—Baby in stunning lounging slacks;

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Westmores of Hollywood

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59¢* and 29¢*



'FOR MAUREEN O'HARA, I chose Westmore Cake Make-Up. It is soapless and non-drying. The glamorously smooth complexion it instantly creates can now be *yours*, too. No powder needed—just apply with sponge for a flawless soft, natural finish that stays until removed."

BUD WESTMORE, *Make-Up Director*
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"SMART GIRLS FOLLOW the lead of Hollywood's most dazzling stars—by always insisting on Westmore Lipstick! Special Hollywood star-tested creamy lipstick that *stays on* creating a lasting illusion of radiance and beauty. It's a make-up *must!*"

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Hollywood's Beauty Secrets for Your Very Own



THE COSMETIC SECRETS of Hollywood's most glamorous stars are now *yours*... in famous Westmore Cosmetics. Westmore... and *only* Westmore... are the *certified* cosmetics of the stars, the same make-up they use on the screen. Why be satisfied with less? On sale at variety, chain and drug store cosmetic counters.

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Certified Cosmetics of the Stars For You

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LIPSTICK	CREAM MAKE-UP	TRU-GLO POWDER	NIGHT CREAM
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CREAM ROUGE	CAKE POWDER MAKE-UP	EYE SHADOW	EYEBROW PENCIL
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Awake or asleep–FILM is gluing acid to your teeth!



Pepsodent removes FILM–helps stop tooth decay!

Tooth decay is formed by acid that film holds against your teeth—acid formed by the action of mouth bacteria on many foods you eat. When you use Pepsodent Tooth Paste right after eating, it helps keep acid from forming. What's more, Pepsodent removes dulling stains and "bad breath" germs that collect in film.

FILM NEVER LETS UP! It's forming night and day on everyone's teeth. Don't neglect it. Always brush with film-removing Pepsodent right after eating and before retiring. No other tooth paste can duplicate Pepsodent's film-removing formula. No other tooth paste contains Irium* or Pepsodent's gentle polishing agent.

Don't let decay start in your mouth! Use Pepsodent every day—see your dentist twice a year.

YOU'LL HAVE BRIGHTER TEETH AND CLEANER BREATH when you fight tooth decay with film-removing Pepsodent!



ANOTHER FINE PRODUCT OF LEVER BROTHERS COMPANY

*Irium is Pepsodent's Registered Trade-Mark for Purified Alkyl Sulfate.



Back from New York, Farley Granger's datinc Shelley Winters again. (Farley's photo is nov on the Kellogg Co.'s variety cereal package.)

Olivia de Havilland clinging to the arm o her man, Marcus Goodrich; the Ronald Col mans with the Charles Boyers; Dana Andrews favoring one foot because of a nicked ankl bone; Anne Baxter and John Hodiak sitting i front of Rosalind Russell and Freddie Brisson Whew!

"If I were a modest man," said Clifton addressing the whole group before his hila rious new comedy started, "I would probabl be nervous. But modesty has never been on of my besetting virtues. If you do not lik the picture you are about to see—don't tel me."

You can't help loving that Clifton. As th picture unrolled, you could hear him chortlin at every funny scene, aided and abetted b the delighted laughter of his mother, Mabelle

It was amusing to see how many of th stars stopped by a popular drive-in on th way home and ate hamburgers and hot dog in their cars, even as you and I do after a evening spent at a good movie.

I saw Ronnie Colman going for his secon hamburger with pickles and onions!

Betty Hutton never plays the field. Sh likes just one beau at a time. And the luck fellow she has settled on for most of her date is good looking, agreeable Bob Sterling wh was once married to Ann Sothern.

Where Ted Briskin always used to slov Betty down and was always shaking hi head at her for one reason or another, Bo is just the opposite. The most avid Hutto fan couldn't admire Betty—and show it mor than Bob.

If she gets up to dance or sing, he ask everyone, "Isn't she wonderful? She's th cutest, prettiest gal in town—and she's m girl!"

What girl wouldn't respond to such hear warming admiration?

In honor of Bob, Betty has junked most c the conservative black suits and dresses Te insisted that she wear—and she's blossome out with the smartest wardrobe in town.

One of her most stunning dresses is a stra less navy-blue taffeta cocktail gown wor under a transparent blue lace coat and whe she wears it, everybody agrees with Bob- she's the cutest girl in town.

I won't be the one to predict that thi romance will end in marriage. I think Bett will be a long time a'marryin' again.



Ricardo Montalban, who is one of the many unselfish movie actors helping young victims of cerebral palsy, chats with Carol Ann Moore.

But she and Bob are certainly finding a lot of fun and happiness and gaiety together.

* * *

By the time this is in MODERN SCREEN, Rita Hayworth will have met with Jules Stein, who went to Europe especially to see her, and will have made her plans for her next picture.

Prince Aly's serious ski accident has somewhat changed things for Princess Rita, who had planned to come home in May. Aly won't be able to travel for sometime, and she won't leave him until he's completely well.

When she does, the hottest story, as I write this, is still Rita's own glamorous biography. Where in all the world could you find fiction more exciting and more dramatic?

If she succeeds in getting out of the percentage deal she had with Columbia, and dissolving her company, Beckworth Productions, she will make her next picture for Columbia. If she doesn't, it may go to court.

* * *

I gotta hunch Farley Granger is more in love with Shelley Winters than he is willing to admit even to himself. At least, he certainly wants to believe what the gal tells him.

I have every reason to believe that Shelley was having quite a romance with Gene Beardon, the baseball player, when she was in Tucson on location for *Winchester 73*.

It was certainly hot enough for a studio executive to fly up there and try to stop the romance before they got marriage-minded. He reminded Shelley that she was a more potent attraction at the box office as a single girl.

But on her return to Hollywood, Farley Granger told a reporter:

"Poor kid. Her studio is always bawling her out about something she does that they say is silly. And then they deliberately plant a phoney romance between her and that baseball fellow!"

* * *

The letter box this month put Farley Granger back on top of the heap getting his name mentioned most in my mail. And the gals don't want Farley to marry anyone—for a spell anyway.

Ava Gardner should read what they're writing about her—or perhaps she shouldn't if she wants to stay happy!

Janet Leigh is coming up in interest. You like her nice, "natural" type of beauty.

Well, that's all for this month. Be seeing you.



Diane and Barbara Stirling of Los Angeles, California. Says the Toni Twin, "My first Toni was the most beautiful wave I'd ever had . . . my hair never looked so lovely or felt so wonderfully soft." Which is the Toni Twin? See answer below.

Hair styles in this picture by Don Rito, famous Hollywood hair stylist

Toni looks as lovely as a $20 permanent —feels as soft as naturally curly hair*

When you choose Toni—for only one dollar you are getting the very finest permanent there is. A wave that's caressably soft like naturally curly hair . . . and guaranteed to look just as lovely—last just as long as a permanent costing $20. (*Including shampoo and set).



What is Toni's secret? It's the lotion. Toni waving lotion is an exclusive creme formula—especially created to give you a wave that's free of harsh frizziness—a wave that *feels* and *behaves* like naturally curly hair. But remember, only Toni has this superb waving lotion.

Wonderful results—again and again! What better proof of Toni quality! Only Toni has given over 67 million lovely, long-lasting permanents. Some women have used Toni ten times or more and say their waves are always soft, natural-looking, easy to manage. Letters of praise come from women with every type of hair—even gray, bleached and baby-fine hair. So whether you are buying your first Toni or your tenth, you can be sure of getting a wave that has that $20 look. Barbara, the twin on the right, has the Toni.

P. S. For a lovelier you—get Toni Creme Shampoo and Toni Creme Rinse, too.



Glamorous Cathleen Treacy, one of Chicago's loveliest models, says: "Every fashion model agrees that the best permanent is a wave that's soft and natural-looking. That is why so many of us use Toni Home Permanent."

NEW!

TONI MIDGET *SPIN* CURLERS



For perfect neckline curls far easier—far faster!

Wonderful for new, short hair styles. Winds short, wispy ends closer to the head for longer-lasting curls.

SPECIAL! Toni Refill Kit with 6 Midget SPIN Curlers and Toni Creme Shampoo. $1.50 value only **$1.33**

Picture of the Month



Reformer Dick Powell runs for mayor with the support of corrupt political boss. Redhead June Allyson hates corruption, loves Powell, reforms him.

MOVIE REVIEWS

by Christopher Kane



THE REFORMER AND THE REDHEAD

Cast: June Allyson, Dick Powell, Cecil Kellaway, David Wayne.
MGM

■ June Allyson's father (Cecil Kellaway), who runs a zoo better than anybody, has been removed from his post by political maneuvering, and June's on the warpath. Along comes Dick Powell, embryo politician, supposed reformer. June thinks he's going to clean up the town, doesn't know he's really getting support from the corrupt town officials. So then a lion escapes. And David Wayne is Dick's campaign manager, and David and Dick have a secretary (his name is Marvin Kaplan) who's hilarious, and June and Dick fall in love, and Dick gives up his corrupt supporters and turns hero. After that, he captures the escaped lion. Very satisfying. Of course there are really *two* lions, and Dick thinks he is capturing the pussy-cat type, and really he is capturing the man-eating type, but you know MGM isn't going to let anything happen to Dick Powell. It would make June Allyson too mad.



Wabash Avenue: Betty Grable hates (but really loves) Victor Mature in this gay musical.

BACKFIRE

Cast: Dane Clark, Virginia Mayo, Gordon MacRae, Edmond O'Brien.
Warners

Gordon MacRae is in a veterans' hospital, being nursed by Virginia Mayo. This he likes. But his buddy, Edmond O'Brien, with whom he's planning to buy a ranch, has disappeared, and this he doesn't like. One night a beautiful lady (Viveca Lindfors) comes sneaking into his room and tells him Edmond's got a busted back and wants to die. Then she disappears. The hospital people tell Gordon he was dreaming, but he remembers the mink coat the lady was wearing, and once he's discharged, he goes rushing off to track down the lady and Edmond. He rushes right into the arms of police, who claim Edmond murdered a big-time gambler, and ran away. Gordon knows Edmond's no murderer, so he continues his investigation. Eventually he finds the gal in the mink coat. She belongs to a big-shot gambler (not the murdered gambler, but another one). Edmond's been working for this bigshot, too. But love has blossomed between Edmond and mink coat, and big-shot gambler has crushed Edmond in his car, and given him that busted back. All these fragments of information turn up much later, along with a couple more murders, but I don't want to make things too complicated. I'll simply say I guessed the murderer right in the beginning. I take no credit. Any simp could have done the same.

WABASH AVENUE

Cast: Betty Grable, Victor Mature, Phil Harris, Reginald Gardiner
20th Century-Fox

Betty Grable in Technicolor as a gay nineties chorine, with saloon impressarios Phil Harris and Victor Mature fighting over her. Mature and Harris are always cheating one another at cards, pinning murder raps on one another, blackmailing one another. It's a playful relationship. Betty likes Phil, hates Vic, so naturally she ends up with Vic. (He teaches her to sing more slowly, and rips all the feathers off her costume.) Harris watches the denouement with tears in his eyes. "What does she want with a mug like him when she could have had a mug like me?" he wails. What else do you want to know? Betty's legs are still around, the music is tuneful, if not inspired, there are scenes of the Chicago World's Fair, and you could probably have written the script yourself.



NEW **SPRAY-ON** DEODORANT

JUST SPRAY IT ON! It's the fast, easy, modern way to end perspiration troubles!

ETIQUET SPRAY-ON is made by the exclusive Etiquet safe-and-sure formula! Really ends perspiration odor, checks perspiration moisture! Does not irritate normal skin, does not damage clothing.

AMAZINGLY ECONOMICAL! Many months' supply in a smart, unbreakable blue plastic bottle, at a surprisingly low price. Only 49¢, plus tax.

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

Fluffy-light Etiquet deodorant cream

If you prefer a cream deodorant, you'll love Etiquet "in the jar." Gives long-lasting protection. Goes on easily, disappears in a jiffy. No gritty particles, won't dry out in jar, won't harm fabrics. 10¢ to 59¢, plus tax. Also in handy tube.



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ANSWER: *still wandering*

OF COURSE he is wandering . . . and he won't be back. The romance was over scarcely before it had begun. And she'll never guess why*.

How is Your Breath Today?

Your other charms count for little when you're guilty of halitosis (unpleasant breath)*.

Why run this risk? Why take your breath for granted—*ever?* Or trust to makeshifts only momentarily effective?

Instead, call on Listerine Antiseptic, an *extra-careful* precaution against off-color breath. Never, never omit it before any date where you want to be at your best.

Freshens Breath Instantly

You see, Listerine Antiseptic instantly sweetens the breath. Helps keep it that way, too . . . not for seconds . . . not for minutes . . . but for hours usually.

While some cases of halitosis are of systemic origin, most cases, say some authorities, are due to the bacterial fermentation of tiny food particles clinging to mouth surfaces. Listerine Antiseptic quickly halts such fermentation, then overcomes the odors fermentation causes. Lambert Pharmacal Co., *St. Louis, Missouri.*

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC

the extra-careful precaution against Bad Breath



No Man of Her Own: Unwed mother Barbara Stanwyck skillfully deceives kindly Jane Cowl.

OUR VERY OWN

Cast: Ann Blyth, Farley Granger, Joan Evans, Jane Wyatt
Goldwyn

Samuel (*Best Years*) Goldwyn, who likes to examine American family life as it's lived by the great middle class, presents a picture guaranteed to offend nobody. It's formula entertainment—a laugh here, a tear there, a happy ending—and you can certainly take the children. Ann Blyth is the oldest daughter in the Macauley family. Joan Evans comes next, and Natalie Wood is the baby. Ann's adopted, but she doesn't know it. On Ann's 18th birthday, Joan accidentally finds out the secret, and it's too good to keep to herself. During an argument with Ann about Ann's boyfriend (Farley Granger), Joan tells all. Now Ann starts acting adolescent. She's in a state of shock. She forgets how wonderful her parents have been to her all these years; she insists on being allowed to go see her real mother. Real mother (Ann Dvorak) is a beery young woman from the wrong side of the tracks, and seeing her does Ann no good whatever. Still, she shuns her lovely home and parents. Then her best friend, neglected daughter of a millionaire, starts talking about how nice it would be to have relatives at the high-school graduation (both girls are graduating any minute), and Ann realizes she's been silly. Her whole family will be there to hear *her* commencement address. That commencement address is supposed to be about the benefits of American citizenship, but it winds up as a eulogy of home and parents, and all the parents love it. Long-suffering mother and father Macauley are beautifully played by Jane Wyatt and Donald Cook. It's a pleasant 93 minutes.

NO MAN OF HER OWN

Cast: Barbara Stanwyck, John Lund, Jane Cowl, Phyllis Thaxter
Paramount

Barbara Stanwyck is about to have an illegitimate child by a very unpleasant soul (Lyle Bettger) who simply doesn't care. On a train, Barbara meets a young couple (the girl is also pregnant), discovers that the couple's going home to the husband's people. Girl's never met husband's people. There's a train wreck. Young couple kaput. Barbara takes the girl's place (for the sake of her baby) and goes off to meet new "in-laws"



Please Believe Me: Mark Stevens and Peter Lawford fight for Deborah Kerr's affections.

(Jane Cowl and Henry O'Neill) who couldn't be nicer. Also dead young man's brother, John Lund. Barbara and John fall in love. But can she be happy living a lie? Nope. Especially since Lyle Bettger turns up in a blackmailing frame of mind, and tries to soak the rich, namely Barbara's benefactors. Now poor Jane Cowl has heart trouble, and when she hears Barbara sneaking off in the middle of the night, after having first loaded a gun, Jane up and dies from the excitement. She's followed in death by her faithful husband, not too many months later. Oh, I forgot to say. The night Barbara sneaked off with the gun, she killed Lyle Bettger. At least, she thought she did. Eventually it turns out somebody else did, so she and John can face the future together with free minds and easy consciences. The only thing they did wrong was to hasten those sweet old parents into early graves, and that's no crime as Paramount sees it. Jane Cowl's nice to watch, and, in fact, the acting's all very good. The story could be a whole lot better but you don't have to take it too seriously.

PLEASE BELIEVE ME

Cast: Deborah Kerr, Robert Walker, Mark Stevens, Peter Lawford
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

Cute comedy concerning British Deborah Kerr, who's been left hundreds of acres in middle-western United States by an ancient cowboy. On the boat to the U.S. to claim her legacy, Deborah meets richest boy in the world, (Peter Lawford), richest boy's lawyer (Mark Stevens) and fortune hunter Robert Walker. Stevens is along to protect Lawford from predatory women who are always taking him—Lawford—to the cleaners. He's still pretty filthy (rich, that is) and enjoying it. If a lovely lady wants to make him happy for a hundred thousand dollars or so, he's got it to spare. Well, all three boys—Stevens, Lawford, Walker—fall in love with Deborah, who herself falls in love with Stevens. Stevens loves her against his will, thinks she's after his client's money. Doesn't know she's an heiress herself. Some weeks and a mink coat later, Deborah discovers her western territory is wasteland, she's thousands in debt, she's no heiress, a gangster named dirty louie or big eddie or something (J. Carrol Naish) is out to kill Robert Walker (who borrowed money from him in order to romance Deborah). All very involved, but delightfully entertaining.



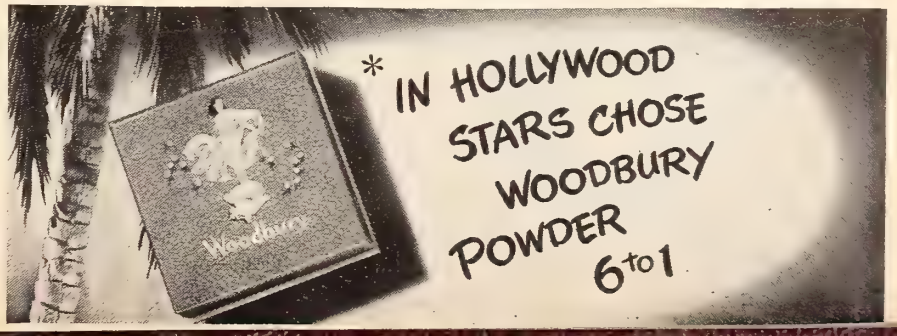
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So this is the Cocoanut Grove where Hollywood stars gather every night! Wonderful to be here, isn't it? *And there's June Allyson!* As we pass her table let's sneak a look. She won't care. She knows that admiring glances measure a star's success. And she knows that the Woodbury Powder she wears (in flattering Natural) plays a big part in her loveliness!



there's June Allyson ...

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The Daughter of Rosie O'Grady: June Haver and Gordon MacRae sing, dance, and romance.

THE DAUGHTER OF ROSIE O'GRADY

Cast: June Haver, Gordon MacRae, James Barton
Warners

James Barton is against the theater. He thinks the hard theatrical life is what killed his wife, Rosie O'Grady, and left him with three daughters to bring up. They're not even good daughters. One of 'em (Marsha Jones) is secretly married to a cop (Sean McClory), and the middle one (June Haver) is tagging around with singer Tony Pastor (Gordon MacRae), though she's endeavoring to pass him off as a college boy. That June. Just loves to sing and dance. When Pa gets so rabid she can't bear it, she leaves home, joins Pastor's show, becomes a real hot star. In the end, the old goat is proud of the kid, but by that time the daughter who married the cop has had twins, June and Pastor have become affianced, and everybody is singing a song about the daughter of Rosie O'Grady in the most unlikely manner imaginable. I think one member of the cast, is a find though. He's Gene Nelson—a dancer with lots of charm and talent.

NO SAD SONGS FOR ME

Cast: Margaret Sullavan, Wendell Corey, Viveca Lindfors, Natalie Wood.
Columbia

It's lovely to have Margaret Sullavan back in the movies—but not in this particular movie. She's so noble it hurts you and her both. Maggie, married to Wendell Corey, and mother of little Natalie Wood, thinks she's pregnant. Nope, says the doctor. That's no baby. It's a cancer. Can't do anything for you. You'll die in 10 months. Well, Maggie doesn't want to tell the family, but pretty soon her husband shows signs of falling in love with his draftsman (draftswoman?) Viveca Lindfors, and that's almost too much to bear. Wendell admits he loves Maggie more, though, and she, grateful for small favors, starts planning his life, after her death. Viveca's not such a bad sort, really, Maggie figures. Bit of a homewrecker, but nice with children, plays the piano, has good table manners. She'd be an ideal second wife for Wendell. Maggie doesn't want him marrying some burlesque queen. (Picture makes the point that widowed men often choose unsuitable mates, in their grief and confusion.) That's the general idea. The acting's good, but the story's hard to swallow, and furthermore, it's pretty grueling to spend 90 minutes watching a lovely, sensitive woman prepare to meet her Maker.



The Skipper Surprises His Wife: Joan Leslie breaks leg, Bob Walker takes over household.

THE SKIPPER SURPRISES HIS WIFE

Cast: Robert Walker, Joan Leslie, Edward Arnold, Spring Byington
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

Sailors seem to be crazy about the sea. Hula girls throwing wreaths of flowers, coffee slopped into your lap with every pitching wave, cold stars from a scrubbed deck at midnight. . . . Robert Walker's a navy commander, and loves it. Longest time he ever spent with his wife (Joan Leslie) and kiddies was seven months. Wife wants him to quit the navy, take a job running fishing boats. Walker's home, unhappily toying with this idea (and going to navy school for a special course) when Joan breaks her leg. This leaves the housework to Robert. He puts the place on a navy schedule, turns the kids into a crew, gets everything working efficiently, but nearly wrecks his marriage. The kids are disciplined so thoroughly, one of them starts sucking his thumb in a retreat to babyhood when life was easy, and Joan finally walks—or rather, limps—out on her systematic spouse. Happy ending to all troubles, though.

I WAS A SHOPLIFTER

Cast: Scott Brady, Mona Freeman, Andrea King, Anthony Curtis
United Artists

Beautiful debutante kleptomaniac Mona Freeman falls into the hands of a bunch of crooks. (Professional crooks, not amateurs, like her.) Boss crook is Ina Perdue (Andrea King), so shrewd, so worldly. Assistants include Pepe (Anthony Curtis), a greasy little jerk who pulls a knife if you look at him, and The Champ (Greg Martell), who talks the way Hollywood likes to imagine illiterates talking—i.e., "You shouldn't ought to have done that." Then there's Scott Brady. Unknown quantity. Really a copper, but pretends to be a dip (that's trade lingo with us crooks) so he can save little Mona and put the rest of the bunch behind bars. Once when Mona's on a job, Scott nearly loses her forever, because Pepe tries to make love to her, and this so revolts the poor girl she runs blubbering into the Pacific Ocean, to die. Scott fishes her out, winds up the case, and takes Mona on a honeymoon. The dialogue's entirely predictable, even to the lines of the detective who gets shot by a villain. "You hurt?" Scott asks this detective. "Nah," detective says. "It's only my shoulder." *I Was*

TAPE IT EASY.... by J. Curtis



"My gun jammed on me, but luckily I had my 'Scotch' Brand Cellophane Tape handy."

How to cut household expenses

WITH EXTRA ROLLS OF THIS THRIFTY TAPE



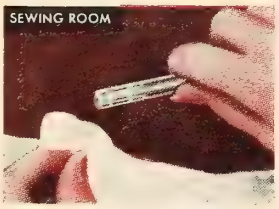
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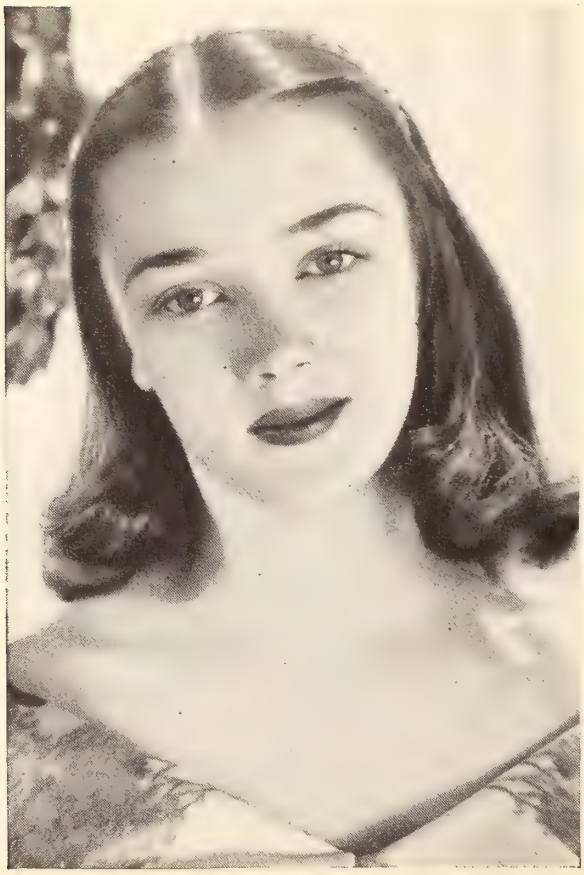


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daughter of the Count and Countess André de Saint-Phalle, says—"After smoothing on a base of Pond's Vanishing Cream, I just never know it's there—except for the wonderful way it holds powder—for hours! I use it all the time to *protect* my skin, too."



Champagne For Caesar: Intellectual giant Ronald Colman gets rich on radio quiz shows.

A Shoplifter won't hurt you much, either. Only your head. One thing, though: That Brady's a real find. He kind of kids his part along, and he's got charm to spare.

CHAMPAGNE FOR CAESAR

Cast: Ronald Colman, Celeste Holm, Vincent Price, Barbara Britton
United Artists

Caesar is a parrot with a taste for hard liquor and dirty words. He lives with a scholarly gentleman (Ronald Colman) and the gentleman's sister (Barbara Britton), a piano teacher. Ronald and Barbara are poor but proud, and Ronald's chief detestation is quiz shows. He thinks they're the forerunner of intellectual destruction in America. In a wild effort to prove his point, he goes on a quiz show, wins a pot, refuses to take it. Says he'll come back next week and continue to run up his winnings. (For every correct answer, the pot's doubled.) Everybody in the country is fascinated, and Ronnie's won 20 million dollars before the program's horrified sponsor (Vincent Price) can collect his wits. Vincent sics a Delilah-type woman (Celeste Holm) on Ronnie to find out his weak spots, but Ronnie fools her, even as he falls for her. There's more, all very funny, authentic satire. Radio's Art Linkletter, playing an emcee, lampoons his own type of emceeing, George Fisher is fine as himself, Vincent Price was never allowed to mug so freely, and Beauregard Bottomley (that's Ronnie) is a man to make even Lynn Belvedere look at last to his laurels.

THE TATTOOED STRANGER

Cast: John Miles, Patricia White, Walter Kinsella, Frank Tweddell.
RKO

This one's only about an hour long, and it can be classified as somewhere between a documentary and a murder mystery. If you're scientific-minded, you get to learn about modern police methods (laboratory tests, etc.). If you're blood-thirsty, you see a killer brought to a nasty end. Police Lieutenant Corrigan (Walter Kinsella) has a murder to solve. Lady corpse with tattoo is brought to the morgue, only to have some old bum sneak in and try to carve the tattoo off her. Deduction: Bum was hired by killer to eliminate identifying evidence. Corrigan is assigned a young



The Big Hangover: Law student Van Johnson meets lawyer's daughter Liz Taylor—it's love.

detective as helper. Young detective's a college man, likes test tube deduction. Corrigan expects to hate him. But y.d. (John Miles) is a nice boy, the two men get on fine, the case is solved with the aid of a botanist (Patricia White). If you'll pardon my saying so, I think some of the sound was dubbed in. The mouths didn't always move with the words. Anyhow, Kinsella has a nice dry way of playing a cop, and RKO's young hopefuls, John Miles and Patricia White, do very well.

THE BIG HANGOVER

Cast: Van Johnson, Elizabeth Taylor, Percy Waram, Fay Holden
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

Van Johnson, home from the war, is top man in law school, has an offer of a job (after graduation) from a big bunch of corporation lawyers, has the top corporation lawyer's beautiful daughter (Elizabeth Taylor) in love with him. No problems? Hah! Has he got problems. One teaspoon of hard liquor, and he breaks into rollicking song, winks at old ladies, and hears his dog making speeches. It's a form of shell shock. He was trapped in France in a cellar floating with hundred-year-old brandy, right up to his nose. Before troops fished him out, he nearly drowned. Now the mere mention of alcohol affects his nervous system, so he's kind of a jumpy boy. Furthermore, he has problems concerning ethics. Should he be a rich corporation lawyer, or should he be an Abe Lincoln type, go to work for the city, act as the agent of the people? Lots of laughs, and a few speeches about laws being the only things that set man apart from the beasts. Rather nice speeches, too. Worth thinking about. *The Big Hangover's* cast is large, and uniformly excellent.

UNDER MY SKIN

Cast: John Garfield, Micheline Prelle, Luther Adler, Orley Lindgren
20th Century-Fox

An Ernest Hemingway short story becomes a very entertaining motion picture. John Garfield's an American in exile. He's a crooked jockey. Likes money. But his motherless little boy (Orley Lindgren) thinks John's Superman, Daniel Boone and the Marquis of Queensbury, rolled into one. Kid doesn't understand why he and the old man chase all over Europe, one jump ahead of the authorities. Thinks it's just for the fresh air. Pop gets mixed up with a master thug

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Under My Skin: John Garfield, American in exile, is in flight with his son Orley Lindgren.

(Luther Adler) in Italy, makes tracks for Paris, where he meets Micheline Prelle, who asks him to keep going. "If there's a no good louse in the neighborhood, I always end up with him," she says. That means she loves him. Anyhow, John finally rides a straight race, just to prove himself to his little boy, only to have a riderless horse bump into him and throw and kill him. If the riderless horse hadn't killed him, Luther Adler was waiting in the grandstand, so it's six of one, half a dozen, etc. Picture moves right along, but the hollering should be reserved for Micheline Prelle, the French import. She's beautiful, a fine actress, and one of the most exciting personalities in years. Guess I'll have to join a fan club.

ONE WAY STREET

Cast: James Mason, Marta Toren, Dan Duryea, William Conrad
Universal-International

This is a "moving finger writes" drama, and before it's over, you'll discover there's no use messing with fate. Dan Duryea's gang swipes $200,000 in a bank robbery, only to have the "Doc" (James Mason), a disillusioned hanger-on make off with the money and Duryea's girl (Marta Toren). Duryea resents this performance, and makes plans to get even. Mason and Toren get to Mexico, where their plane is forced down by pump trouble, and they have to stay in a primitive village. Marta's happy, but James keeps talking about Mexico City, and having a ball till his "number comes up." However, under the tutoring of a local priest (Basil Ruysdael), James learns to love the children of the village, does some doctoring, becomes a rehabilitated character, decides to go back to the States, face Duryea, return his dirty money, and start life afresh. So he goes back to the states, a few more people in the bosom of Duryea's gang get murdered (including Duryea), and then Mason's run over by an automobile. Life's funny, ain't it? Come through all that gang war without a scratch, and then suddenly, pfft. The actors are all very nice—Dan gets to run his gamut, slapping, shooting, even dying lengthily, and Mason even looks good in those floppy Mexican hats.

If you like thrillers here's one'll keep you happy.



One Way Street: Mexican scenery for James Mason, a disillusioned gangster turned good.

THE ASTONISHED HEART

Cast: Noel Coward, Celia Johnson, Margaret Leighton
Universal-International

A new Noel Coward production written by, and starring, Noel Coward. *The Astonished Heart* is no *Brief Encounter;* it's neither so simple, so unaffected, nor such a work of art. But it is smooth, moving, and marvelous to watch. Tells of a psychiatrist (Coward), happily married for years (wife is Celia Johnson) who falls in love with another woman (Margaret Leighton). He knows all about the workings of the human brain, and he thinks he can control this new passion, keep it in its place. What starts out to be a rather gay, romantic affair develops into deep tragedy for all three principals, and ends with the psychiatrist's suicide. Even if the story doesn't seem quite real to you, the performances are great.

COMANCHE TERRITORY

Cast: Maureen O'Hara, Macdonald Carey, Will Geer, Charles Drake
Universal-International

Nowadays, in a cowboys-and-indians picture, the Indians are the heroes. It's a new, and I guess refreshing, trend. Here, a white-skinned stinker named Stacey (Charles Drake) is trying to keep the government of the U.S. from renewing a treaty with the Comanche Indians. If the treaty's not renewed, then silver-mad settlers (like him) will feel free to move in and start plowing up Comanche territory because there won't be any law which says they can't, and whammo, you'll have an Indian war. Stacey manages to steal the treaty from the government messenger who's enroute to the Comanches with it, but the messenger, a chatty old man named Seeger (Will Geer) meets up with Jim Bowie (Macdonald Carey), he who invented the bowie knife, and Jim's on the side of right and the Indians. Maureen O'Hara, stinker Stacey's sister sees the light, and joins Jim and Seeger, and you have these three noble whites, plus a handful of Comanches, against all the greedy maniacs who want to dig for silver. It's a short war but a merry one, and you'd be surprised what can be done with a couple of bowie knives.

THE CAPTURE

Cast: Lew Ayres, Teresa Wright, Victor Jory, Jacqueline White
RKO

This one is too complicated to synopsize. A man (Lew Ayres) kills another man who's supposedly guilty of a train robbery, only



The Capture: Lew Ayres falls for widow Teresa Wright. Only trouble: he killed her husband.

then Lew falls in love with the other man's widow (Teresa Wright), marries her, and develops a conscience he can't live with. Maybe his wife's former husband was innocent. Maybe the big shot Barry Kelley who reported the robbery is himself the thief. Before you can say eh? how's that? Lew's gone off and murdered old Barry (quite by accident) and then he develops a psychic block about raising one arm, and he almost gets himself air-conditioned by the bullets of the local police. Whole thing takes place in



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Set top hair in two rows, turning first row toward face, next row away from face. (Work with even strands.) Pin two vertical rows at left temple, the first row toward face, second away. Make circlets across the back to right ear, in two clockwise rows. Do right temple like left. To comb out—brush hair up briskly, then down into a soft halo.



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Mexico, and there's stuff about oil fields, and ranches, and posses, but mostly it seems to be an action picture where they forgot about the action.

THE EAGLE AND THE HAWK

Cast: John Payne, Dennis O'Keefe, Rhonda Fleming.
Paramount

It seems that during the Civil War the French were planning not only to overthrow Juarez in Mexico, and establish Maximilian there as Emperor, but also to march an army into Texas and annex that state. Texas, being so busy fighting the North, would hardly notice until it was too late. Which is why we find a Yankee spy (Dennis O'Keefe) and a Suth'n gentleman (John Payne) riding off to Mexico together, to foil this dastardly plot. The situation they find in Mexico is so confused I doubt if I can explain it. There's a simple old slob of a general (Thomas Gomez) who thinks he's collecting an army for Juarez, because a rat named Danzeeger (Fred Clark) tells him so. The truth is that Danzeeger's an agent of the French, and the money he gives the general for his soldiers is French money, and the guns they'll march on Texas with are French guns, etc. There are more complications. Danzeeger's wife, Rhonda Fleming, goes for John Payne, who likes her too. Next time you see John Payne, he's being spread-eagled between two wild horses, a position which is very hard on a man. Everything's in Technicolor, even the blood, and, crazy as it may sound, it adds up to good entertainment.

EASY MONEY!

Start singin' Happy Days Are Here Again, because here we go with a brand new idea—how to get rich quick! Well, okay, so it's not so new, and maybe you really won't get quite as rich as a movie star—but we have to admit that this is one way to make pin money. Here's how! Fill out the questionnaire below, following the directions and answering the questions with care. Then clip it from the magazine and mail it back to us—post haste. The first 100 people to do this will receive, absolutely free, a crisp new green-back (in other words, a dollar bill)! That means we're literally giving away $100—so get going—quick!

QUESTIONNAIRE

Which stories did you enjoy most in our June issue? WRITE THE NUMBERS 1, 2 and 3 AT THE RIGHT of your 1st, 2nd and 3rd choices.

What Future for Pia? (Ingrid Bergman) ☐
My War with Betty (Betty Hutton) ☐
Love Walked In (Clark Gable) ☐
My Dear Husband (William Holden) ☐
The House with The Shamrock Gate (Ann Blyth) ☐
My Faith (Ronald Reagan) ☐
Elizabeth, The Bride (Elizabeth Taylor) by Hedda Hopper ☐
Elizabeth Taylor's Trousseau ☐
"I Couldn't Say No" (Elizabeth Taylor) ☐
From This Day Forward (Elizabeth Taylor) ☐
The First Year (Jane Powell, Elizabeth Taylor) ☐
She Didn't Say Yes (Peter Lawford) ☐
Wonderful Madman (Mario Lanza) ☐
Bringing Up Susan (Shirley Temple) ☐
Hollywood Pictorial (Betty Hutton, Piper Laurie, etc.) ☐
Joan Crawford's Other Life ☐
The Husbands of Janet Leigh ☐
Christopher Kane's Movie Reviews ☐
Modern Screen Fashions ☐
Louella Parsons' Good News ☐
The Inside Story ☐

Which of the above did you like LEAST?.....

What 3 MALE stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them, 1, 2, 3, in order of preference.....

What 3 FEMALE stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them, 1, 2, 3, in order of preference.....

What MALE star do you like least?.....

What FEMALE star do you like least?.....

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FROM THE MOVIES

ADAM'S RIB—*Farewell, Amanda* by Ralph Flanagan* (Victor), Guy Lombardo (Decca).

MY FOOLISH HEART—Title song by Mindy Carson (Victor), Billy Eckstine* (MGM), Hugo Winterhalter* (Columbia), Gordon Jenkins (Decca), Richard Hayes (Mercury).

RIDING HIGH—*Sunshine Cake* by Tex Beneke (Victor), Frank Sinatra (Columbia), Bing Crosby* (Decca), Peggy Lee* (Capitol), Robert Lenn (MGM), Ann Vincent (Mercury). *Sure Thing* by Fran Warren* (Victor), Billy Eckstine (MGM), Frank Sinatra (Columbia), Bing Crosby* (Decca), Margaret Whiting (Capitol), Kay Armen (London). *The Horse Told Me* by King Cole (Capitol), Bing Crosby (Decca), Dennis Day (Victor).

THE THIRD MAN—*The Third Man Theme* and *Cafe Mozart Waltz* by Guy Lombardo (Decca), Owen Bradley (Coral), Cafe Vienna Quartet (Columbia), Anton Karas* (London), Dave Apollon (National), Ethel Smith (Decca).
Since our previous mention last month of this theme, this opus has caused a musical revolution. Originally known as *The Harry Lime Theme* (that's Orson Welles' character in the picture), it's coupled on all these versions with *The Cafe Mozart Waltz,* which is an integral part of the same fabulously successful all-zither background. But, of course, Karas' version, which is taken from the original movie sound track, is the one you'll want. Most of the other versions feature either zithers dug up urgently from out of nowhere, or various vocal and instrumental noises trying to sound like zithers.

WABASH AVENUE—*Wilhelmina* by Jan Garber (Capitol), Art Lund* (MGM), Kay Kyser (Columbia), Curt Massey (London), Freddy Martin (Victor). *Baby Won't You Say You Love Me* by King Cole* (Capitol), Ella Fitzgerald* (Decca), Billy Eckstine (MGM), Herb Jeffries (Columbia), Curt Massey (London).

JAZZ

WOODY HERMAN—*Detour Ahead** (Capitol)
Another fine vocal by Mary Ann McCall, coupled with a good bop instrumental called *Not Really The Blues.*

CHARLIE VENTURA—*Flamingo* (Victor).
A very interesting Rugolo arrangement, but Charlie has played better.

CHARLIE PARKER—Parker With Strings Album** (Mercury)
This was a brilliant idea—take a tremendous bopular musician, equip him with pleasant popular tunes such as *April In Paris, Everything Happens To Me, Summer Time,* and surround him with sweet strings, woodwinds and rhythm. As a result you get six sides of superb saxophone by Parker in an album that should appeal to anyone.

Beauty is my business—

says LYNN DALTON
Bewitching Cover Girl

"And I Love SweetHeart Beauty Baths!"

• "They reveal my skin's true rose-petal bloom. And that's really the secret of my success! For my skin must be glowing fresh and satiny when I pose in new beach styles such as this smart, nylon swim suit in navy blue."





9 out of 10 Cover Girls Use SWEETHEART'S New, Large Bath Cake

Beauty is my business, too!



• Eva Sieg, 10 months old, starts two things young—a modeling career . . . and SweetHeart beauty baths just like grown-up cover girls!

• *Right now* you're looking at fashion pictures—planning your pretty summer beachwear. So plan the fresher, lovelier skin that will do it justice!

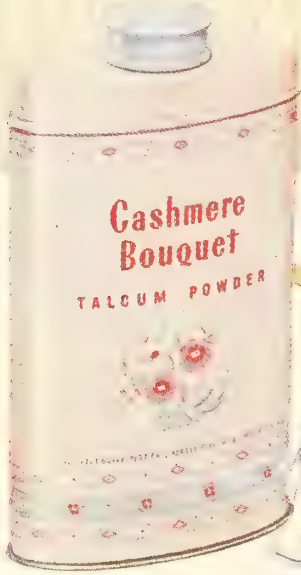
Get SweetHeart's new, large, satiny bath cake and this very day, start SweetHeart beauty baths. Like glamorous cover girls, you'll soon discover their beauty benefits! One week after you change from improper care your skin looks softer . . . smoother . . . younger. It's thrilling to see!

Get the Luxurious, New, Large Bath Size SWEETHEART

The Soap that AGREES with Your Skin

Cool, Fragrant Freshness





Cashmere Bouquet

Talcum Powder

Keeps you dainty all over with a "fragrance men love"!

Spring-morning freshness, and fragrance, too—no matter how hot the day! A wonderful dream come true, thanks to satin-soft Cashmere Bouquet Talc! It thirstily absorbs any excess moisture left on your body after the bath, provides a silky-smooth sheath of protection for those many little "chafeable" spots. Yes, for day long daintiness . . . every day, *twice* a day . . . sprinkle yourself liberally with Cashmere Bouquet Talc!



All-Purpose Cream; Lipstick; Hand Lotion or Face Powder —make sure it's Cashmere Bouquet!

Only 25¢ and 39¢

Look your loveliest with Cashmere Bouquet

What Future for Pia?

BY CHARLOTTE EATON

Which parent will she choose to love? For how long will Ingrid's daughter bear the scars of scandal?

■ The newspaper headlines were two feet tall about Ingrid's romance and Dr. Lindstrom's outraged heart. Wherever people gathered Bergman's name was on their lips and no one had to search for conversation. But untouched by the scandal, almost unnoticed in the heat of the gossip was twelve-year-old Pia, the innocent victim of her mother's indiscretion.

Now the spotlight is on her. Now in the fight for her affections she is suddenly being thrust into the harsh and often cruel world of adults, and somehow she must grow up to cope with it.

In two years, according to California law, she will be old enough to choose between her mother and father. What will her choice be? And how long will the scars of her parents' divorce remain with her?

Until Pia makes her decision, and probably for long after, people will argue about the rightness of it; they will rehash the story of the Bergman-Rossellini affair until it dies of exhaustion. Even now, Ingrid, more than Pia, is staggering under (*Continued on page 86*)



Pia plays beside the swimming pool of her home while a custody battle begins between her mother (*below*, with Rossellini) and her father (here with his attorney).





by Mabel Hutton

my War with Betty...

■ I warned Modern Screen I wouldn't give them a story oozing with mother love. I'm not the Stella Dallas type. Besides, Betty would read it and laugh me right out of the house.

Right now we're engaged in a sort of hit-and-run battle, but before I tell you more I want to get something straight: This warfare has nothing to do with the way I feel about my daughter. Nothing could change that.

Anyway, we fight about her children—Candy and Lindsay. On that subject we've come to a parting of the ways. I guess it isn't unusual. I've never known a woman with children to listen to *her* mother's lectures about bringing them up. But I've never known a woman with Betty's ideas, and if she asks me (which she doesn't) I think she ought to bury them. She's often offered me the same advice, but of course, I don't take it.

The big trouble between Betty and me is we're too much alike. When we disagree with each other we blow up. There's no stopping either of us until we run out of breath. Then we apologize and cry like babies and make speeches about how wonderful we are because we understand each other so well.

Only last week I held the floor for half an hour, and for a lady my size, I held it pretty well. Betty just stood there and listened until I collapsed in a chair. "Well," she said calmly, "now that you've laid me out in lavender, how do you feel?"

I felt like shooting myself. But I didn't, because I knew that next week Betty would probably let me have a dose of the same.

I do try to keep a lid on my temper at times, particularly when I feed my two grandchildren their lunch. It seems they enjoy music while they eat, their trays are so gorgeous you're ashamed to serve them mashed potatoes, and they have a prescribed diet. Not only that, I tell them stories to order.

Now when my girls (*Continued on page 97*)

"You're old-fashioned!" she screams. "You're new-fangled!" I shout. And the fight begins— but when it ends, I'm holding Betty in my arms.



Candy and Lindsay listen wide-eyed when Grandma reads to them. Mrs. Hutton's views on child-rearing differ considerably from her daughter's but they agree on everything else (right, Betty, Marion, and their mom)



Love walked in

. . . and chased the haunting shadows away. Love walked in ar



by Jack Wade

with it came those magic moments that Clark had once known—and almost forgotten.



■ For the actor he is, Clark Gable put on a bad performance these past few years. Loneliness stood out on him like a neon sign. The evenings he spent at his Encino ranch home, he'd wander from room to room, pick up a book and drop it, pick up a phone and decide not to call, sink into a chair and stare at nothing.

The nights he went out the newshounds followed him to parties and theaters and nightclubs for hot gossip about this man of the world. They got the gossip. But anyone with half an eye could see that Gable wasn't happy.

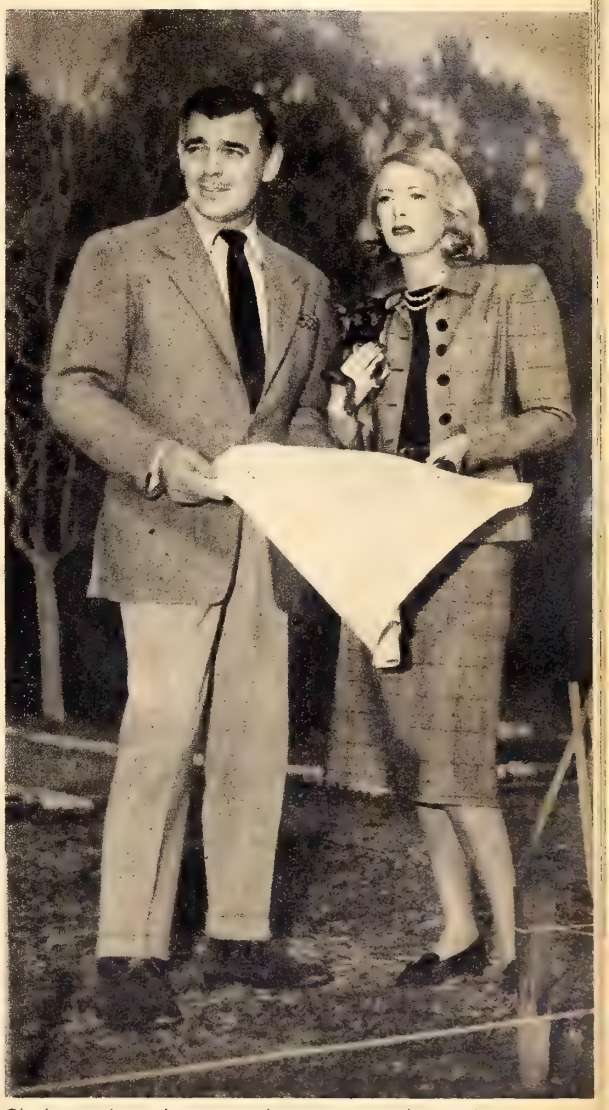
Then, at one of the parties, he met Sylvia. He'd known her before, but this was different. He'd never married her before . . .

Everyone knows the story of their elopement and honeymoon. Only his friends know that Clark has changed, that for the first time in many years he's come out of his shell. (*See picture at left for proof of this.*) They can trace the change back to the beginning of his marriage, to Hawaii . . .

There were ten thousand people mobbing the dock at Honolulu to greet Clark and his bride. Time was when he would have faced a crowd like this black-browed and scowling. He'd have stalked straight through them, or slammed himself into a stateroom. This time he loved it. They couldn't drape him with enough leis; he couldn't shake enough hands or joke with enough people whom he didn't even know.

No sooner did he hit the Islands than he blossomed out in South Sea shirts that would have made Bing Crosby jealous. He went overboard for every dreamy Island tune. He bought himself a ukulele and crooned off-key to Sylvia. He padded in sandals around Honolulu's streets, and sunned his chest at Waikiki for the Royal Hawaiian hotel guests to see.

Everywhere he went he (*Continued on page 66*)



Clark wasn't enthusiastic about a guest house for their Encino ranch, but Sylvia won him over and construction began. Now he calls it the "Tree House."



my dear husband

For eight long years he's picked my friends and planned my politics and ordered me around. And now I'm mad, really mad—about that man, Bill Holden.

by Brenda Marshall

■ One afternoon, a few years after we'd been married, my husband telephoned me at the studio. "When are you coming home?" he said.

"Why?" I asked.

"I want to show you my etchings," he replied.

Driving back to the valley I had to snicker over how that conversation would have sounded to an eavesdropper. But when I got home, well, there they were—two lovely etchings by Toulouse-Lautrec.

"Like them?" asked Bill.

"They're beautiful," I said.

"Good," my husband announced. "We're going in for these."

"We?" I thought to myself. "What do you mean—*We?*" and planned all sorts of resistance to this authoritative attitude of his.

But, you know, now that we've been married eight years, I find that he still has it and I don't mind. In fact, it's a part of marriage—the protected, wanted, included feeling part that I would miss very much if it were lacking. So Bill still speaks for both of us—and once in a while he's right. He was right about the etchings.

On the other hand, he was wrong about my taking up skeet shooting, getting to be the greatest cook in Hollywood, and riding horseback like a rodeo queen.

Not that I undermined him or failed to cooperate.

"We'll go out on the range and do some skeet shooting every Sunday," he said. "You'll love it."

I went. I hated guns but I practiced. Just when I was beginning to hit the targets we stopped going every Sunday. In fact, we haven't gone since the first Sunday we missed. The same thing happened with horseback riding.

As for the cooking—well, I didn't even try. All during my girlhood I felt I'd never be able to cook and every time I tried it as an adult I proved I was right. It puzzles Bill because he is a wonder in the kitchen. And I don't mean just a barbecue man. I have seen him take the most hopeless-looking piece of meat, sprinkle it, mutter over it, pop it into the oven, and then pull out the most savory dish I've ever eaten.

Away from the kitchen, though, my husband Bill's a different man.

He's inclined to take life much too seriously, I think, and he can get awfully stubborn. But, on the other hand, he has a wonderful sense of humor. When he has to backwater on an issue, for instance, he has his own way of laughing it through so there's no sting for either of us afterward. This is important, because, as every wife knows, a husband's resentment over losing an argument can linger long after the triumph of the little victory has disappeared.

Take a little incident like this: We were driving home from a party at one-thirty in the morning, when Bill remembered that he promised we'd attend another affair at the home of an old friend.

"Darn it all!" he muttered. "I gave him my word!"

"Well," I said, (*Continued on page 77*)

Ann Blyth spends much of her leisure in the den where she keeps her growing collection of records, mementos, and photographs of friends



Boldly patterned wallpaper and the handsome dark lines of the Governor Winthrop secretary give Ann's bedroom an uncluttered elegance. When she can, she relaxes here with a book that teaches her more about acting..



Many of the living room pieces, including the fine old Queen Ann sofa, are prized heirlooms. Ann brought them from her Connecticut home when she set up housekeeping with her aunt and unc

the house with the shamrock gate

No butlers in the pantry, no peacocks on the walk—for this is the house where Ann Blyth lives—with Cis and Pat and a fat canary.

BY DUANE VALENTRY





When guests come they gather round this corner fireplace in the living room. Ann prefers quiet evenings here to nightclubs.

■ All Ann Blyth wanted was a little house with a few flowers in the garden. The real estate agent couldn't believe it. "We have castles for girls like you," he said sternly.

So Ann collected her dignity and her Uncle Pat and her Aunt Cissie. They rode down into the San Fernando Valley where the sun was brighter than Hollywood's gold—and there they found the place. . . .

It was completely covered with ivy and almost hidden by foliage, but Ann pointed to it excitedly. "That's it!" she cried. "That's it!"

"That's what?" asked Aunt Cissie.

"My dream house," sighed Ann.

"I am too old," said Uncle Pat, "to live in a tree."

But they bought the place, and as it turned out, it was more than fit for human habitation. Uncle Pat trimmed the outside with an axe, and what finally emerged was a lovely white house, Spanish-style stucco, rambling and roomy. Around it now is a low wall, covered with berries and flowers. And at one end of the wall is a swinging gate with a shamrock cut into the center.

The gate swings out onto the huge back lawn where Mickey, a black cat with white paws, lives. It swings into the arched doorway of the one-story house where Ann and Cissie and Pat have settled down. (*Continued on next page*)



In front of her bedroom chests, littered with perfume bottles, figurines, and a wooly lamb, Ann Blyth begins the evening phone calls.



Aunt Cis usually shoos Uncle Pat out of the kitchen, but when Ann's entertaining, he pitches in and whips up hearty snacks.



Ann tries to spend a few minutes each morning practicing her golf swing. She's new at the game but she's a fiend for it.

Their day begins in the breakfast nook which is lit up by the morning sun and the red and blue wallpaper and the chirping of Willie, the fat canary.

Sometimes, even during breakfast, they wander around the house admiring their own taste and ingenuity. A decorator didn't come near the place. (A decorator would have paled before the quantities of bric-a-brac and mementos and photographs that add so much to the charm.) They painted some of the walls themselves, and some of the chairs, and they still rearrange the furniture at the drop of an idea.

"I'm thinking of a swimming pool," said Uncle Pat one day.

"I like the living room the way it is," laughed Ann.

"Oh, it'll be just a little pool," said Pat. And soon they may build one—but out in the backyard.

Ann's favorite room is the den. The walls there are panelled and stained redwood. She keeps her record collection in the den, and a stack of photographs, and souvenirs of times that are important only to her.

The walls are lined with pictures. On one side, there are about 12 framed plaques awarded to her. The United States Army gave her one "in grateful appreciation of your fine spirit and public service." Another came from the famous wartime Hollywood Canteen "for loyal service," and still another from the War Activities Committee.

On the opposite wall pictures of Ann's friends and co-workers are grouped. There's an unusual photo of Bing Crosby standing with a gun tucked under his arm, and hunting dogs beside him, with the inscription: "I'll have to hunt a long time to find a co-star as nice as you . . . Fondly, Bing." The picture he was referring to was *Top O' The Morning,* where Ann spoke with an Irish brogue and charmed everyone, including the critics.

Ann studies her scripts in the den, and entertains her friends (Jeanne Crain and Joan Leslie are among her closest), and sometimes, she just lounges dreamily before the brightly burning fireplace. She rarely goes to nightclubs or makes the gossip headlines. Her greatest loves so far are her work and her home. She's taking her time about men.

"So much of the unhappiness I've seen is so unnecessary," she'll tell you. "The quick marriages and the lightning divorces. Look at Aunt Cissie and Uncle Pat. They've been married almost all their lives, and only to each other. What they have is real. It's what I want."

And these two are giving her what she needs—the warm family life and the easy understanding that so many young stars hipped on glamor don't want or don't get. The house, itself, exudes this atmosphere.

The living room, for instance, is wide and inviting. The decorations don't resemble stage settings. Much of the furniture is old and comes from Ann's former home in Stamford, Connecticut. There's a "what-not" at one end of the room full of china and porcelain that Ann collected bit by bit. Among these is a figurine given to her by the Los Angeles Gaelic Association. She was chosen by them as the Actress of 1948. A fireplace is in another corner of the room. It has a red brick hearth which is always stacked with logs.

The house has three large bedrooms (Ann's aunt and uncle have a separate wing), as well as a huge guest room. Ann's own bedroom is feminine, with its gay flowered wallpaper, its pink ruffled lampshades and the soft blue scalloped bedspread. Her dressing table and chests are cluttered with perfume bottles, tiny animals and dolls. The furniture is heavy but simple, and in dark wood. A Governor Winthrop secretary, filled with books, is near her bed. A painting of her mother, and a crucifix are also in her room.

Ann is very devout and a frequent church- (*Continued on page 83*)



my Faith

by Ronald Reagan

What do the stars think about life, about God, about immortality? Here is the first in a unique series of articles.

■ I wouldn't attempt to describe what God is like, although I place my greatest faith in Him. I think the wonderful line in the Bible which says God is love comes as close as words can.

In school I learned about two basic philosophies: All people are bad until proven good; all people are good until proven bad. I believe the latter. I believe in a force of God behind most people, and so I put my trust in them.

I wouldn't attempt to describe what heaven is like, either. I certainly don't expect to spend eternity on a cloud, but I do think there's something beyond the grave, that we were given souls for a reason, that if we live as the Bible tells us to, a promise will be kept.

I don't believe in hell. I can't believe that an all wise and loving Father would condemn any one of his children to eternal damnation.

(*Continued on page 88*)



Modern Screen presents the complete story of Hollywood's loveliest wedding . . .



ELIZABETH, THE BRIDE

by hedda hopper

■ Picture yourself seated primped, powdered and dressed in your best, in the beautiful little Church of the Good Shepherd in Beverly Hills, California. You're waiting excitedly for the moment of moments on this day of days, for when at last Elizabeth Taylor becomes Mrs. Conrad Hilton, Junior, the most beautiful, most adored bride in the whole wide world.

All around are packed the chosen three hundred close friends, neighborhood friends, studio friends, people who've known and loved this gorgeous girl and her handsome groom since they both were kids. Along the aisle stretches a white satin carpet, and down both sides, draping the oak stalls, are white satin ribbons with bows. Bright spring flowers bank the aisle and scent the air.

Maybe the postman didn't slip a white envelope into your mailbox with an engraved card inside reading, "Mr. and Mrs. Francis Taylor request the honor of your presence at the marriage of their daughter, Elizabeth Rosemond, to Mr. Conrad Nicholson Hilton, Junior. . . ."

But that doesn't matter, really. If you love Elizabeth as do all of us gathered there you can share her joy a thousand miles or more away.

You can feel the thrill that ripples beneath these vaulted ceilings as the wedding music starts, softly at first, then swells into the familiar strains. Nick Hilton steps out from the chapel, a little pale but immaculate in cutaway, striped trousers and stock, a white carnation in his button hole. Behind him is his best man, his brother Barron. There's barely time to follow Nick's anxious glance up the aisle before the first smiling bridesmaid is floating past on an usher's arm. Soon they've passed—Jane Powell, Marjorie Dillon, Marilyn Hilton, Betty Sullivan, Mara Reagan, Barbara Thompson, and Ann Westmore, too, Elizabeth's maid-of-honor—all fresh and lovely as this May day in their bouffant organdy gowns. The ushers, (*Continued on next page*)

Helen Rose of MGM created the bouffant skirt and tiny bodice of Elizabeth's wedding gown (center) from 25 yards of off-white slipper satin with tiny seed pearl embroidery lending a floral motif. Mrs. Taylor's dress (left) is of toast-colored lace over a full, chiffon skirt. The bridesmaids (right) wear palest jonquil organdy, trimmed with satin ribbon, and carry white picture hats filled with jonquils and lilies-of-the-valley.

(*Continued from preceding page*) in their trimly tailored morning coats, sharply creased trousers and *boutonnieres* are Elizabeth's brother Howard, Bentley Ryan, Ed Crowley, Frank Freeman, Jr., Joe Drown.

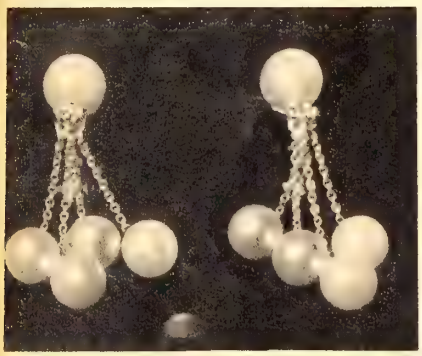
Hardly have they parted for their wedding stations at the flower-festooned altar before Lohengrin's majestic chords sound the joyous phrase, "Here comes the bride!"

You look. She's lovely—so lovely that your breath stops and something like pain grips tight in your chest. I've seen Hollywood brides, pretty ones like Shirley Temple and Jane Powell and Deanna Durbin—and beautiful ones, too, clear back to Norma Shearer and Vilma Banky, who were heavenly visions indeed. But none as beautiful as Elizabeth Taylor, taking her measured steps on the proud arm of her handsome, white-haired father, her sapphire eyes looking straight ahead, and a rose flush on her ivory cheeks. Radiant is an overworked word, but how else can you describe beauty like this? No scene Elizabeth will ever play can have this glow. Not if she turns into a second Bernhardt can she recapture the reality of these emotions. This is the Hollywood wedding of weddings, Elizabeth is the bride of brides to me, and I'm an old campaigner.



Elizabeth's 4-carat ring.

The traditional white satin wedding gown which her pet studio designer, Helen Rose, labored over for months and which MGM presented to Elizabeth, accents her dark beauty. It's snug around the middle with a voluminous skirt to emphasize Elizabeth's amazingly small waist. The bodice is hand embroidered with rich seed pearls and glistening crystals. Her gossamer veil flows to the white aisle runner; on her third finger, left hand glows the 4-carat emerald-cut diamond engagement ring Nick gave her. On one arm is a white bridal bouquet. The picture is perfect.



Liz' pearl and diamond earrings.

But almost before you can take it all in she's at the altar, and Nick is stepping to her side, bursting with pride and there's a look between them which says, "Forever." There's always that same shy, quick look of trust, a premature vow of the eyes, when it's a true love match—as surely this is.

The age old and lovely vows of marriage begin, and in the family pews in front, Sara Taylor and Francis hold hands and keep back the tears. Howard and Liz's favorite Uncle Howard Young, here from New York, stare straight at the girl they both worship.

They are kneeling for the benediction. They rise, embrace, and turn to leave, more swiftly now, back up the aisle as Mr. and Mrs. Conrad Hilton, Junior. Elizabeth's face is relaxed, happy, sparkling, and Nicky starts to grin. The rustle of satin and the swish of the train passes on. Only twenty minutes have passed from the time she entered, until the church doors flood in the waning sunlight and you hear the shouts of the hundreds outside and the congratulations and the roar of a motor. They're on their way to the Bel-Air Country Club and the wedding reception, where six hundred will gather to congratulate the happy pair.

Minutes later they are kissed and toasted in champagne. Your place in line comes up and you kiss Elizabeth and whisper "Bless you" and know again there was never a more beautiful bride. The cake is cut and eaten and wrapped up in little handkerchiefs to be carried home and slept on, and the bridal bouquet is tossed amid squeals, and caught. Elizabeth has gone upstairs—to run down soon in her chic pale blue going-away suit, and be whirled out of the door by her new husband. Inside their shiny convertible is the polished new suitcase so carefully packed with the white satin night gown and the negligee of sheerest marquisette with two huge pockets of rose point lace at the bosom.

By now the new Mr. and Mrs. Nick Hilton are safely sailed (*Continued on page 79*)

Elizabeth

Mr and Mrs. Francis Lemm Taylor
have the honour of
announcing the marriage of their daughter
Elizabeth Rosemond
to
Mr Conrad Nicholson Hilton, junior
on Saturday, the sixth day of May
One thousand nine hundred and fifty
Church of the Good Shepherd
Beverly Hills, California

The engraved wedding announcement.

he bride: her trousseau is elegant, lavish, keyed to her beauty









Paramount's Edith Head designed Elizabeth's traveling suit in black wool. With sloping shoulders and standing collar, the jacket neatly sets off the skirt's sheath-like lines. Miss Head also did five blouses for the suit (here are three), each one completely different in mood.



Elizabeth fell in love with this sleek Italian shantung at first sight. Ceil Chapman made up the dress in muted shadings of honey, amber and tobacco, softly draping the stripes. More of Miss Chapman's designs for Liz are on the next page.

more >

For Elizabeth's honeymoon in Europe, gown



ABOVE: *This shimmering cocktail dress and jacket of gold-embossed blue cotton jacquard seems destined for twilight dining beside Venetian waters.*

RIGHT: *Made for gay nights in Monte Carlo is this yellow and blue checked evening gown of rustling silk organdy.*

...at whisper romance . . .



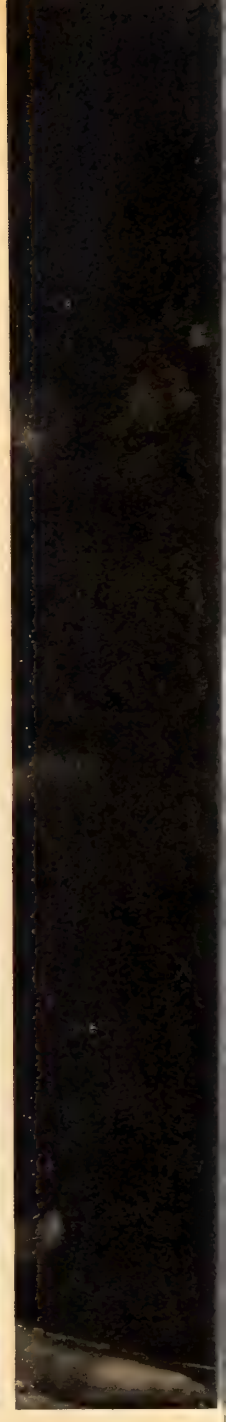
ABOVE: *For strolls along the Bois de Boulogne, for bullfights in Madrid—an imported pure silk letter-print. (All gowns by Ceil Chapman.)*

LEFT: *A bouffant white dress of imported Swiss organdy highlights Elizabeth's party collection. The rich blue embroidery matches her eyes to perfection.*

"I couldn't say no"



The father of the bride nostalgically looks through Liz' album.



Like the father of any other lovely girl, Francis Taylor was hesitant about giving Elizabeth in marriage. But when Nicky asked the age-old question, he knew there was only one answer.

BY KATHERINE ALBERT





Mr. Taylor stayed home while Mrs. Taylor, Nick, and Liz shopped—and stepped out with Conrad Hilton, Sr. *above* in New York.

■ The father of the bride has his responsibilities. He has to flatter the caterers, pour the champagne, charm the guests —and foot the bills. Not only that. Even after his daughter has promised her hand, his future son-in-law comes and asks for it.

This last, though, was the least of Mr. Taylor's worries. As far as he was concerned, Nicky Hilton could have both his daughter's hands, and all her gloves as well.

"He's everything I want for the husband of my daughter," Mr. Taylor has said. "So when he asked to marry her, I couldn't say no."

What Mr. Taylor asked Nicky was, "How do you feel about Elizabeth's career?"

"I feel fine," Nicky said. "I wouldn't want her to give it up."

Mr. Taylor smiled with relief. Bill Pawley had asked her to give it up, since his home and business were both in Florida, and Hollywood was not. Elizabeth thought a while, and decided to give *him* up.

"I feel I ought to tell you," said Mr. Taylor, "she can't cook."

"Neither can I," said Nicky.

"Or run a house. . . ."

"In the hotel," said Nicky, "all she has to do is call room service."

Nicky took a deep breath. "I—I guess you know how I feel about Elizabeth. . . ."

"Yes. I—I suppose you know how *we* feel about Elizabeth. . . ."

(*Continued on page* 102)

With the memory of this day always in her heart, Elizabeth begins the life of every bride— making plans, meeting problems, sharing great joys . . .

BY CYNTHIA MILLER

FROM THIS DAY FORWARD

THE NEWLYWEDS' FIRST HOME . . .





Blond modern furniture predominates in the two-room suite at the Bel Air Hotel, where Liz and Nicky Hilton will live after their honeymoon.

"I, Elizabeth Rosemond, take thee, Conrad Nicholson, for my lawful husband, to have and to hold, from this day forward, for better, for worse, for richer, for poorer, in sickness and in health, until death do us part."

■ May 6th, 1950. Father Concannon stands at the altar of the Church of the Good Shepherd in Beverly Hills. The afternoon sun comes through the stained-glass windows in shafts of light, and a sudden silence falls over the many guests as the bride and groom kneel.

Father Concannon looks at Elizabeth and Nicky before him, and begins the ceremony. "My dear friends," he says, "you are about to enter into a union which is most sacred and most serious. It is most sacred, because it is established by God Himself; most serious, because it will bind you together for life in a relationship so close and so intimate, that it will profoundly influence your whole future. That future, with its hopes and disappointments, its successes and its failures, its pleasures and its pains, its joys and its sorrows, is hidden from your eyes. . . .

"Truly, then, these words are most serious. It is a beautiful tribute to your undoubted faith in each other, that recognizing their full import, you are nevertheless so willing and ready to pronounce them. . . . Henceforth, you will belong entirely to each other: you will be one in mind, one in heart, and one in affections. And whatever sacrifices you may hereafter be required to make to preserve this common life, always make them generously. Sacrifice is usually difficult and irksome. Only love can make it easy; and perfect love can make it a joy. . . ." *(Continued on page 94)*





THE FIRST YEAR

by Jane Powell

When you're in love, says the bride's best friend—small faults seem to grow smaller and your happiness increases, and the first year is only the beginning. . . .

■ Dear Elizabeth,

I keep remembering the peanut butter sandwiches you sneaked into my valise when Geary and I left on our honeymoon. They fell out of my bedjacket as I unpacked, and Geary suddenly got a pained look on his face.

"Oh, Janie, no!" he said.

"No what?" I asked, ready to burst into tears.

"Crackers in bed! That's grounds for divorce. That's practically illegal."

"Well, darling," I told him, "you've got a case." And we started to laugh as if it were the funniest thing in the world. But after a while, I got to thinking about how even silly things like that can start trouble, if you're in the mood for trouble. And right then I promised myself never to be in the mood.

Now that you're a bride, I feel awfully sentimental. I remember how lovely you looked as my bridesmaid in that blue taffeta gown with the velvet ribbons in your hair, and even though I was too excited at the time, I pictured you later as a bride in white, and I knew someday soon you'd be one.

I can think of a million things I want to say to make you stay happy—as if Nicky weren't enough. Of course, I'm not the voice of experience. I haven't been married even a year, but I can tell you right now the first year isn't the hardest. I'd say it was the best, if I weren't so sure that the second year is better still, and the third more so.

Probably I don't even have to write this letter. I know you. I know Nicky. You go together. But it's those peanut butter sandwiches. They made me remember what you must have recalled when you gave them to me. The time we were kids together at MGM. The problems we had—first, geography, then learning how to jump Double-Dutch, then boys. We always talked about everything until we collapsed into giggles.

Remember how none of the boys would look at us even after we put on the lipstick we weren't allowed to use? Remember how your brother would always tell us to scram when we wanted to meet his friends? We'd go out behind the schoolhouse between classes, and munch those peanut butter sandwiches, and have crazy conversations about how someday we'd be beautiful and famous and sought after.

It seems so long ago. . . . I guess we're a couple of lucky kids the way things turned out. But you know, even after I got married, I found there were still some childish ideas rattling around in my head, and I have to tell you what I learned. So listen to old Granny Powell.

I'm not the girl I used to be, even though I may look the same. I remember proclaiming to you that a girl mustn't let marriage change her personality. Well, that's ridiculous. Marriage will change you in (*Continued on page 104*)

Liz, bridesmaid at Jane's wedding, caught the bridal bouquet with another girl and kept her half until the charm worked.





IT ALL BEGAN when Sharman Douglas *left*, came to a Hollywood party given by Elizabeth Firestone *right*, and met Peter Lawford.



THE END CAME, at least for now, when Sharman boarded a plane for England—leaving Pete behind.

Love 'em and leave 'em—that was Peter Lawford. But an international charmer discovered his technique and now that he's sighing—she's flying.

BY STEVE CRONIN

She didn't say yes

■ Today, Peter Lawford is lost. Lost somewhere between Roddy McDowell and Ronald Colman.

Like Huckleberry Finn, Frank Merriwell, The Rover Boys and all the lamented Alger heroes, the eager lad from Britain who crept into our hearts a few short years ago with his wistful eyes and manly husbanding of the canine, Lassie, is gone—part of another day.

Peter Lawford is in love.

"Will you marry me?"

"No. Thank you very much."

Sometime, somewhere during the past few months, Peter Lawford, movie star, spoke those words to Sharman Douglas, toast of two continents—and it is fair to deduce that she answered him as indicated above.

The place where the question was popped is unknown. It may have been one night driving along the ocean front under a pale moon with the thundering Pacific thumping out an accompaniment. It may have been in a nightclub, or at supper in some quiet restaurant. It may have been at the Douglas ranch near Tucson, Arizona, as they lay tanning themselves under a hot desert sun. It could have been in New York, as they said farewell for now, Sharman to go back to England—and Peter to go back to Hollywood and his movie-making.

At any rate, the words were said.

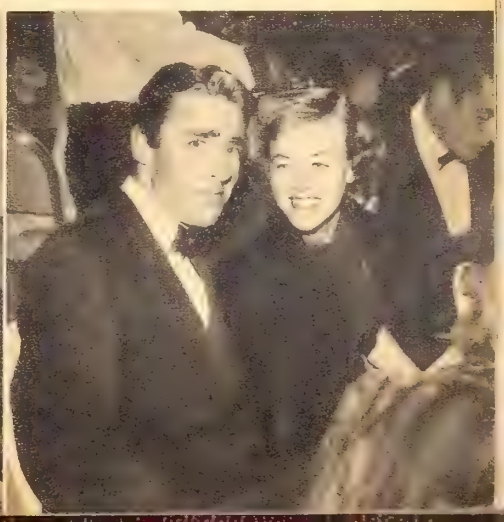
Yes, Peter Lawford is in love. Emotional maturity has caught up with him. At twenty-six, to all professional intents and purposes he is still a boy, still rather breathless and reserved, the casual collegiate lovemaker of MGM musicals. But privately, he is now a man, thwarted and melancholy, willing and ready to leap into matrimony.

Despite this sudden manhood, Peter Lawford is pitifully, (*Continued on page 90*)

HIS FORMER LIFE centered almost exclusively about married couples. Pete, with Pat Walker, *left,* palled with the Jackie Coopers, dined with the Keenan Wynns (now Evie's Mrs. Van Johnson) and went formal with Molly and Charles Dunn.







He's loud and lusty and full of laughter. He has a voice you'd like to own. He's Mario Lanza—the magnificent!

BY JIM HENAGHAN

Wonderful madman



As a boy Mario lived in the slums of Philadelphia. Now he has a mansion in Hollywood for his wife, his parents and his daughter, (*below*). His second starring role is in *Toast of New Orleans.*



■ Mario Lanza is a big, barrel-chested, vigorous American of Italian descent who is twenty-eight years old, married, and has an Italian-Irish daughter of two named Coleen.

Mario Lanza, some people will tell you, is a lunatic. Mario Lanza, some other people will tell you, is this country's first really great operatic tenor, an artist and musical find of such importance that no man since Caruso himself can equal his stature. And, Mario Lanza, movie-wise Hollywoodites will tell you, is the most exciting screen personality to trot onto a sound stage since the films began to talk.

Some, or all of these things, may be true. The family, of course, is a fact. The rest will be confirmed or denied by time. At any rate, your reporter's first meeting with him took place in the office of a business associate. Frankly, not being of a very cultural turn of mind musically speaking, I rather dreaded the interview. I had pictured a bulky stuffed shirt with a Latin leer for any but his own kind; a condescending artiste stewing in his own magnificence. I couldn't have been more wrong.

The door flew open and a very handsome, grinning young man made a Harpo Marx entrance as though he were walking on springs. He burst into a voluble, completely American monologue on the occurrences of the day directed toward his friend, while your reporter cringed in the corner (*Continued on page 107*)



Linda takes a deep breath and blows out all two of the candles on her birthday cake. The time: January 30. The place: Hawaii.

Bringing up susan

by Shirley Temple

■ As we flew toward Honolulu I began to wonder if the trip was such a good idea. For all that Linda Susan knew I could've walked her into the backyard, sat her under a tree and said, "Now we're in Hawaii,"—and let her try to convince me that we weren't. You can bet that would've been a hard job, because even though Linda Susan can talk, I can't understand her.

I tried to remember how I felt when I was two, and if I'd have been insulted by such a trick. I'm sure I would have been. Anyway, all I could think of was how it felt to be twenty-one and on my way to Honolulu. It felt very good.

My really big worry was that Linda Susan might miss home—the nursery, the toys, the familiar surroundings. Of course, Mom and Dad came along, as did Mrs. Halverson, Linda Susan's nurse. With all those familiar faces how could anyone be lonely? As it turned out, my worrying was for nothing. Three days after we'd arrived, I couldn't tell Linda from the natives. (*Continued on next page*)

"My heart was filled with nostalgia as Linda Susan and I left Hawaii." writes Shirley Temple in this last of three articles.

Bringing up susan

(*Continued from preceding page*)

We stopped for a while at the Royal Hawaiian Hotel, but then we took a house away from the busy shops. It was quiet and peaceful with a winding beach and swaying palms. The view was the kind you see on travel posters and never quite believe is real.

After we'd got settled, I took Linda Susan on lots of drives through the Island. We went up to Pali one day. That's at the top of the cliff which divides the island into windward and leeward sides. The prevailing winds come from the windward side, and the leeward side faces the sheltered part of the island. It was so beautiful up there it took my breath away.

"Su-Su," I said, lifting her up, "look at this. I want you to remember this gorgeous, incredible sight!" Su-Su threw up her arms and laughed into my face.

On the way down from Pali we stopped at a bird sanctuary. This was one place Susan loved. She chirped all the way home.

The Hawaiian sun did its job swiftly and wonderfully. Linda Susan was turning a golden tan and all the health in the world was in her face. She seemed to enjoy this tropical life.

She learned her first native custom when I took her to a *luau.* A *luau's* an Hawaiian barbecue picnic. She watched in awe as a roast pig which had been buried in the ground for twenty-four hours was uncovered and served. The hot rocks underneath and above the pig had given it a delicious, unforgettable taste. Linda sat cross-legged on a bamboo mat with a positive expression of glee on her face as she wiped her sticky hands over her dress. But I couldn't scold, even if I'd wanted to, because much of the food was supposed to be eaten with the fingers.

There was the *poi,* for instance. It's made from the roots of tropical plants and comes in three ways: one-finger-*poi,* two-finger-*poi,* and three-finger-*poi,* depending on the number of fingers you feel like dipping into the bowl. Linda Susan started a custom of her own—ten-finger-*poi,* and if the bowl were a little larger I guess she would have hopped right in.

Sitting cross-legged on a bamboo mat wasn't too much of a problem for me, but trying to eat from that position almost broke my back. Naturally Linda Susan didn't mind at all. She's so limber she could probably eat a whole meal while swinging from my left arm (of course, I'd then be crippled for life).

I thought that once she'd mastered the business of eating from a straw mat she'd give it up and go on to something more difficult. She went on to many things, but she didn't give up eating Hawaiian style.

During the rest of our stay on the island, whenever I'd sit down for a meal I'd look around for Linda Susan, and find her sitting cross-legged under the table, shrieking for food.

I don't know if it was the newly-acquired eating habit, the food or the air, but whatever it was it certainly agreed with Linda Susan. She gained almost two pounds during our five-week stay.

It's a wonder she didn't lose four the way she did her version of the hula. How she ever learned it is a mystery to me. Maybe the dancers at the barbecue had made an impression on her, but whenever the soft sounds of Hawaiian strings or the tom-toms came to her ears she'd drop whatever she was doing and start to move her hips. Her rhythm was a little peculiar. It was almost as if she'd been stung and the bee wouldn't let her alone. The more anyone who watched her laughed, the more she jerked and laughed with them.

"Linda Susan," I said once, "you're making a spectacle of yourself." She thought that was a lovely compliment and gave one final bump that landed her on the floor.

Naturally my daughter had a colorful hula skirt in her ensemble. Fond of clothes, she loved the island styles. The day after we arrived I bought some mother and daughter outfits which looked as tropical as the island itself. It'll take Linda Susan a long time before she gets used to her dainty organdy dresses again. At home she used to love strutting about in my fur cape that dragged on the rug behind her, but I suppose even that may have lost its attraction.

Of all the exciting things that happened to Linda Susan in Hawaii nothing could compare with her passion for the beach. The miles of white sand, the brilliant blue sky and the sparkling ocean fascinated her.

"Prett—ee, Mommy," she'd say over and over again. "Prett—ee," and she'd love it when I'd build castles for her down near the water's edge. But what she enjoyed most was to jump on the mounds of wet sand and feel the (*Continued on page 65*)

modern screen's hollywood pictorial

■ The girl on the right is Jackie Barnes. According to a Lux Radio Theater contest, she's the most beautiful 15-year-old in the U.S.A. Jackie's photo was among 50,000 submitted to the contest judges. The judges chose 168 finalists, sent their pictures to 20th Century-Fox, and waited for the verdict. Over at Fox, June Haver and Mark Stevens went into a huddle. They came out of it with Jackie's photo clutched in their hands. "The winner!" they cried. Lever Brothers (the soap people) invited Jackie to Hollywood. She came, looked around, and went home to New Mexico to dream. The next day Modern Screen had her on the phone. "Come back," we said. "You're our guest now." So she flew back with her mother, and saw Hollywood on us (which is the reason for her sore feet). Said feet and Jackie's visit are all accounted for on the following pages.



HOLLYWOOD OPENS ITS GLITTERING DOORS TO JACKIE BARNES, AN ALBUQUERQU



1. 20th-Fox's Ben Nye gives Jackie Barnes the star treatment—a complete makeup. Jackie, Lux beauty contest winner, was awarded a plaque by MS for being America's most promising teen-ager.



2. Touring the studio wardrobe department, Jackie stops to imagine how she look in the evening gown worn by Ann Sothern in *A Letter to Three Wives*. S asks Charles LeMaire, Fox designer, for a few pointers on her own wardrob



5. Thrill of a lifetime: Jackie meets Dana Andrews on the set of *Where The Sidewalk Ends*. Afterward, she sat near the director during the filming of a fight scene and admired Dana in action.



6. Jackie gets a glimpse of Hollywood's sparkling nightlife with Dick Long, ri ing young star. They dined luxuriously at Tail O' The Cock, then rushed to t famous Mocambo where they danced and watched celebs the whole evenin

CHOOLGIRL, WHO MEETS THE STARS—AND DREAMS OF BECOMING ONE HERSELF.



June Haver lunches with Jackie and her mother at the studio commissary. ne and Mark Stevens, final judges in the Lux contest, chose Jackie from ong 168 finalists. She advised the screen-struck girl to keep up her studies.



4. Harry James plays his fabulous trumpet just for Jackie on the set of *I'll Get By* during his rehearsal with Gloria DeHaven and June Haver. Jackie fell in love with the songs they recorded.



She's an excited guest at a Lux Radio Theater rehearsal. Here, Jackie and ronica Lake listen attentively as Director William Keighley briefly goes er Veronica's starring role in the radio version of *Slattery's Hurricane*.



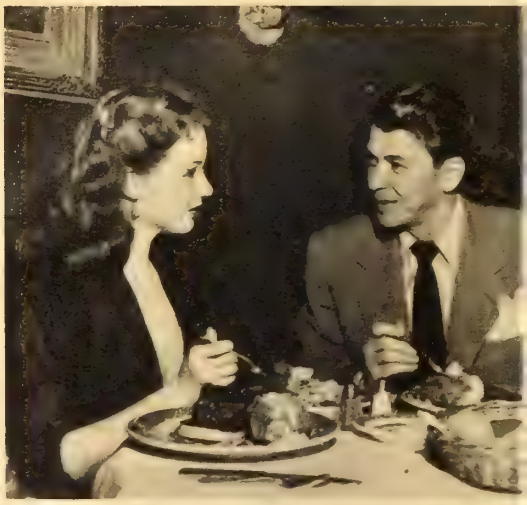
8. Jackie admires Maureen O'Hara's charm bracelet at the Lux rehearsal. A few hours later, with her heart sold on Hollywood and determined to return, Jackie boarded the plane for home.



Ronald Reagan hurries out of his dressing room toward his date, Piper Laurie.

"Papa" dates Piper Laurie

■ Piper Laurie was 17 when Universal spied her in a school play, whipped out a seven year contract, and started paying her for nothing. "I can't take your money," she said indignantly. So to make her take their money, Universal cast her as Ronald Reagan's daughter in a movie called *Louisa*. That solved her money problem, but not her date problem. The day *Francis* (the talking mule) premièred, Piper's escort got lost and she was left holding the invitation. "Don't worry," said Ronald Reagan modestly, "I'll take you." "You?" said Piper. "But you're my father!" "See here," said Ronald, "let's not carry this thing too far." Piper dropped it right there. Immediately after work (as you can see in these pictures) Ronald changed his tie, bought a corsage and showed Piper the première and the town. Same night, Betty Hutton (opposite page) was showing another part of the town her version of the Charleston. Bill Daniels, dance instructor, had lured her onto the floor at Mocambo, where the crowd dissolved in cheers.



They dine quickly at the Brown Derby. In her eagernes to make a lasting impression on Ronnie, Piper trippe and fell flat on her face as she entered the restauran



Ronnie and Piper stop to chat and sign autograph in the lobby at the *Francis* (the talking mule) premièr Guests of honor were young infantile paralysis victim



After the show they sip limeades at a drive-in. The ne stop's home: they're due early on the set, for mo dad-daughter scenes in *Louisa*—Piper's first big rol

QUIET DINNER, A FUNNY MOVIE. AND SOMETIMES, FOR BETTY HUTTON, IT'S MUSIC—HOT AND JAZZY.





Joan and Doug Fairbanks Jr., her first husband, stroll in Paris with wealthy race-horse owner Jefferson Davis Cohn soon after their marriage in 1929. She felt out of place in Doug's circle of international sophisticates.



At a party in 1933, Franchot Tone looks fondly at Joan, his bride-to-be. (With them are actress Elizabeth Allen and designer Adrian.) Joan still "worships" Tone's intellectuality.

Four men, three of them her husbands, played major roles in Joan Crawford's life. They

joan crawford's other life

by Frances Clarke

■ She was very young, and very shy, and her eyes told you how desperately she needed to be liked. As she entered the powder room at the highschool dance, there was a sudden silence among the girls—the sort of silence that meant she was the one they'd been saying nasty things about.

She forced a weak smile. "Hello, Mary . . . Alice . . . Ruth." There was a cold murmur of greeting. Miserably she hung her worn cloth coat on the rack—among the sleek furs and velvets. As she turned to the mirror to straighten her hair, she realized now how foolish had been her frantic hope that, somehow, her dress would not betray its origin—this creation of shirred taffeta, with artificial rosebuds caught here and there in a frill of silver lace, that had cost $4.95 in Kansas City's bargain center, Jones Basement.

She pushed at her hair hastily, quickly applied lipstick and hurried out. Before the door was closed, she heard behind her the clear voice of a young lady exclaiming, "Well! I wonder what he thinks of that *dress!*" And there was harsh laughter.

That was how Joan Crawford arrived at her first dance. She was the only student in the private co-ed school



Joan happily holds hands beneath a Mocambo table with her third husband, actor Phil Terry, in 1944—two years before they were to be divorced. Very upset when they separated, Joan still refuses to discuss that marriage.



For a long time, man-about-town Greg Bautzer and Joan were one of Hollywood's steadiest twosomes. Now, he's dating Ginger Rogers whom he's expected to marry.

ransformed her from a painfully shy, and uncertain girl into a poised sophisticate.

who had to work her way through its elegant halls. She was there because her mother, making little by running a laundry agency, could not support her, and only at a private school could a girl earn both her education and her living—doing dishes, making beds, cleaning and cooking. The other girls, with the cruel snobbery of the young with secure backgrounds, ignored her socially. And then one day, to their amazement and rage, the best-born and wealthiest lad in the school asked her to be his date at this, the biggest school dance of the year.

As she made her way from the powder room to meet her escort at the ballroom entrance, the music started. Further qualms assailed her now—for the simple reason that she'd never danced with a boy before in her life.

She went up to her date. "Why," he said, "how beautiful you look. And what a pretty dress. . . . Well—shall we show the people how to dance?"

She had a moment of near panic as she found herself walking out on the floor beside him. And then—they were dancing. Dancing smoothly and beautifully. Her feet meshed perfectly with the rhythm and her partner's steps.

So great was the natural (*Continued on next page*)



Joan and the twins, Cynthia and Cathy, and Cliquot, the poodle, attend an earnest duet by Christopher and Christina. The children now give Joan's life its deepest purpose.

Lovely lady... Lovely hair

She's a "Rayving Beauty" now!

"My first Rayve Home Permanent... and it's wonderful!"

says Elaine Stewart

PROMISING NEW YORK MODEL

"Even the day after my Rayve wave, I faced the camera with confidence. My hair was sparkling and soft, with a really natural-looking wave. And now, months later, it's still lovely. I've never been so happy with a wave before!"

TRY YOUR HAIR MISS STEWART'S WAY! Write Janet Wakefield, Dept. DS, Pepsodent, 505 Park Ave., New York 22, N. Y. for free do-it-yourself instructions.





Fast, fast... yet the Dial-a-Wave makes Rayve so sure!

Now wave your hair *faster* than ever! Yet be *sure* of success. Rayve's exclusive Dial-a-Wave shows you instantly the *fastest* waving time for *your* hair—to get exactly the right amount of curl. There's no guesswork!



Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

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COMPLETE RAYVE KIT $2

RAYVE REFILL $1

A Rayve wave lasts longer, yet looks lovelier from the start! Your Rayve wave will shimmer with highlights, and almost set itself! No frizzy ends *ever*... for Rayve's improved waving lotion is so much *gentler*, safer. And because it's timed *individually* for you, your Rayve wave stays lovely *weeks* longer!

WHAT ABOUT CURLERS?

Use *any* plastic curlers... for Rayve's lovelier results come from the gentler solutions and individual Dial-a-Wave timing.

Rayve Home Permanent

ANOTHER FINE PRODUCT OF LEVER BROTHERS COMPANY



P.S. KEEP THAT "RAYVING BEAUTY" LOOK BETWEEN WAVES... with Rayve Creme Shampoo. Leaves hair so easy to manage!

joan crawford's other life

(*Continued from preceding page*) dancing ability she discovered she possessed that before the evening was half over, many an expensive gown on the sidelines was quivering with indignation as its wearer watched the girl in the gaudy bargain dress dominate the dance floor. . . .

Success is sweet no matter how or where it appears. So it's little wonder that the girl from the wrong side of the background ledger, finding she could meet all comers successfully on the dance floor, started haunting dances. At one of them, she met a quiet, studious, poetic college boy named Ray Sterling. He looked beyond her too-high heels, her too-brief skirts, her too-vivid lips, her too-too everything—and saw the very fine young girl with a great hunger for life and a great vitality. He sensed that if those driving forces were properly channeled she could and would be a great person.

He told her so. He told her what he knew of the world of art, music, literature and philosophy. Eagerly she listened. She tried to get more formal education. But at Stephens, a very good Mid-Western college where she could work her way, she flunked out because a diploma from the private school—despite what it said—had been awarded for the extra-curricular chores she'd done, not for classroom work.

up the well-worn ladder . . .

So she returned to Kansas City and turned her heart to dancing. Working as a department store clerk, she painstakingly saved some of her earnings toward a nest-egg to set her on her way as a professional dancer. Before she'd saved much she quarreled bitterly with her mother and went off to Chicago. With less than five dollars in her purse, she auditioned in the office of Erne Young, a show producer. He gave her a job singing and dancing in a frowsy side-street nightclub. Two weeks later, he sent her to dance in a chorus in an expensive Detroit nightclub. There she was spotted by J. J. Shubert, a really great theatrical producer who couldn't fail to notice her when her swirling skirt spun a glass off a table into his lap. The result was that she became the chorus girl third from the left, back row, in his Broadway hit, *Innocent Eyes*. Then came another show, *The Passing Parade*. While in this, she took a proffered screen test only because her roommate insisted.

Before the result of this was known, she went home to see Ray Sterling—whose letters, filled with affectionate encouragement and advice, had followed her—and to make up with her mother. There, on Christmas Day of 1925, came the wire from MGM offering her $75 a week.

"I don't want to be a movie actress—I want to be a dancing star!" she protested against her mother's and Ray's excitement. But Ray persuaded her to accept as a short-cut to her goal, pointing out she could use the money she'd be making for really good dancing lessons.

So, on New Year's Day of 1926, she boarded the train for Hollywood. . . .

As Joan Crawford told me all this, we were sitting in the recreation room of her beautiful Brentwood home. Everybody had warned me that she wouldn't talk about the past. And at first, she didn't want to.

"One day I sat down and made a table of my worries," she explained. "I found thirty per cent of them were about something which of course I couldn't alter—the past. So I decided then and there to quit thinking or talking about it."

"Well," I said wistfully, "I hoped you would—because I'd like to know how you

eveloped your capacity to grow. The first ovie I ever saw you in was *Dancing aughters,* in 1929. You had a terrific ffect on me. At first, I used huge quanities of mascara and lipstick trying to nitate your big eyes and your vivid outh. Then, later on, I began to listen symphonic music—because you gave a ig party for Stokowski and raved so uch about him as a conductor. I began read the philosophers more seriously college because, in a movie magazine, ou advised it. And to me you became e most never-stop-growing person I've ver known."

"'Never-stop-growing person,'" she reeated slowly. Then she said briskly, "I ave to be. I can't possibly sit back and ay, 'I've grown up now, so I can quit tudying.' Why, as many times as I look p some words in the dictionary, I still tumble over them when I try to use them. lo matter how much I study there are ots of things I haven't got the assurance discuss. I'm still trying to make up for ll the education I missed in school. The nly real assurance I have is in dancing. guess I'm just a frustrated dancer."

ime stood still . . .

She was wearing a brief, bared-midriff laysuit. Any ideas I might have had that oan Crawford has become a make-up an's work of art were certainly exploded hen and there. The only make-up she ore was a little lipstick. As far as I'm oncerned, she can take her place right ow as one of the fabulous women whom ime forgets to touch.

Finding during her first few months in Hollywood she was little more than a lorified extra-girl and a queen of the ublicity department's cheesecake art, oan had turned again to dancing. Esorted by various playboys, she entered harleston contests then being held at Hollywood night-spots. She won so many ups she became known as the Charleston id.

"In my rented bungalow in Culver City," aid Joan, "I placed my cups against a ackground of which I was particularly roud—a blue velvet scarf on which a lancing girl was embroidered in glitterng rhinestones. When Paul Bern, then n associate producer, saw that rhinestone irl, he couldn't keep from laughing. It ave me a jolt. I knew then how cheap nd gaudy it was . . . and all the other urnishings I'd acquired, too. So I began o study seriously how to improve myself."

When *Dancing Daughters* came along in 929, she was still a "flapper" and could nderstand the problems of the heroine. o it was tailor-made for her spirit. She ad improved herself enough so that she ould put that on film well enough to nake herself an overnight star.

"When I was told I was to be starred hereafter and that my salary was increased to $500 a week, I could hardly wait to get to a telephone and call Ray nd my mother in Kansas City to tell hem," she said with a smile.

Next she looked around for a house to buy. She was determined to pay cash for t and to improve it as she was financially able. She found a seven-room one with ample grounds around it out on a lonely, country road. She bought it.

"This room is one of the original ones," she told me. "The first night, I slept on a mattress and kept my personal things on a tea-cart while the maid had a bed and a tiny table in her room. That was practically all the furnishings we had. It scared us half to death driving that dark distance out here. But I was determined that I'd have real beauty around me."

At this time, she was listening to another sensitive, quiet young man—Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. So her dream of becoming familiar with the world of art, music, literature and philosophy was intensified. She married Fairbanks in 1929.

To the public, it was exciting to read the headline, "WILL EX-CHORUS GIRL BE RECEIVED AT PICKFAIR?" To Joan, it was humiliation—because Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., and his second wife, Mary Pickford, waited a full year before receiving her. When she finally was invited to one of their very formal dinners, she was painfully self-conscious. Brilliant conversation on all sides went over her head.

She yearned desperately to forget such parties and to resume the evenings of studying with her young husband. But he, by that time, was a man turning into the international sophisticate he has now become. By 1933, their paths had diverged so greatly that Joan left him.

"To this day," she says, "I'm scared of big parties. For a long time when I received any invitation, my first question was, 'How many guests will there be?' If it was a large party, I'd refuse. After I began to try to face that fear, I'd accept —but nine times out of 10 I'd phone practically at the last minute excusing myself on the grounds I had an early studio call. I do go to big parties—but I die until I can grab onto a few congenial couples with whom I can be co' 'fortable.

Right after her first divorce, Joan was lonely. There were tears, and she was singing "marriage is not for me" blues. Her unhappiness showed in her work. "They" began saying Crawford was through. In a sense, dancing once again came to her rescue—she was teamed with Clark Gable in *Dancing Lady.* It put her back in the top brackets.

Emotionally she was recovering, too. She was listening to another sensitive, articulate young man—Franchot Tone.

Of him, she says now, "I still worship Franchot—worship, you understand, not love—for his ability to talk so very intelligently about our profession. I've never been able to do that. I can only feel my roles. Almost invariably my first take is my best. One intellectual actress took advantage of that. In a key scene we had together, she purposely blew up in take after take until all the verve went out of me, then she projected her drama quite perfectly and stole the scene. Franchot would never deliberately use his ability to harm another player. Nor would Mel Ferrer, the latest person I've met who has that wonderful intellectual understanding."

During the two years of her marriage to Tone, she seemed to be achieving it. They built a little theater in the garden of her home—which by that time had been turned into a lovely mansion in what had become the beautiful Brentwood residential district. There they rehearsed stage plays. Until Franchot built up her self-confidence enough, she dared not appear with him before radio audiences. But Franchot himself was not progressing in his profession as he had hoped. This, combined with other dissatisfactions, sent Joan into the divorce courts again.

Indicative of Franchot's psychological hold on her is the fact that with their divorce, Joan found she could not face radio audiences any more. (Recently she appeared on *Suspense*—but only after the producers made an exception by transcribing it instead of presenting it before a studio audience as it usually is. Joan paid for all costs of the transcription.)

Joan then turned to children as an outlet for her emotions. She adopted fair-haired Christina and, a few months later, equally blond Christopher. She turned her tremendous vitality toward becoming a good mother. Between pictures she took complete charge of them. The children dominated—and still do to a large extent —her conversation. (The most poignant of all her remarks to me was, "I began to learn to play the way kids do. I'd never had a chance to before. . . .")

Romantically, her name was linked with Greg Bautzer, the very eligible Hollywood attorney with whom she'd been friendly for a long time. She was seen with him enough so that there were rumors they were altar-bound.

When she blithely announced one morning that she'd just married Phil Terry, a charming and ambitious young Paramount actor, it hit Hollywood like a bombshell.



"There's an empty seat next to a kid blowing bubble gum."

I couldn't ask Joan about Phil Terry. I was still under the spell of the day the Hollywood Women's Press Club awarded her the Golden Apple for the most co-operative actress of the year 1945. Never before nor since has there been such a turnout for those awards. Throughout the award luncheon, Joan wept continuously. No one that day asked Joan to elaborate on the morning's news flash that she and Phil Terry had separated—and she was headed for the divorce court for the third time. And she volunteered no comment.

But I do know that during her marriage to Phil Terry, a new Joan Crawford appeared—one who let her husband do all the talking even when the interview was supposed to be exclusively with her. Typical of the period is the experience told by one writer, "All Joan said during my interview with her was, 'Phil, dear, please pass Miss Blank the olives.'"

And I do know that she hit bottom career-wise. She left MGM—where she had arrived years before weighing 145 pounds, wearing a cheap, badly-fitting gray suit and tawdry accessories, her hair too curly, her eyes "like a scared cow's," the mouth "too big," her shoulders "too broad." She left Metro weighing 118 pounds. Her suits fitted beautifully, for Adrian had taken a look at her "too broad" shoulders and had said, "It might be fun to exaggerate them instead of trying to hide them"—and thus had set a long-lived style. Her hair gleamed like freshly-pressed, golden-bronze satin. Her eyes and mouth were still famous and widely copied.

She left Metro and went to her 27-room house to await offers from other studios. She is very frank to say, "That was the worst time of my life. Nothing has ever made me so miserable as those three years when everybody except close personal friends and wonderfully loyal fans said I was definitely washed up. Nobody offered me a job. And I simply didn't know how to retire. I've earned my own way ever since I was nine years old."

At the end of those three years, Jerry Wald, enthusiastic young producer at Warners, offered her *Mildred Pierce*.

From all sides everybody cheered and topped their cheers by giving her the industry's sought-after Academy Award.

After her divorce from Phil Terry, she adopted two more children, twins Cynthia and Cathy. They came in while I was there, shy, two-going-on-three-year-olds hiding behind their nursemaid's starched skirts. Joan beamed on them. "Come on now," she said, "show Miss Clark your happy face! Happy face!" Quickly the twins' smiles came and Joan laughed, "That's it! Always happy face!" Cathy broke away from the nursemaid's skirts and ran joyfully to Joan, who scooped her up. But Cynthia, solemn again, sat down and proceeded to try to tuck her slippered big toe in her mouth.

"Look at you!" Joan chuckled. "I told someone the other night how you do that. He said, 'Oh, to be able to do that again!' I bet him $50 I could—and I won, too!"

In came one of the handsomest little boys I've ever seen. Dressed in pajamas and robe, he was introduced as Christopher. With great gravity he asked me my opinion of sand-crabs. Finding me interested, he told how many they'd caught at the beach that afternoon. Then his gravity broke as he said enthusiastically, "Mummy's best of all at catching them!"

Laughing, Joan excused herself for a few minutes and took the children to watch their favorite television show.

When she returned, I said, "They're wonderful!"

"They are, aren't they? I'm sorry Christina's away right now so you can't meet her," she said softly, her eyes glowing. "Every night I ask, 'God, have I done right for them today?' I know how important those early years can be. I want them to be happy."

"How about marrying again?" I asked.

"Everybody thinks I should marry again, but—well, that's in the future."

"What about Ray Sterling?" I asked with sudden inspiration. "Is he married yet?"

"No—he's never married. He lives in Florida now. We write to each other a lot. I had a letter from him just the other day. He's been appointed to a crime prevention commission, isn't that wonderful?"

"Any romance there?" I asked hopefully.

"Well," said Joan, "as Ray says, if the timing had ever been right when we'd been together, we probably would have married and made a go of it. I probably would have married him back in Kansas City, but we both felt I ought to try my wings first. Since then the timing's never been right somehow. But certainly he's the most important of all my beaux. I was headed for trouble when I met him. My life would have been a lot different without him. . . ."

As I looked about at the beauty with which Joan has surrounded herself, I was particularly impressed by the Gagni paintings. They are quite a far cry from the gaudy rhinestone dancing girl. Gagni used his paint thickly in all the living things he reproduced so that they stand out in exquisite bold relief from the flat background he has made of lifeless things such as buildings, bridges or streets.

It seemed to me his technique keynoted Joan Crawford—standing out so vividly so beautifully in her life today against the unhappy background of her early years

THE END

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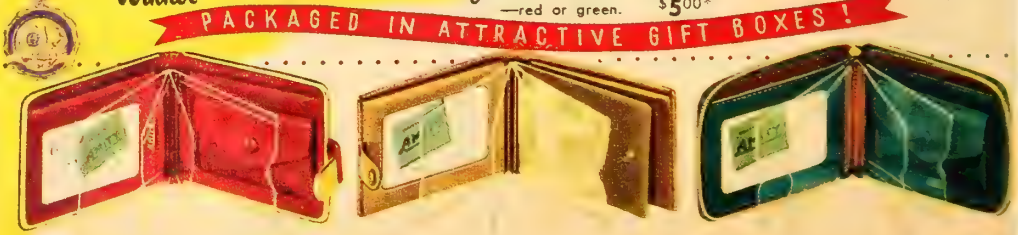
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ringing up susan

(Continued from page 54) cool water tickling in over her toes.

At first she was frightened by the roaring surf. She even cried a little when I tried to take her into the calmer water, but soon she toddled in by herself and splashed about and screamed when I made her come out.

Every morning she'd watch the men push their outrigger canoes into the surf. And as they skimmed over the breakers into the open seas she'd shield her eyes with one hand and point to them with the other. "Canooo," she'd say, "Canooo," and the words were left trailing in the air like the call of a coyote.

I got her a small toy canoe to play with and she spent hours pretending to ride the waves. She had a wonderful time talking to herself and laughing and maneuvering the boat through the sand.

When she wasn't playing "outrigger" she was running over the beach in her playsuit and huge, floppy Mexican straw hat that we'd brought from Los Angeles to protect her against sunburn. The hat's brim was so wide you could only see her feet sticking out as she lurched across the sand like a little character out of a comic strip.

I kept watching for signs of homesickness but they never came. To Linda Susan Hawaii was home, except that her collie, Lannie, was missing. The first few days she looked for him everywhere. If there was a knock on the door she'd clap her hands and laugh, "Lannie," and she'd look so puzzled when he didn't come in. But later a while she found other Lannies. Every long-haired dog on the island would be tugged and hugged and kissed by my daughter. And none of them seemed to mind.

Aloha, too soon . . .

It was odd how those five weeks flew like five days. In one mad afternoon we packed all our clothes (there seemed to be many more than what we'd started with) and boarded the Clipper.

At first Linda Susan refused to leave. I'd put a skirt of hers into the valise and she'd take it out and hide it under a chair. Then, so delighted with her little trick, she'd pull me by the hand and show me the hiding place.

Down at the airport she was almost smothered with leis made of gardenias and orchids and carnations and white ginger. She kept waving her hand at the friends who'd come down to say goodbye to us.

"Aloha, Linda Susan," one of them said, "Aloha."

Linda looked up a little sad, a little surprised, and shook her head. "No hello," she whispered, "Bye-bye."

And as I carried her up the gangplank I started to think how I would feel if I were two years old and my mother were dragging me away from the place I loved. But I could think of was home and how I'd like to be there.

So in the plane I started talking to Linda Susan about Lannie and how he was waiting for her to come play with him, and of all the toys getting themselves ready in the nursery, and of the sandpile outside and of her love birds who were lonely. Her eyes lit up and she hugged me tight, and after a while she hummed herself to sleep.

And as the plane sped on I thought how nice it was that now I had a daughter old enough to take with me wherever I went, and that wherever I go it will be new and thrilling because I'll be seeing it all through my daughter, Linda Susan's eyes.

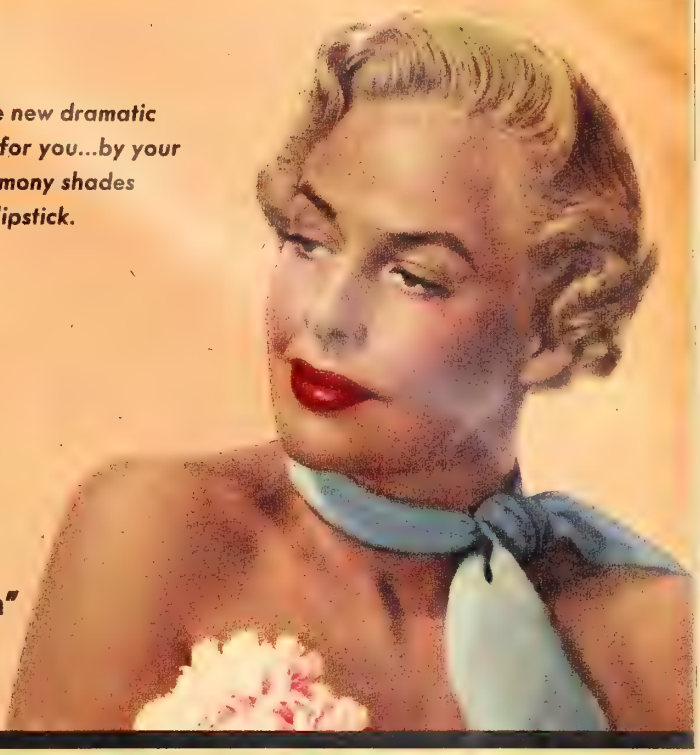
THE END

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Medium ☐	Green ☐	BRUNETTE Light ☐ Dark ☐
Ruddy ☐	Hazel ☐	
Sallow ☐	Brown ☐	BROWNETTE Light ☐ Dark ☐
Freckled ☐	Black ☐	
Olive ☐		REDHEAD Light ☐ Dark ☐
Deep Olive ☐	LASHES (Color)	GRAY HAIR
SKIN: Normal ☐	☐ ☐ ☐	Check here ☐ also check former hair coloring above
Dry ☐ Oily ☐	Light Medium Dark	

love walked in

(*Continued from page 31*) yelled, "Aloha!" until his voice cracked. He waved from his open flivver so much he got a charley-horse.

New Year's Eve, when all of Honolulu practically blows up with fireworks, Clark and Sylvia sent rockets and Roman candles whooshing into the sky from midnight to dawn. They stood there like a couple of awe-struck kids watching the sky light up. Like the newlyweds they were, with a whole life before them, exciting and new.

Nobody who knows Clark or Sylvia well was really surprised by the Gable who came back from Honolulu, the Gable who dropped ten years by saying, "I do," the Gable with the frequent, boyish grin.

His friends knew that a guy like him is no good rattling around alone and lonely as he'd been since Carole Lombard died. But he needed the sort of woman who would understand him, who would be able to interest him in life again.

The new Mrs. G. is not only social but sociable-plus. She likes people and people like her. She's lived all her life in a world of conviviality, and one Hollywood prediction is practically unanimous: the old recluse Gable is a man of the past. If anyone can warm up his home and bring him back to the life of friends and fun that he really loves, it's Sylvia. Already in the past two months she's had more dinner parties at Encino that Clark himself bothered to stage in the past two years, including a surprise forty-ninth birthday party for Mr. G. himself.

When he came back from his honeymoon, Clark was given a special gift from MGM. They put off shooting his picture, *To Please A Lady*, for three months. But every day of those three months he worked overtime—to please a lady named Sylvia.

After Clark had shown his bride her new home in Encino, she came out onto the brick front porch and gazed across the lawn at the sun-spattered pepper trees.

"I love it," she said. "It's perfectly charming. Simply adorable. Only—"

"Only what?"

"Wouldn't sheep be lovely on that beatiful green lawn?"

"Sheep?" muttered Clark. "I dunno. I dunno about sheep."

"And over there, in that patch of sun by the pool. Can't you just see roses? Hundreds of roses?"

"Roses?" said Clark. "Oh, yeah. Roses."

"And just imagine a guest house down under that spreading walnut. The 'Tree House,' we'd call it."

"Guest house!" yelped Clark. "Hey—who wants guests?"

Just then Martin, the valet who's been with Gable for fourteen years, walked out to say, "Lunch is ready, *Mrs.* Gable."

"He knows who's boss," laughed Clark. "So do I. And I'm afraid I like it."

Just the other morning as Clark waved goodbye, and rolled down the winding drive in his new imported Jaguar roadster, he passed a flock of sheep grazing on the lawn, not far from a hundred and eighty rose bushes, blowing pink petals into the pool. And just over the hill, down under the spreading walnut tree, painters were putting the finishing coat of paint on the new guest house. And pretty soon, Sylvia will be sending out invitations. But this is not what Hollywood expected.

When news of their marriage first broke out, Hollywood set up a wail. "We'll never see the guy again," everyone moaned. "The International Set's got him. First thing Sylvia'll do is take him off to Europe. Anybody want to buy a ranch?"

Well, just try and buy it—Mr. and Mrs. Gable's ranch, that is. Even if you get by the electric gate, you'll be climbing a pepper tree the minute you say, "How much?" And Bob, Rover and Ricky, Clark's three watchdogs, reinforced by Minnie, Sylvia's toy Manchester, will keep you up there for years.

It's private property, and the way things look, it's going to stay that way.

Matter of fact, Clark and Sylvia never considered making their home anywhere else. Everything they loved about their honeymoon house in Kahala—the flowered chair covers, the Chinese screens, the lanai lounge—they wanted to take back to the ranch. They'd have moved the big hibiscus to their front lawn if they could, and possibly the view of the bay.

About all they actually packed was a ukulele and a crate full of Hawaiian records. But most important, they brought themselves, and their dreams for the future they've vowed to share.

Sylvia fell in love with Clark's ranch at first sight, the way she fell for Clark. His home is as much a part of the guy she married as his rugged face, jug ears and disarming grin. In his whole rambling life no place has tied him to it as long or as strong before.

house of memories . . .

For the past twelve years—a big hunk out of any man's life—all the intimate memories of his sad and glad times have fastened right to those twenty acres of sloping soil in the San Fernando Valley.

It was to this same homestead that Clark brought his last bride, Carole Lombard, and it was from here that he bolted, grim and red-eyed, to search the Nevada gorges day and night until he found her crushed body. It was here that he flew from Paris two years ago when the sad news reached him that his beloved old dad, "Billy," was dead. (Often Billy Gable lived at the ranch with his son.) It was here that Clark greased his guns and oiled his tackle before setting forth on the mountain hunts and blue-water marlin cruises he loved; here where he returned whiskered and sweaty with his bag or catch to phone Jack Conway, the late Vic Fleming, Al Menasco or Walter and Fieldsie Lang, some pal or collection of pals, and beg them to "come and get it."

In that time, Clark's ploughed up almost every foot of the citrus-alfalfa land in person. Bob, his twelve-year-old German pointer, used to pant along beside him as Clark drove the tractor. And out in the pasture today stands Sunny, his riding horse. Now sixteen, Sunny's carried Clark over every square foot of the place.

Gable's personally sweated with construction gangs building the six-stall stable, the sheds, the garage and outhouses. He planned and put in the small oval swimming pool. And he's personally acquainted with every shrub, flower and tree inside his white rail fence.

If you are hunting for elegance, the elegance of town houses and English country manors, for instance, you won't find it here in the small, clapboard, slant-hoofed house. "It's not grand or gorgeous," Clark says, "but it's for me." And it's for Sylvia, too. Certainly she wasn't looking here for the things she had tasted and found tasteless elsewhere.

The only time Clark ever considered leaving his home for good was when he went off to war. Mixed up and shaken then, he wanted to wipe the slate clean to sell his place and his memories of it. His friends talked him out of that, and Clark's been glad ever since. Especially now.

"Inside my house," Clark has explained time and again to a curious press, "is the only place in the world I have any privacy at all. It's my refuge, and it's not going to be invaded." It never has been thrown open for the world to see. It never will be photographed.

But what Sylvia Gable saw when Clark kissed her and set her down past his doorway was a bachelor hall that could use a few feminine frills.

Inside the English provincial house with its hint of Cape Cod is a large living room with a massive fireplace. Over the fireplace are mounted Clark's collection of antique fowling pieces. Two huge sofas stand on either side of the hearth, flanked by over-stuffed chairs. The tables are



. "It's nothing new for her! They always leave a lot of her in the cutting room!"

sturdy and simple, the walls almost bare of pictures, and a beige carpet stretches across the room.

A book-lined den near the living room houses Clark's fine gun collection, a radio, a record machine and a movie projector. Next to the den there's a small office for his secretary, Jean Gorceau.

The dining room is a step below the living room. It has its own big fireplace and a plain plank table big enough for ten. Old oil-burning lamps on the table give the room much of its salty atmosphere. Chairs line one wall and Clark's built-in bar is against the other.

A straight staircase rises out of a living room corner to the bedrooms above.

Clark's room has an over-sized bed in it with a small couch at its foot. His wardrobe racks and chests of drawers are built into a dressing room which has floor length mirrors on all sides.

Sylvia's room is across the hall. This was Carole Lombard's room, and somehow the sentimental fiction persists that Clark refused to alter a thing in it since she died. But two years ago, he had it completely done over for a guest room.

Of course Sylvia has changed things at her new home. Clark expected her to, and he's delighted with the results.

Already there are flowers and plants inside where nobody ever thought of putting them. The few prize pieces Sylvia had at the ocean-front house Doug Fairbanks left her are on their way from England and New York. The guest house —two rooms and a bath—is fully furnished to her taste. Sylvia's bedroom was done over again in the soft greens and yellows she loves. The living room furniture's been shifted around, and recovered. And the unfamiliar scent of lavender drifts out of the wardrobe closets, packed now with the beautiful clothes which were back in New York when Sylvia needed them most—for her trousseau.

"You know something?" Sylvia confessed recently to a friend. "The week before we were married I amused myself by thinking what I'd wear if Clark should propose. I had a wonderful dress in mind, a whole outfit, in fact. And what happened? I got married in a plain navy blue with a white collar!"

Nobody would have enjoyed dolling herself up for an event like that as much as Sylvia. She loves clothes and carries them well. Her collection of jewelry is dazzling. Her perfumes are super-feminine and exquisitely French. She's been on the international "best-dressed" lists many times.

Her most flattering lines are tailored and trim, and no one can put a hat on her head or French heels on her feet. She's decided what her type is long ago and she sticks to it with confidence.

But even in that navy blue dress with the white collar, Sylvia was up in the clouds on her wedding day. And neither Clark nor Hollywood has let her down.

The first time Clark and Sylvia came out of Encino together they went to the première of *Key To The City*. This was a lucky break for Clark, because in that movie, for the first time since the war, he was unmistakably the old Gable, virile and fascinating. That was the kind of role that made him famous. Sylvia, who hadn't seen Clark on the screen since *It Happened One Night* (in 1935) told him later, "Darling, you haven't changed a bit!"

Right now Sylvia's catching up to the other Gable fans by seeing all of Clark's movies at home. She's extremely interested in his career, although she hasn't the smallest desire to act. The first day Clark worked on *To Please A Lady* Sylvia inspected the set with all the curiosity of a bobby-soxer. In May, she's going with him to the Memorial Day auto races in Indianapolis where footage will be shot for his next race-driver role.

After that, Clark has four more months of freedom for a second honeymoon, and he's planned it already. He wants to take a motor trip all over the U.S.A. to show Sylvia a close-up of the country that was so good to him.

They want to see Europe together, too, and then, South America. But no matter how far away they go, they'll always come racing back to Hollywood, to their home. "Brother," said Clark to a friend the other day, "if there's a dull minute from now on, it's my own fault."

Clark's grateful for this second chance at happiness, and he wants to enjoy every moment to the full. Both he and Sylvia are seasoned enough to know that there's give and take to married happiness, and the more you give the more you take. Both have a striking parallel in their romantic pasts. They've tried marriage before, and failed twice. They've known brief, intense loves that ended tragically by death—Clark with Carole Lombard and Sylvia with Doug Fairbanks.

And they know that, fate willing, they'll get the wish they made that Hawaiian night in December, 1949. With the Pacific surf in the background, and the moon glistening on the sand, Clark and Sylvia sipped champagne on the lanai, and Clark made a toast: "To us," he said, "and to our new life in the days and nights ahead. May they all be as swell as this."

So far they've got their wish, and it looks as if it will keep, for on that night when love walked in and claimed Clark Gable's life, loneliness took one lingering, frightened look and drowned itself off the shores of gay Hawaii. THE END



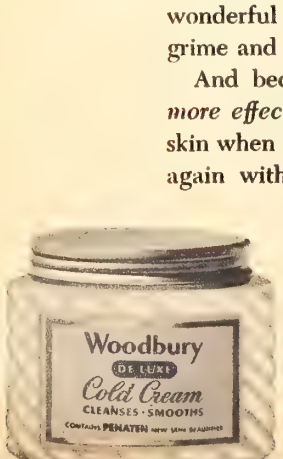


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Woodbury Cold Cream

penetrates deeper because it contains PENATEN

pack up and go

by connie bartel, fashion editor

■ This is the time of the year when you're gripped by an irresistible urge. You want *out*—out of the city and into the country; out of routine, into relaxation. We're all for it. Bigger weekends, better vacations, more dates, more fun! What else is summer made for? So here we go with a cute and cool collection of vacation togs, so you'll be ready to take off at a moment's notice.

We begin with the pastel summer suit Jane Russell wears opposite—happy choice for holiday travel. Once you get where you're going, you'll naturally need sunbacks. On page 70, Teresa Wright models two darlings—each with its jacket, so you can bare or cover as you see fit. On page 71, Teresa shows what bright print play dresses, with whirly-twirly skirts, can do for a girl's spirit.

Pages 72-73 offer you a quartet of the sort of light, bright, gay dresses that you want for a dozen occasions. Two are smart stripes—and there are also a seafoam-green dotted swiss (sheer fabrics are favorites) and a mint-green broadcloth.

As for undies, how could you possibly have too many fresh crisp cool ones in the hot weather? Pages 74-75 feature dreamy slips and bras, especially designed to wear under the fashions in this issue. And on page 76—sweaters—a striped set for sports and an elasticized hug-me-tight for dress-up.

All meant to be packed into a bag for a holiday packed with fun.

Jane Russell wears a smooth summer suit in pink gabardine

■ Jane Russell, fresh from her tremendously successful personal appearance at New York's Paramount Theater, where *The Outlaw* opened with much hoopla.

She wears a sophisticated suit with rounded lapels and button-tab pockets—and you could hardly do better than to pick it for holiday travel. It's rayon-sheen gabardine in pink, navy, powder blue, gold. See it also in a handsome carrara rayon tropical suiting, in gold, oyster white, pink, aqua. Sizes 10-18, and junior sizes 9-15. $14.95

By Smart Fashions of California
Basement,
At Rich's, Atlanta. For how to buy see page 77.

Blue bucket bag by Roger Van S


modern
screen
fashions



pack up *and* go ... and take plenty of sun-clothes



You'll be seeing Teresa Wright's newest picture, ***The Capture,*** *just about the time this issue appears. It's a Niven Busch Production, released by RKO. Teresa paused in the middle of a New York whirl to pose in vacation fashions for us—and who could look cuter!*

Above, left, *she wears an antique-gold jacket with pert peplum and bright white pique collar and cuffs. When the jacket comes off, behold, the matching sun-dress below. Broadcloth dress and jacket, also in aqua, maize, pink. Jr. sizes 9-15. By Bonny Stewart, $8.98*

Above, right, *Teresa looks angelic in sparkling white pique jacket, to match sun-dress below. It's a sugar-candy dress, with crochet-like lace making the straps and edging the pockets; tiny buttons; soft front pleats. Waffle-pique-like cotton, with galoon lace. Blue, maize, pink. Jr. sizes 9-15. By Bonny Stewart. $8.98.*

Shoes by Capezio
Hats by Capulets

On this page, Teresa wears vivid print play dresses—breaks into a dance step because the huge circle skirts simply demand motion.

Right, she wears a light-hearted Mexican hat print skirt with off-shoulder drawstring bodice. One-piece, with blue or bitter-sweet top, matching multicolor print. Sizes 12-18. $3.98.

Below, she wears a bright hibiscus multicolor print skirt with huge red hibiscus, and a lime-yellow top. Bodice has jester collar pointed up with buttons. Also yellow hibiscus print with bittersweet top. Sizes 12-18. $3.98.

Both washable cotton. They're Fiesta Whirlabouts by Royal Miss.

These Modern Screen Fashions at Rich's Basement, Atlanta, Ga.
For how to buy, see page 77.



Playshoes by Parkhill
Jewelry by Lisner
Gloves by Kayser



pack up

. . and take wonderful



There'll be no end to the times you'll want light, cool, colorful dresses—tubbable, of course, for constant freshness—and naturally as pretty as possible.

***Far left:** striped sundress with crisp butcher rayon jacket. The dress has a squared-off neck-line, punctuated with a bow (see closeup below), side buttons, and a big, big pocket.*

Grey or green stripes with white jacket; pink or blue stripes with navy jacket. Half-sizes 14½-24½. $8.98.

***Left:** stripes with a sophisticated diagonal line of amber-like buttons from collar to hem. Green, brown or grey stripes Misses' sizes 12-20; half-sizes 14½-22½. $8.98. Both in Mallinson's washable rayon Sun Lounge. Dresses styled by Martha Cavanaugh.*



and go

washable dresses

Hats by Capulets
Luggage by Boyle
Jewelry by Lisner



Right: *sheer femininity—and sheer chic, since gauzy transparent fabrics are fashion's darling this season. Darling dotted cotton dress with two V's to accent the bodice, a row of buttons to the hem, a flip-up collar, and a sash to tie in front. Pink, aqua, maize, or navy blue. Misses' sizes 12-20; half sizes 14½-24½. $5.98.*

Far right: *Silky cotton jacket-over-dress, attractive anywhere any time. Peel the jacket—and look! (see below) —a super sundress with a square of embroidered scalloped lace at the neckline. It's Sanforized broadcloth, in pink, blue, aqua, maize. Misses' sizes 12-20; also half-sizes 14½-24½. $5.98. Both dresses are Stefi Originals.*

These Modern Screen Fashions Rich's Basement, Atlanta, Ga.

For how to buy, see page 77







pack up and go

and take lots of pretty undies

1. Far left, (opposite page) Beribboned batiste camisole ($1.98). Worn with beguiling half-slip ($1.98). Both in Sanforized cotton with eyelet embroidery. Realcraft by United Mills.

2. Sweet-fitting cool batiste slip edged with eyelet and flounced with wide eyelet ruffle. Sanforized cotton. $1.98. Realcraft by United Mills.

3. Figure-making multi-filament rayon slip. Lace edged bodice; sophisticated lace inserts and ruffle at hem. Pink, white, coral sand, sea foam, blue. Sizes 32-40. $2.98. Superfit by Superior.

4. Blue ribbon runs through eyelet on a white broadcloth strapless bra for your sunbacks. $1.50. By Lovable.

5. The semi-plunge, in rayon satin and lace—for a wonderful separation job. Pink or white. $1. By Lovable.

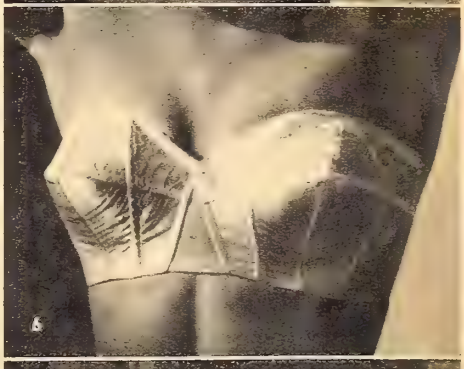
6. Strapless white uplift—lower half in rayon satin; upper in elasticized lace. $1.50. By Lovable.

7. Eyelet straps and ribbon-run eyelet on a romantic white broadcloth bra. $2. By Lovable.

These Modern Screen Fashions at Rich's Basement, Atlanta, Ga.
For how to buy, see page 77.









pack up and go

and take plenty of sweaters

Half the fun of your vacation is getting outdoors—and half the fun of outdoors is cute sport clothes. (P. S. Sweater girls seem to have the most fun of all!)

Left, a jaunty red, white, and blue sweater, with a rakish visor cap to match—natural target for the boys' snapshot cameras. Below, cardigan to match.

Both slipover and cardigan are in fine knitted combed cotton. They come in navy body with navy and white stripes, and a horizontal red band; chartreuse body, with chartreuse and ivory stripes, and horizontal cocoa band . . . Slipover, complete with visor cap, $2.98. Cardigan, $2.98

Directly below, an elasticized white cotton hug-me-tight to wear with sports things—as well as to look very dressed up over a long skirt at night, $1.98.
All by Shepherd Knitwear.

These Modern Screen Fashions at Rich's Basement, Atlanta, Ga.

For how to buy, see page 77.





Sunglasses are Sun-Lashies by Bachman Brothers.



Where You Can Buy Modern Screen Fashions

All the PACK UP AND GO fashions are currently being featured at:

Rich's, Inc.
Atlanta 2, Georgia

Smooth pink gabardine suit worn by Jane Russell in color photo *(page 69)*
*Juniors' & Misses' Suits**

Sun dresses worn by Teresa Wright *(page 70)*
White pique jacket dress
Gold broadcloth jacket dress
*Junior Dresses**

Fiesta Whirlabout playdresses worn by Teresa Wright *(page 71)*
Mexican hat print dress
Hibiscus print dress
*Casual Dresses**

Striped dress with side buttons *(page 72)*
*Misses' Dresses**
*Women's Dresses**

Striped dress with jacket (page 72)
*Women's Dresses**

Dotted sheer dress *(page 73)*
Chambray jacket dress *(page 73)*
*Misses' Dresses**
*Women's Dresses**

Slips and bras *(page 74)*
*Lingerie Department***
*Corsets & Bras***

Striped sweater and hat *(page 76)*

Matching cardigan *(page 76)*

Hug-me-tight *(page 76)*
*Junior Sportswear**

*Rich's Main Basement
**Rich's Lower Level Basement

You may also order by mail, write: Rich's, Inc., Atlanta 2, Georgia

(Add 20c postage on prepaid orders outside Greater Atlanta.)

my dear husband

(*Continued from page 33*) "there's nothing you can do. So forget it."

"But he said to come over any time," Bill persisted.

"Not this late," I said. "You can't call on *anyone* at this hour."

"I suppose you're right," he answered.

When we got home, I went upstairs right away and got ready for bed. Bill said he would be up in a moment. Minutes passed. I was just getting under the covers when I heard the front door open, and then—the motor of the car as Bill started it up and drove away!

I was lying there, mentally throwing knives at him—and not missing—when, scarcely five minutes later, I heard the car come back. Bill came upstairs, and I stared at him until he almost withered.

"Now! Now!" he said. "I bet you thought I was going on to that party alone."

"Weren't you?" I asked.

"Of course not!" he replied.

"Then *where* were you going at nearly two o'clock in the morning?"

"Why, darling," said Bill, "I noticed there wasn't much gas in the car and I knew you had an early call—so I just ran





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Big eyed eyelets trim the basque yoke and straight back of this 4 gore slip. 5 inch eyelet embroidery circles the hem.
White Sanforized Cotton. $1.95

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up to the all-night service station and filled the tank."

"Oh, Bill! How nice of you!" I said and went to sleep happy. I was happy. Even if he *had* started out for the party, he'd come back because he didn't want to risk offending me. What more can a wife ask?

Once when he was ill and ordered to stay in bed he decided he was going to get up and go to the studio anyway. I was furious—but he was firm. I watched grimly as he got to his feet, swayed over to the wardrobe closet and started pawing around among the clothes. Then, very quietly, he turned and went back to bed.

"Well, what changed your mind?" I asked.

He looked up at me, his jaw set. "I didn't change my mind," he said. "I just didn't have strength enough to lift the suit off the hanger."

The next minute my Bill was asleep.

By the way, he doesn't snore. *That*, I understand, is a claim which very few, if any other, wives can make. But he *is* a thrasher. (Once I awoke to find him beating away at the foot of the bed where he claimed some gophers were digging a hole.) He also makes a peculiar, clicking noise deep in his throat. Both our boys seem to have inherited this last habit. Sometimes, in the middle of the night, I hear Bill clicking away, with both West and Scott doing the same thing . . . and I have to laugh softly at the odd night chorus. Once Bill awoke and heard me.

"Huh?" he asked thickly.

"Yes, yes," I replied comfortingly and he went back to sleep. It doesn't make any difference what I say when he wakes up like that. All he needs is a little reassurance and he'll sink away again.

his severest critic . . .

But it isn't so easy to reassure him any other time. If things are going very well he's apt to be glum. If things look bad he's high-spirited and confident.

I never say, "The reviews on your last picture were great, Bill," because he'll tell me there was an awful lot wrong with it. But if the reviews are just so-so, he'll say, "Wait till next time! I know just what was wrong and from now on I'll have it under control." (He certainly has *Sunset Boulevard* under control.)

In his personal life Bill doesn't react this way. It's hard for him to take things easily, or do them in an easy way. If he thinks he's smoking too much he can't just cut down. He has to stop altogether. Consequently on the second day, he's a mental wreck.

Sunday after Sunday he'll laze around the house. Then will come one Sunday when he'll be up before dawn, wheeling fertilizer around in the garden or digging holes. By nightfall he'll be gasping. He'll be lucky to get out of bed in the morning.

He even eats wrong in my opinion. But my opinion doesn't take hold. Eating is important to him. When meal-time's delayed he's delirious—that is, at lunch and dinner. He doesn't care about breakfast.

If we're having people in to dinner, at, say, seven-thirty, Bill likes to have them in by seven so they can drink their cocktails and sit down on time. But, if they happen to arrive as requested at seven-thirty, he'll greet them with, "Hello-would-you-like-a-drink-dinner-is-ready!"

An army friend of his, Joe Kilgore, has told me how Bill behaved when they had quarters together in an apartment, where Bill did most of the cooking. "Anytime I came home late to dinner Bill would be standing at the top of the stairs, a kitchen towel over his shoulders, and a big fist ready to shake in my face because I had spoiled his steaks with my tardiness."

Incidentally, I'm amazed at how Bill's old friendships persist. Some of his best friends were first graders with him in school. He doesn't make new friends though, at the drop of a hat. And his judgment about people in general is much better than mine.

People I think are fine he has often seen in another light—a more revealing light—as it eventually turned out. That's why I always ask Bill first before inviting any of my friends over. But it doesn't work the other way. "Come on over!" he'll yell into the phone if someone he likes happens to call. Then he'll turn to me and say, "That was Hector. You remember old Hector? Swell guy! He's on his way out for dinner." Just like that.

On cooking, on friends, and on political matters Bill is more or less in charge for both of us. On things professional, on scripts and acting roles, little Brenda's opinion is asked for and respected. On raising the family, meaning our children Virginia, West and Scott, I am the authority. Anything else we work out together.

Lately this cooperation has taken the form of our running up and down the Coast looking for antiques. A few weeks ago in Santa Barbara, we ran across just the piece we were looking for—an old English pushpenny gaming table.

"How much?" I asked.

"That will be four-hundred-and-fifty-dollars," said the proprietor.

I looked at Bill and turned to the door. But Bill stood his ground.

"That's too bad," he told the man. "I just haven't got that much cash."

"How much have you got?"

"Seventy-two dollars," Bill said.

The dealer scratched his head. "Well. . ." he began, and I turned in amazement. Was he really going to accept that much of a reduction? But Bill wasn't amazed.

"And, of course I couldn't give you all of the seventy-two," Bill said. "Have to keep ten. Lunch and all that . . ."

The dealer's hand almost shook as he stretched it out for the sixty-two.

A few minutes later, as we started up the highway, I turned to Bill. "I was scared to death he wouldn't take the seventy-two," I said. "How did you have the nerve to cut it more?"

Bill swung the wheel sharply and the car turned in towards a roadside diner. He studied a big sign showing steaks broiling over a charcoal fire and then looked at me.

"I was scared to death he *would* take the seventy-two, and I wouldn't get to eat!" he replied.

That's him . . . that's my dear husband.

THE END



izabeth, the bride

(Continued from page 40) away on their ropean honeymoon. By now they know ch other as they didn't before, by now e world holds adventure in every corner d delight in every hour. This is the joy at will stay with Elizabeth as long as her arried life shall last, but never again ll she sample the intoxicating thrills that me once in every girl's existence—her edding, her reception, her wedding night d honeymoon, and before that, those ree glorious months of her betrothal.

For no girl ever lived through such a nderful whirl of anticipation as Eliza- th Taylor had in the three months since at electric afternoon at her house on m Drive when she invited her best girl ends for tea and let them in on her cret. Never again will she thrill to the ver-to-be-forgotten excitement of pre- ring for the altar, the sad-bright, bit- sweet chores of a bride-to-be.

Nor will she ever forget the quick, semi- cret flight to New York with Mama and ck, and reporters and cameramen chas- g up at every stop like a pack of baying agles, and Nick puzzling, "Is it always e this?" The three-day stop in Chicago Nick's business at the Stevens Hotel, d their buying spree at Marshall Field the Wallace sterling in Grande Baro- e, the powder-blue Wedgwood china, e initialed Italian linens, the Swedish ystal. The dawn-to-dusk engagement th Ceil Chapman, Elizabeth's favorite anhattan *couturier,* whipping up what e went East for—her trousseau.

I talked to Elizabeth in the midst of that avenly delirium. That is, Elizabeth ked to me, bubbling like champagne, er the long distance wire, "Oh, Hedda— t on a plane, fly here and see them! ey're so *beautiful,* so *lovely,* so *wonder-*—suits, evening gowns, morning out- s, cocktail dresses, short dancing dresses rgandies, linens, silks, cottons—yellows, ks, pale blues, apricots, whites—" Back Hollywood, Paramount's chief designer ith Head was making her basic black velling suit with five different blouses. x was fashioning five different pert, ic custom hats. What chapter in any l's life can ever hope to eclipse those nderful pre-nuptial weeks, when the rld is one big love song and she's the ry princess it serenades?

t a tycoon . . .

But to get back to earth—as even Eliza- th must. How did all this bliss sud- nly settle on Elizabeth Taylor, who ly a few weeks ago was hurt and dis- usioned by two straight heart fiascos, d sat at home lonesome and unloved? at worked the miracle? Who is this k Hilton who popped up from nowhere d walked off with Hollywood's loveliest ze?

Nick, of course, is officially Conrad cholson Hilton, Junior, eldest son of onnie" Hilton, top hotel tycoon of the rld and head of a $125,000,000 room- d-bath empire. But Nick's more than t a rich man's son. He's a young man o's on his way himself. He inherits all dad's smartness, aggressiveness and rm.

Nick's twenty-three and well set up. 's no boy beautiful but good looking. iz has seen too many of those around llywood to be impressed with pretty files.) Light brown hair, blue eyes, fair n, a winning smile. A "clean-cut" type. 's quiet, manly, extremely well-man- ed. He's popular. He has hosts of ends everywhere. Nick grew up in lots spots around the USA where his dad's

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New York. He went to prep school in New Mexico, served in the Navy, finally graduated from Loyola, a Catholic college in Los Angeles.

Already he has all the know-how of what makes a big hotel tick, he's an executive in the sprawling Hilton Hotel chain and one of his dad's trumps. Last year Connie Hilton sent Nick abroad to make a survey of European hotel conditions. His report to the company was solid and comprehensive—a terrific job. It wasn't his first. All the Hilton managers respect Nick and ask his advice.

With the Hilton company set to build a huge new $7,000,000 hotel next year in Beverly Hills, Nick won't have to worry about a job to support his wife, or, it's my guess, one that's too far away from hers. Undoubtedly he'll be busy as a bird dog getting the Beverly Hilton started.

Everyone who has ever known Nicky Hilton is wild about him. His ex-stepmother, Sari (Zsazsa) Gabor Hilton Sanders (now actor George's wife) told me, "Nicky's one of the finest boys I ever knew in my life. He's the very highest type of young American man." Nick was sixteen when Sari married Conrad, his dad. They became pals at once and when he got the go-ahead on his engagement from Elizabeth's dad, Nick called London (where George Sanders was making a picture) to tell Zsazsa the glad news. "It may sound amazing for me to predict," she laughed to me, "but I bet those kids will stick together for keeps." She's not the only one who thinks that. So do Elizabeth's dad, her mother, Conrad Hilton—and me.

I sat next to them at a Hollywood party not long before their wedding. I know first hand Nick's charm, manners, good humor—and ability to take it, too. Esther Williams was with me and when Esther and I get going we can be holy terrors. That night we started off with, "Well, Elizabeth, now that you're going to get married, there are some things you ought to know—" It was a slanderous gag but we milked it merrily. "Now let's see," said Esther. "First, you'll make two pictures then it will be time for the first baby. Then two more and time for the second." We went on and on like that, instructing Elizabeth and Nick in the facts of life. She blushed and so did Nicky, who sat with his arm looped through hers. But even though we kidded them wickedly for two solid hours, they took it. Finally Liz exploded, "Why, I've never been talked to like this in my life!"

"Bet you never learned as much either," cracked Esther.

he stole her heart away . . .

That night it was hard for me to realize that the blushing boy across from me had actually swept gorgeous Elizabeth Taylor, Hollywood's crown princess if there ever was one, off her feet. He just didn't seem the type. And, matter of fact, Nick isn't. He's no swoon boy and knocking them cold isn't the way he operates. Nicky Hilton won Elizabeth's heart by a very different technique.

It all started one noon hour last October at Lucey's cafe across from Paramount, where Elizabeth was halfway through *A Place in The Sun*. That morning she'd played the scene where Montgomery Clift goes off to jail, and now she was emotionally tense. When "Pete" Freeman, (son of Paramount's boss) called her set and said, "Liz, Nick Hilton, a friend of mine, wants to meet you. How about lunch?" She said, "Love it." Some chatter and laughs away from the heavy mood of the morning would be welcome. Nick, of course, had frankly asked his friend, Pete, to set it up. "I think she's a knockout," he'd admitted. "I want to meet her." Well, what young man wasn't dying to meet Elizabeth Taylor? But even then young Nick Hilton knew why he was. He'd fallen for Liz on the screen, he'd read about her, heard about her and what he had in mind was knowing her much better. Nick's original break, of course, was that he knew Pete Freeman well enough to ask a favor like that.

There wasn't much sensational about that lunch date—just small talk with the table hopping interruptions that afflict all lunch dates in all Hollywood star hangouts. Liz thought Nicky was "nice" and "attractive," that's all. But before he left Nick Hilton was strictly sunk. He was in love and he knew it. What's more, he knew what to do about it. Before he left he made a date with Elizabeth for the next Saturday night. And after he left he told Pete, "She's more wonderful than I thought she could be."

All the rest of the time she played *A Place in the Sun* Elizabeth saw Nick almost every night. He came to dinner at her home, said an early good night—but soon with a good night kiss. Weekends and afternoons off they clattered together over the woodsy Bel-Air riding trails where there are plenty of big oak trees to tie the horses to and sit on the leaves and talk and make plans. Weekends to go when they stepped out, it was to Barrymore and Marilyn's, or Pete Freeman's, or Elizabeth's friends, the Marshall Thompsons, to Jane Powell and Geary's house. Last New Year's the Freemans drove with Nick and Elizabeth to Arrowhead Springs to welcome 1950 in. But that was a private party, too, and well chaperoned. No wonder their romance wasn't buzzed around, no wonder they could keep it under wraps as they did all those early weeks, when all the time Nick Hilton was woozy with adoration and Elizabeth herself knew something important was making funny noises in her heart.

Frankly, I don't blame Elizabeth for hiding the truth, although she lost control of her heart very early in the game. She'd been singed twice by world wide publicity of the most chastening sort. They'd even tagged her with the rather nickname, "The Jilt," after the Glenn Davis and Bill Pawley broken troths. And she was wary she had a right to be. Nick, of course, was playing for keeps and did everything he could do to duck the limelight.

At first, you might think the boy had the strikes against him. For one thing, Liz was busy working throughout the early important stages and that meant only brief dates at night. Right away too, he bucked

I SAW IT HAPPEN



Not too long ago, a group of my school friends and I decided to sing carols in the neighborhood. It was raining and we were all cold, but still we sang from house to house throughout the streets. While we were singing in front of one house, the door opened suddenly and to our complete surprise Dana Andrews and his wife listened to us and even requested different songs, and finally invited us to come in out of the rain. I needn't add that Christmas Eve was certainly a pleasant experience for all of us.

Marilyn Mingo
Los Angeles, Calif.

he potent handicaps Hollywood throws at romance.

Not long after Nick and Elizabeth discovered each other, he flew with Pete Freeman to Puerto Rico to help open his dad's new luxury hotel, the Caribe-Hilton. At that point Nick was so in love he couldn't stand the idea of that separation. He begged Elizabeth to go with him, and petitioned Paramount to let her stop work for a while on *A Place in the Sun*. Of course that was impossible and Nick made the trip without her. Almost as monotonous as the engine's drumming roar were Nick's anguished monologues, "I love her, I've just got to marry her, she's the only girl in the world for me." Poor Pete, who had to do the listening, suffered almost as much as Nick.

But those obstacles only made the outcome more certain for a determined character like Nick Hilton. When he was in San Juan, for instance, he made transoceanic calls to Elizabeth every night. And Nick Hilton had a few aces on his side in this particular game of hearts, not the least of which was the state of Elizabeth Taylor's impatient, frustrated ticker. He couldn't have entered a love game at a more psychologically perfect moment.

For the past year I've never known a girl more ripe for love and marriage than Elizabeth. She's been right in the full bloom of young womanhood and, as her record proves, she's been yearning to find the man she loved, marry him and live in adult life. To have held her back and smothered that natural impulse—as the Taylors wisely did not do—could have been disastrous. It could possibly have wound up in one of those too frequent and shameful stories which make headlines out of Hollywood—a young girl running wild, tragically off the track.

You can't hold back biology any more than you can make the moon stand still, at least, not without pretty terrible results. You can't substitute flirtation for the realities of love and the right and normal development of life, especially among the artificialities of Hollywood. The red signs read, "Danger!" when you do.

Elizabeth never wanted to. Neither did her parents. She started questing for the real thing the minute she felt the insistent mating urge. Both her romances with Glenn Davis and Bill Pawley were honest and sincere, though misunderstood and confused. Liz never deliberately toyed with a heart in her life. But Elizabeth Taylor is a great movie star and a great beauty—and there are penalties that go with both. There's no one nicer than Glenn Davis and it's a shame he was the victim of a publicity romance which backfired. That's the explanation of Elizabeth's first rallyhooed heart trouble. There were just too many young romance pictures and headlines to be stirred up by matching that famous pair, and Liz's studio can take the blame for spinning the story of a betrothal which never existed.

Bill Pawley was the older man a girl

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has to fall for sometime or other and he was a swell one too—handsome, manly, with prospects. The Taylors were delighted, and pleased to encourage Elizabeth along whatever path her eager heart led her. But again Elizabeth's fame and beauty made it a rocky one. Long distance misunderstandings, twisted headlines and jealousy wrecked that romance. Fear finally shattered their engagement, and the story has never been told until this minute:

On her last trip to Florida, Elizabeth drove away on an errand one night with one of Bill Pawley's best friends. They got back later than they'd expected, and found Bill waiting, livid with rage and jealousy. He bustled Liz into his car and roared away on a mad, reckless drive that could have ended tragically in horrible headlines. Stamping out his anger at the gas pedal, he showed Elizabeth a weakness she hadn't suspected—an ungovernable temper. When he brought her back at last, luckily all in one piece, she was shaken, trembling and afraid. That was the end of their engagement—right then. Elizabeth came home to California and the sad news came from Miami.

I dropped into the Taylors' home one evening as I've done often through the years, after Elizabeth's second heartbreak. I never saw a more miserable girl. She was sitting there alone and lonely, a fugitive from her lurid love publicity, fretting and frustrated. "I can't go anywhere, I can't see anyone but what it's a big thing—and of course that kills whatever chance I have! So I sit here at home—just at the time of my life when I should be enjoying myself."

A few days after that, Nick Hilton entered her life. Nick was new and Nick was different.

And to him it made sense when Elizabeth said, "I can't quit acting. I've grown up in Hollywood. Pictures are my life."

But can Elizabeth Taylor make Nick Hilton happy? Foolish question, maybe, but I happen to know that some of Nick's best friends groaned when they heard where his heart lay. "For gosh sakes, Nick," they pleaded, "snap out of it. Don't fall for a movie star. You can't compete with the studios, the glamor, the fame and the fuss. Come to—lay off!" I also know that the more they talked, the more determined Nick was to marry Elizabeth.

So, what kind of a girl is Nick getting—behind all the glamor and ballyhoo of Hollywood?

How will she add up as a wife?

I've known Elizabeth since she was nine years old, since the day her mother brought her to my parlor to sing and see if I thought she had anything for the movies. Her brother, Howard, delivered papers to my house. They're neighbors of mine in Beverly Hills and Francis and Sara have always been good neighbors and good friends. I know the sensible raising she's had, the stuff she's made of. It's the best. I love her and I can be pardoned for dabbing my eyes a little more than most at this time. It's like seeing my own daughter marry.

blood will tell . . .

Once I spanked Liz mildly in my column for a wrong tip on a spoiled act I'd heard she'd pulled at the studio. Her mother called me that night and begged me to do something about it. Elizabeth was desolate and in tears. "Now Hedda's turned against me," she had wailed, "Now I haven't a friend left!" I had to do some tall reassuring. That's how sensitive she is.

Elizabeth Taylor Hilton's beauty is more than skin deep. She's a thorobred, a lady in what counts, her mind, heart, her background. The Taylors aren't wealthy but Elizabeth has been raised around wealth,



that's hollywood!

Strolling along the street one afternoon, Oscar Levant met a friend whom he hadn't seen in a number of years. "How are you?" asked Levant. In reply to this innocent query, the other began to unburden himself of all his troubles in a lengthy speech describing his poor health, his unfortunate marriage, his failure in business. After the man had spoken for thirty minutes Levant managed to interrupt. "Hold on," he managed to gasp, "I didn't mean literally."

* * *

A Warner starlet, evidently influenced by Mike Curtiz's vocabulary, censored a dance director who was hurling foul epithets by saying, "Please don't use that *profound* language around here."

Irving Hoffman
in The Hollywood Reporter

breeding, and refinement. Art has surrounded her since she could remember intelligence, manners. She has graces and accomplishments; she draws, writes, sings plays the piano, can carry on a good conversation. Outdoors she's at ease, of course on a horse, at the wheel of a car, in the water. She knows color and clothes, she has tact and taste. Better yet, she has what is always the mark of a gentlewoman —consideration for others. For instance when her engagement with Bill Pawley broke up, she let the news come from him because she didn't want to hurt him.

She's sweet, but she has dignity and character, too. There's nothing cheap about Elizabeth. She would have died rather than be a promiscuous flirt, that's why she was so set on early marriage. She doesn't drink or smoke, and what eighteen-year-old girl do you know these days who prefers ice cream to a cocktail? What other star of her beauty and greatness could keep her balance so beautifully in the double life she has had to lead, split between a girl in person and a woman at the studio through those dangerous blooming years? Look what that trial did to Judy Garland.

Yes, I have always adored Elizabeth and so has everyone who knows her. I know that whatever she does she'll do right, with the right instincts. Nick Hilton has picked himself the prize of the lot.

But there are other binders to the union as important and promising as wealth, love and beauty. They took their vows solemnly in the Roman Catholic Church, which admits of no divorce. They took them after a respectable serious engagement of almost six months. They took them with the enthusiastic approval of both the Taylors and Conrad Hilton. In fact, by her marriage Elizabeth couldn't have expanded her family circle with more adoring set of in-laws.

Dad "Connie" Hilton worships her and was so proud of his son's conquest that he let the cat out of the bag before he was supposed to. It happened, remember, in New York when a reporter quizzed him about Nick's romance with Elizabeth or in Hollywood. "Are they serious?" he was asked.

"Serious?" blew up Hilton. "Of course they're serious! Why, they're going to get married May sixth!" Connie is simply

wild about Elizabeth and grins widely whenever anyone accuses him of being as much in love with his daughter-in-law as Nick is. Of course he is—in a proud, paternal way. From now on he'll do everything he can to make her happy to be a Hilton. He already has. Before Elizabeth left Hollywood with her mother and Nick to shop for her trousseau in New York, the man who bought the Waldorf-Astoria told her, "Elizabeth, when you walk through the doors of the Waldorf, I want you to feel perfectly at home." So when she did, the clerk handed her an envelope. Inside was a tidy block of Waldorf-Astoria stock, making the future Mrs. H. a part owner right away!

As far as their future's concerned, I know that both Nick and Elizabeth want a family. They both have the makings of wonderful parents, but both share other ambitions, too. Elizabeth has *A Place In The Sun* ready to launch her at last on a really important adult career. Nick is knee-deep in his own business. But the stork has a way of making his own playdates.

Well—Mr. and Mrs. Conrad Nicholson Hilton, Junior, can take it from there. I'm not one to intrude on magic moments or predict events which rest in the hands of the Almighty alone. All I can say is that from where I sit, still dewy-eyed, they have everything.

It was worth waiting for—wasn't it? It was worth all the torment and confusion of changing into womanhood in a topsy-turvy town, worth the struggle to keep on keel and stay her own sweet self until the right man came along at last. So, *bon voyage*, Mr. and Mrs. Hilton, from me to you. And God bless you both. THE END

the house with the shamrock gate

(*Continued from page 36*) goer. She carries her religion out of the church, too. She's gladly appeared in religious movies like Father Peyton's *Road To Peace*, and the Christopher short made with Irene Dunne, Jack Benny and Loretta Young.

At 21, she's filled with a zeal for doing good, for continually learning and improving her abilities. This shows in her work. She's become so popular so fast that she's wanted for many more pictures than she can make. Sam Goldwyn was enough impressed with her performance in *Our Very Own* to want her to star again immediately with Farley Granger and Joan Evans.

When Ann's working, her day begins at six. Aunt Cissie's up long before that, mixing batter in the kitchen. Uncle Pat's out in the garage checking on the condition of her convertible. And almost as fast as Dagwood, Ann's up and away for at least ten hours. Aunt Cissie can usually count on her for dinner, though. The only place Ann really likes to dine out in is the Pump Room. The Pump Room's in Chicago.

Between pictures Ann's up early, too. Decked out in denims and a sport shirt she practices golf in the backyard, or answers her fan mail, or gets ready to make a personal appearance for one worthy cause or another. She even tries to cook.

"You're a good cook," Aunt Cissie tells her.

"I'm afraid of the stove, that's all," says Ann. "When I make friends with the stove, everything will be okay."

Aside from that, everything is okay in that little house in the valley.

THE END

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BY HELEN WRIGHT

the husbands of JANET LEIGH



Janet Leigh, at 23, is one of MGM's top attractions. Her latest starring role is in *Jet Pilot*.

■ She got married the first time when she was 15. Janet and her husband-to-be were both high school kids, and what they didn't know about the world they wouldn't let anyone tell them.

The only thing that mattered was they were crazy about each other. It was August 21, 1942, and as they stood before the courthouse steps in Reno, afraid to go in, not wanting to stay out, they planned how they'd tell the judge or whoever asked them that they were old enough, and wise enough to do what they wanted.

Finally, they took hold of each other's hands and kissed each other quickly and dashed up the steps and into the door before another thought could enter their minds.

"We want a marriage license," Danny* said to the clerk. The clerk looked at them without interest and said, "How old are you?"

Janet looked at Danny, and blushed, and Danny looked at the clerk, and almost shouted, "I'm twenty-one, and she's eighteen."

"Okay," said the clerk. "Fill this out."

So they filled out the form together, and where it said, "I know of no legal objection to our marriage," they signed their names.

Their license okayed, they walked into the chambers of Judge Edgar Eather, and in the presence of two witnesses they were married. In the eyes of the State of Nevada, they were man and wife.

Had anyone told Jeanette Morrison then that, within four or five years, she'd be living in Hollywood, that Van Johnson

*(Danny is a fictitious name. His real name is unimportant to the story, and we are withholding it because he is now happily married and the father of two children.—Ed.)



net may marry Arthur Loew Jr., since she is admittedly in love with him. But two earlier arriages have made her wary about a third.

ould change her name to Janet Leigh, at she'd get married again, that she'd be ell on her way to stardom, she'd have told ch a person he was mad.

Of course, Janet's marriage to Danny dn't last very long. When the young uple got home, the parents on both sides ickly saw to that. The lawyers went to ork, and Janet felt that her heart was eaking. A schoolfriend who knew her ell when she lived in Merced, says, "It as just like Romeo and Juliet. I don't ow if Janet was really in love, but it dn't matter because she thought she was, d that's as good as the real thing when u're just a child and very emotional. But e used to tell me that she wanted to die, at people who loved each other should ver be separated. And she couldn't un- nd why her parents interfered. But ter a while things changed. The boy nt off to sea, and her family moved back Stockton, and she entered the College of e Pacific, and that's where she met Stanley ames and married him."

Janet's second marriage took place in the apel on the College of the Pacific campus en she and Stan were both juniors. Stan, l, brunet and very handsome had been a rekeeper in the Navy on the heavy iser, Canberra. As part of the Navy's 12 program, he was sent to the College the Pacific; and there, in August, exactly o years after she had eloped to Reno, net met him.

"It was very simple," Stan explained. "I st ran into Janet at chow hall. I was nding with a friend of mine, a girl named th Lewis, and she said, 'How would you e to meet Jeanette Morrison?' And I d, 'You bet.' (*Continued on page 100*)

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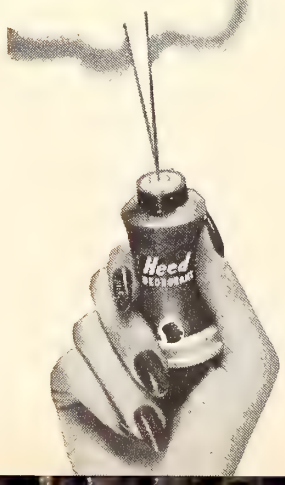
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what future for pia?

(*Continued from page 27*) the pressu

A few short weeks ago she was in Ron living out of wedlock with Roberto Ro sellini, impatiently waiting for the Swedi authorities to approve her papers befo she could marry the father of her son.

In the United States, her picture, *Stron boli,* had failed, and Senator Johnson Colorado had accused her of immorali and stated, "I will do everything I c to see that they (Bergman and Rossellin do not set foot on American soil under o immigration laws."

In Hollywood, Dr. Peter Lindstrom r fused to recognize her Mexican divor and declined to state his future intentio Wherever Ingrid turned, society w against her. There was silence from h friends; silence from her bank, and silen from her daughter. This last silence w the most unendurable of all. For no ma ter what is said about this woman who so her reputation for love; she is a moth who loves her daughter, and she is cou ageous enough to want her.

Ingrid got in touch with her lawy Greg Bautzer, and told him, "I am goi to make the fight of my life for Pia. A I want to know about the communi property. Please file the necessary su at once."

Greg Bautzer went to work, and y saw the results in your morning new papers. INGRID TO FIGHT FOR CHILD . . . BER MAN DEMANDS ACCOUNTING OF HER MON . . . INGRID'S BATTLE FOR PIA BEGINS.

What Bautzer had done on Ingrid's b half was file a complaint for custody of P and subpoena Dr. Lindstrom to appe before him and give a complete deposit concerning $250,000 worth of communi property.

When Dr. Lindstrom received his su poena, he promptly turned it over to h lawyer, Judge Isaac Pacht. They had conference, and then they called in t newspapermen. For the first time sin the entire scandal broke, Dr. Lindstro willingly posed for photographs.

"We are going to assert," the docto lawyer began, "that Miss Bergman is n a proper person to have custody of th child. We will show that Dr. Lindstro by his action and conduct in this matt is the proper person to have the child.

"I will place before the courts all t facts with relation to this entire episo And I don't think there will be many d moments."

Thus, the battle began. Ingrid want joint custody of Pia, and Dr. Lindstro felt strongly that she should not have t child, that she was an unfit mother, th she had no right to take and rear this g after having gone off with Rossellini a begotten him a son.

pia must decide . . .

The reporters, of course, asked how P felt about the entire mess. "I am sur said Isaac Pacht, "that the child wou rather remain in the custody of her fathe

Judge Georgia Bullock, who presid over the Children's Court of Conciliatio explained Pia's position.

"If the child is old enough," the Jud said, "it is my practice to talk to her order to understand her reactions to h environment and to both parents. T child's reactions to her parents would ha primary importance with me. As far I could, under the law and in considerati of the evidence, I would give weight the child's views."

Judge Bullock then went on to sa "There are, of course, so many things be taken into consideration in such

evidence which points in exactly the opposite direction to the child's wishes. Or the child may have no decided preference. So many things. But I do believe this case is tremendously important and whatever decision is made will be criticized."

As the battle lines for the custody of Pia were being drawn, as Dr. Lindstrom prepared to file a cross-complaint in answer to Ingrid's—Miss Bergman was told that her chances of winning custody of the child in California were very slim.

After all, she was a woman who had committed adultery, a woman who had left her husband and daughter for another man. Under these circumstances, what court in the land would entrust her with the rearing of a 12-year-old child?

Just as Dr. Lindstrom was about to file *his* complaint, the phone rang. It was Pacht, the lawyer. "We've just had a phone call from Miss Bergman's attorney," he announced. "They want to have a conference. Perhaps we can settle the whole thing out of court."

What occurred in the first conference was a complete settlement of the Lindstrom community property. In her original complaint, Ingrid had charged that she had turned over to the doctor two sums of $182,000 and $154,000. In addition, he had control of their home, jewelry, personal property, and a lot of other assets. All of this was divided equally.

The conference continued. The doctor did not want Pia taken into court. He didn't want to subject the child to the ordeal of a trial. Her life had already been violently disrupted, and he saw in these conferences a way out, a way of saving her further mental hardship.

Pia must stay here . . .

There was one point, however, on which he was firm. He didn't want Pia to ever come in contact with Rossellini.

As forcefully as he could, he made this plain. He agreed that Ingrid had a right to see her daughter. No doubt about that, but she had no right to bring his child into the Rossellini environment. Rather than agree to anything that would throw Pia in contact with the Italian director the doctor was determined to take the case through every court in the land.

"Dr. Lindstrom," his attorney announced, "is perfectly willing for Miss Bergman to see the child and to have her during summer vacations, providing Miss Bergman comes to California to be with her. But Dr. Lindstrom will not agree to anything which would provide for Pia's being taken out of the State of California. He wants her to be educated and to be brought up as a normal American. And he wants a normal mother-daughter relationship to be re-established between Pia and Miss Bergman as quickly as possible."

As the conference progressed, Dr. Lindstrom, who planned to file for divorce on the grounds that Miss Bergman's child-bearing love affair rendered her a completely unfit mother, agreed, providing the settlement was satisfactory, to file for divorce on some other innocuous charge such as mental cruelty or desertion. But first came Pia's welfare.

Up to this time, the final decision on the matter is that until she is 14, Pia will remain with her father. Then she will choose with whom she prefers to remain. And Ingrid, after she settles her many affairs overseas, will journey to the United States for a reunion with her daughter.

It's been more than a year since they've been each other. It will be a reunion that will recall vividly to Ingrid's mind the events of that year, and in considering this, and in looking toward the future of herself and her daughter, it will be a heartbreaking reunion, indeed. THE END



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my faith

(*Continued from page 37*) Nor do I believe that God can be blamed for all the tragedies in the world. The tragedy of war, for instance. If we each lived according to the rules of the Bible, if we loved our neighbor and did unto others as we would have others do unto us, how could war ever be? The responsibility is in our hands alone.

And our lives are in our hands. I'm not a fatalist. I don't go along with those who say, "When your number's up, it's up, and there's nothing you can do about it." I think God gave us a certain control over our own destiny. He showed us by rules and by countless examples how to live happily and well.

I believe in prayer. I was about twelve when I was baptized. Now I go to a Protestant church, the Hollywood Beverly Christian Church, though not as regularly as I should. I suppose it's true that a man can be religious without going to church, but there's an inspirational value in a place of worship. You want to meditate there, to do a little extra thinking. Like many Protestant denominations, my church has little hard and fast dogma but is based on a literal interpretation of the New Testament. I'm not sure that all my beliefs are the same as those it teaches, but going there helps me.

prayer brings peace . . .

Unfortunately, my rate of prayer increases with my troubles. There hasn't been a serious crisis in my life when I haven't prayed, and when prayer hasn't helped me.

I remember when my father died about nine years ago. We'd always been very close. He ran a shoe store, but during the last years of his life he had to give it up because of ill health. Naturally, I was grief-stricken when he died. Yet my faith in some sort of immortality helped me find peace again.

Even in a minor crisis, faith can help a great deal. When I broke my right thigh during a baseball game, I faced the doctor's verdict without fear. I knew that a broken thigh is difficult to heal. Sometimes the leg becomes deformed or useless. But I was sure that this wouldn't happen to me.

"You'll be on crutches till Christmas," the doctor said.

"I heal more quickly than most people," I told him.

I was halfway through *Storm Center*, my new picture, by Christmas. I'd thrown away my crutches long before then.

True, I was flat on my back for several months, but I don't regard that as a real misfortune. I don't think God broke my leg, though it's possible that in the pattern of things I was supposed to slow down and do a little reviewing.

It would be silly to say that those months revolutionized my way of thinking. But when a man is hurt, he can either be very rebellious or else learn patience. I hope I've learned a little patience.

There was a wonderful line in *Kings Row*—"Some people grow up and some people just grow older."

I believe that God intends us all to grow up, and that there are times when all of us ought to take stock and see if we are growing up or if we are merely growing older.

Sometimes it takes a tragedy to help us grow up. I don't think we can always analyze why things happen, perhaps it's because we don't see all the results immediately. But there will usually come a day when we can understand the purpose behind some misfortunes.

The late Franklin D. Roosevelt, while still a young man, was stricken with polio. There must have been moments when he desperately asked, "Why did this happen to me?"

But today we often wonder: Would he have been as great a man if it hadn't happened? And we consider how the long years of suffering and therapy contributed to his character. The struggle he went through and the patience he learned brought out the greatness which might otherwise have lain dormant within him. For each of us is the sum total, in a way, of everything that happens in our daily lives.

Faith can even help a child overcome tragedy. Though it is a diabolic master, tragedy can teach a child maturity. Two newspaper stories which appeared recently are examples of this.

In Memphis, Tennessee, the doctors told ten-year-old Betty Marbury that she must lose her right hand because of a malignant lesion. Betty believed in prayer and wrote to a Memphis newspaper saying, "I want those who read this letter to pray that I may not lose my hand and that I may soon completely recover."

All over America people began to pray for Betty. Ministers said special prayers. And Betty prayed, too.

But when all the prayers had been said, the doctors told Betty that the malignant lesion hadn't healed, that their decision to amputate could not be reversed.

Betty managed a brave smile, and then quietly and sincerely said, "It must be God's will."

Another youngster, thirteen-year-old Ruth Miller, faced the decision of losing her leg or her life. "I'd rather die," Ruth said. But she changed her mind. Ruth had always loved the outdoors and all the sports that went with it, especially skating. "I guess I may not be able to go in for it again," she said. "But before the doctors operate I want to have one more good skate." She had that skate, and then she went to the hospital.

It was the simple faith of these two children that pulled them through trying ordeals. And through their separate tragedies they achieved a sudden, common maturity.

I can't hope to explain why one little girl had to lose her hand and another her leg. Only God knows. Perhaps some day, when all the results are in, both of them will understand why they had to make their sacrifices.

But in spite of these great misfortunes, and in spite of all the suffering we see around us every day, I think of the poet who wrote:

God's in His Heaven,
All's right with the world.

And I feel within me that this is indeed the truth. THE END

PHOTO CREDITS

Below are page by page credits for photographs appearing in this issue.

6 Bob Beerman—7 *T. Lt.*, Bob Beerman, *Rt.*, Walt Davis, *B. Lt.*, Walt Davis, *Rt.*, Bob Beerman—8, 9, 10, Walt Davis—11 Bob Beerman—12 Bert Parry—13 Cerebral Palsy Association—27 *T.*, International News, *B. Lt.*, Bert Parry, *B. Rt.*, International News—28, 29 Bert Parry—30 Art Carter—31 Wide World—32, 33 Bob Beerman—34, 35 Bert Parry—36 Bob Beerman—37 Warner Bros.—44 *T.*, Bob Beerman, *B.*, American Airlines—45, Waldorf-Astoria—46, Maynard L. Parker—47, Bob Beerman—48 MS staff—49 *Lt.*, Bert Parry, *Rt.*, Bob Beerman—50 Acme—51 Bob Beerman—52 *T.*, MGM, *B.*, Bob Beerman—53 International News—55, 56, 57, 58, 59 Bert Parry—60 *Lt.*, Acme, *Rt.*, MS staff—61 MS staff—84 MGM—85 Bob Beerman—92 Wide World—109 Bob Beerman.

Abbreviations: B., Bottom; Lt., Left; Rt., Right; T., Top.

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she didn't say yes

(*Continued from page 51*) thoroughly enmeshed in the machinery of type-casting which retains him as a typical Anglo-American youth, staunchly eager for the sterile kisses of any one of a parcel of untried dolls. A boy who can bob apples with the best of them, or chase a little girl through a Yorkshire forest to pin her against a flowering apple tree; object, to affix an Eton class pin on her sweater.

But to Peter Lawford, Peter Lawford is a middle-yeared sophisticate, taken with a wench who will not have him. Brooding and handsome, he is Ronald Colman in a 1950 Graustark. Foiled, for all his splendid features and manners, he is the victim of his own undying devotion, a man in love in vain. As far removed from McDowell as Lionel Barrymore from Keenan Wynn.

All this, however, didn't come about in a day. Certain diplomatic censors might object to the word as unbecoming when used in reporting the emotions of the daughter of our ambassador to the Court of St. James, but the passion in this matter was not at all one-sided.

Sharman Douglas has been widely photographed with a long succession of creatures an Iowa farmer would label nincompoops—none of them seeming to have a sound tooth or the ability to put his arm around a girl without the aid of a block and tackle.

In her defense, though, her intimates state this was due to some sort of diplomatic protocol on dating and that Sharman is as earthy as a corn stalk. So, put *our* Peter and their Sharman in *our* back yard without a policeman. And the result? To put it mildly, they fell in love. They couldn't take their eyes off one another. From the moment they met, it was Peter and Sharman and no one else.

During the courtship, a chum of Peter, being well aware of his spendthrift views on the fair sex (he thinks the supply is inexhaustible), decided to send him a kidding wire. He was halted at the telegraph counter by another crony who, having talked to Peter about his love, knew the true seriousness of the situation.

"Are you trying to tell me Lawford is *really interested* in this chick?" sneered the wag with the wire.

"My boy," said the friend, "I will stake my Jaguar and whatever is left of my life on it."

The first meeting between Peter Lawford and Sharman Douglas was casual enough. Peter was a friend of Elizabeth Firestone, the talented heiress to the tire and accessory fortune, who has been earning a living in Hollywood as a composer. When Sharman, her long-time friend, came to Hollywood for a quiet visit, Elizabeth invited, among other eligible young men, Peter Lawford, to come and meet her.

It was a small cocktail party. People sat about chatting idly and Peter and Sharman gravitated toward one another very naturally. Having been born and brought up in England, Peter found the ambassador's daughter a very interesting conversationalist, and, in a sense, a bearer of news from home. When the party broke up, he asked her if he might call her. She said yes—and he did. In an hour.

From the very first, Peter treated Sharman differently from the others. An expert at getting his name and picture in the papers and magazines, Peter forgot all his training and did his earnest best to keep his meetings with Sharman a secret. They went for long drives, met at the homes of friends and avoided the spotlight assiduously.

But they both liked to dance and go to gay places, so eventually they went to a night club. It was Ciro's, and it was quite a night.

Now the only Hollywood folk who spend more time in night clubs than Peter Lawford are waiters. Consequently, when Pete shows up in the door of a fancy saloon, the head waiter generally gets a kink in his back bowing him to a table, as befits a guy who has bought the joint several times. Peter likes it, is said to insist on it, and is reported to gauge his regard of the place by the number of bends the head waiter can do per yard.

On the occasion of his visit to Ciro's with Sharman Douglas, he expected handsprings, at least. Instead, he was nearly knocked down by the head waiter who clawed his anxious way past him. Glassy-eyed, Peter turned to see what manner of celebrity could bring about such a switch—and he found himself staring into the face of Eleanor Roosevelt on her first visit to a Hollywood night club.

However, the word of their arrival got around soon enough. One callous cameraman nudged a fellow who knew everybody and asked, "Who's the dish with Lawford?"

"A kid by the name of Sharman Douglas," whispered the informant. "New in town."

"Sharman Douglas?" said the photog. "SHARMAN DOUGLAS!"

In the next half hour every flash bulb on the Sunset Strip had been popped and every sheet of film exposed. Peter, usually pretty sure of himself before a normal barrage of this kind, was trembling like a farm boy on his first big date. He never

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DOCTORS PROVE PALMOLIVE'S BEAUTY RESULTS!

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did get hold of himself, and they had to leave early. Generally very gracious with the fans surrounding the entrance to the club, this night he put his head down, took a firm hold on Miss Douglas' arm and dashed through the crowd to his car like an embarrassed murderer.

Back to the quiet life they went after that, but by now the cameramen and reporters were dogging their footsteps at every turn. They tried a night club once more, this time Mocambo, with Robert Walker and Elizabeth Firestone along, but the pressure was too much and they abandoned the project very early.

By this time love had moved into the lives of Peter and Sharman and marriage was a distinct possibility. That put a different complexion on the entire matter. While Sharman had not exactly lived in a glass house—there were such instances as her being photographed dancing the can-can with Princess Margaret of Britain—the family didn't want anybody throwing stones. And marriage to a film actor usually involves a rock fight of one form or another.

Word is said to have come from Papa Douglas that there was entirely too much publicity connected with his daughter's visit to Hollywood. Although Western Union's files are as sacred as the mails, a ransacking at night would probably disclose a message to Sharman going something like this:

"What's going on out there? What's all this nonsense in the newspapers? Have you gone mad? Come home immediately!"

Lest anyone get the impression that all this was a little unfair to Peter Lawford, let us state quite frankly that it was. While his conduct in any other town might have been less than exemplary (in regard to switching from one girl to another, that is), in Hollywood it was almost standard. It is true that Peter did a little better at it than almost any other star since Elmo Lincoln, but it was fair and, if you say it fast, innocent fun.

Let's look at his record.

grass widow's true delight . . .

Almost before Peter Lawford knew what feminine beauty was he was after it. It seemed to come as naturally to him as a love of crackers to a parrot. He was no more than a bud on the vine of manhood before he was asking fabulously beautiful screen stars for dates. It is said that in those early years the girl had to pay the checks, as Peter's boyish pocket money allowance made no provision for the glamorous type of entertainment they had become accustomed to.

Young as he was, though, Peter seemed innately afraid of matrimony. Most of the young ladies he escorted about until he met Sharman Douglas were carrying torches, and Peter earned the reputation of being a nice boy who had a wide, dry shoulder on which a girl could cry. This wasn't exactly true. It is known now that Peter has more than a shoulder, and several of the kids he is credited with comforting are said to have discovered a number of very charming reasons why they could live without the husband or boy friend they had just dumped.

When Rita Hayworth left Orson Welles, for instance, it was Friendly Pete, the grass widow's true delight, who began taking her out. And before anyone knew what had happened, Rita was looking at the boy in public as though he were something she'd like to win for keeps. Peter admitted to being mildly in love, but it is to be noted that when the talk got real big he lost the Hayworth phone number.

When Jane Wyman dropped Ronald

5-day pads

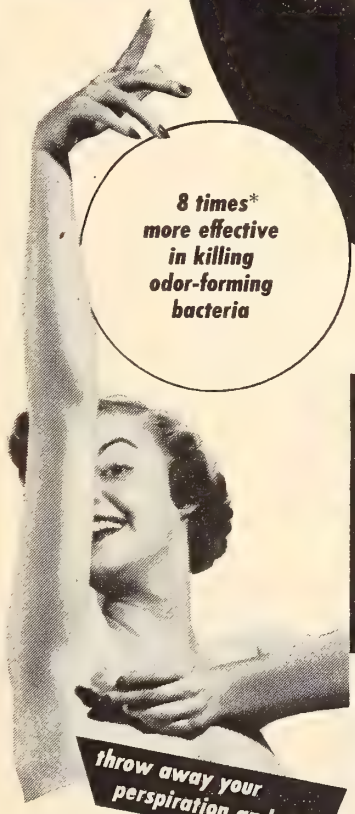
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Contains twice* as much active anti-perspirant . . . yet milder

8 times* more effective in killing odor-forming bacteria



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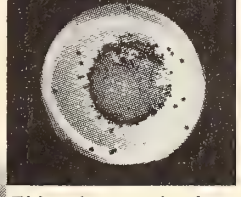
Harmless to skin and clothes



25c 55c $1.00

Laboratory Proof

TEST X
Purpose: Test of 5-DAY'S action in removing odor-forming skin bacteria



This microscopic photo proves that when you throw away your 5-Day Pad you throw away with it hundreds of thousands of odor-forming bacteria that other types of deodorants leave under your arms.

TEST XX
Purpose: Test of 5-DAY'S reserve effectiveness



This laboratory photo was taken hours after application of a 5-Day Pad. Note the amazing difference. This is because 5-Day's exclusive formula prevents the growth of odor-forming skin bacteria and keeps you safe from underarm odor longer.

No other deodorant is as effective in checking perspiration and stopping odor!

The miracle is in the pad! 5-Day Pads are circlets of fabric saturated with refreshing, mild yet very effective deodorant. 5-Day's exclusive formula checks perspiration—stops odor longer.

Safely checks perspiration more effectively, too! Contains twice* as much active anti-perspirant than an average of leading brands tested. Yet, laboratory pH tests prove 5-Day milder—harmless to skin and clothes.

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DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK—if not completely satisfied.

*All comparative figures mentioned in this ad are based

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Soft-Water Shampooing Even in Hardest Water



"Toni Creme Shampoo won us with its very first performance" say radiant brunet twins Katherine and Kathleene Ring of Chicago. "Our hair was so beautifully soft . . . as if we washed it in rainwater. And that wonderful softness made it much easier to manage."



Soft-Water Shampooing . . . that's the magic of Toni Creme Shampoo. Even in the hardest water, you get oceans of creamy lather that rinses away dandruff instantly. Never leaves a dull, soapy film. That's why your hair sparkles with natural highlights. And it's so easy to set and style.

- *Leaves your hair gloriously soft, easy to manage*
- *Helps permanents "take" better, look lovelier longer*
- *Rinses away dirt and dandruff instantly*
- *Oceans of creamy-thick lather makes hair sparkle with natural highlights*

Enriched with Lanolin

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Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
IF NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN



man to be seen in public with her. It was never publicly announced that there might be something serious there, but soon he stopped calling her house, too.

Nora Eddington Flynn Haymes was another who fell for the smooth talk. Peter was her first date when she left Errol Flynn, and they were seen together a good deal more than the papers ever acknowledged. Her meeting with Dick Haymes and their resultant marriage broke that up.

There is a list of them a foot long. Gloria De Haven, Janet Leigh, Gloria McLean, Lana Turner are just a few of the Hollywood girls who ran to Peter as soon as their loves flew out the window. And consoling, while pitching, became something of a specialty with Peter. Our only interest in all this is to prove that Peter has avoided love and marriage with an uncanny regularity that must give it the label of deliberate intent. In other words, until Sharman Douglas, he was a hit-and-run artist in high gear.

As a further measure of understanding, let's look at Peter's other social activities. In order to preserve his identity as a single man too busy for serious obligations of his own, he has consistently attached himself to some happily married couple (at the time) and become a sort of brother.

There was Mr. and Mrs. Keenan Wynn (now she is Mrs. Van Johnson). They seldom went anywhere without Peter tagging along. Mr. and Mrs. Jackie Cooper. They had as much privacy as a pair of squirrels. Pete was with them constantly. And, for a long time, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Sinatra. Then, the Martin and Lewis comedy team and their wives. Peter even went on tour with them and danced in blackface nightly in their night club act for nothing. There were people who said this was all hero worship, but the insiders say it was his constant need of a haven from designing women that made him latch on to these families.

It was no wonder then, with a background like this, that the Douglas family shuddered slightly when they learned via the newspapers that their daughter was seen so much in the company of this *actor*.

Oh, yes, in certain smug circles *actors* are still considered characterless children of vice and depravity. And any daughter of a good family who attaches herself legally to one of these creatures can expect, at best, only pity from the family proper.

Again, it must be said in Peter Lawford's favor that he is not quite the type, genealogically speaking, of his compatriots. His father, formerly a distinguished general in the British army, is titled Sir Sidney Lawford and his mother, Lady Lawford. They are definitely the aristocratic type, too, unlike the usual mother and dad of the film stars who are as democratic-looking as apple pie. As a matter of fact, they are *so* aristocratic-appearing that another MGM actor, meeting them for the first time, was moved to comment, "They look as though he got them from casting."

But, sadly, the Douglas clan was either unaware of Peter's grand background or chose to ignore it, either attitude having the same effect. *"Sharman, keep that actor out of our family."*

Young love will go to any extreme to express itself fully. What may appear trivial to one man may be of the utmost importance to another. To Peter Lawford, his social life is next to his screen life, and it takes a serious upset to disturb his routine. Between pictures, he flies about the country to the famous society resorts and hob-nobs with the class he likes best. Before meeting Sharman Douglas, his entire winter tour had been planned and invitations accepted. He was to go to Palm Beach for the season there, then on to Long Island for a summer holiday.

Sharman had different plans. She was to stay in Hollywood for a month or so, then to the Douglas ranch at Tucson, and later to New York for a whirl through Gotham gay spots before leaving with her family for England where Pop worked.

Palm Beach and Long Island lost Peter Lawford for that season. He stayed in Hollywood until Sharman left, plugging his ears to the inviting cries of his Florida friends, and never left Sharman's side.



Sharman Douglas (with her mother) was the first to congratulate dad, Lewis Douglas, after he received an honorary degree from the University of London. He's the U. S. ambassador to England.

When she went to Arizona, he got himself an invitation and spent a month there. Then he went to New York and, instead of Long Island, he bunked at the Waldorf to be closer to Miss Douglas.

During this, which might be called the adhesive tape period of the romance, Peter suffered the agonies of the damned. Sincere love had touched him and he didn't know quite how to cope with it. While the Douglases were extremely friendly, he knew that he wasn't entirely accepted and it frightened him.

There was talk, too, that Peter was merely doing a little front porch work, social climbing, trying to steal the keys to St. James Palace. This may have been right in a way, because Peter is admittedly class conscious. As a matter of fact, it has been reported that his former co-star, Lassie, developed the same character after working with him and would have nothing to do with any breed but his own.

But to give Peter his just due, he was sincerely and deeply in love. To the extent that, although he is notoriously thrifty, he bought an expensive bracelet for his love. Hollywood demanded documentary proof before they would believe it.

Peter made his biggest pitch for Sharman in Arizona, where he began to assume the attitude of a beaten man. There were two factions in Arizona. One, faintly glowing in the reflection of a star of Peter's magnitude, contended that he was a lad of fine breeding and first rate charm—and any union between him and Sharman would be acceptable to them. The other side contended that Sharman Douglas marrying a movie star was the most ridiculous thing they could possibly think of, a mortal wound to tradition.

never say die . . .

No longer a happy warrior, Peter fought for all he was worth. When Sharman went to New York, he tagged along and dolefully continued his advances. He was getting nowhere fast, but Sharman loved it. Getting nowhere, that is, as a prospective husband. As a boy to offer love and, maybe. be a little in love with, he was wonderful.

The day Sharman Douglas flew to England was a sad one for Peter Lawford. No matter what the MGM press agents say, he took it hard. Some sources, close to the true picture, said Sharman wanted to stay, wanted to marry Peter and forget all she was destined to go back to. Others said no. The people who should know, however, say that Father Douglas put his foot down and told his daughter she would *have* to return to London with the family for at least a trial period of separation.

As in all matters of this kind, only the persons closely involved can know the real truth—and in this case they will not talk. It's interesting to note, however, that Peter flew to London, at the invitation of Sharman's parents, to spend Easter with her.

Peter, it must be concluded, is in love with Sharman—and in love for the very first time. Sharman Douglas is either terribly infatuated with Peter, or very deeply in love, too. Time and circumstance may take their toll, but it is a considered opinion that within a year these two young people will marry. It is also a certainty that if this does take place, Peter will be welcomed whole-heartedly by her family.

There are still those skeptics who hold to the belief that Peter now and always will be a hit-and-run lover; that he will forget Sharman eventually and return to his nomadic quest for kicks, pretty faces and trim figures. For the eventual triumph of true love, and in the sincere hope that Peter will find himself and finally decide he's Ronald Colman, we hope they are wrong. THE END

HOW CAN IT BE TACTFULLY TOLD to a sensitive young wife?



No other type liquid antiseptic-germicide tested for the douche is so powerful yet safe to tissues

In this modern age, a woman must realize how wise it always is to put ZONITE in her fountain syringe for hygiene (*internal* cleanliness), for her health, charm, after her periods—and *especially* to follow this hygienic practice when she is married. She must realize there's a very common odor which she herself may not detect but is so apparent to people around her.

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The Faultless Rubber Co., Ashland, Ohio

Faultless feminine syringes

from this day forward

(*Continued from page 46*) Father Concannon then turns toward Nicky. "Conrad," he asks, "wilt thou take Elizabeth, here present, for thy lawful wife?"

Nicky's answer is low but clear. "I will."

"Elizabeth, wilt thou take Conrad, here present, for thy lawful husband?"

Elizabeth looks at the young man who has pledged her his life. Her eyes are soft as twilight. A smile flickers across her face. "I will," she says.

Nicky places his right hand on Elizabeth's and repeats these words after Father Concannon: "I, Conrad Nicholson, take thee, Elizabeth Rosemond, for my lawful wife, to have and to hold, from this day forward, for better, for worse, for richer, for poorer, in sickness and in health, until death do us part."

Elizabeth answers in kind, and then Father Concannon says, "By the authority committed to me, I pronounce you united in the bonds of matrimony." Nicky slips a diamond marriage band on the third finger of his bride's left hand, saying after the priest, "With this ring I thee wed, and I plight unto thee my troth."

Elizabeth Taylor becomes Mrs. Conrad Nicholson Hilton, Jr.

Mr. Conrad Nicholson Hilton, Jr., had the whole thing planned half a year ago. A few short weeks after he'd met Elizabeth he knew that no one else would do. He went so far as to tell his father, Conrad, who's an old hand at romance, having been married twice himself.

"Dad," Nicky said, "she's lovely, she's beautiful, she's gorgeous."

"Elizabeth Taylor?"

"Yes."

"You get that Taylor girl, son," said his father, "and I'll give you the finest three-month honeymoon in Europe any couple ever had."

Nicky didn't rest until he got that girl. He went about it intelligently. He knew Elizabeth liked beautiful trinkets, so last Christmas he dropped in on George Headley, the famous jeweler, at the Bel Air Hotel.

"Show me something nice," Nicky said to Mr. Headley.

"Blonde or brunette?" asked Mr. Headley.

"Diamonds," said Nicky.

Mr. Headley set a black velvet pad on the showcase, and on the pad he placed a pair of platinum earrings, each one composed of five enormous pearls and two diamonds.

"How much?" asked Nicky. "No. Don't tell me. I'll take them."

But Mr. Headley did tell him, and even so, Nicky took them. And Elizabeth took them.

I SAW IT HAPPEN



The summer Bob Hope rode in the Minneapolis Aquatennial parade it was terrifically hot and people had been standing for hours to view the parade. Finally Bob Hope rode by and as he passed a little boy about five years old went out into the street and gave him a popsicle. Bob said thanks and rode along, licking the popsicle and waving.

Ellie Kruger
Minneapolis, Minn.

Nicky knew that Elizabeth didn't like nightclubs, especially since the press had raked her over the coals for hearing Vic Damone sing in one of them. He didn't take her to nightclubs.

Sometimes they went over to his brother Barron's house.

"My brother's married, you know," he'd tell her.

"I know," she'd say.

"He has two children," Nicky'd go on. "They get along fine."

"Who does?"

"All of them. Funny thing. Barron's younger than I am, a year and a half—he's only 22."

"So?"

"So he's married. He has two children."

"Yes, you told me."

Barron and his wife, Marilyn, helped Nicky's project along. First place, they looked happy together. Second place, they told Elizabeth they *were* happy together. But they didn't have to tell her.

In no time at all, Nicky and Elizabeth were talking about that honeymoon. Neither of them is a stranger to Europe. Elizabeth was born in England, 18 years ago, at Number 8, Wildwood Road. Her father ran an art shop on London's Old Bond Street. And Nicky not only toured England, France, and Italy with his father two years ago, but he also put in time at a hotel management school in Lausanne, Switzerland.

Nicky knows the hotel business from the cellar up. When he was a young boy, his father gave him odd jobs in the various Hilton hotels, and he learned the angles.

Shortly after the honeymooners get home, Nicky hopes to be running a hotel in Los Angeles.

weekend at the waldorf . . .

It will be a Hilton Hotel, of course, but it'll be owned and operated by Nicky himself. He has a proud and independent nature, and wants to keep it that way.

Since Elizabeth's also in the hotel business now, by marriage, she's getting more and more hotel-minded. When she was in New York putting the finishing touches on her trousseau, she learned that her agent, Jules Goldstone, had registered at the Sherry-Netherland. She rushed to the phone and called him. "What do you mean by stopping at the Sherry-Netherland?" she said. "That's not a Hilton hotel. Why aren't you staying at the Waldorf? That's *our* hotel."

Goldstone moved to the Waldorf fast.

Elizabeth and Nicky will probably move into the Bel Air Hotel after their honeymoon. (It doesn't belong to the Hiltons, but they'll get a good rate.) Then they'll look for a home of their own.

For a time there was talk of their living in the penthouse at the Sunset Towers, but that place is owned by the Kirkeby hotel chain, Hilton's rivals, and the suite rents for $600 a month. Nicky doesn't plan on paying $600 a month to rivals.

Among other gossip circulated around is that Nicky doesn't know what he's getting into.

"Being married to Elizabeth Taylor," cracked one columnist, "is like being married to a public utility."

But Nicky Hilton knew what it would be like long before he proposed, long before he gave her the four carat diamond engagement ring (insured at $10,000).

He lived in Bel-Air for years, attended Loyola University at Los Angeles, mingled with all sorts of movie celebrities, but Nicky never suffered from stars-in-the-eyes. He knew then, and knows now what marriage to a screen star means.

He realizes that no matter what he accomplishes in life, unless, of course, he

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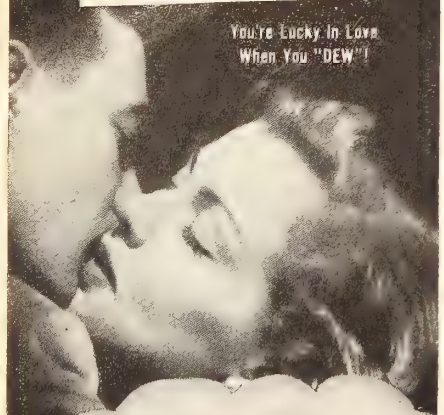
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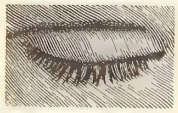
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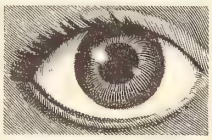
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will constantly overshadow him, because his wife is in a business which exists only by approval of the entire public.

Nicky knows that people will refer to him not as Nick Hilton but as "Elizabeth Taylor's husband." But that won't stop him from working his way to the top in the hotel business.

He knows, too, that Elizabeth will give up her career if it endangers their marriage. At this moment, he can't see any reason why it should. But Elizabeth herself has said, "I'll give up my acting if it interferes with our happiness."

Elizabeth has worked before the cameras ever since she was a youngster. She's never worked at marriage, and she's determined to give it everything she's got.

Both she and Nicky want children, and when these come, they'll be raised in the Catholic faith, as Elizabeth has promised. (In order for her to get married in the Church of the Good Shepherd, Elizabeth had to take six weeks of instruction from a Catholic priest. Elizabeth's a Christian Scientist, but no wedding ceremonies are held in her church.)

No one realizes how bitterly Elizabeth felt about the publicity which described her as a slinky siren who loved to break men's hearts. "I'm not anything of the sort," she's said again and again. "Why do they print such things?"

Mrs. Gladys Culverhouse, who took care of the Taylors when they lived in England, and now runs their house, has known Elizabeth since birth.

"She's going to make a wonderful wife," Mrs. Culverhouse has told reporters. "Elizabeth's the kind of intelligent girl who's always known what she wanted. The papers in America have made her out to be a girl who lives a fast life, but that's ridiculous. She's no such person.

"Naturally, she's gone out with boys like Mr. Davis and Mr. Pawley and Mr. Damone. But what girl hasn't? I mean, gone with boys.

"When she started going with Mr. Hilton, she took an immediate liking to him.

"Now she's proud of him, too. She respects him. He feels the same about her. That's why this will be the first and last marriage for both of them."

Certainly, if blessings have the power, and wishes do come true, Mr. and Mrs. Nicky Hilton, as of May 6th, 1950, will be having and holding each other for a long, long time. THE END

Archdiocese of Los Angeles

I, the undersigned, not a member of the Catholic Church, wishing to contract marriage with

CONRAD NICHOLSON HILTON, JR.

a member of the Catholic Church, propose to do so with the understanding that the marriage tie is indissoluble, except by death, and promise on my word of honor that

MY HUSBAND

shall enjoy the free exercise of religion according to CATHOLIC *belief, and that all children of either sex born of this marriage shall be baptized and educated exclusively in the faith and according to the teachings of the Roman Catholic Church; and furthermore, that no other marriage ceremony than that before the Catholic Priest shall take place.*

SIGNATURE OF NON-CATHOLIC PARTY

I, the undersigned, a member of the Catholic Church, wishing to contract marriage with ELIZABETH ROSEMOND TAYLOR

a non-Catholic, do hereby promise on my word of honor that all children of either sex born of this marriage shall be baptized and educated exclusively in the faith and according to the teachings of the Roman Catholic Church.

SIGNATURE OF CATHOLIC PARTY

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Signature of Pastor

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(*Continued from page 28*) were little, I came home on Saturday and in between cleaning and washing and ironing and hoeing out the house in general, I'd whip up a good old stew or hash, or even *chili con carne* if there wasn't anything else in the cupboard. I put the food in front of them on a well-nicked table and the only music they had was the din of the kids in the street playing baseball. I didn't have time to tell them stories, and if they didn't help themselves they were out of luck. With the result that they did, and fast. And today both of them have the constitution of an ox.

"Things have changed since you were a girl, mother," Betty tells me. "I have the children on a definite routine because I believe it will give them added security."

All I have to say is that if the kids don't learn to eat in a hurry they'll be out of luck at the dinner table with their mother. Betty eats as though the house were on fire, ringing a bell every five minutes for a change of course, and if you don't keep up with her you have the unfortunate experience of having a full plate removed from under your nose.

And if I may be indelicate enough to mention the diaper department, there wasn't nearly the rapid turnover in the old days that there is now.

Betty is scared to death that the kids will get sick or that something will happen to them, and I keep telling her to relax, that she grew up against odds that are something awful when you compare them to Lindsay and Candy. You can bet that Miss Hutton and I have had some eighty-cent phone conversations on the subject of the children, but Betty takes my raving rather well.

that's my girl . . .

In fact, that's the secret of our success as a mother and daughter. We can shout at each other instead of at the world, and underneath it all there's something deep and lasting that a million spats can't touch.

As I said before, I'm not a mushy type of woman. If anybody wanted to find out if I was proud of Betty, they'd have to ask me, and even then I'd laugh it off. What I feel is inside, and is going to stay there. I guess I have a complex about being her mother. I am afraid that if I admit she's my daughter it sounds like bragging. But she's my girl, all right.

Back in 1921, though, I wanted a boy. I already had Marion, with blonde hair and blue eyes, and she was everything a girl should be. So I said to myself, "That's that. Now I'll have a boy."

I almost threw a pitcher at the doctor when he told me I had another daughter. There he stood, the big hulk, with five sons of his own, telling me to be happy. I started to mutter, but he ignored me, and smiled. "My wife and I always wanted girls," he said. "But we wouldn't trade any one of the boys. You'll see. You'll feel the same way about this girl."

And I guess he was right.

As it turned out, it seemed that Betty was always trying to make it up to me. Not that I cared after the first few minutes—it goes without saying that any mother accepts and loves every baby she has—but Betty from the beginning was more demonstrative than Marion. She was forever coming to me to be kissed, and to this day she'll pile into my lap and give me a hug that all but dislocates my neck. I think it's possible, too, that Betty showed her affection as a subconscious defense against Marion's good looks. Marion was always the pretty one, and people always seemed eager to tell that to Betty who had straight hair and no glamor. Of course, I

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was enraged every time anyone made a comment like that, but there wasn't much I could do about other people's tongues.

Betty always used to make a particular effort to please me. I remember the time the school was having a bazaar. The children were assigned various tasks and the parents were invited as spectators. On my arrival I was dumbfounded to learn that Betty was in the sewing room. There was little Betty loathed more than sewing. To this day she doesn't know a needle from an ice-pick.

Anyway, I walked into the sewing room and as soon as Betty spotted me her foot went down on the treadle of the sewing machine. There wasn't a machine in that room going anywhere near as fast as Betty's. She saw to that; she wasn't going to let me down. And she seemed happily oblivious of the fact that the needle wasn't threaded.

School for Betty was an open and shut case. On a Monday morning her mind would open and accept all the knowledge there was to absorb. By Monday afternoon her mind would close on it like a steel trap and nothing more would get in till Tuesday.

bouncing betty . . .

It's a facility she's had all her life; to learn quickly and to quickly put her mind in order so that she can learn something new. I suppose it contributes to what people today term her "bounce." She can always come to the surface smiling, successful and unhurt.

Probably the world's most confirmed tomboy, she usually played such violent games I always lived in fear of broken bones. But despite years of roughhouse, her only scar came when she was pushed off a jetty and cut her face.

It was almost as though she knew I couldn't afford doctor bills, and was determined not to be an expense. Those were lean days. I was divorced from the children's father, and worked for our living in an automobile plant in Detroit. Out of necessity, the girls learned to keep house and to cook (Marion learned to sew), and it was a hard life for them. Perhaps it would have been disastrous if the three of us hadn't been blessed with a sense of humor. We could always laugh off our troubles, and what is even more important, we thrilled in anticipation when we wanted something, and we knew that if we saved long and hard enough, we'd have it.

I was with Betty just this last Christmas, and after breakfast I watched her children opening their gifts. They sat at the foot of a tree big enough to fit into Sequoia National Park, and you couldn't see the children for the packages around them. I've never seen such beautiful toys. Unwrapping took hours, and after a while the children's eyes began to look a little glazed.

For some time I'd been thinking my own thoughts, thoughts a little on the gloomy side. Then Betty looked up at me from where she sat by the children's side. There was sadness in her face.

"Mom," she said. "Mom, they're not having the fun we used to have. I'm afraid they're missing something."

I knew what she meant. Back in Detroit, I'd start working at nights on the old toys along about September. By Christmas I'd had them repaired and painted with new clothes made for the dolls. And my girls were more thrilled with the made over stuff than they would have been with one (or six) of these modern dolls that talk and cry and eat and change the status of their diapers.

Even when they were in their teens and putting on a show at the Palace, I'd bring little surprises to the theater, things like jigsaw puzzles to entertain them between acts, and they made such a fuss you'd have thought I'd brought them parts of a Cadillac to fit together.

Betty and Marion seldom asked me for anything when they were little. Maybe because they knew I'd do anything in the world for them that was possible, and the minute somebody would trust me for fifty cents until next payday, I'd go into debt to satisfy their needs. I did manage a series of dancing lessons for each of them, which they considered the height of luxury. Marion finished the course knowing a great deal, Betty came out of it knowing nothing. Before the lessons were started she had perfected her own dance steps, and held on to them like grim death.

Already she had entered every dance contest in the neighborhood. At that time there was a craze for some six-cylinder step that they danced to "White Heat" and melodies of that ilk. To me it was more like an endurance contest, but dancing like this was right up Betty's alley. Although I didn't realize it at the time, show business was leading us a chase.

I never had to worry about Betty, young as she was, when she was singing and dancing in those days. She was too career-conscious to even think about boys, and it had been the same way in school. She'd been so intent on learning the lessons for the day that no impression was made on her by the occasional moon-eyed youngsters who followed her around. And the boy who swiped tin whistles and watches from Woolworth's to gain her favor finally realized that in his case, too, crime didn't pay.

When Betty was fourteen, she visited friends of mine who lived in Lansing, Michigan, and it was then that show business caught up with us. Lansing had a lake, and at the lake was a band, and Betty wanted to sing with a band ever since I could remember. She was offered a job while there, and made up her own mind about taking it. It's always been that way. Betty had lined up her career from the first, and I've always kept my nose out of it.

Many times, though, I've sat in on business conferences, but you couldn't open my mouth at those times with a crowbar, and my silence has paid off for Betty because it was appreciated by the men involved. Of course they never knew what I said afterward, when Betty and I were alone, but even that advice was given only



HOW TIME FLIES!

■ On the set of *Road To Singapore* Dorothy Lamour's been all hands and needles between every scene. Dottie's just taken up knitting and admits that the object on which she's lavishing all her spare time is a man's sweater. She's even having lunch served on the set so no time will be lost on her knitting and unraveling. But to date no one has been able to find out for whom the sweater is intended. "Just a boyfriend," says Dottie. Since the Lamour boyfriends are legion, that clue was considered hopeless.—*March, 1940, Modern Screen*

upon request. I've hewed pretty much to that line in everything with Betty. Well, almost everything. I suppose I'll keep up a running debate with her about the children until they themselves call it off.

But I'm always there when she wants me. And right now she's so wound up with her career (she's just finished *Annie Get Your Gun*, and she's working on *Let's Dance*) and her daughters that she often calls on me to help her out at home. Betty has dropped all domestic duties with the exception of cooking, but other than that she's a total loss. I doubt if she knows where the brooms are kept. So I lend my support by hiring and training the help, getting things repaired, overseeing in general. Our taste is so identical that I can even buy clothes for her. Once in a while I make a mistake. Like that Kelly green outfit. She'd been wearing dark and somber clothes for so long that one day I couldn't resist plugging a bright green suit. To please me she bought it, but I found out later that she gave it away.

Betty is forever giving things away. Almost every item in my apartment has been a gift from her, and her generosity doesn't stop with material things. She gives of her self and her time to anyone she likes. She'll go on giving until she drops.

If I may be allowed one bit of bragging, I'd like to say that my biggest pride in Betty Hutton as a person is that she doesn't realize her importance as a star. Instead of pushing people around with her position in the industry (as some others do), she's more inclined to take a back seat and chum with the little guys. She knows what it means to be one. I remember the time she was on location for a picture where they had a table for the executives and the actors, and another set up for the crew. Day after day Betty ate lunch with the grips until finally the director cornered her and said, "When are you going to start acting like a star?" Betty blew up like an atom bomb and the smoke didn't clear away for days. I'm proud to say she'll never change from being a down-to-earth person.

I think a good example of her honesty and forthrightness was the statement she made when she and Ted split up for the first time last year. "It's my fault," Betty said simply. That statement not only shattered precedents in Hollywood comments but it showed her to be a true gentlewoman.

Betty has mellowed a great deal since her children were born. She has a greater capacity for tolerance now, especially toward me, because she realizes what it means to be a mother.

Sometimes when I have nothing to do I sit and wonder about how it will be thirty years or so from now. Maybe Candy and Lindsay will have children of their own, and Betty will be going slightly mad over their new-fangled ideas about bringing them up. Maybe Betty and I will be sitting on a porch somewhere fitting jigsaw puzzles together and arguing. But with all the arguments both of us will have, there'll be much laughter, there'll be much love.

I'd better stop now while I'm ahead, or I'll start talking like a sentimental fool.

THE END



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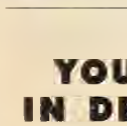
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(SEE PAGE 86)



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the husbands of janet leigh

(*Continued from page 85*) And Ruth introduced us, and then I took it from there.

"In a few days, I phoned Janet at the Alpha Theta Tau house and asked her for a date. The first date we had was on a Sunday. It was my birthday, and it was only an afternoon date. We went into Stockton and had some lunch, and I thought we were going to spend the whole day together, but she was awfully popular, even back then, and she told me she had a date for the evening. But I kept after her."

And because Stan Reames was a tall, personable chap, and he had a "pop" music band at the College, and the girls went for him, too—Janet became interested, and it wasn't very long before the pair was classified as "steady."

A year later, Stan Reames proposed marriage, and it was then that Janet was faced with the most momentous problem of her young life. Should she tell him about Danny and the foolish, impetuous elopement to Reno? If she told him, would it make any difference? Would it destroy or affect their love? Would it cloud their marriage?

These were soul-searing questions for an 18-year-old girl. These were the questions she knew one day she would have to face, and now that day was upon her.

Luckily, fate intervened. A letter from Danny arrived one day, and Janet placed it in a text book. The following day, Stan was carrying her books to class when the letter slipped out. He bent down and picked it up. When he saw the return name on the envelope, he asked her, "Who's this guy who's writing to you?"

Janet took his arm and looked into his eyes. "Stan," she said, "I want to tell you something." And then as quickly as possible, she told him everything.

Stan was wonderful. "Gee, honey," he said. "It doesn't make any difference. You were only a kid."

So they were married, and they spent their first honeymoon night in Monterey, and for ten days they took a motoring trip along the Coast, and then went back to Stockton.

Stan took his band and began beating the bushes for "play-dates," and Janet went up after a while to visit her parents who were working at the Sugar Bowl Ski Lodge in Soda Springs.

There is little point here in repeating the story of Janet's being discovered. You all know how Norma Shearer, leafing through an album one day up at the lodge, came across a picture of an extremely photogenic young girl dressed in ski clothes. "This girl is absolutely fascinating," Norma said. "She should be in pictures."

A few months later, Jeanette Morrison was signed by MGM to play the role of Lissy Anne in *The Romance of Rosy Ridge*.

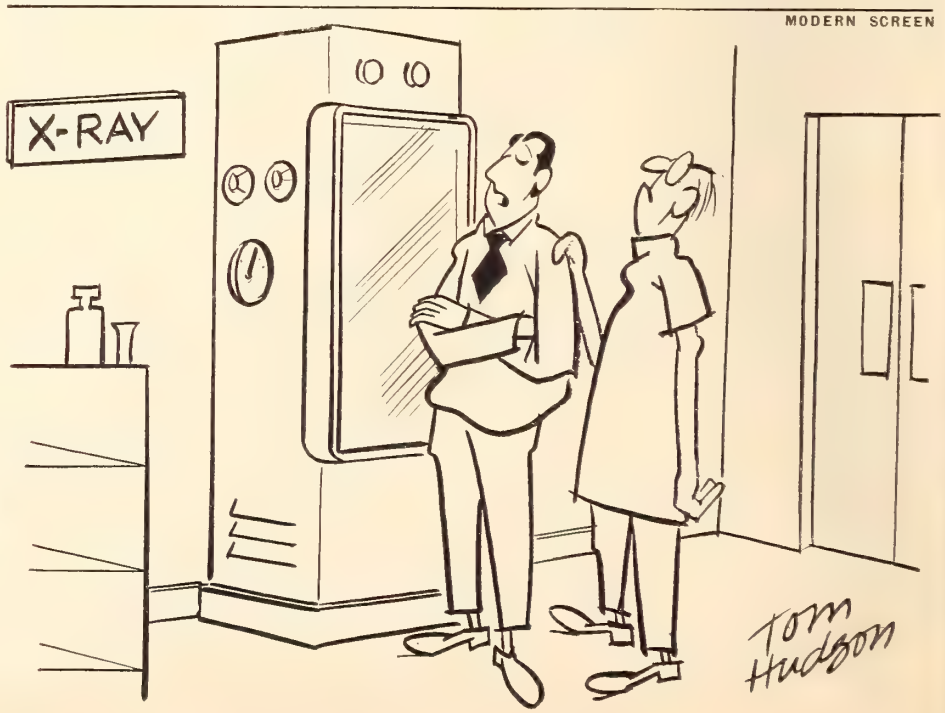
Oddly enough, when Janet first reported to work at MGM in 1946, at a take-home pay of $43.80—the general impression she created was one of complete innocence. "She is the most naïve thing," one director said, "I've ever seen."

When the director was told that this young ingenue was currently married to a band-leader named Stanley Reames, he couldn't believe it. "If that's true," he said, "she's going to become one of the greatest actresses we've ever had."

That prophecy will probably be fulfilled, because Janet, in four years, has made more films (the count now is 12) than any other comparable actress in Hollywood. There is hardly a Metro picture in which she doesn't star, and when she's not working on her home lot, Howard Hughes borrows her for RKO. In four years her salary has boomed from $50 to $750 a week, and if her agent thought it expedient, he probably could get a new contract for her at virtually any reasonable figure, because next to Lana Turner and Elizabeth Taylor —Janet is just about the best box-office draw MGM owns.

As frequently happens in Hollywood, Janet's career and marriage didn't blend. As things went well with Janet, they went poorly with Stan. He had to disband his orchestra and take a job with the Bank of America. Gradually, these two youngsters began to grow apart. Janet was definitely joining the big time. She was moving fast in fast circles. She was on the way up. Stan was moving slowly, trying to find a niche for himself in a city already too crowded by thousands of returning servicemen.

On June 1st, 1948, Janet moved out of



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the little apartment she and her husband had rented. She went to live with her parents who had come down from Sugar Bowl Lodge. She asked for a trial-separation. It lasted all of three days. On the fourth day, Janet, ever frank and honest, came to Stan and said, "I don't think we can make a go of it any longer. I'd like a divorce."

Stan bowed his head. "Anything you want," he said.

Janet got her divorce and her freedom, but in a short while she fell in love with Arthur Loew, Jr., whose father runs the theater chain bearing that name.

"Yes," she admits, "I know I'm in love. But we're not engaged. We're not planning to marry soon, and in fact, we may never marry at all."

(Editor's note: In fact, Janet may be Mrs. Arthur Loew, Jr. by the time you read this or very shortly thereafter.)

Janet's attitude is understandable. She took the wrong step twice; she wants the third attempt to be right and final; she wants her next husband to have all the qualities the other two didn't.

Arthur certainly is more financially able than his predecessors. He's heir to a large fortune; he's learning the motion picture business as a producer's assistant. He is destined to inherit his father's mantle, and if Janet marries him, she will certainly know a luxury she has never experienced before. (The Loews are reputed to be worth some fifteen millions.)

"What I like best about Arthur," one girl who knows him confided recently, "is that he's a very thoughtful and considerate guy. You know what he's done? He's started a charm bracelet for Janet. Every time she's in a picture, he adds a charm which represents the theme of the film. For example, when Janet was in *Jet Pilot*, he put a little jet plane on the bracelet. When she was in *Act of Violence*, he added a gun. For *Red Danube* it was a little ballet dancer, and so on down the line. Girls appreciate gifts like that, because it shows a guy is really interested in you and your career."

As a matter of fact, most of the girls in Hollywood think Janet is out of her mind for not marrying Arthur Loew, Jr. quicker than she can say, "I do."

"He has everything," a starlet once pointed out, "and if I ever went with him, I think I'd propose in five minutes."

What this starlet and the others don't realize is that when a girl has twice submitted to the temptation of matrimony and has twice been hurt, she moves slowly and with much care before she takes the third and what she hopes will be the final plunge.

THE END

I SAW IT HAPPEN



One day I was hurrying along downtown since we were trying to get to see Louis Jourdan and other stars who were appearing in St Louis. I scarcely noticed the good-looking young man who was walking next to me even though his face seemed familiar. I did notice, though, that he crossed the street at the same time I did. I felt I had really missed the boat when a friend rushed up to me quite breathlessly, saying, "I never ran so fast when I saw you walking down the street with Louis Jourdan."

Doris Truesdale
St. Louis, Mo.

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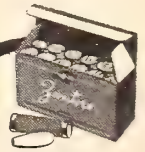
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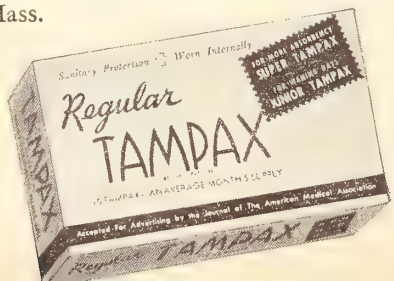
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I couldn't say no

(*Continued from page 45*) "Yes, I know."

There wasn't much more to be said.

Shortly after the engagement was announced, and the date set, Mrs. Taylor and Elizabeth and Nicky went to New York to see plays and be given parties. Mr. Taylor was left holding his head.

Mr. Taylor is a reserved and quiet man. He has his own work, and his own life, and the only thing he knows about Elizabeth's career is that it's better handled by a woman—his wife. His part in the wedding, though, was a different matter.

A day after the women and Nicky had gone, 400 engraved invitations to the reception were delivered into Mr. Taylor's hands. Faced with the prospect of licking 400 stamps, he went around to the Beverly Hills Hotel just to make sure it would still be there at reception time.

"Will everything be in order?" Mr. Taylor asked the manager.

The manager sniffed his carnation. "Perhaps we can have the reception another time?" he asked politely.

"Another time?" said Mr. Taylor. "Another time?"

The manager bowed and shrugged his shoulders. "It is impossible," he explained. "Another party has made reservations many months ago."

Mr. Taylor rushed over to the Bel-Air Country Club to make new arrangements.

"You wish *hors d'ouevres?*" asked the manager.

"Naturally," said Mr. Taylor.

"Cold or hot?"

"Does it matter?"

"Hot *hors d'oeuvres* are more expensive."

"Cold *hors d'oeuvres,*" said Mr. Taylor.

The manager wrinkled up his nose. "Cold smoked salmon?" he said. "At a wedding reception?"

"All right," said Mr. Taylor. "Hot. Make everything hot."

"Perhaps we should wait," suggested the manager, "until the lady returns—the mother of the bride. Because no matter what arrangements the father makes, when the lady comes there are changes."

"I said hot," said Mr. Taylor. "I won't have cold fish at my daughter's wedding reception."

Elizabeth called him long distance that night. "We're having such a wonderful time," she said. "I'm so excited."

"Would you like cold salmon," he said, "or hot frankfurters?"

"What?"

"Never mind, dear," he said. "I've already decided."

Mr. Taylor manfully kept his problems to himself, because he approved of Nicky Hilton, and he wanted to do his best for him. Mr. Taylor liked Nicky the first time he saw him. That was the evening he'd come to take Elizabeth to a party and had been introduced to the family.

"Seems older than his age," said Mr. Taylor to his wife, after they'd gone. "Seems as if he knows what he wants."

"I have a feeling about him," said Mrs. Taylor. "You know, intuitive. I think we'll be seeing a good deal of him."

The next time he saw Nicky, Mr. Taylor was even more impressed. They all had dinner one night at one of the Hilton hotels. An older man came up to Nick to confer on a point of management. Nicky gracefully excused himself from his girl and her family, and attended to his job. "He has a good head for business," Mr. Taylor said. "I like that boy."

For a while, though, the Taylors heard him more than they saw him. Whenever they picked up the phone Nick was on it. "May I speak to Liz?" he'd say, every evening between six and seven. The way Liz floated to the phone, and hung on to it, and then drifted off in a kind of trance told the Taylors more than explanations could.

She was acting like a young girl in love—which is exactly what she was. She isn't the sort of sophisticate many people imagine. Actually, Nick is only the second man in her life. For an 18-year-old movie star time moves quickly, and it's surprising that a girl as beautiful and famous as Liz has been engaged only twice.

Glenn Davis was her first big crush. But they were never engaged. No ring; no announcement; only a gold football that meant little more to her than a sentimental trinket.

There were plenty of dates, of course. Then there was Bill Pawley. After that, people talked about her and Vic Damone and Monty Clift. They didn't mean a thing, but when Liz goes out, the newspapers go to town.

This upsets Elizabeth and her mother and father. "If Liz ever retires," her father says, "it'll be because she can't bear the invasion of her privacy. She knows the value of publicity, but she's human, and a human being needs a private life, a room without a spotlight."

Nick understood this when he dated her. He knew how to evade publicity hounds, but he also knew that a certain amount of notoriety was unavoidable. And he knew how to handle Elizabeth.

When he came to dinner there were never any disagreements between them. Liz and Nick liked the same things, and what Nick liked and Liz didn't, she learned to like. They both enjoy parties and people. They both work hard at their separate careers. They both love to go horseback riding. At the beginning, Nick played golf and Elizabeth couldn't. Then suddenly she started asking her father about mashie shots and spoons and sand traps, and started practicing drives in the living room.

"This is getting serious," thought Mr. Taylor. "Only something had better happen before the rug gives out."

What happened was Nick invited Elizabeth to meet his father. Then the Taylors were invited to meet his father. Then they

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planned the wedding for the sixth of May.

"I want a big wedding," said Liz. "A tremendous wedding, with a white satin gown and six bridesmaids."

"Don't you think," said Mr. Taylor, "that it would be nice and romantic to do what Mother and I did—get a couple of friends together, and a license, and find a small church?"

"I don't know," said Elizabeth. "That doesn't sound binding, somehow."

"Not binding!" said her mother. "Why, Elizabeth."

"I mean, this is the only wedding I'm going to have, and I want it to be big."

"All right," said Mr. Taylor. "It's settled. If it'll make you happy, the wedding will be as big as my bankroll."

Mr. Taylor thought he'd have six months to gather his resources, because he'd asked Elizabeth to put off announcing her engagement till then. One day, though, Elizabeth came to him and said, "I'm afraid you'll have to release me from my promise."

"Why?" asked her parent.

"It's too hard," said Elizabeth, "being in love with Nick, and not being able to spend all my free time with him just because I have to keep the columnists guessing. And I don't think it's fair to Nick for me to spend time with other boys."

So the Taylors announced Liz's engagement, and Mr. Taylor began his struggle with the caterers.

"I keep thinking of Spencer Tracy," he told Liz one night. (At that time she was playing Spencer's daughter in *Father of the Bride.*) "All he has to do is stand up there and act the part I'm living. And he gets paid for it."

But Mr. Taylor was happy. The important things were working out well. He knew he'd done a good job on Elizabeth all these years. "When the kids used to come out to the beach house," he'll tell you, "and have their big Sunday picnics, Elizabeth wasn't some strange, glamorous freak just because she worked in pictures; she was just like the rest of them—and that's how it should be."

Mr. Taylor gave Elizabeth the kind of wedding she wanted, but he was firm on the subject of press photographers. No press photographers were at the reception. "That reception's important to Elizabeth. That belongs to her and Nick and their friends," he said. "That's something she doesn't have to share because of her career."

He's happy, too, about Nicky. "Liz wanted a husband who liked the things she likes and who understood her problems—as her mother and I have always tried to do—and now she has Nick."

And now the father of the bride can take a vacation. THE END

I SAW IT HAPPEN



While spending the day shopping in Fort Walton, my sister and I stopped to look at a movie poster advertising a movie with Gregory Peck. My sister exclaimed, "Isn't he darling?" I laughed, but a young man stepped out of the crowd and said, "Oh, no, he's actually as ugly as sin." To everyone's astonishment, it turned out to be Gregory Peck who was there on location for 12 O'Clock High.

Jo Mogan
Miami, Fla.

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Have You Heard?



JOAN LANSING

The flowers that bloom in the spring make pretty posies I'd like to pin on local ABC stations for making my Sundays so full of grand and glorious entertainment. American Broadcasting Company Sunday shows offer listening pleasure for the whole family.

For instance, at 5:30 PM (EDT) over your local ABC station, the Goodyear Tire and Rubber Company presents an outstanding series of dramatic and inspirational programs on "THE GREATEST STORY EVER TOLD." From coast-to-coast listeners of all ages toast this program as one of the truly great programs on the air.

Famous commentator DREW PEARSON gives top-flight, provocative views and sometimes startling "predictions of things to come" at 6 PM (EDT). We tip our bonnets to Adam Hats who sponsor the dashing, daring DREW. At 6:15 PM (EDT) DON GARDINER and "MONDAY MORNING HEADLINES" make more news, giving you a smart head-start on headline happenings. "Air Wick" picks DON GARDINER as its clear-headed spokesman.

The Sunday schedule adds a musical note at 6:30 PM (EDT) when Hormel's "MUSIC WITH THE GIRLS" steps up the rhythmic down-beats . . . with a sprightly all-girl band femceed by lovely MARY ELLEN DOMM. Another happy hi-spot comes at 8 PM (EDT) when bouncy BERT PARKS says "STOP THE MUSIC." This super-show, featuring KAY ARMEN, DICK BROWN and HARRY SALTER'S ORCHESTRA, is jointly sponsored by Clipper Craft Clothes, Speidel Watch Bands and Old Gold Cigarettes.

From Maine to Minnesota, from California to Kentucky, all points in between and "all the ships at sea," Sunday at 9 PM (EDT) means WALTER WINCHELL time. The great reporter is sponsored by Richard Hudnut. Hollywood's leading "LOLLY" pops up with gossip and guests at 9:15 PM (EDT) on "THE LOUELLA PARSONS SHOW" for Woodbury. A real audience-participation extravaganza is "CHANCE OF A LIFETIME" emceed by JOHN REED KING for Bretton Watch Bands at 9:30 PM (EDT). JIMMY FIDLER sizes up movie star moods and manners and gives choice chatter for Arrid at 10:15 PM (EDT) topping off a great Sunday of leisure-pleasure listening on your local ABC station.

Joan Lansing

the first year

(*Continued from page 49*) many ways. It'll change Nicky, too.

I hate to think what might have happened if Geary and I hadn't made an effort to improve ourselves.

I used to be a worrier, fussing around, getting irritated over imaginary problems. It didn't show much when I lived with my family; they were used to me, anyway. It came out jarringly when Geary and I started housekeeping. I wanted everything in the apartment just so. Every drape had to have the exact number of folds. Every chair cushion was puffed up to perfection. Every night before I went to sleep I found myself reliving everything that had happened that day, and worrying about all the things I'd have to do tomorrow.

This started to bother Geary, and when he actually admitted it, I became annoyed.

"It doesn't hurt if I want things right all the time, does it?" I snapped. "Why should you be concerned?"

Geary didn't blow up. He just looked at me mildly, as if he were considering something, and then he started to speak slowly. "Because," he said, "while it's nice to want things to go perfectly, it must be wrong to make an obsession of it. Because, if little things can cause you so much worry what will happen if bigger things go wrong? Take our future. It's not going to happen just the way we want it to. Take me. I'm not perfect and never will be. What's this all going to do to both of us if you can't accept it, and, you know, sort of roll with it?"

Suddenly I was ashamed of myself. Cluttering up my mind with little things instead of taking it easy and enjoying the good life I had.

to live in harmony . . .

There were other little things about me, and about Geary, too, for that matter, that needed fixing up. From childhood on I had had a habit of being critical of my friends, and didn't know it was unkind and intolerant of me. Geary had a failing of suddenly being abrupt when talking to someone. I was a little possessive. Geary flung his clothes around like a man will and left things uncapped. (I remember you used to toss things under your bed and drove your mother to distraction. I guess you've outgrown that!) They all came out bit by bit and we were faced with the problem of either correcting them and living in harmony, or . . . well, I don't have to go into detail about what happens to marriage when there isn't harmony.

There was one thing we were lucky about—we never just pointed fingers at each other's faults. We studied them, and got to understand them. Once you understand why a person does something that is annoying, it somehow isn't half so annoying!

Every once in a while when talking to Geary I'd notice that his words would get shorter and his silences longer. And if I tried to cut down on the silences he would get quite snappy. Then I began to realize that the silences generally ended with his making a very keen and intelligent observation on what we were talking about, or else with his coming up with a good solution if it was a problem that was bothering us. It came to me then that the silences meant he was concentrating.

Well, I could take it all right, but I began to wonder if he was the same way with prospects in his insurance business. If he fell into silences and got abrupt suddenly with them, it certainly was going to cut down on the policies he could sell.

new faces



MARLON BRANDO *was 19 when he arrived in New York. He'd been expelled from two high schools in Evanston, Illinois, never seen a play in his life, and yet he wanted to be an actor. Several months later, before he'd had a chance to complete his course at the Dramatic Workshop, he landed a juicy B'way role, and Marlon's hardly had an idle day since. Sometimes the play was a flop, but Marlon always collected rave notices. For a long time he ignored Hollywood but when Stanley Kramer offered him the role of a paraplegic in his forthcoming* The Men, *Marlon agreed to give it a try. He's 26.*



JUDY HOLLIDAY'S *next movie is* Born Yesterday *and she still considers that something of a minor miracle. She'd played the role for several years on Broadway, but Hollywood tested several other actresses before they'd even consider Judy for the part. She was born in New York in 1923 and for a long time wanted to write and direct plays instead of act in them. But she forgot all about that when she joined a group of young people who could sing, dance and act—and were all bent on getting into show business. Judy's married to David Oppenheim. You've seen her in* Adam's Rib.



NANCY OLSON *almost became a teacher but gave that idea up on the very same day she won an oratory contest and learned just how pleasant the limelight could be. Paramount discovered her at UCLA taking dramatic courses and decided she was good enough to make movies for them anytime. She's five-feet-five inches tall, weighs 117 lbs and has blue eyes and golden hair. Nancy was born in Milwaukee in 1928 and you'll see her soon in* Sunset Boulevard.



BEN JOHNSON *is one cowboy star who really knows his way around a horse. He once broke the world's record for calf-roping and before he hit the movies was a yearly contender in every rodeo event. Ben was born in Pawhuska, Oklahoma, learned to ride when he was six and left high school in his junior year to become a stunt rider. John Ford discovered his trick riding abilities and signed him without a test to a role in* She Wore A Yellow Ribbon. *Ben's married to Carol Jones and you'll see him next in* Wagon Master.

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So I decided to talk to him about it. Before I got through he interrupted me.

"You're right!" he exclaimed. "Janie, you've hit one of my biggest failings and I didn't even know it was there!"

Well! I don't have to tell you, Elizabeth, that I felt like a regular little old somebody being such a help to my husband. And you know what? I couldn't stop there. I began to take an interest in his work, not meddling, mind you, but offering to pitch in if there was a little something I could do. There was. You know, today, I go through the telephone book picking out and listing people I think would be good prospects for insurance. And whenever he gets someone's policies to look over for analysis and suggestions for possible changes I've learned to do what is called the basic evaluation—comparing the man's income with the amount of his premium and the benefits he's getting! It interests me so much that every night I ask Geary if he has any new policies for me to work on!

I can't even stop there. Do you remember my telling you Geary was second high salesman in his company for the country a few months ago? Now he's the first. I always ask all my friends whether they need insurance, and I always laugh, but underneath I mean it! (*Do* you need any?)

But what I really wanted to bring out is that when husband and wife work together everything seems wonderful.

Geary doesn't even throw his clothes around anymore. And this is how Geary stopped me from being ultra-critical: He read a description of a man to me one night from a book.

"His manner of living was shiftless," read Geary. "His rooms were usually in a mess, his clothes scattered about everywhere, dust on top of all and rarely a window opened. He was miserly, or so most people thought. He would haggle about everything. He was considered uncouth, almost barbarian in his ways. . . ."

Then Geary stopped reading and looked



that's hollywood!

There is a radio commentator who also writes a column, and he dotes on writing, and reading publicly over the air, open letters to celebrities in which he advises them on conduct, morals, business principles and finance. Usually, these manifestoes get a response, often though, an indignant one. The letters make the listener believe this man is close to the stars.

Desiring a rise for his own sake, out of Bing Crosby, our man once read an infuriating letter to Crosby over the air. Nothing happened. Two weeks later, he read a second open letter, more arousing than even the first. During the third week, the commentator went to the Lakeside Golf Club in Hollywood for a round and the first person he saw was Crosby.

"Well, hello, Bing!" he chirped. "I expected that. . . ."

"Hello, Bub," drawled Crosby, walking on, "you still writin' that column for the paper?"

Quoted from Irving Hoffman in the Hollywood Reporter



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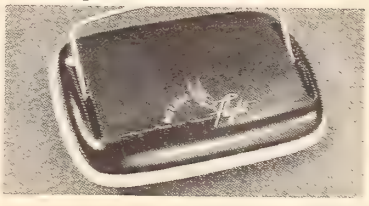
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Occupation..... Age..... Date of Birth.....

up at me. "What would you say about a man like that?" he asked. "Could you like him? Could you respect him?"

"Oh, he's horrible!" I said.

"Could such a man be your friend?" he went on.

"Oh, no!" I answered.

Geary smiled. "I hate to do this to you," he said. "It's a description of Ludwig van Beethoven."

I almost died. As Geary knew, Beethoven to me is just about the greatest musical genius who ever lived.

"Are you sure?" I asked.

"Sure," he said. "But I didn't read the full description to you. You've got to know *all* about someone before you can know him at all. If you're looking for faults you can always find them. Beethoven was all I read to you, but more. He was tender with children; he was a great lover of beauty. He was jagged-tempered because he was enraged by his deafness, and careless of his appearance and his rooms because they weren't important to him. Only his music was important."

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It was something to think about. It made me look at my friends with new eyes. I knew that I'd come to the end of any loose talking about them.

Possessiveness is an awful thing to have around a new marriage. (So if Nicky wants to go somewhere, and you can't make it, let him go.) I have a couple of friends who used to start crying if their husbands even hinted about playing golf or going to a ball game with their old pals. I never had that much of a problem. I sort of like the idea of Geary going out by himself sometimes. When he comes home at the end of a long day away I can see on his face how much he's missed me. And that's not bad, Elizabeth.

You know, when I was younger, I read somewhere that marriage should enrich a girl's life. I didn't know what it meant then. Now I do. I had my own world before I met Geary, and now I have a new world—his. His viewpoint, his friends, his ambitions are another life for me. And through it, I keep finding out more about myself.

I guess maybe you can tell from this that marriage is marvelous. I guess maybe you suspected it all along. Anyway, I know that you and Nicky are going to be happy. I know you're going to find that dreams are even more beautiful when they come true.

So here's to the first year, and all the years after. Here's to you.

Love,
Janie

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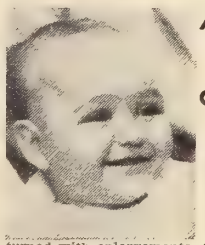
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wonderful madman

(*Continued from page 52*) of a settee expecting some part of the newcomer to fly loose and hit him in the face. When he simmered down to a state where introductions were possible, he shook my hand with a tight-fisted churning motion that rendered it (my hand) useless. Not easily charmed, I was charmed. Suddenly I found myself terribly excited by the silly inconsequentials he was shouting at the top of his voice, and I was deeply hopeful that everything was all right with him and his.

Don't laugh. When you meet Mario Lanza the same thing will happen to you.

We went across the street to a quiet Hungarian café which featured warm Italian red wine and a gypsy violinist, and we talked. *He* talked.

"I hate opera singers," Mario Lanza said. He shook a fist as big as a brace of plucked chickens under my nose and seemed about to spit out his front teeth. "Those fancy Italian opera singers. Every time I see one on the street I want to go up to him and punch him in the nose."

That off his chest, he grinned cheerfully.

"Who the hell do they think they are?" he roared, suddenly flipping back into his rage. "They sneer at good Americans because they don't think they love music or can sing. I'm a good one hundred percent American Philadelphia wop and I can sing better than any of them!"

He opened his mouth, his throat and his diaphragm and the beautiful high note that came out drowned out the violinist and every alien sound for several blocks around the café.

america, i love you . . .

The fiddle-player swung into a medley from *That Midnight Kiss,* Mario's first picture at MGM. Lanza smiled and began to rock back and forth in rhythm with the music.

"You see," he said, "everybody loves me. They want to make me happy. This artist, this violin virtuoso, is playing now just for me. I love him, too, and I've never even met him."

If you can hum with a voice the power of a ram-jet rocket, he began to hum, oblivious of the stir he was causing among the rest of the diners.

"I love my wife," he sighed. "I have an Irish wife and an Irish daughter. Every Italian should have an Irish wife and there would be less trouble in the world."

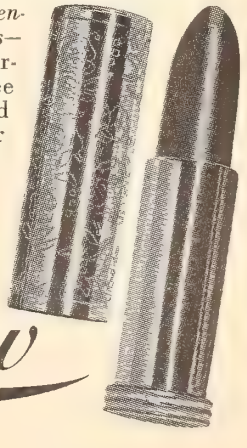
He changed pace again.

"I love MGM," he roared as though he expected an argument. "See this jacket? I stole it from MGM. It used to belong to Wardrobe. It was made for Van Johnson, but he didn't steal it, so I did. It's a beautiful jacket and I am a very lucky man to be allowed to steal such a thing. Only in America could such a thing happen. Only in America can an opera singer steal such a beautiful coat and tell people about it. In Europe, where every third guy is an opera singer, they would claim they bought it or found it or something. They stink."

It was at this point that your reporter began to side with the element that said Mario Lanza was a lunatic. Here was a very handsome young man, looking very much like the boy who might live next door, alternately exploding and weeping with love of people and America.

With a face as impish as Puck, and a tousled top-knot of curly black hair, looking for all the world like a football player on a bender, he could suddenly burst into song in a crowded restaurant in the middle of the afternoon and fill the room with beauty. The man and the situation were incongruous. He *had* to be crazy.

However, Mario Lanza is, actually, just


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as crazy as every warm-hearted, spirited, proud, hard-working young man in this country today. He may be more excitable, but no crazier.

He was born in New York City, but at a very early age, his father, a one-time athlete who had been very badly gassed in the first world war, moved to Philadelphia where Mario, then called Freddie Coccoza, was brought up. The particular section of the city in which the Coccozas lived was called South Philadelphia, a district so noted for its brutality that a few years ago one of the fact detective magazines said there were more murders in a square-mile portion of the district in a single year than in a similar area anywhere on earth.

South Philly had never been noted for its production of musical or any other artistic talent. In a quieter mood, Mario Lanza explained it.

"To the tough kids I palled around with anything artistic was sissy, and it was as much as a kid's life was worth to openly express even a mild interest in anything sissy."

The people of South Philadelphia were pitifully poor, which was the only reason they lived there. Any education in any direction beyond grammar school was rare, and beyond high school completely unknown. A boy grew up and became a thief, a thug or a laborer according to his instincts. And the respect of his neighbors and contemporaries depended on his hewing strictly to this degenerate tradition. Freddie Coccoza's evolution from a child of the gutters to Mario Lanza, the greatest tenor since Caruso, is, then, a frightening as well as an inspiring miracle.

music, music, music . . .

There is no corner of the earth that is not visited by music of some sort. It can be anything from the savage chants of aborigine natives of a jungle, the reedy whistles of the flutes of the oriental, the brassy jazz of Harlem to the ponderous, melancholy hymns of Wagner. There is music everywhere. And because South Philadelphia was mostly Italian, their music was the operas, played casually at home on a gramaphone, or hummed to babies by their mothers.

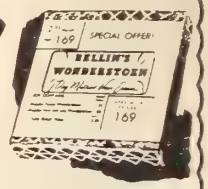
RCA, the company which now considers Mario Lanza among its three top record makers, decided some twenty years ago to see if it couldn't stimulate the sales of its discs in that neighborhood where Mario lived as a boy. As part of their program, they installed a fine phonograph and an amplifier with a huge horn, along with a sizable stock of operatic records, in a small music shop across the street from the Coccoza residence. The shopkeeper was advised that so long as he played the records good and loud all day, the equipment and records were his without cost.

"That was when I first knew I wanted to be a singer," Mario Lanza said. "I used to shoot agates with the kids in the street in front of the music shop, and whenever anyone sang a high note, I would break out in goose-pimples. I used to rub my arms so the other kids wouldn't see them. And sometimes when I couldn't stand it any more, and I had to sing with the voice on the record, I used to snatch up my aggies and run terrified that I would sing and disgrace myself."

No, South Philadelphia was no breeding ground for operatic tenors.

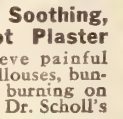
"The greatest thrill I have ever had in my life," Mario Lanza went on, "was when I knew I *could* sing. My old man had been sold a phonograph. He loved music, and he didn't have to make any excuses for it. *He wasn't a kid.* He used to go to the phonograph after dinner and slowly grind the handle of the winder. Then he

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would select a record, very carefully, even though he knew them all by heart, and put it on the machine. He would then sit in a chair and he and my mother would close their eyes and listen. I used to stand in the hall and chill and flush with heat. I used to open my mouth and make the Italian words of the songs with my lips. I learned all Pop's records that way."

After aggies and the other restless games of the children of South Philadelphia paled in interest with the years, Freddie Coccoza moved on to more rugged sports. Toughened by years of fighting with his fists and other hoodlum athletics, he became an expert football player and boxer. His features settled into the collar ad structure of today, his voice changed, and he found himself faced with the job of selecting a trade. But he wanted to sing.

"I knew I could do it then," he said, "and I knew I had the guts. One day I waited until my father and mother went out and I turned on the phonograph. I put on a Caruso record. I sang with him. Now I know I sang badly, but that day I thought I sang it as well as he did. I went sort of crazy. I put on all of the records, one by one, and I sang with all of them. I sang at the top of my lungs until I was hoarse, and then I lay down on the floor and made up my mind for once and for all. I was going to be a singer and nothing in the world would stop me.

"Lessons were out of the question. I got them all from the phonograph. I'd save every penny I could get together and buy new records, and whenever the folks went out I would sing. I knew more songs than any other singer in the world. And then one day, when I'd just finished a song, I turned around—and there was my father standing just inside the doorway. There were tears in his eyes and neither one of us said a word. We just walked toward one another and embraced—and we both cried. Pop, because he had always hoped I would someday be a singer and now he knew I would, and me—because now it wasn't a secret I had to guard anymore."

It was then I decided that Mario Lanza wasn't a lunatic after all, but an artist, maybe the greatest tenor artist since the late, great Caruso.

Mario Lanza, strong as a stevedore, healthy, as an airedale, still had to make a



Mario's wife, Betty, accompanies him as he rehearses songs for his concert tour in Hawaii.

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living to pay for some classical music tuition, so he moved pianos for a few hard dollars a day. One day the route sheet on the truck read "Academy of Music." Just another day, another dollar, and another piano. Mario and his fellow workers moved the massive grand onto the stage while the musicians puttered about the auditorium. A small group of them, however, were in one corner of the stage running through an operatic aria. Mario couldn't help it. He cut loose with something special from the vocal zone, and he hit the right note and held it. From the back of the auditorium, a loud bellow was heard. "Quiet!" it ordered. Then, "Who did that? Who sang that note?"

the discovery . . .

Fifty fingers and a dozen violin bows pointed at the piano mover. William Huff, director of the Philadelphia Forum, strode down the aisle and onto the stage. He looked at Mario open-mouthed, then he took him by the arm and into the office. In a week, Mario was doing the same thing for Serge Koussevitsky, conductor of the Boston Symphony—and a piano mover was on his way to operatic fame.

A hackneyed motion picture title card of 1920 fits in here—Then Came The War!

Private Mario Lanza was a pretty good soldier. He forgot everything but the war. He appeared in the Air Forces show, *This is The Army,* but only in a minor capacity. War and careers didn't mix well with him. But when he got out, he looked up his new musical friends and started in singing again. He signed a contract with Victor, he got a big time radio program, but he was not getting where he should vocally and he knew it was his lack of professional training that was responsible. He was at his lowest ebb, mentally, when he met Sam Weiler.

Sam Weiler was a real estate man who had made a lot of money and who was a patron of the arts. He heard Mario singing in Carnegie Hall and came back and introduced himself. He had an offer to make. He wasn't interested in making money, and he knew enough about music to know that he had heard a great voice that needed training. He offered to stake Mario to all the tuition he needed if he would stop singing publicly until he was ready. Mario leaped at the chance.

For the next fifteen months, Mario Lanza learned about music and voice. He was married now, but all of his expenses were taken care of by Sam Weiler. Mario had nothing else to worry about.

Then one day Sam Weiler said he was ready, and he booked Mario into the famed Hollywood Bowl for a concert. At the conclusion of that evening, the Bowl audience gave Mario the greatest ovation any artist appearing there ever got. They stood on their feet in the Hollywood Bowl that night and cheered for fifteen minutes for the kid from South Philadelphia who got goose pimples at the sound of music.

Louis B. Mayer, head of MGM studios, saw it from a box down front and sans agent, sans talent scouts, Mario Lanza got a contract. The studio engaged Maestro Spadoni, Caruso's coach, to work with him—and he was on his way at last.

Two pictures at MGM have resulted in the belief that Lanza is the screen's most exciting personality today. There are, of course, two schools of thought on that, but then that's inevitable. One thing is sure, the charm of the lad's personality is as contagious as laughter.

At home, Mario Lanza is part peasant and part Lord of the Manor. I went to his home to meet his wife and parents. As I had anticipated, it was a huge, sprawling semi-castle in Beverly Hills looking as though the furniture had been looted, instead of purchased, piece by piece. Mario howled a greeting to everyone and commanded his wife to present herself. Before he shut the door he had turned on the phonograph.

His mother and father, who live with him, sat quietly and listened to him talk. His wife, a pretty, charming girl, shut her eyes and listened to him sing on the records, almost as though she had never heard them before.

"These are the things a man loves," Mario told me later. "A home for Mama and Papa. My wife whom I love. My baby, Coleen. A swimming pool. A fine car. And to sing without fear. But none of these things would be mine without the patronage of a man like him." He pointed to Sam Weiler who had joined us and who sat happily in a corner gazing softly at the wonders he had helped create.

"There could be no artists without these patrons. There could be no music without music stores that played music for nothing, so that kids could learn to love it. There are so many things to be grateful for."

"But I am no sissy," he bellowed, his fists raised in fury. "I can still lick any kid on my street—and any of those fancy Italian opera singers with the high noses. The next one I see, I'll punch right in the nose!"

The family paid no attention to the outburst. Sam Weiler still gazed as softly, and Mrs. Lanza's eyes were still closed.

"But I love everyone," Mario said calmly, "and everyone loves me."

This man is indeed a lunatic, I thought. A wonderful lunatic. The most exciting personality in years, and without a doubt the greatest voice since, well, anybody.

And that's the way it is. He's yours to figure out.

There's always the topper, though. The final story. It took place one day when Mario had been at MGM a year. He was called into the front office of the studio on that day and was seated before a very distinguished group. Among the top brass of the studio, sat Jesse Lasky, a pioneer film-maker.

song in his heart . . .

"Mr. Lanza," said a studio executive, "We have just concluded a deal with Mr. Lasky for him to make a picture with this company. He owns the rights to a story we want, and he has searched the world for five years to find a player capable of doing the role. He has come to us saying you are the only man who can do it. Would you agree to sing and play the life of Enrico Caruso?"

Mario Lanza just sat and nodded his head. Soon, he got to his feet and stumbled from the room. Down a long corridor he walked, and he couldn't see—because he was crying. Joyful and bitter tears. Tears that came from childhood and standing in a dingy hall silently learning to sing. Tears that came from singing alone in a darkened room while his mother and father were away at the movies. Tears that came from gratitude because he could steal a jacket that had been made for Van Johnson, and get away with it.

Mario Lanza, big, barrel-chested, vigorous American of Italian descent who is twenty-eight years old, married and has an Italian-Irish daughter of two named Coleen. That's him. THE END

Paid Notice

Have YOU ever been Jilted?

(SEE PAGE 86)





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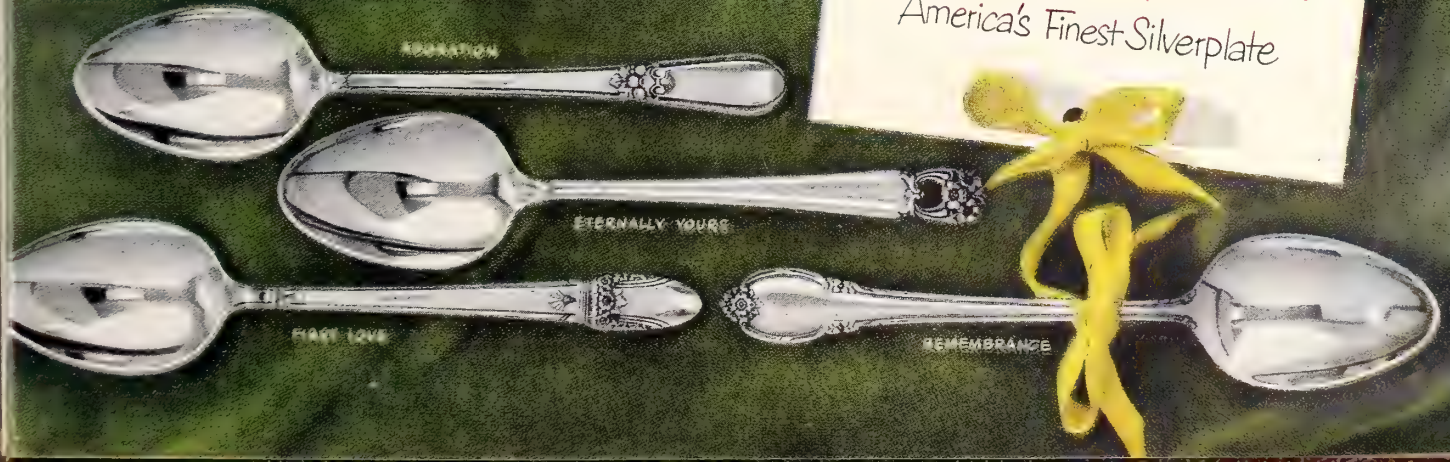
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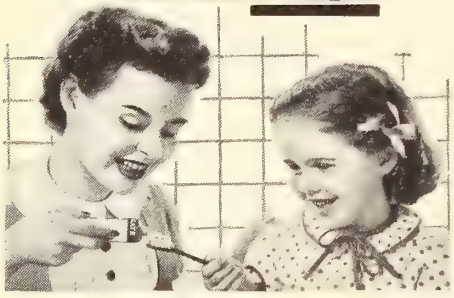


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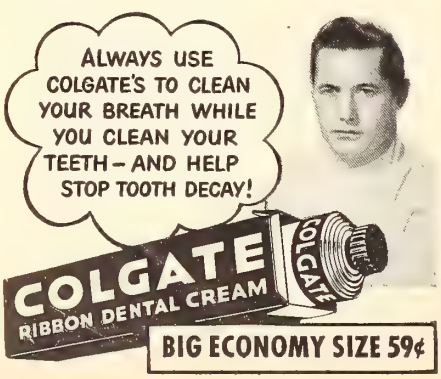


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JULY, 1950

modern screen

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The wildest tales ever told are those about Hollywood, because to many self-styled reporters fantasy is more exciting than fact. Modern Screen feels that you deserve to know the truth, want to know the truth. Learn it by writing to THE INSIDE STORY, Modern Screen, 1046 N. Carol Drive, Hollywood, California

Q. Is it true that Mrs. Henry Fonda committed suicide because her husband wanted a divorce?
—F. P., ALMA, MICHIGAN

A. *No, it isn't. Few people know it, but Frances Fonda attempted suicide by taking an overdose of sleeping pills prior to her husband's request for a divorce. A brilliant, hyperthyroid woman who had once worked for the National City Bank of New York, Mrs. Fonda oversaw the Fonda finances. She herself had obtained a settlement of close to $1,000,000 from her first husband, George Brokaw. Her eldest daughter, Pamela, and the two children she had with husband Henry are owners in part of the fabulously successful stage play,* Mr. Roberts. *Frances Fonda was in charge of all those accounts. When her husband asked for a divorce, she understandably agreed to give him one. The financial settlement involved would have made her independently wealthy for life.*



Q. Why is it that Joan Crawford never appears on the radio?
—M. G., Durham, N. C.

A. *The lady suffers from mike-fright.*

Q. Can Ingrid Bergman take her daughter to live with her and Rossellini in Italy?—HANSON B., NEW YORK, N. Y.

A. *The custody plan approved by the California Superior Court specifically states that Pia will live and attend school in California. This means that if Ingrid wants to spend any time with her daughter, she will have to spend it on the West Coast. Dr. Lindstrom has been emphatic in his desire to keep Pia away from Rossellini as much as possible.*

Q. Who is Jane Wyman's latest beau?
—CORLISS F., ST. JOSEPH, MO.

A. *Mr. Winthrop Rockefeller whose divorce from "Bobo" made the headlines some months ago. Miss Wyman, who refuses to discuss any of the men in her life, will say nothing concerning her feelings for Mr. Rockefeller, but you can keep your eye on this pair.*



Q. What is Montgomery Clift doing these days and what is his next picture?
—CLARA B., ELCO, NEVADA

A. *At this writing, Clift is in New York working on an original screenplay with his friend Kevin McCarthy. He finished* A Place in the Sun *with Elizabeth Taylor in February of this year, then went to Italy on a vacation. He doesn't know what his next picture will be.*

Q. Is Ezio Pinza, the star of *South Pacific,* coming to Hollywood to make a film version of the stage play. If so, when?—WILLIAM D., DEVERS, MASS.

A. *Pinza left New York for Hollywood on June 6th. His agent, Paul Small, is a brother-in-law of Dore Schary, MGM production head. Pinza is under contract to that studio. His first movie will be* Mr. Imperium *opposite Lana Turner.*

Q. Is it true that the Audie Murphy-Wanda Hendrix marriage went on the rocks because Audie is still suffering from shell-shock? —R. R., WACO, TEXAS

A. *Nonsense. All this stuff about Murphy being unable to re-adjust to civilian life is so much press agent's poppycock. He just couldn't adapt himself to Wanda's way of Hollywood living.*

Q. Is Elizabeth Taylor's mother still under contract to MGM as a movie mother?—CLARISSA M., ST. LOUIS, MO.

A. *Mrs. Taylor stopped getting her $250 per week when Elizabeth became 18.*

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louella parsons' good news

■ There is not the slightest doubt in my mind that Shirley Temple will marry the handsome, young millionaire and socially prominent Charles Black shortly after her divorce from John Agar becomes final in December.

Shirley met Black, who was an executive with the Hawaiian Pineapple Company while she was visiting in Honolulu and their romance started then. I say "was" an executive because young Black resigned his Honolulu post so he could be near the former child star.

But Charlie won't have to worry about where his next job is coming from. His dad is head of the Pacific Gas and Electric Company in San Francisco and has scads of money.

Young Black's family is very social and are sticklers for propriety and Shirley has an adoring public, many of whom look upon her as having been the victim of a very unhappy marriage. *(For those who blame Shirley for its failure, there's a story on page 34.)* So, Shirley, for those reasons, will not announce her engagement until she is free and has the final divorce decree in her own hands.

I happen to know that when the good looking, 32-year-old Black invited her to come to San Francisco for the very swanky Bachelor's Ball he did so because he wanted his mother to meet the girl he loves.

The photographs of Shirley taken with Black show her as a new Miss Temple, sophisticated and dressed to the nth degree in very chic clothes, looking vastly different from the curly-haired girl whose face used to appear so round and childish. This Shirley is beautifully slender.



Red Skelton checks to see if his name's included on the list of entertainers at the annual Friars' Frolic. Mr. and Mrs. Jimmy Stewart assure him that it is.



Informally dressed as usual, Harpo Marx threatens to club innocent bystander Edward G. Robinson. "He was looking at me," Harpo honked—indignantly.



Comics Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis were completely fascinated by this young lady's curly hair and long eyelashes—until they found out "she" was Bill Lundigan.

how gay can you get? get a load of the friars' frolic!



The hilarious shindig is one of the town's most popular events. Roz Russell, elegant in a satin dinner coat, and Brod Crawford chat together.



Betty Grable's rarely seen without Harry James, but Harry was on tour, so she came with Gloria De Haven. (Gloria made *I'll Get By* with him.)



Backstage, chorine Burt Lancaster, *right,* tries to cheer up Floradora girl Bob Mitchum—who doesn't seem very elated about the whole affair.



Red Skelton, the charmer in satin (complete with red wig) looks a little skeptical as dandy Dan Dailey kneels to make his earnest proposal.



Van Johnson and Jack Benny double on the fiddle—(It's "Love in Bloom"). Van partnered a Floradora girl; Jack was a simple fire-chief.



Freckled and pigtailed, "Annie Oakley" Hutton thought gay blade Errol Flynn looked a sight for sore eyes. He thought she was a sight, too.

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Now at your cosmetic counter!

New **MUM** *cream deodorant*

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Little Kerry Kelly donned her Easter regalia to attend services on that day with her daddy, Gene, at The Church of The Good Shepherd.



Since her separation from Ted Briskin, Betty Hutton's been seen with many eligible men. Here she's with Stewart Granger at Mocambo.

Speaking of denying engagements, Paul Douglas and Jan Sterling had a spat after I said they were going to get married and Paul did a lot of talking about never getting married again.

But he is too crazy about Jan to keep that up for long and now the great big lug admits that they are going to be married in August. Paul is just beaming with happiness. On him, being engaged is very becoming.

Funny thing, Paul played in *Born Yesterday* on the stage and so did Jan. But at different times and different cities, he with the original New York cast, Jan in the Chicago company.

The other day I saw a friendly little domestic scene. It was noon at Romanoff's and Jan and Paul were lunching at a table for two. Virginia Field came in, saw them, and went over to their table to show them a letter she had just received from her and Paul's daughter, Maggie, who is in school in Palm Beach.

Jan, who will be Maggie's stepmother shortly after you read this, enjoyed the much scribbled letter every bit as much as Paul and Virginia did.

* * *

Jane Wyman has become Hollywood's most avid golf enthusiast next to Ginger Rogers. Jane's interest was inspired by Clark Hard-

a completely new experience between men and women!...



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Bing Crosby gets a light from Miss Tobacco at the 1950 Tobacco Convention in Chicago. She's Trudy Germi, who almost became Miss America.



Paul Douglas and Jan Sterling celebrate their engagement. They'll be Mister and Missus come August. He was formerly wed to Virginia Field.

wick, the young Englishman who holds an amateur golf championship. First, Janie liked Clark (he's a dead ringer for Lew Ayres in appearance) and then she liked golf.

Her favorite partner on the links is Ginger Rogers and it was amusing to hear the two girls debate at a cocktail party over which one had won the most games.

I am glad Jane seems happier. She still has moments, I know, of great depression about her personal life. She is not a play girl. She does not like to date a lot of different men. I think she sincerely wants to fall in love again, marry and settle down to family life with her children. *(For evidence of this turn to the story on page 57.)*

Since it seems impossible to hope that she and Ronald Reagan will ever reconcile, I hope she will meet someone with whom she can fall in love. It could have been Lew Ayres—but it wasn't.

* * *

As a rule I do not approve of telling my readers about diets because I feel that no one should diet unless they have consulted a doctor.

But Hollywood has gone overboard for a new diet, many of our beauties have dropped pounds, and still feel so well that I am going to pass it on to you.

Some people call it the "MGM Diet"—because so many stars on that lot were on it. I hear MGM paid a fortune to Mayo Clinic for it and here it is free to you. But please bear in mind that it means what it says—TWO

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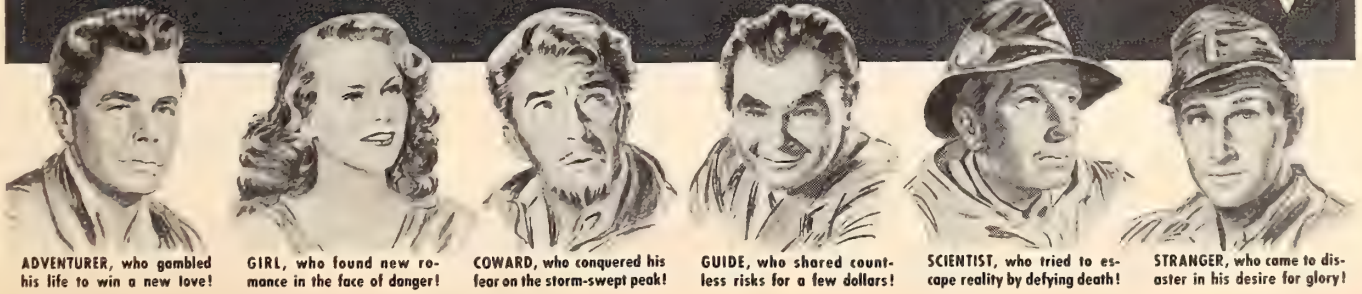
Glenn Ford · Valli
Claude Rains · Oscar Homolka

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with SIR CEDRIC HARDWICKE · LLOYD BRIDGES · JUNE CLAYWORTH · LOTTE STEIN

Produced by Sid Rogell · Directed by Ted Tetzlaff · Screenplay by Paul Jarrico · From the Novel by James Ramsey Ullman

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STRANGER, who came to disaster in his desire for glory!



Now! End perspiration troubles with the Safe-and-Sure deodorant—



ETIQUET ends perspiration odor *safely* and *surely* — really checks perspiration! Gives *long-lasting protection* — yet does not irritate skin . . . does not harm clothing!

FLUFFY-LIGHT and soothing — Etiquet, made by a specially patented formula, is a remarkable deodorant with a luxury "beauty cream" base. Goes on easily, works instantly, disappears in a jiffy! No gritty particles!

MORE ECONOMICAL — Etiquet won't dry out. In jars and tubes . . . sizes from 10¢ to 59¢.

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

New! Etiquet Spray-On deodorant

Now a single spray keeps you dainty all day! So *fast*, so *easy* to use, and so *effective!* New Etiquet Spray-On is made by the patented Etiquet *safe-and-sure* formula. It comes in a lovely new unbreakable plastic bottle at an amazingly low price. Economy size 49¢.



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Marcella Cisney, co-producer of *Light Up The Sky*, gives Guy Madison a couple of pointers at rehearsal in Hollywood's Coronet Theater.

WEEKS, and then stop. Here goes:

MONDAY

Breakfast: Exactly the same for every day of the diet: Grapefruit, one or two eggs, black coffee.
Lunch: Eggs, spinach or tomatoes; coffee.
Dinner: Eggs; combination salad; one piece dry toast; grapefruit; coffee.

TUESDAY

Luncheon: Eggs; grapefruit; coffee.
Dinner: Steak; tomatoes; lettuce; celery; olives, cucumbers; coffee or tea.

WEDNESDAY

Luncheon: Eggs; tomatoes; spinach.
Dinner: Lamb chops (2); celery; cucumbers; tomatoes; coffee.

THURSDAY

Luncheon: Eggs; spinach; coffee.
Dinner: Eggs; cottage cheese; spinach; 1 piece dark dry toast; coffee.

FRIDAY

Luncheon: Eggs; spinach; coffee.
Dinner: Fish; combination salad; 1 piece dry toast; grapefruit; coffee.

SATURDAY

Luncheon: Fruit salad—nothing else.
Dinner: Plenty of steak; celery; cucumbers; coffee or tea.

SUNDAY

Luncheon: Cold chicken; tomatoes; grapefruit.
Dinner: Chicken; tomatoes; cooked cabbage; carrots; vegetable soup; grapefruit, coffee.

* * *

News that Joan Crawford is adopting another little girl—her family will then be four adopted daughters and a son—reminds me of a very funny thing said by her oldest child, Christina, when Joan told her there would soon be twins in the nursery.

"Mother," said Chris, "don't you think we should get a husband and a daddy in this family before we have any more children?"

* * *

It would be nice if all Academy Award winners could get the same kick out of their honors as Broderick Crawford does!

The other day, Bob Cobb, head of the Brown Derby Cafes, called to tell Brod that the new Oscar winners' portraits—stunning caricatures done in charcoal by famed caricaturist, Volpe, were going to be hung in the Beverly Hills Derby the next morning.

At the crack of dawn, Brod showed up arrayed in a pair of coveralls, and said he was going to help hang the portraits. Not only his own—but he did a laborer's job on

WILL SHE COME OUT

woman OR Wildcat?



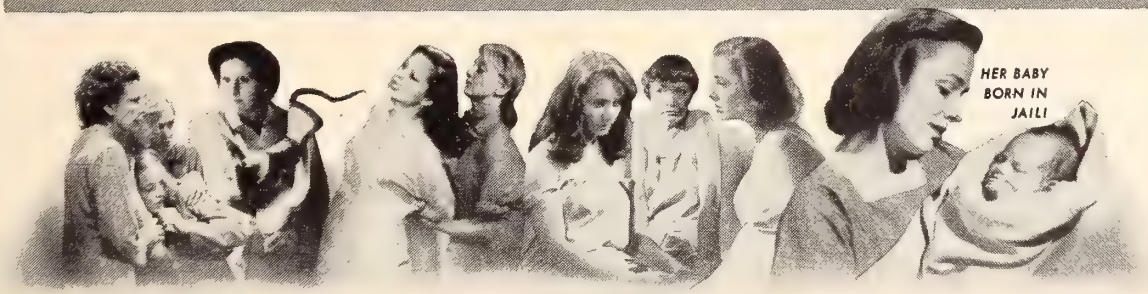
Is she coming out "good", or is she coming out to avenge the terrors and the torments that make a prison for women a college for crime? This is the angry story of beautiful Marie Allen, a one-mistake girl that men betrayed ... and the law forgot!

WARNER BROS. PRESENT

The most sensational revelations since 'Fugitive from a Chain Gang' burned into America's conscience!

CAGED!

WOMEN WITHOUT MEN...EXCEPT IN THEIR MEMORIES!



Starring
ELEANOR PARKER AGNES MOOREHEAD ELLEN CORBY HOPE EMERSON BETTY GARDE JAN STERLING

PRODUCED BY **JERRY WALD** WRITTEN BY VIRGINIA KELLOGG AND BERNARD C. SCHOENFELD
MUSIC BY MAX STEINER
DIRECTED BY **JOHN CROMWELL**

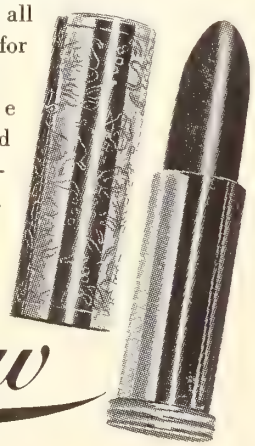


for Enchanted Moments

For your enchanted moments—at last a lipstick that *will not smear*...at last a lipstick of such exquisite texture that it goes on easier and stays on longer than any you have ever used.

The *new, exclusive* Tangee formula makes all this possible for the first time.

In Tangee Pink Queen and six other enchanting shades.



THE *New Tangee* LIPSTICK



It was strictly cowboy stuff at Alana Ladd's birthday party—complete with Roy Rogers as guest of honor and a western movie. Here Alan, Dusty Rogers and Roy give young Miss Ladd some help opening a mighty big present from an admirer.

all the rest of them.

"Sure dolls the place up," he beamed.

No wonder everybody is so crazy about that guy.

* * *

One of the most "different" parties this month was held backstage at the little Las Palmas theater after a flock of movie stars opened in *Light Up The Sky* and a lot more movie stars sparkled in the audience.

Guy Madison was the star of the stage show with Benay Venuta and Jean Parker as his leading ladies—and all their friends were out front to cheer them on.

That is—everybody but Gail Russell, Guy's wife. She was quite conspicuous by her absence, but these two still have their battles—and perhaps this was another feudin' spell.

Betty Hutton, Benay Venuta's close friend, laughed so loudly at her antics that some of Benay's funniest lines were lost—but nobody minded. That Betty is a show in herself whether she is on stage or in the audience.

She was with Milt Pickman, a beau she alternates with Bob Sterling. But I think Betty will think a long time before she gets serious about anyone.

Joan Evans, in the front row, with her parents and a young socialite, was in her daring decolletage, as usual. For a fifteen-year-old girl, Joan sure wears 'em low. From the back, she looked like she must be wearing a bathing suit. *(For another discussion about the appropriateness of Joan's clothes see page 44.)*

Joan Caulfield, in a beautiful pink dress, held hands all through the play with Frank Ross. They are soooo in love and Joan is just blooming now that she's Mrs. Ross.

When the show was over—about fifty invited guests trooped backstage for a champagne supper on stage—and since the set represented a swanky hotel suite, it was all very comfortable and lots of fun.

Kirk Douglas is one of the most amiable guys I know. Very few things annoy him. But Kirk has a red hot mad on at press agents for nightclub cafes who couple his name with "phony" dates and even girls he has never set eyes on.

Kirk says, "This is an abuse that has been going on for ages. Most actors just shrug and let it go. But not me! I'm going to raise hell about it!" (and he didn't apologize about that *hell*).

"In order for the cafes to get mention in the columns they pretend that certain well known movie couples were there 'holding hands and gazing into each other's eyes.' If you date the same girl for several weeks, you are no longer a good new 'twosome'. So what do they do but make up a date for you—sometimes another actress, more often than not, a girl you've never set eyes on who can use the publicity!

"There is plenty of harm done. For instance, my name was in the columns last week as dating a different girl in a different cafe *every night of the week*. I've got news for you, and them. I haven't got that much vitality and I don't like night clubs that much.

"As for the ladies I'm supposed to be with—I'm sure they are all very charming but I don't intend to be made to appear like a nitwit of a playboy in the public's eyes just because some newcomer needs a little publicity.

"That's my story—and I'm going to insist on it."

* * *

Bette Davis is the talk of the *All About Eve* troupe on location in San Francisco—she is having such a good time and is in such wonderful spirits.

The company is working in the old Curran Theater and between scenes Bette puts on Charleston records and gives with some hot steps from that revived old dance.

How different from the Bette of six months ago who was little Miss Gloom herself. Then, she was miserable with worry about her marriage to William Grant Sherry. Now that their troubles are aired and out in the open, she is like a person who has successfully come through an operation and is on the road to recovery.

Bette still is nervous about going to public places even though her lawyer hired a bodyguard for her. So she and Anne Baxter take turns hostessing suppers in their hotel suites.



Corinne Calvet and her husband, John Bromfield, share a secret before being seated at Las Palmas Theater to see *Light Up The Sky.*

After everybody goes, Bette and Anne, who have become very good friends, usually sit and "hash" for hours.

* * *

Did you hear the one about the "car caller" at the première who got tangled up about Deborah Kerr's name and yelled loudly over the public address system:

"Calling Miss Car's Kerr—Miss Car's Kerr?"

* * *

Dropped over to the blue-and-silver salon of Rex, the hat man, in Beverly Hills, to pick up my new chapeaux and ran smack into Joan Caulfield being fitted for her wedding hat.

She can't be superstitious because the gent who was putting his okay on it, even to the way the veil should be draped, was Frank Ross!

Some people believe it is unlucky to let the prospective groom get a look at the wedding finery before the Wedding March strikes up.

Joan just laughed. "I think Frank has such good taste," she said, "and, after all, I want him to like the way I look on my wedding day, more than anyone else. Fact is, we just came from Orry-Kelly where my wedding dress was fitted."

Yes, Frank thought it was lovely. He certainly has good taste—and in more than one department, too.

* * *

Phil Reed is an honest fellow as well as a handsome one. Phil admits he was scared to death searching the Donald Nelson house for a burglar who stole $10,000 worth of Nancy Oakes' jewelry.

Phil and Nancy had been out dancing. When they returned to the Nelson home, where the heiress was visiting, they noticed a panel in the door had been broken and the latch had been slipped.

"In the movies," Phil grinned, "I often play a daring guy who rushes into situations like this, pops the bandit on the jaw, and returns the jewels to the gal.

"But in real life—whew—it sure is a different feeling wandering through rooms where someone who likes to use a gun may STILL be lurking!"

The Nelson party was held the very next day after the house had been robbed. The robbery had a definite note of mystery. Although several valuable pieces of Mrs. Nelson's jewelry and $150 in cash were in plain

"Soaping" dulls hair— Halo glorifies it!





Not a soap, not a cream— Halo cannot leave dulling, dirt-catching soap film!

Gives fragrant "soft-water" lather —needs no special rinse!



Removes embarrassing dandruff from both hair and scalp!



Halo leaves hair soft, manageable— shining with colorful natural highlights!



Yes, "soaping" your hair with even finest liquid or oily cream shampoos leaves dulling, dirt-catching film. Halo, made with a new patented ingredient, contains no soap, no sticky oils. Thus Halo *glorifies* your hair the very first time you use it. Ask for Halo—*America's favorite shampoo*—at any drug or cosmetic counter!



Halo reveals the hidden beauty of your hair!

Everybody LOVES 'Our Very Own'



LOUELLA PARSONS *says:*

"See it with someone you love very much"



OUR VERY OWN

A MOTION PICTURE FOR THE MILLIONS WITH THE Samuel Goldwyn TOUCH!



Barbara Lawrence and Marshall Thompson have just broken a record over Roddy McDowall's head during his disc jockey show.



Maureen O'Hara's hairdresser, Fay Smith, puts the final touch on her coiffure for a scene in Paramount's *Tripoli*, filmed in Arizona.

sight on her dressing table, the thief ignored it and took only the things belonging to Nancy.

All the guests turned amateur detectives, examined the broken glass door panel and came up with all sorts of theories. "The real detectives are puzzled," laughed Mrs. Nelson. "But these amateurs solve the robbery every five minutes."

At the Donald Nelson party honoring Nancy Oakes, I had a chat with Peter Lawford's mother, Lady Lawford, and while she absolutely denies that there is any serious romance between Sharman Douglas and Peter, she admits Sharman is the one girl Peter has met whom he cannot forget.

When the chance came for him to go to England to see his aunt who is ill, he grabbed at it so quickly that even Lady Lawford was amused.

Some of the gossip writers have printed that Ambassador and Mrs. Douglas do not like the idea of their attractive daughter marrying an actor. I doubt that. If Sharman and Peter really fall in love I believe that the parents on both sides will give their blessing.

Peter is a personable young man and well born and while he was visiting in London the Douglases could not have been nicer to him.

Personal Opinions: Lauren Bacall is too thin, much too thin—although I never thought I'd ever say that about anybody the way I've been dieting. But I must say for Bogey's Baby, she certainly does her best acting in *Bright Leaf* with Gary Cooper. Ditto Pat Neal, in the same picture. . . . Jan Sterling, who will soon be Mrs. Paul Douglas, is very much the same blonde, chic type as his ex-wife, Virginia Field. Well, don't the psychiatrists say that men fall in love with the same type over and over? . . . . Errol Flynn was REALLY a good boy and didn't step out on his bride-to-be, Princess Ghika, for almost six weeks while he was finishing *Kim* in Hollywood and she was in Paris. But the strain must have been a little too much, because Errol, who enjoys the society of pretty girls, did ask Claudette Thornton (a startling beauty) to dine with him at the Encore Cafe just a few nights before he left to join the princess in Jamaica. At one time, I believed this marriage would never come off. Now, I've changed my mind. . . . Understand that Ann Blyth has seven red evening gowns. The way that girl looks in red, I don't blame her. . . . I am worried, and so are all her friends, about Ann Sothern who is so depressed over her long illness that she cries all the time. If Ann is one of your favorites, please drop her a note—just Hollywood, California, is enough for the address—and tell her how eager you are for her to be back again on the screen. She's really such a swell girl.

* * *

Your letters this month certainly prove one thing—your undying loyalty to Frank Sinatra. In your wild campaign to defend Frankie Boy, some of you have blamed his troubles on Ava Gardner—and surprise, surprise—a few have even insinuated that Nancy doesn't understand him. But Nancy understands him too well. Anyway for your money, Frankie is still A-1.

Alan Ladd continues to come in for much praise because of his happy family life.

In all my mail there is a note of disappointment, or anger or disillusionment about players who step out of line and get in the headlines.

Some of you have mentioned some silly recent publicity involving John Derek—pictures of him "diapering" a doll, for instance. Publicity gags do get ridiculous.

And some of the younger girls are a little shocked over the deep decolletage worn by many of our young starlets.

Thank you for your interest—and please keep writing.

That's all for now. See you next month.

PHOTO CREDITS

Below are page by page credits for photographs appearing in this issue.

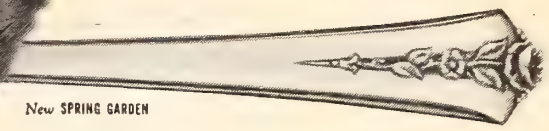
6, 7, Bert Parry—8 *T.*, Walt Davis, *B.*, Acme—10 *T.*, Tobacco Convention, *B.*, International News—12, Bob Beerman—14, Bert Parry—15, Bob Beerman—16, Bert Parry—29, Bert Parry—30, Ugrin—31, MS Staff—32 *T.*, MS Staff, *C.*, International News, *B.*, Wide World—33 *L.*, Bud Fraker, *C.*, Wide World, *R.*, Bob Beerman—34, 20th Century-Fox—35, Wide World—36, 37, Bert Parry—38, Bob Beerman—39, Bert Parry—40, Nickolas Muray—42, 43, Bob Beerman—45, Bob Beerman—46, Bert Parry—47, Bob Beerman—48, MGM—50, 51, Bert Parry—52, Bob Beerman—53, Bob Beerman—54 *T.*, MS Staff, *B.*, Stork Club—55 *T.*, Warner Bros., 2nd, 3rd, 4th, 5th rows, MGM—57, Bert Six, Warner Bros.—58 *T.*, Wide World, *C.*, Press Association, Inc., *B.*, Wide World—59 *T.*, Schuyler Crail, *C. L.*, MS Staff, Stork Club—60, 61, Warner Bros.—72, Bob Beerman—78, Paramount.



Pattern beauty that lasts

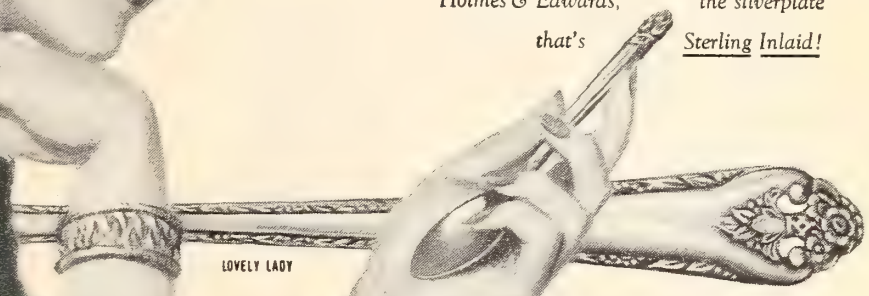
because of these





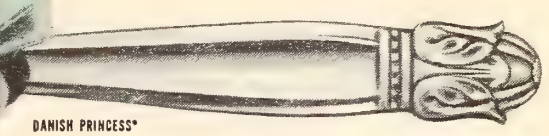
New SPRING GARDEN

How proudly she chooses this beautiful pattern! And how wisely, too... for it is by Holmes & Edwards, the silverplate that's Sterling Inlaid!



LOVELY LADY

Two blocks of sterling silver  *are inlaid at the backs of bowls and handles of most-used spoons and forks to give these charming patterns lasting loveliness.*



DANISH PRINCESS*

Why take years buying "place settings" when tonight you can own a service for eight, 52 pieces, for $68.50. Other sets as low as $49.95. No Excise Tax.



YOUTH

HOLMES & EDWARDS

STERLING INLAID° SILVERPLATE



MADE BY THE INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO.

*ALL PATTERNS MADE IN U. S. A.

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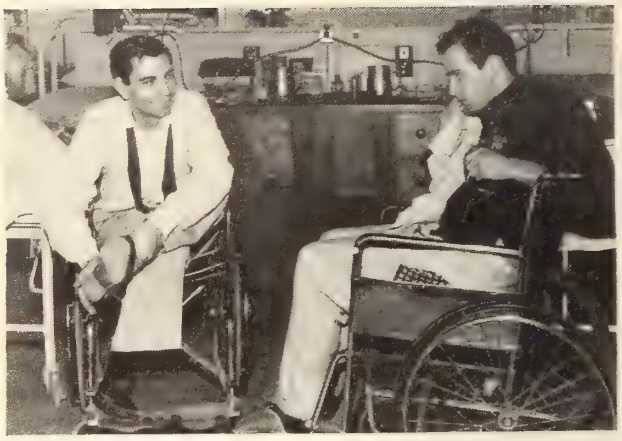
MOVIE REVIEWS

by Christopher Kane

Picture of the Month



Wounded on the battlefield, Marlon Brando awakes in rage and terror to find he's paralyzed from the waist down.



Now a paraplegic, he learns to accept his fate. His buddy, played by Jack Webb, accustoms him to hospital routine.



Teresa Wright, the girl he was engaged to, asks him to marry her. He refuses, knowing he'll never walk again.



Doctor Everett Sloane urges them to marry. Finally, having found the courage to start a new life, Marlon consents.

THE MEN

Cast: Marlon Brando, Teresa Wright, Everett Sloane, Jack Webb.
United Artists

From the first sound of drums as *The Men* opens, you know you're in for an experience. You see the soldier, Ken Wilozek (Marlon Brando) shot, you watch him fall, you hear his voice from the hospital bed where he lies in an agony of pain and bitterness. "At first," the voice says, "I was afraid I was going to die. Now I'm afraid I'm going to live." *The Men* is a story of paraplegic veterans. A story of the soldiers who didn't die —or, at least, who only died a little. Paraplegics are immobilized from the waist down; they're sentenced to life in wheel chairs. They're sentenced to trying to make their way in a world which can only pity, and stare, and never understand. The rehabilitation of such men is the basis of this picture. All the acting is magnificent—Everett Sloane's, as the doctor who works his heart out, knowing he can never do enough; Brando's, as the particular boy whose problems are singled out for discussion; Teresa Wright's, as his fiancée. And the men themselves are magnificent—at once hopeful and hopeless, sweet, and cynical, funny in the bawdy way of soldiers. "Old bladder and bowels" Brock, they call the doctor. "If you wasn't so sexy, you'd remind me of my mother," they say to a skinny little old nurse. *The Men* is both heart-breaking and inspiring. In evaluating the human spirit, it says many things. It says there are men who have suffered too much, and are brave beyond belief. It says we must not forget their sacrifice, nor accept their broken lives lightly.



ELIZABETH TAYLOR as she plays opposite DON TAYLOR in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's "FATHER OF THE BRIDE"

"I'm a Lux Girl"

says **ELIZABETH TAYLOR**

A bride of dreamlike loveliness—that's Elizabeth Taylor in her latest picture. Notice the radiant beauty of her complexion—it's a *Lux* Complexion, given the gentlest, most cherishing care with Hollywood's own beauty soap.

"My Lux Soap facials with ACTIVE lather give my skin new loveliness—so quickly!" says Elizabeth. In recent tests by skin specialists, actually 3 out of 4 complexions improved in a short time. Try this beautifying care! You'll love the generous *bath* size Lux Toilet Soap, too—so fragrant—so luxurious!



HOLLYWOOD'S ACTIVE-LATHER FACIAL:



1. Here's the Active-lather beauty facial screen stars never neglect: Smooth the creamy Lux Soap lather in well—



2. It's such rich, *abundant* lather, even in the hardest water. Just rinse with warm water, then splash on cold—



3. Pat gently with a soft towel to dry. Marvelous—how soft and smooth your skin feels now—how fresh it *looks!*

Another fine product of Lever Brothers Company

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap

No other Deodorant gives you this thrilling

6-POINT PROTECTION

You're Lucky In Love When You "DEW"

"DEW"

SPRAY DEODORANT

JUST SQUEEZE FLEXIBLE BOTTLE! "DEW" SPRAYS ITSELF ON!

Only "DEW" Gives You All 6 Important Advantages

1 STOPS ODOR INSTANTLY! Yet is absolutely safe. Can't irritate normal skin. "DEW" protects you, protects your clothes.

2 CHECKS PERSPIRATION! Keeps you socially secure 24 hours a day.

3 CONTAINS RETSELANE!® Only "DEW" can use this amazing new ingredient.

4 SAVES MONEY! Year's supply only 98¢ plus tax—less than 2¢ a week!

5 DAINTIER THAN CREAMS! Not messy. Never touches hands, nails. Dries quickly. Men, too, like "DEW".

6 MAGICAL SPRAY BOTTLE! Unbreakable, squeezable.

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

WHEN YOU "DEW" YOU DON'T OFFEND

SAFE EYE-GENE

EYE-OPENING TEST THRILLS MANY!

Eyes so tired you want to close them for relief? . . . Clear, expressive eyes are fascinating. 2 drops of soothing EYE-GENE in each eye floats away that tired, strained, irritated look and feeling in *seconds*—dramatically lights up your whole expression! Safe EYE-GENE is like a tonic for your eyes. Use it every day. 25c, 60c, $1 in handy eye-dropper bottles at Druggists.

2 drops make this striking difference in SECONDS!

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping



ANNIE GET YOUR GUN

Cast: Betty Hutton, Howard Keel, Louis Calhern, Edward Arnold.
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

Dazzling to look at, enchanting to listen to, "Annie" is everything that a musical should be. Betty Hutton plays Annie Oakley, the world's best markswoman, and she plays her from A to Z. She shoots, she sings (she sings soft and she sings loud), she's a ragged little character all covered with freckles, mourning about how "you cain't shoot a male in the tail like a quail"; she's a vision in evening clothes, all pink and white and beautiful. She's gay and she's sad, and all with a western accent. It's her picture. Howard Keel (the second-best shot in the world, and Betty's love interest) is attractive, has a big, Nelson Eddy-ish voice (which Betty mimics superbly), and J. Carrol Naish makes a delightful injun chief. Now and then, there's a movie which has a kind of magic, a happy atmosphere that infects its audience. This one is like that.



BRIGHT LEAF

Cast: Gary Cooper, Lauren Bacall, Patricia Neal, Jack Carson.
Warners.

Gary Cooper's family's been run out of a tobacco town called Kingsmont because Gary paid attention to the daughter of the biggest tobacco grower (Donald Crisp) in the county. Years later, Gary comes back. Still got that daughter on his mind. She (Pat Neal) is a real nutty-type young girl, likes to stir up trouble, sets her poppa to fighting with Gary again, just for kicks. Then a guy with a cigarette machine (it rolls them automatic) comes along—in those days, cigars were the thing—and Gary goes to borrow money so he can start manufacturing cigarettes. Only person he knows with money is Lauren Bacall. She operates what's coyly referred to as a "rooming house for ladies," but you should see those ladies. Anyhow, Lauren's grown sleek on her ill-gotten gains, but she's awful ethical when it comes to *other* people's ethics. Doesn't like Gary taking her money and kissing that high-born lady behind her back. When Gary ruins high-born lady's poppa, high-born lady ruins Gary, and the whole thing is based on a book, but I didn't read the book.



TICKET TO TOMAHAWK

Cast: Dan Dailey, Anne Baxter, Rory Calhoun, Walter Brennan.
20th Century-Fox.

This is about the early days of railroading, and a traveling salesman (Dan Dailey), and a trigger-happy girl (Anne Baxter) who's never been kissed. A train named Emma Sweeney is the star of the picture; she's got to get to the town of Tomahawk by a certain day in order for her operators to acquire their franchise. (Dailey's Emma's first passenger.) A passel of ornery stage-coach devotees don't want no railroad runnin' through the west, and they try horrid tricks (Rory Calhoun's one of the villains), but Emma makes the grade. *Ticket to Tomahawk's* an odd combination of musical and western, with a huge, Technicolored cast. Its very weight makes it move rather heavily, despite everybody's talent.



THE SECRET FURY

Cast: Claudette Colbert, Robert Ryan, Jane Cowl, Paul Kelly.
RKO.

The title of this picture is explained when our heroine, supposed murderess Claudette Colbert, is packed off to the looney bin, and her doctor (Elizabeth Risdon) starts studying charts with big jagged peaks in them. "I call these," she says, "the mountains of the secret fury." Claudette's chart doesn't have any mountains because she's no murderess, she's just a trifle overwrought. Why? Well, on the day she's supposed to marry Robert Ryan, some guy pops in, claims she's already married to a man named Randall (of whom she's never heard); the evidence that she and Randall really are hitched piles up; Randall, when she tracks him down, is slain right in front of her, and she's put on trial for it, and a couple other little things like

Are you in the know?



How should you greet your date mate?

- ☐ *Dash out when he "honks"*
- ☐ *Ask him into the house*
- ☐ *Take your own sweet time*

"One toot and ye're *oot!*" (As the Scottish lecturer said—to the old lady with the ear trumpet.) Does the toot of your joe's jalopy send *you* scurrying out? That's unsmart. Ask him into the house for a word with the family. Then leave promptly, on your merry way. Even on "difficult" days you'll be poised, *comfortable*. For Kotex gives softness that *holds its shape*—because Kotex is made to stay soft while you wear it!



Which neckline's best for your figure?

- ☐ *Halter*
- ☐ *Camisole*
- ☐ *"Little Boy"*

Could be you're the buxom type? Or maybe a build-up is what your figure lacks. No matter. Choose a "Little Boy" neckline and lament no more. It's camouflage for either figure fault. And for solving "certain" problems, why not let Kotex be your choice? You see, the *extra* protection you get with Kotex helps add scads of self-assurance . . . belittles "accident" misgivings, thanks to that special *safety center*.



What helps, if you've that "lobster" look?

- ☐ *Antiseptic lotion*
- ☐ *Tinted makeup base*
- ☐ *A flame-colored formal*

You got yourself barbecued just before the big dance! And with white marks left by your swim-suit straps and bracelet. Next time, take your sunning sensibly. Meantime, ease the broil with antiseptic lotion; plus a tinted makeup base, to cover up. The first two answers above are right. Always right for your *sanitary protection* needs is one of the *3 Kotex absorbencies*. You'll find Regular, Junior or Super just suited to *you*.



Should you talk to a house-party guest you haven't met?

☐ *Check with your hostess* ☐ *Give him the deep freeze* ☐ *Defrost*

He didn't happen to be around when introductions were going on. So now, when he speaks—you're a snub-deb. Defrost! According to Emily you-know-who, it's correct to talk with any guest. Even if you haven't met officially. You can talk back to your *calendar*, too (when it taunts you with "outline" qualms.) Just remember, Kotex has *flat pressed ends* that *prevent* revealing outlines. Unquestionably. Lets you stay in the party picture . . . fluster-proof . . . and so self possessed!



For extra comfort on "those" days, should you—

- ☐ *Stay in bed*
- ☐ *Go square-dancing*
- ☐ *Buy a nylon belt*

Comfort doesn't call for coddling—or "square" fests. Your best bet's a new Kotex Wonderform Belt. It's made with *DuPont nylon elastic*—non-twisting—non-curling! Gives 118% stretch, yet it's *strong*, smooth-feeling; wisp-weight. Dries fast. Stays flat even after many tubbings. And see how much easier, quicker the new *firm-grip fastener* is to use! For extra comfort—buy the new nylon elastic Kotex Wonderform Belt.

2 TYPES: Pin style and with new safety fastener



Kotex Wonderform* Belt
Buy two—for a change



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ONLY ODO-RO-NO CREAM GIVES YOU ALL THESE ADVANTAGES!

1 Stops perspiration quickly and safely.

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3 The only cream deodorant that guarantees full protection for 24 hours.

4 Never irritates normal skin—use it daily. Can be used immediately after shaving.

5 Absolutely harmless to all fabrics.

6 New, exclusive formula. Never dries up, never gets gritty or hardens in the jar as ordinary deodorants often do.

7 Double your money back if you aren't satisfied that this wonderful new Odo-Ro-No Cream is the safest, most effective, most delightful deodorant you've ever used. Just return unused portion to Northam Warren, New York.



Don't trust your charm to outdated, ineffective deodorants. Rely on the new Odo-Ro-No Cream, made by the leader in the deodorant field for more than 30 years.

New **ODO·RO·NO CREAM**



The deodorant without a doubt

GUARANTEED FULL 24-HOUR PROTECTION!

More cream for your money. New 25¢ and 50¢ sizes, plus tax.

that. You'd be in the looney bin too. There are four deaths and a bit of blackmail before you get out of the theater, and a real maniac tries to polish off Claudette. Exciting, but terribly implausible.



THE BIG LIFT

Cast: Montgomery Clift, Paul Douglas, Cornell Borchers, Bruni Lobel.
20th Century-Fox.

Shot in Germany where it happened, *The Big Lift* is the story of the American planes which ran food into Berlin when the Russians were blockading the roads to that city. Montgomery Clift and Paul Douglas play two American sergeants involved in the proceedings, Cornell Borchers and Bruni Lobel, German actresses, are the love interest, and a wonderful actor named O. E. Hasse makes a delightful Russian spy. The picture bends over backwards to be fair in dealing with the complex mess which is Germany today. Never hysterical, it kids the Russians, and while it overlooks none of the evil the Nazis worked (Douglas, as a passionate Germanhater doesn't let anybody forget about Buchenwald and Belsen), it still says that some Germans are decent, anxious to learn about democracy, anxious to bury their old ideas, and help make a better world. *The Big Lift* is timely, terrific, and most—and best—of all, sane.



THE ASPHALT JUNGLE

Cast: Sterling Hayden, Louis Calhern, Jean Hagen, James Whitmore, Sam Jaffe.
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

This is a movie about a bunch of men who execute a perfect robbery. Being a John Huston production, it's also a wonderful series of character studies. There's Doc (Sam Jaffe), the brains. Fresh out of jail, he wants to make one good haul, then go to Mexico and study women the rest of his life. He's courtly, philosophical. There's Alonzo Emmerich, the front. He's a middle-aged man of property, respected in the community—and entirely corrupt. He keeps a young girl, very blond, very dumb, in his house at the beach. There's Dix (Sterling Hayden), the "hooligan," betting on horses, hoping to raise enough cash so he can go back to Kentucky and settle down where he was born. You get to know these people, and the others—the bookie whom money makes nervous, the

close-mouthed hunchback, the girl who loves Dix. You meet corrupt policemen, and honest policemen. The picture has depth you don't find in ordinary cops and robbers stuff, and there's not a bad actor in the cast.



THE GUNFIGHTER

Cast: Gregory Peck, Helen Westcott, Millard Mitchell, Jean Parker.
20th Century-Fox.

The Gunfighter's about a famous killer named Jimmie Ringo (Gregory Peck) who wants to break with his past. He'd like to go back to his wife and little boy (whom he hasn't seen in eight years), he'd like to live on a farm, be at peace. But he doesn't have that kind of free choice. Every town he hits, there's some little big-shot eager to bait him, to decide "he don't look so tough," to be "the guy who got Jimmie Ringo." So Ringo keeps moving, without rest, hunted by the law, and the lawless. As Peck plays him, he's a real, pitiful human being, aging, sad, tired. You know he's fated to die the way he's lived—by violence—yet you keep hoping something will happen to change that fate. The cast is flawless—Millard Mitchell as an ex-outlaw sheriff, Jean Parker, Karl Malden, Skip Homeier, Anthony Ross—you can't say good enough things about them. Same for Peck and Miss Westcott. Beautiful, beautiful setting. Here's a western with heart.



CHEAPER BY THE DOZEN

Cast: Clifton Webb, Myrna Loy, Jeanne Crain, Mildred Natwick.
20th Century-Fox.

Cheaper By the Dozen is the Technicolored memoirs of a real family—the Gilbreths. Mr. G. (played by Clifton Webb) was a noted time study engineer; Mrs. G. (played by Myrna Loy) bore him twelve children, and these facts are supposedly cues for wild, uncontrolled laughter. Somehow, though, the picture isn't very funny. I don't know exactly why. It's pleasant enough, as it creeps along with occasional glimpses of old-fashioned bathing suits to lend it spice. The wind-up of course comes with the heart attack and death of father Gilbreth, and to me, this is no sock comedy finish. In fact, to me this is no sock comedy. I don't care what they say at 20th-Fox.

AMAZING SHAMPOO GUARANTEED NOT TO ROB HAIR OF NATURAL OILS

Doesn't destroy precious oils nature provides to make hair naturally soft, shiny, healthy



IF YOUR HAIR IS

DULL-LIFELESS

DRY-BRITTLE

HARD-TO-MANAGE OR SET

See how lovely it can be after a Shasta Shampoo



Nature provides its own natural oils to make hair naturally soft, shiny, healthy. Without these natural oils, hair may become dry, lifeless and brittle. New, improved Shasta is the amazing shampoo *guaranteed* not to rob hair of these precious oils nature provides to make hair naturally soft, shiny, healthy.

Even dull, dry, unruly hair looks unbelievably softer, shinier, more beautifully groomed, under Shasta's magic-like touch. So, to see your hair looking its loveliest, get new, improved Shasta today. Remember, Shasta doesn't rob hair of its natural oils.

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Shasta does not rob hair of its natural oils. Leaves hair looking its loveliest. Procter & Gamble guarantees this or your money back.

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SHASTA *beauty cream* SHAMPOO

Doesn't Rob Hair of Natural Oils

More "glory lights" in your hair



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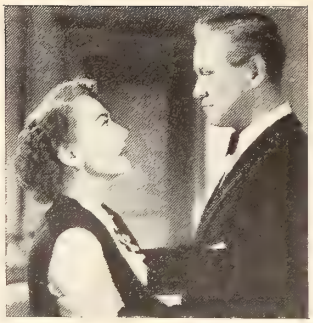
Perfumed with famous Old Spice

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THE DAMNED DON'T CRY

Cast: Joan Crawford, David Brian, Steve Cochran, Kent Smith.
Warners.

Joan Crawford starts out as a poor oil field worker's wife with big ideas, works her way to the top as mistress of the country's biggest crook (David Brian). David, "forceful and polished leader of an international crime syndicate" (that's right off the studio synopsis), hires a social secretary who teaches Joan to drink elegantly (a vermouth cassis is more refined than whiskey and water), and speak *un peu de* French. But gambling circles are rough. You never saw so many damned people get murdered, and some of them snivel a little, despite the picture's title.



ROGUES OF SHERWOOD FOREST

Cast: John Derek, Diana Lynn, George Macready, Alan Hale.
Columbia.

Robin Hood's dead. So is King Richard. Wicked King John is back on the throne, and up to his old tricks, taxing the people, and hanging 'em when they can't pay. Young Robin (son of old Robin) goes and gathers what's left of his pa's merry men—and they're off to harass the king, and defend the peasantry. If you've ever seen any screen version of "Robin Hood," it's just like this. The girl young Robin loves is named Marianne, just like the girl old Robin loved. John Derek acts like he feels silly in his green chemise, but Diana Lynn looks pretty.

EASY MONEY!

Summer's comin' in—and you know what that means. Lots of lazy days ahead—days to sit in a shady spot with a glass of lemonade and Modern Screen. It also means a chance to make some extra money—with very little effort. Simply do this: Read the stories in this issue, then fill out the questionnaire below (with care) and mail it back to us with great speed. To the first 100 people we hear from we'll send one new dollar bill. That means we're giving away $100—so let's go!

QUESTIONNAIRE

Which stories and features did you enjoy most in our July issue? WRITE THE NUMBERS 1, 2 and 3 AT THE RIGHT of your 1st, 2nd and 3rd choices.

Is Bob Hope Killing Himself? ☐
Glamour From Nine to Five (Betty Grable) ☐
Hollywood's Six Loneliest Stars (Shelley Winters, Ronald Reagan, etc.) ☐
Give Shirley a Break! (Shirley Temple) by Hedda Hopper ☐
Music! Music! Music! (Wanda Hendrix, Rand Brooks, others) ☐
I Don't Want Sympathy (Kirk Douglas) ☐
The Strange Fears of Ava Gardner ☐
I've Got a Case on Conte (Richard Conte) ☐
"Everything Happens to Me" (Joan Evans) ☐
Poor Richard (Richard Todd) ☐
Rumor! Marriage in Danger? (Lana Turner) ☐
Van About The House (Van Johnson) ☐
All in The Family (Dale Evans, Roy Rogers) ☐
Are The Big Stars Too Old? (Greer Garson, Clark Gable, etc.) ☐
Who Is Jane Wyman? ☐
The Story of a Divorce (Bette Davis) ☐
Modern Screen Fashions ☐
Christopher Kane's Movie Reviews ☐
Louella Parsons' Good News ☐
The Inside Story ☐

Which of the above did you like LEAST?.....

What 3 MALE stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them, 1, 2, 3, in order of preference.....

.....

What 3 FEMALE stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them 1, 2, 3, in order of preference.....

.....

What MALE star do you like least?.....

What FEMALE star do you like least?.....

My name is.....

My address is .....

City..... Zone..... State..... I am ..... years old

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Tropic dream

...an exciting summer-tan shade glowing with the magic of the tropics!

Maybe you've dreamed of being cast adrift on a magic tropical island. You'll find yourself deep in the sultry enchantment of this dream when you wear "Tropic Dream," an exciting, tawny shade of "Dream Stuff" for any girl who wants to look like a Sun Goddess!

"Dream Stuff" is a tinted foundation and powder magically blended into one brand new make-up! Not a drying cake or a greasy cream. Pat it on with its puff—it clings for hours. And it *can't* spill in your purse! One of four dreamy shades, for every skin type.



NEW! TINTED FOUNDATION AND POWDER IN ONE!

WOODBURY Dream Stuff

ONLY 49¢ PLUS TAX

It's the waving lotion that makes all the difference in home permanents



Kit $2.75
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For a lovelier wave in every way, use Richard Hudnut for your next home permanent. Its gentler, more penetrating creme waving lotion is faster acting, yet actually leaves hair springier, stronger...less apt to break,* than most other home permanent wave lotions. No frizzy ends, more *natural* sheen, more natural-looking curls. Use with any plastic curlers you prefer!

From the Fifth Avenue Salon

Richard Hudnut

NEW IMPROVED

Home Permanent



with the waving lotion that leaves your hair springier and stronger...less apt to break

*Tests made by a leading nationally known independent research laboratory. Name on request.

Listen to Walter Winchell, ABC Network, Sunday Nights

modern screen readers spotlight

new faces

Every movie-goer is a talent scout, and our readers have an uncanny knack for picking tomorrow's stars.



I've just come home from seeing Annie Get Your Gun *and I think I've made a terrific discovery. Howard Keel who plays opposite Betty Hutton has a wonderful voice and a very sunny personality, but I don't think I've ever seen him before. He's headed for stardom, I'm sure. Mrs. R. Gillespie, Pawtucket, R. I.*

Well, a few months ago, hardly anyone in Hollywood knew Howard. He started the first day of shooting with high hopes and promptly broke his leg. Luckily the movie was shelved for awhile, giving him time to recover. He's six-feet-four inches tall, weighs 195 pounds and has blue eyes and brown hair. Howard's married to Helen Anderson and MGM says you'll be seeing a lot of him.



Recently I saw a very pretty girl in a small part in Adam's Rib. *She played the girl that Judy Holliday's husband was running around with and I think she's got that certain something to make her a star. Do you know who I mean? Natalie Willis, Haverford, Pa.*

Yes, that's Jean Hagen and she began her dramatic life ushering in Broadway's legitimate theaters. It was a good chance to watch professional acting, but Jean criticized the performers so loudly, word got back to writers Hecht and MacArthur. They thought she had a point though and let her understudy the lead. After that she won roles in *Another Part of the Forest* and *Dear Ruth*. She's Indiana born and married to Tom Seidel with whom she co-stars in *A Life Of Her Own*.



Next to Gene Kelly, I think Gene Nelson is one of the best dancers to hit Hollywood in a long time. I thought he was sensational in the Daughter of Rosie O'Grady, *and I'd like to see him in more of the same. David Hammer, Bakersfield, Calif.*

The critics thought Gene was pretty sensational, too, and in the face of all the offers he was getting, he went out and bought his wife a mink coat. Otherwise, things are still normal at his house. Gene was born in Seattle in 1920 and learned to ice-skate almost as soon as he could walk. He's six-feet tall, weighs 150 pounds and has blue eyes and blond hair. Next: *Tea for Two* for Warners.

sweet and hot



by leonard feather

**Highly Recommended
*Recommended
No Stars: Average

FROM THE MOVIES

ANNIE GET YOUR GUN—Album from the sound track* (MGM).

Now you can really start to build a movie-music home library without crowding the family out of the house! MGM Records have started issuing substantial slices of sound-track songs on long-playing records. "Annie" is one of the best, with Betty Hutton at her most extrovert, playing Annie Oakley, helped by Howard Keel's romantic baritone, plus Keenan Wynn and Louis Calhern joining them in a hearty treatment of *There's No Business Like Show Business.* All the rest of the famous Irving Berlin score is on this platter, including *They Say It's Wonderful, Doing What Comes Natur'lly,* and *Anything You Can Do.*

YOUNG MAN WITH A HORN—Doris Day and Harry James* (Columbia).

This Columbia long-playing item includes Harry's instrumental version of *Melancholy Rhapsody,* which was written as a theme for the film (Johnny Johnston made it as a vocal on MGM). The other sides are all standard tunes. Harry's horn is backed by his rhythm section on *Man I Love* and *Limehouse Blues;* by the whole band in a bright treatment of *Get Happy,* and the remaining four sides are pleasantly sung by Doris Day, who sounds to us as though she hasn't lost the enthusiasm and sincerity of her Les Brown band-singing era. Her four numbers are *I May Be Wrong, The Very Thought Of You, Too Marvelous For Words,* and *With A Song In My Heart.*

CLASSICAL

ERIC COATES—*Music Of Eric Coates** (Columbia).

OSCAR LEVANT—Levant Plays Debussy* (Columbia).

POPULAR & JAZZ

BILLIE HOLIDAY—*God Bless The Child*** (Decca).

A new version with choir background of the beautiful tune Billie helped originate.

ANDRE PREVIN—Previn by Request* (Victor).

Six more piano numbers by the amazing young musician from the MGM studios, including one of our preferred tunes, *Bewitched, Bothered, and Bewildered.*

METRONOME ALL STARS—*Double Date** (Columbia).

ART TATUM—Piano solo album** (Capitol).

The world's greatest jazz pianist plays *Dancing In The Dark, Nice Work If You Can Get It,* and other old favorites.

RAYMOND SCOTT—*Dedicatory Piece To The Crew And Passengers Of The First Experimental Rocket To The Moon** (Master).

Raymond Scott's music is as odd as his titles. He has recorded ten new sides, each coupling an original opus like this one with a standard tune, such as *Sometimes I'm Happy, Dinah,* etc. Good vocals by Dorothy Collins.

Beauty is my business—

says CAROLINE O'CONNOR
Glamorous Cover Girl

and my Beauty Secret is SweetHeart Soap



• "It gives my complexion the radiant freshness a cover girl needs. My skin photographs silken-soft and smooth—enchantingly young! That's why I can pose in high-style colors, like this dramatic new red."

9 out of 10 Cover Girls use SWEETHEART Soap

• So like Caroline, discover the beauty secret that will make your smart summer outfits wonderfully becoming!

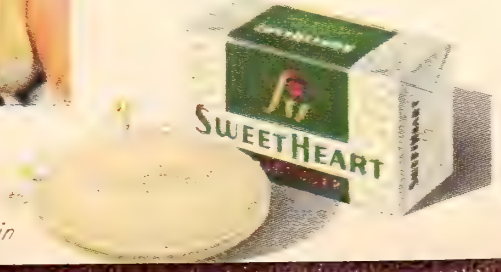
Yes, like *9 out of 10* cover girls, let gentle SweetHeart Care reveal your complexion's true, sparkling beauty. It happens so quickly! One week after you change from improper care, your skin looks softer . . . smoother . . . younger.

Beauty is my business, too!



• Karen's a model, too—her mother—a smart New York housewife—always bathes her with pure, mild SweetHeart Soap. Probably Karen will grow up to be a famous cover girl with an exquisite SweetHeart complexion!

• *Today get gentle SweetHeart Soap in the new, large bath size.*



SWEETHEART

The Soap that AGREES with Your Skin

Get the Luxurious Big BATH SIZE!

For velvet-smooth Beauty Lather
that caresses your skin, leaves your body
glowing with a warm blush
of fragrant loveliness, enjoy a Beauty Bath
with Bath Size Palmolive Soap



IT'S EXQUISITE . . . It's economical. Big, *big* Bath Size Palmolive is perfect for tub or shower. Just the gentlest massage over your body creates a glorious beauty lather that leaves your skin glowing, alluring. Proper cleansing with this long-lasting Bath Size smooths and gives you a lovelier complexion all over.

And its delicate, exciting scent leaves the merest hint of perfume on your skin—a delightful invitation to romance. Get Bath Size Palmolive today—for Palmolive's marvelous beauty lather means you, too, may have a

modern screen

july 1950



Is Bob Hope killing himself?

Here's new insight into an amazing character who never stops running. by Jim Burton

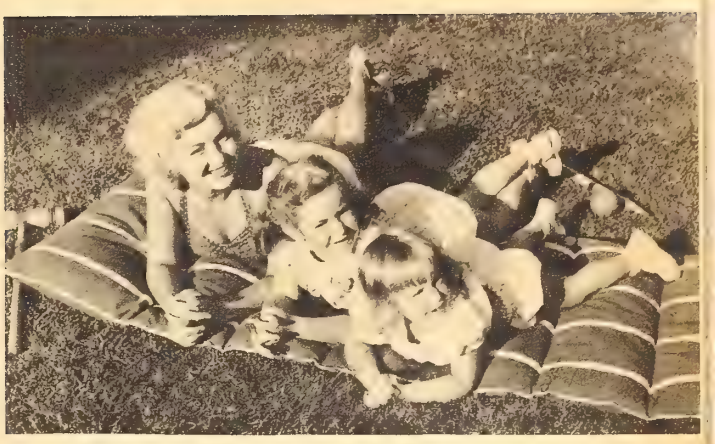
■ You probably heard the broadcast. It was the kick-off show for the 1950 Cancer Fund Drive, with a nation-wide hookup, an all-star Hollywood cast—and, of course, Bob Hope. He sang with Jo Stafford, acted with Roz Russell, kidded with Jimmy Durante, signed off with "Thanks For The Memory" and dashed to a waiting car headed for the airport and New York.

Two technicians in the control booth stared after him for a full minute, before one of them commented, "I just don't see how he keeps it up. Some starry evening he's going to pitch right over on his face."

Practically everyone who has worked with Bob Hope during the past two years has made a similar observation. It's impossible to watch the unrelenting way he drives himself without nervously wondering when the breaking point will come.

What is driving this dynamo? Where is he going? (*Continued on page 77*)





Betty's just plain Mama to Vicki, 6, and Jess, 3.

glamour from nine to five

She's Hollywood's sexiest show girl, her legs are worth a million. But Grable's glitter works like a clock—and she turns it off at five.

■ One recent afternoon, Victoria James, aged six, sat viewing *Wabash Avenue,* in which her mother, Betty Grable, came at her like a creature out of another world. When the scene flashed on where Betty blew her top and pitched a few dozen shoes around the room, Vicki stared in amazement, then tugged anxiously at her father's sleeve.

"What's the matter?" she whispered. "Mama doesn't act like that at home!"

Vicki hit it right on the nose: Mama doesn't act like that at home. In fact, Mama doesn't act at all. About the last thing you'd suspect at the James house is that Mama ever wears tights.

To Vicki, Mama is a beautiful, golden-haired lady who, around eight months out of the year, gives her a good-bye hug after breakfast at 6:30, goes off to work, and shows up again at 5:30 P.M. to have dinner with her, Jessica and Daddy. Then, after another hour or so she tucks her into bed with a sweet-scented kiss.

It would be impossible for Vicki to imagine that Mama is Hollywood's sexiest show girl, that her boss at Twentieth Century-Fox gratefully (*Continued on page 95*)

They can
wrap their sorrows
in mink,
drown them
in champagne, but
they can't escape the
haunting solitude . . .

BY STEVE CRONIN

hollywood's six **loneliest** stars

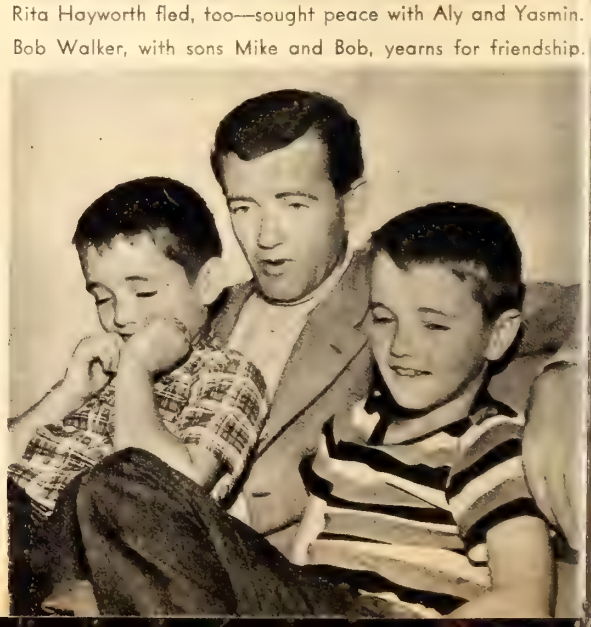


Ronald Reagan vainly searched two continents for happiness.



Rita Hayworth fled, too—sought peace with Aly and Yasmin.

Bob Walker, with sons Mike and Bob, yearns for friendship.



Hollywood is full of lonely people. It would take a fat volume to list them all. Comic or terrifying figures on the screen; sophisticates or madcaps in public; lavish hosts or sought-after guests—alone, they are the lonely ones with tears for companions.

It has always been this way. As long as Hollywood has been news, there have been juicy stories of the erratic adventures of the stars. The stars, explained the newspapers, had too much money, or too much fame, or too great a craving for narcotic thrills. The real villain was never unmasked. No one ever suggested that it was the maladjustment brought on by years of loneliness that forced those sudden, pathetic escapes into unreality.

When we select six stars, and say that these are the loneliest in Hollywood it is presumptuous of us. But we do it only because these six are the obvious ones, the stars, who more than the others, feel their loneliness, wear it better, have a current reason for melancholy.

The first is Shelley Winters . . . Picture a Christmas party at Paramount studios. It's one of the most famous events to attend on Christmas Eve. Fellowship and good cheer are everywhere. This particular year it was no different. Movie celebrities filled the big room until the walls bulged. Wine flowed freely; laughter was loud and carefree. In the center of the gayest group was Shelley Winters. She sat on the edge of a table, her golden hair like a flash of sunlight in the dark—and she was the gayest of them all.

Fifteen minutes later, one of the girls at the party was walking down the dimly-lit hall when she heard an odd, mournful sound coming from one of the empty offices. She opened the door stealthily, and there alone, her face turned toward the open window and the starlit sky, Shelley Winters sat on the floor, sobbing.

This is not an unusual story; not an isolated incident in a full life. Just an honest breakdown by the gayest girl in moviedom. For, you see, Shelley Winters is lonely.

She's impatient, too. Undisciplined, uninhibited as a puppy, she's lonely because she hasn't found a playmate of her own calibre. And when the party is the merriest, she will sit on the floor and cry for this companion she hasn't been able to find.

No one can deny that she's searched. The list of her escorts is as long as the arm of an ape. She's flitted from man to man like a squirrel seeking winter food. Each time there's been a new one, Shelley has blossomed. She's appeared in public places on the arm of a lad with possibilities and acted as though that was it, here was the boy. Then there would be a line or two in a column. "Shelley Winters and So-and-so turned a lot of heads last night as they skipped three blocks down Sunset Boulevard."

Then, for a dozen nights, Shelley would sit home alone, or go to a drive-in for a midnight cup of coffee, or lie wide awake in a nine o'clock bed counting the shadows on the ceiling, hoping to find the face of a male mad-cap there. Then she'd find the face at another party. She'd suggest on their third date that they take a dip in the fountain in the square in the center of town—and the bum would run like a coward. And she'd start her search again . . .

The anatomy of loneliness is varied and secret. No two people have the same requirements for happiness, the same reason for despair. But there is one thing all lonely stars have in common. They lack the tendencies for fraternity that a perfectly normal, well-adjusted person has—and most of them select their intimate companions warily, with infinite, soul-searching patience.

Take Lizabeth Scott, one of the six. A naturally lighthearted girl with the healthy body of a peasant and the face of a cover girl, Lizabeth spends many lonely hours gazing out of the window of her hill-top home, wishing she were someplace else, with a man, with a good pal—anywhere but on the hill-top alone . . .

Take John Agar . . . Young, handsome, intelligent, successful, rich. Divorced, yes, but that happens to a lot of people. All the other elements (*Continued on page 69*)

Lizabeth Scott lives all alone on a hill-top.



John Agar's loneliness led to trouble—drunken driving.



Shelley Winters can't find a playmate.





Give Shirley a break!

BY HEDDA HOPPER

One mistake, one broken dream—that's all the world will take from Temple. But Hedda Hopper's gone to bat for her!



Shirley attended the San Francisco Bachelors' Ball with socialite Charles Black, whom she met in Hawaii. She denies engagement.

■ Last winter, right after her ugly divorce proceedings, Shirley Temple flew to Hawaii, her second home. Three times before, she'd been there, in '35, '37 and '39, but then it was different. Then she was the dimpled darling of the world, and Hawaii had treated her like a princess. Now she was a front-paged Hollywood divorcée, the target of gossip and whispered scandal.

She was almost afraid for the plane to land. But when it did there were three thousand people waiting to greet her, waiting to deck her with leis, waiting to take her into their hearts again. Shirley was overcome with gratitude.

Then, six weeks later, she flew back to Hollywood. When she arrived, there was no welcome at all—only photographers with blinding flashbulbs, and reporters with nagging questions. She was back on the defensive.

One newspaper featured a blast at Hollywood's morals under the headline, "Bergman, Hayworth and Temple," linking Shirley unfairly with two really shocking cases of moral offense. A columnist boldly announced—and wrongly—that Hollywood producers were afraid to put Shirley Temple in a picture for fear of public disapproval, that she was casting poison, that she was through.

On her desk were stacks of mail, most of it cruel. Cranks gathered outside her home and lectured her for her sinful ways. Every time she was seen with a friend it was headlined as a new romance.

She was a Hollywood divorcée, wasn't she—and fair game. Well, it wasn't fair to Shirley. I think it's high time someone went to bat for her. I'm sick and tired of the dim light she's been put in, and I'm outraged to see the shadow cast by another chasing her out of the sunshine she rates.

When I heard that (*Continued on page 85*)

AT VANESSA BROWN'S HOUSE THEY CALLED IT MUSIC. BUT I'M NO FOOL—I CALL IT MADNESS.

by Beverly Ott

music! music! music!

■ All I did was drop by Vanessa Brown's house one Saturday afternoon to return a book. I rang the doorbell and the only answer I got was a deafening crash, followed by a squeak.

Being well brought up, but curious, I ventured around to the side of the house. Vanessa was home, I saw, and she had company—a room full of musicians (they looked like musicians) who were having a jam session. They stopped when Vanessa noticed my head resting on the windowsill.

"Do you play?" she asked.

"Only the radio," I answered forlornly.

"Well, come in and listen," she invited cordially. "You've never heard anything like it."

I never have. But I've never seen six (*Cont'd on page 38*)

Nobody laughed when Vanessa Brown sat down to play. Betty Lynn, Rand Brooks and Wanda Hendrix find some real talent in their mids



Wanda prepares to out-Benny Jack on the violin while the rest of the band pulls itself together. Dick Erdman is drummer, Rand Brooks is behind him with a guitar, Brett King's under the tuba. Betty has a zither, Vanessa a slide trombone.



During an intermission, while the other musicians rest their ears, Rand Brooks shows Wanda and Betty how he strums on the old guitar as Lucky in the Hopalong Cassidy series.



Vanessa and the gang go out to the veranda for a buffet supper of tuna salad, cold meat and apples. The food looks too pretty to eat. (Salad recipes on next page.)



The music goes round and round at Vanessa Brown's party—and it comes out soap bubbles. Betty Lynn provides zither accompaniment for Brett King and tuba.



Dick Erdman, who filled Brett's tuba with soapy water, settles down for a hot lick at the drums. "Just call me Krupa," he told Wanda. But having stuffed her ears with cotton, Wanda remains unmoved during the performance.



Vanessa's Tuna Crunch Salad

- 1 No. ½ can Star-Kist Tuna (Fancy Solid Pack or Chunk Style)
- 4½ tablespoons chopped sweet or dill pickle
- 1½ tablespoons minced onion
- 1 cup mayonnaise
- 1½ tablespoons lemon juice
- 1½ cups crisp shredded cabbage
- 1 small bag potato chips, coarsely crushed
- lettuce
- tomato wedges

Combine tuna, pickle, onion, mayonnaise and lemon juice; chill in covered dish until ready to serve. Add cabbage and toss together. Just before serving, add half of crushed potato chips and toss lightly. Heap into shallow, lettuce-lined salad bowl, sprinkle rest of chips on top, garnish with tomato wedges. Serves 6.

music! music! music! continued

people have more fun. Vanessa went back to the piano. Wanda Hendrix gave her violin a pleading look and began to saw. Rand Brooks put a guitar on his knee. Brett King wrestled with a tuba while Betty Lynn decided which end of her zither was up. Dick Erdman drowned them all out as he pounded a set of drums.

"New composition?" I asked gaily.

"It's the 'Johnson Rag,'" Rand replied in a tone that made me feel like crawling into the tuba.

"Don't worry," Betty said. "We'll perfect it—one of these sessions."

The sessions usually occur on Saturdays. But you never can tell. Sometimes, they happen on a Sunday. No one's very good. No one's very serious. Which means they always have the time of their lives.

I settled back to watch. Suddenly the room was comparatively quiet. Everyone's eyes were fastened on Brett and the tuba. *His* eyes were closed and he was blowing hard. He didn't know that he was blowing bubbles.

"What *talent*," Wanda gasped.

Brett's eyes flew open and he held his instrument at arm's length, which is quite a feat if you've ever held a tuba. "Aw, all it takes is soapy water," said Dick Erdman (who'd supplied same). To add to the confusion, Dick suddenly broke into a drum solo, a hangover from his days in a high school band. (*Continued on page 79*)



I don't want sympathy

by Kirk Douglas

I was the poorest kid in town, but don't pity me. I learned what love meant, I learned about faith . . .

■ I wouldn't trade my wrong side of the tracks background for a Fifth Avenue mansion. I mean that. The proudest youngsters you see are the ones whose families don't have much, because those youngsters are secure in being loved, and love makes up for no money in the bank.

I'm glad now that I lived at the bottom of the hill instead of at the top. Without that beginning I might not now have my greatest asset—the devotion of my mother and father and six sisters.

I never wanted pity—although at one time I was a pitiable figure. I remember the afternoon I was doing some typing on the seventeenth floor of a New York skyscraper. At the moment I had turned to look out of the window and ask myself, "How can (*Continued on page 80*)



She's all that's beautiful, she's glamor with a sigh—yet Ava Gardner's afraid to love, afraid to be herself . . .

BY LESLIE SNYDER

THE STRANGE FEARS OF AVA GARDNER

■ I'd hate to be Ava Gardner. Maybe this sounds crazy. After all, what girl in her right mind wouldn't want to be gorgeous, famous and irresistible? I repeat. Not me. Don't misunderstand. What I have, Ava Gardner is lucky to be without. And if a camera ever came near me I'd probably shoot first. So it's not sour grapes.

All I know is, there's one thing in the world that's harder than being an actress—and that's being Ava Gardner, too.

Show you what I mean. One day, quite a while ago, I stood gazing at this fabulous creature and finally, I said, "Ava, honey, I guess you have just about everything."

She looked through me as if I were a glass wall, and she said, "Leslie, sometimes I think I have nothing at all."

Sounds silly, doesn't it? A woman like that. Why you just *know* she couldn't be happier. Only you don't know my friend Ava—the girl who thinks she has nothing at all; the girl who's pursued by so many strange fears she needs a file case to sort them.

All right, so you don't believe it. Everybody has fears, you say, what's so amazing about that? Well, doesn't it strike you as pretty amazing when a woman like Ava is afraid of losing a man?

Don't laugh. She was afraid not too long ago, and what's more, she lost the man —forever. He married someone else.

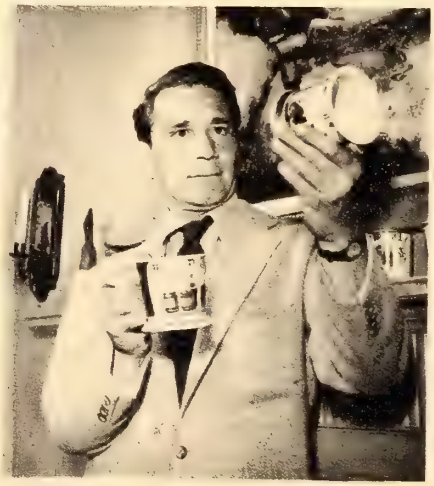
Ava was seeing quite a bit of Howard Duff at the time, but that was a blind to avoid publicity; the sort of publicity she got in her skirmishes with Artie Shaw. This man she loved was not an actor, he was in business and because his marriage is happy it wouldn't be fair to reveal his identity. But he was a plain, not startlingly handsome guy, and hardly the sort you'd picture for Ava.

All the time they went together Ava, the great screen siren, (*Continued on page 82*)

Richard hangs his first portrait of Ruth. "He never makes me look like a movie star," she says. Painting's a hobby he cherishe



Ruth is Nicky's patient—and only—model.



Conte has a big collection of shaving mugs.



He loves tennis—his trophy s on the desl

I've got a case on Conte

by Ruth Strome Conte

He paints like Picasso —well, almost. He's an authority on antiques—well, practically. Want to know what Richard Conte's like as a husband? Well, wonderful!

■ He used to be a student in Professor Michael Gordon's drama class. I sat next to him. Every time he looked my way I smiled. When he didn't, I worried. You can see how it was with me.

With him it was different. All he cared about was acting. One day when he was very busy ignoring me for some notes he was scribbling, I nudged him with my elbow.

"What are you doing?" I said.

"Writing a biography of the character I'm playing," he said, not looking up.

"Oh. The lead?"

"No. A walk-on. I walk across the park looking lonely."

"Are you nuts!" I exclaimed.

"Look, he's supposed to be real, isn't he? There are a hundred ways he could look and behave. I have to know the one way he'd walk across the park. To know that I have to know his whole story."

One day, a couple of weeks later, a distinguished looking man in his fifties rang my doorbell. He had grey hair, a crisp mustache, and was wearing a fur-collared coat.

"Sorry," I said, starting to close the door. "You have the wrong apartment."

But I couldn't close the door; he had his foot stuck in it. I was terrified. I could just see the next day's headlines, YOUNG ACTRESS FOUND DEAD.

A moment later, it dawned on me, the man was Richard Conte, all rigged up for that walk-on role!

"You crazy fool!" I shouted, and started to laugh, and I guess, right then, I fell in love.

A little over a year later, he telephoned me from Hollywood.

"Come on out," he said.

"What for?" I asked him.

"For a honeymoon . . ."

So I dropped the phone and caught a train, and on May 21, 1943, we were married.

At that time, Nicky was working on *Guadalcanal Diary*, and we practically spent our honeymoon on the set. Oh, I'd dreamt of lazy hours at the beach, of outdoor dining to violin music, of dancing under the stars . . . But what I got were the sounds of guns booming, of planes whining as they dived to attack, of machine guns frantically rat-tat-tatting. The studio had transformed those peaceful beaches and hills into a convincing replica of Guadalcanal. And every evening my groom came home exhausted, unshaven, smeared with jungle slime.

Nothing seemed normal any more. Once Nicky had to leave me for three days to go to a different location, and on one of those days I decided to learn to fish. I rented some equipment at a dock, and I (*Continued on page 99*)



The Contes and their Belgian Shepherd.



BY KATHY O'SHEA

It's hard to be a teen-ager, especially if you're a star. Ask Joan Evans who has more critics than cocktail parties, and for every laugh, two sighs.

"EVERYTHING HAPPENS TO ME"

■ If you're under twenty-one, you can't win. No matter what you do someone older and wiser is around to tell you that it's wrong. And if you're a teen-age movie star, I pity you.

Take the case of Joan Evans. A couple of months ago, a radio commentator blasted her on the air. He told her that she should be mortified about the way she behaved at the Academy Awards presentation, that she looked twice her age and acted half of it, that her red evening dress was cheap and that her makeup was an inch thick.

"Well," said Joan, when the attack was over, "I guess I'm in. When *he* takes a crack at you—you're in."

Those were her words, but she was hurt deeply. She'd been misunderstood by that radio commentator, but there was no way of getting back at him.

Now I saw Joan at the Academy Awards; I saw the way she looked and acted. I'd like to tell you about it.

You know, Award night is one of the biggest events in Hollywood. To Joan it was as important as a high school prom, magnified a thousand times. So she thought about it for months in advance. planned for it, hoped (*Continued on page 92*)



Joan Evans attended the recent Academy Awards with newcomer Carleton Carpenter. She drew harsh criticism for her red gown, her makeup and her "unbecoming" behavior.



The Todds live in a Hollywood hotel suite.



Dick loves fan letters—he gets 40 a day.

Everywhere he turned, there was a doctor. Everywhere he moved, people said, "Take it easy." So Todd walked out of their lives—into his own.

BY SUSAN TRENT

POOR RICHARD

■ It was bad enough when he whistled in his dressing room—that was worse than breaking five mirrors. But on his way to the studio commissary, not ten minutes later, Richard Todd followed a black cat under a ladder, caught it by the tail, and proceeded to pat it (the cat).

"Nice kitten," he said serenely.

A group of extras from his set watched for a moment in horror. "Hey, Dick—you shouldn't be doing that," one of them shouted hoarsely.

Richard Todd looked up and grinned. He continued stroking the coal black fur. The cat purred gratefully, and lightning didn't even strike. Richard was doing what he felt like doing, and as usual, people were telling him not to.

"You shouldn't!" was a familiar phrase. He was practically raised on it. And today, he has the same respect for those particular words as he has for "you can't" or "you mustn't." Not much. He accepts them graciously, then happily ignores them.

However, on one occasion he met a man who said, "You *should*." The incident occurred at a cocktail party in London. Vincent Sherman, the guest of honor, was in England to direct *The Hasty Heart*. He'd brought along a great script and had lined up a fine cast. But one of his actors was missing—a player who could portray *(Continued on page 97)*




rumor! marriage



in danger?

Gossip's cheap. It comes easy about the Toppings. But they won't let words wreck their marriage.

BY MARJORIE HAYDEN

The people in the portrait at the left (Lana, her daughter Cheryl, and Bob Topping) look as happy and as placid as you'd expect any young, wealthy family to look. But don't let the gossipers hear you say that. Only two years of marriage, and they've built up a case about that lady and her home life. Lana, they say, is going through a crisis. Unless she and her husband solve certain recurring problems, Topping and Turner will part.

Problems? What married couple doesn't have them? Arguments? Sure, the Toppings have a few. If you're not in love your wife can go off and shoot herself, and you won't argue. Otherwise, arguments can happen.

What's the basis for all this gossip? Nothing much. A rumor printed, a comment overheard, reports of a sudden cancellation of a trip to Japan, reports of a stormy quarrel in Mexico . . .

It isn't nice to delve into the privacy of anyone's married life. It isn't polite, and besides, you come up with all kinds of ridiculous stories—like the one a radio commentator told recently. Lana, he said, received a black eye as a gift from Bob. Actually, Lana hasn't had a black eye since she fell down the cellar steps when she was eight years old.

Well, let's delve a little ourselves to get nearer the truth. To begin with, Lana married Bob Topping after a very brief courtship. Too brief, say the gossipers, she had to combine the courtship and the honeymoon and the first year adjustments to marriage. That's too much of a challenge.

It's a challenge, all right, but other women have met it, so did Lana. It's pretty rare to find a young wife who, during the first two years of marriage, hasn't asked herself, "Why did I do it? —Does he love me?—Do I love him?"

By noon the (*Continued on page 74*)



The upstairs living room is twenty by forty feet, and triples as den and office. A ceiling-high mirror is over the fireplace and bookshelves line th

Socks deck the marble bath—hamsters nest in the couches—and the Johns

Van around the house

BY DUANE VALENTRY

■ The house is so big a ghost would be lost in it. As it is, the Johnsons count noses before they go to bed—five noses. The smallest one belongs to Schuyler who's two and blonde and has to be sung to sleep.

Then come five-year-old Tracy and nine-year-old Neddy who wouldn't go to bed at all if someone didn't disconnect the radio. Someone is Van. He's the one who sings Schuyler to sleep, although the way he does it it's a wonder she doesn't get up and walk out of the house.

"It's a wonderful home for the kids," sighs Evie.

"For one thousand kids," sighs Van.

The house is in Santa Monica, at the end of a



walls. Van keeps the coffee table covered with candy.



Built-in sofas, softly colored oil paintings set off the reception room's cocoa walls.



The dining room is elegant with silver candelabra, blond furniture, glass buffets.
Below: The dressing room is modern, leads into the imported marble bathroom.

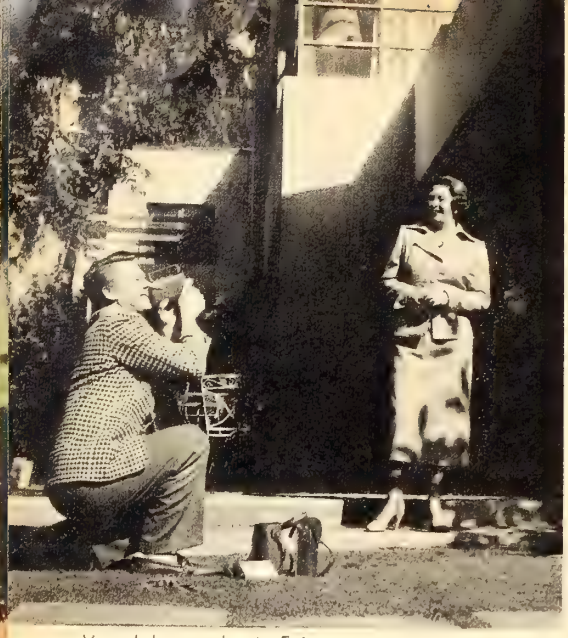


happily get lost in the palace they call home.

dead end street. It was built in the early days of modern architecture when a sunken bathtub was the last word in plumbing, and a movie star felt cramped if she could see both ends of the drawing room. Originally, it belonged to Dolores Del Rio and Cedric Gibbons, and there aren't many more places like it in Hollywood, or anywhere else.

There's a big wall surrounding it, and huge trees hiding it, and heavy old doors in front of it that would put fear into a welcome mat. Tremendous lawns lead down to a fenced-in swimming pool with its stone bath house, and to the tennis court with its own little house.

All of it looks very (*Continued on next page*)



Van Johnson shoots Evie on the flagstone terrace of their home in Santa Monica. One of Hollywood's "showplaces," it's almost too big for their comfort.



Like all proud papas, Van is an avid cameraman, has a three year record of his children. Bound volumes of all his own movie roles are on the shelves.



Van and Evie are both interested in decorating. She converted this toy coal-burning stove, complete with pots and pans, into a lamp—it really works!

van around the house continued

austere and forbidding, but the people inside destroy that impression.

The master of the house, for instance, likes to wash his argyle socks in the imported black marble sink in the bathroom. No one else can touch his argyles; the colors might run. For him they stand still as he puts the socks on stretchers and hangs them along the wall.

The bathroom, with its imported marble and indirect lighting, and the silver-leaf dressing room next to it are fancy enough for a C. B. DeMille epic.

In fact, as soon as you enter the house, you feel like looking for an usher. The large entrance hall leads to a cocoa-and-white reception room where built-in white couches stand on either side of the fireplace. Oil paintings (one of them is a street scene by Van), soft fur rugs and green plants in wall boxes complete the decor.

"There's too much space, and not enough room," says Evie.

"Exactly," says Van.

What they mean is, they'd like more room for the children and less for the furniture.

Both Evie and Van have wonderful ideas about decorating, but so many pieces are built in (the couches, the record player, the bookshelves) they don't get much chance to express themselves.

Evie finds an outlet in lamps. She can buy almost anything and make it into a lamp. There's a brass toy stove with tiny kitchen utensils on it that she transformed, and an old coffee mill that won't ever see a coffee grain again.

Upstairs, in her bedroom, there are blackamoor lamps on bedside ladder tables. The bed, itself, is extra-size with an upholstered headboard. Here, as in almost all the rooms, the walls become windows above a height of eight feet, and great eucalyptus trees look in.

Upstairs, too, is the boys' wing, and the den. You reach them by way of a thickly-carpeted staircase. The den is at one end of a room twenty by forty feet in size. In one corner of the room there's a small piano, crowded bookshelves and ten-foot long couches, as well as a leather game table and chairs.

At the den end, there are more bookshelves, a large, triangular desk, and Van's home-movie equipment. Leather bound volumes of his movies are stacked on the shelves. (He's just finished *The Big Hangover,* and the *Duchess of Idaho*). Evie calls that collection, "the blood, sweat and tears section." They also have a collection of movie prints, and a cameraman—namely, Van. You can find him almost any free day—when he isn't playing tennis with Evie, or swimming, or off skiing at Aspen with the Gary Coopers—sitting on the floor surrounded by miles of black celluloid.

"Got some wonderful stuff," Van says. "A movie of Liz Taylor on vacation—that's a pip. Movie of Lana Turner's daughter's birthday party. And a complete record of our kids for the last three years." (That's how long Evie and Van have been married.)

Van doesn't like other people to take pictures of his children. It's not professional jealousy; he just doesn't want them posing when they feel like playing. "It's all right if the kids like to pose," he says. "But ours aren't hams at heart."

The boys, Neddy and Tracy (Evie's children by her marriage to Keenan Wynn) like to stand around and watch Van. It doesn't matter what he's doing—painting in oils, splicing a film, reading a book—they'll be there at his elbow.

Or else they'll be off spoiling their kid (*Continued on page 77*)



Dale gets assistance from Cheryl (at the sink), Dusty and Linda. There'll be a new baby soon.

All in the family

It's a growing household, and the Rogers like it that way. They have so much happiness to spare . . .

BY MARGARET WAITE

■ Dale Evans Rogers is expecting.

"What do you think of that?" she said to Roy.

"Think I'm going to faint," he told her.

"Hey," she said. "That's my line."

"Okay, then," he said weakly. "I hope she has green eyes—like you."

Dale didn't know then, and doesn't now, if it's a he or a she, but the sentiment was nice. The whole idea was nice—except for one thing. The baby's expected late in the summer, and Roy was supposed to make a movie in England, late in the summer.

"You'll have to go without me," Dale said.

"Try and make me," said Roy.

Republic Studios tried. "Our funds are frozen in England," (*Continued on page 62*)

"Leave romance to us," the young stars plead. But the older generation laughs, "We have more experience"—and the grey hairs to prove it.

Are the big stars

BY GEORGE BENJAMIN

■ How old do you have to be to be too old—30—40—55? When do you have to put away your nylons and pose with a parasol? "Not yet!" cry the stars who've been romancing on the screen for twenty years. More and more, the young newcomers struggling to grab a hunk of stardom, are giving up, are going home to Punxsutawney.

Hollywood producers have to face a grim fact. They must either give a break to newcomers, or they must sit back and watch thousands of people walk out of movie theaters.

And Hollywood's big stars have to face a grim fact; they're not getting any younger, even though their roles remain the same.

Greer Garson, for one, was rudely awakened a short time ago. Magnificent trouper though she is, she had tears in her eyes as she read the reviews of *Julia Misbehaves*. The critics weren't kind. Sure, they said, it was a lot of fun to see her romping around in opera length stockings, but that role should have gone to someone twenty years younger.

Twenty years younger? Just how young or old is Greer Garson? No one knows officially. Studio workers say she's in her late thirties. Others insist she's closer to fifty. If you look in the Motion Picture Almanac, where all the stars are listed, you'll see that Greer has a birthday, although she wasn't born in any particular year.

Luckily for Greer, she's decided to *act* her age, even though she keeps her age a secret. In *The Miniver Story,* sequel to *Mrs. Miniver* which made her one of our most beloved stars, she may again establish herself as a ruling favorite. In this picture she'll be older than she was in the (*Continued on page 56*)



Bing Crosby—46.
He acts his age.



Greer Garson—?
She grew up.



Who is Jane Wyman?

This is about a woman nobody knows, a woman of many faces who was a stranger even to herself. On the following pages we present her story.

MORE >

Who is Jane Wyman?

BY IDA ZEITLIN

■ Every night she'd say the Lord's Prayer. Then she'd add her own particular passionate plea. "Please, *please,* dear God, give me wisdom—" With wisdom, she'd never have to cry herself to sleep or care whether Mary Lou liked her or not. Wisdom would make her happy.

She was eight then, but she'd already learned that wisdom doesn't come in a gift-wrapped package. It took her longer to discover that the search for wisdom is fundamentally the search for oneself, that until you've found yourself, any promise of happiness is just a big fat mirage . . .

Most of her life Jane Wyman's been somebody else. She's been Torchy Blaine, the flip babe, the brittle sophisticate always making with the wisecracks. She was also—paradoxically—the girl who walked a little alone, guarding the core of herself against invasion, wary of people who seemed to be moving in on her. If you tried getting too close to Jane, the protective curtain dropped. You could come so far, and no further.

There were moments, at first, when she looked inward, bewildered. "This isn't me. Why in heaven's name don't I stop?" There were long years when her assumed personality built itself up, layer by layer, and Jane thought she was happy within its shell. The other self lay buried so deep, it was practically lost. Only it refused to stay buried.

Let's answer one question before you ask it. None of this bears any relation to Jane's marriage and divorce. Go up and down the land, and you won't meet a finer person than Ronnie Reagan. She'll be the first to tell you so. No matter what pattern her life had followed, Jane would have had this private battle to face and to fight alone . . .

As with so many problems, its seeds were planted in childhood. Jane was the daughter of her parents' later years. A much older brother and sister were already married. She grew up in a home where her father was ill and required most of her mother's attention. Therefore she was lonely. At school, there were some girls to play with. After school, there was no one. With a sick man in the house, you couldn't have a bunch of noisy kids around . . .

One day she visited a schoolmate whose mother, a lively young woman, came out and jumped rope with them. To Jane, this was a minor miracle. That (*Continued on page 60*)



At 22, Jane was an unknown starlet whose life was strictly for laughs.



During the war, she learned that unselfishness brings contentment.

There were a couple of divorces, and a couple of big romances, and Peter Lawford took her for a whirl—but the right man has yet to come along.



Myron Futterman—husban

Until she found herself, happiness for Jane Wyman was a mirage.



With newcomer Lana Turner, she visited the Clyde Beattys.



When she married Ronnie Reagan, she thought she'd find lasting happiness.



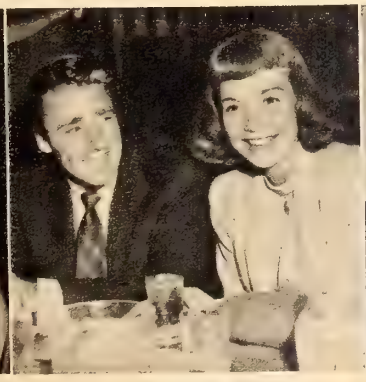
Jane gave her children the attention she missed as a child.



She finally expressed her inner self in the deeply-felt role, *Johnny Belinda.*



Ronald Reagan—husband



Peter Lawford—friend



Lew Ayres—romance



Manny Sacks—romance

MORE ➤



INGENUE



SMART-ALECK



GLAMOR GAL



SOPHISTICATE



BRITTLE BABE



SIREN

Who is Jane Wyman?

She was the flip babe with a wisecrack on her lips

(*Continued from page 58*) night she gazed into the darkness, wishing that her own mother could jump rope. This was no reproach, only great longing. She knew it was as silly to expect her mother to jump rope as to fly the trapeze. But wishing was Jane's escape from reality into the never-never land where dreams come true.

She was a proud and sensitive child. Sensitivity made her vulnerable; pride kept her fiercely bent on hiding the wounds. Present-day psychology tells us that the gap between one generation and another often makes understanding difficult. Between Jane and her mother lay almost two generations. Her mother had been brought up by certain standards which were right for her, and must therefore be right for her daughter. One was plain dressing. Younger mothers wrapped their kids' hair in curl-papers. Jane's hair always hung straight. Other kids sported silk stockings on special occasions, and white shoes tipped with patent leather. Jane wore cotton stockin She did own a pair of white shoes, which were strictly church. The minute she got home, off they came. Blouses a skirts were a must with the other kids. Jane wore dress Trying to get the effect of a skirt and blouse, she'd tie dresses so tight that the only effect she got was a busted stri

Jane's mother hadn't studied psychology. She didn't kn that nothing's harder on a child than being different from rest. In her old-fashioned clothes, Jane felt as self-consci as a poor relation. Children can be cruel, and there may ha been slights enough. But even where none were intended, J looked for them. Any knot of giggling girls stirred une suspicion that she was the target of their giggles. Each thru real or imagined, struck deeper and deeper. And with e



CHEESECAKE QUEEN



PAINTED DOLL



THE REAL JANE

id in false eyelashes. She was the girl who walked alone—and cried at night for wisdom . . .

thrust she carried her head higher. They could hurt her, sure, but she'd die before letting them know.

From school she'd go home to find solace in the game of chairs. This consisted of placing chairs in a circle and pretending they were people. She'd talk to them and have them talk back to her. All the chairs loved Jane, all the chairs thought her clothes were simply wonderful. She didn't have to worry about the tone of a voice or the look in an eye. She knew they'd always be kind and affectionate.

Like every child, she craved the tangible evidence of affection. She wanted to be hugged and kissed and patted on the head. Her mother was shy of demonstration, as many older people are with children. Jane herself finds it hard to say, "I like you" to a friend. Her actions will make it abundantly clear, but words stick in her throat.

This inability to give expression to feeling may have come from her mother. As a child, Jane was on the receiving end. Unconscious of the stresses and strains that go to make up a human personality, instinct told her that behind the wall of reticence her mother loved her. Just as instinctively she groped for articulate tenderness. She'd keep her room shining neat, hoping to be praised. She'd pick up scattered newspapers and shove the living room furniture around, hoping someone would say how pretty it looked. Mother didn't have many clothes. In her favorite daydream, Jane somehow earned enough money to buy a new dress and toss it grandly into her mother's lap. For years she basked in the warmth of that prospect . . .

As at home, so at school, she hungered for approval. Her first taste of it came one Friday (*Continued on page 89*)

all in the family

(*Continued from page 53*) they said, "What's more, your English fans will feel pretty chilly, too, unless you go."

Republic Studios couldn't persuade him. Roy knows his rights. He's a father, and a father-to-be, and an American. He stood his ground.

"Next year," he says grandly, "we'll *all* go to England."

He may change his mind about that. All of the Rogers household means Roy, Dale, Virginia and Emily (who run the place), Cheryl, Linda and Dusty (who run Roy and Dale), six horses, 15 dogs, 35 pigeons and three hamsters. You total it.

Dale doesn't let that amount throw her. Only a couple of weeks ago she walked up to Roy and said, "You know, I've been thinking. If it's a girl, we'll have to get ourselves a boy."

"You sure you've been thinking?" asked Roy.

"Don't tease," she said, "in my condition. What I mean is, I don't want Dusty to grow up surrounded by girls."

"Listen," said Roy, "we have six horses, 15 dogs, 35 pigeons and three hamsters. A little boy will get lost."

"I'll watch him," said Dale.

"Promise?"

Dale promised. So if it's a girl they'll adopt a boy. And if it's a boy they'll probably buy a few more horses.

They have the names picked out already (for the children, that is). A girl they'll call Robin Elizabeth, in public, and Stormy, in private. The boy they'll name John Hillman (after Dale's father and brother).

baby talk . . .

Dale broke the news about the baby to her other children one by one.

She told Cheryl first.

"I hope it's a girl," Cheryl said. Cheryl's of the old school. She thinks little boys are made of "rats and snails and puppy dogs' tails." To convince her that little boys were really human beings, Dale let Cheryl give Dusty his bath, hear his prayers and put him to bed. Maybe Dale should have let her experiment with someone else. Cheryl's still set on a girl.

Linda Lou, who is tolerant and almost too good-natured, took the news differently. "I hope it's a boy," she said, "so Dusty'll have someone to play with."

Dusty has a more objective attitude. A few months ago he came across a nine-month-old baby when he was out visiting with his Mom and Dad. Immediately he took charge—picked the baby up, put it down, rocked it, sang to it, watched it sleep. He was completely fascinated.

"What would you like," Dale asked him, "a brother or a sister?"

"Aw," he said, "I'd rather have a baby!"

A few moments later, he came up to Dale, looking a little unhappy.

"What is it?" asked Dale. "Did you change your mind?"

Dusty shook his head. Then suddenly he shot the words out. "Will you like the new baby better than me?" he asked.

Dale bent down and swooped him up in her arms. "You're Dusty," she said. "Nobody can ever take your place."

Dusty was satisfied. When she brings the baby home from the hospital, Dale plans on letting all the children pitch in and take care of it. She wants them to know from the start that the baby isn't hers alone, but belongs to all of them.

Dale isn't new to motherhood. When she was very young and married to someone else, she had a boy, Tommy. Not long ago, Tommy married his college sweetheart. Dale's marriage to Roy brought her a ready-made family—two girls, and sometimes, she thinks—two boys. The big boy is Roy.

"Every time I see him talking to his dogs or puttering around with the pigeons," she says, "I see a twelve-year-old kid back in Duck Run, Ohio, 'prettying up' his prize pet for the State Fair.

"He's been crazy about animals all his life, and nowadays when he lets his hound dogs come into the house with muddy paws I feel just the way his mother must have felt back in Duck Run years ago—exasperated, of course, but full of tenderness toward a kid who'll never really grow up."

Dale senses that part of the secret of Roy's tremendous popularity is this boy-like quality. Children feel that he speaks their language, that it wasn't so long ago when he was a kid himself, milking cows, planting corn, wandering barefoot.

back on the farm . . .

"I wish I could've known him then," Dale says. "He went to a little red schoolhouse, teased his three sisters, hung around the grownups when they had Saturday night shindigs. He learned how to be a first class 'git-box' pounder and square dance caller himself before he was in his teens. When he was fourteen, his class at school made a trip to Hanging Rock, one of the scenic wonders of Ohio, and he still remembers it as one of the highspots in his life.

"I guess our kids won't get any more thrill next year when they go to England than Roy got those years ago at Hanging Rock."

With his kids along, though, Roy may get the thrill of his lifetime.

He's happy about the new baby. He and Dale have decided to turn the guest room into a nursery, and let whatever guests come sleep in the den. If the family gets any larger, they'll turn the den into a dormitory and turn the guests out into the guest house. It all depends on the kids.

In fact, the Rogers' whole attitude about children has given them wonderful reputations as parents. What they try to teach the children most is kindness and consideration for every living creature. One of the reasons they have so many animals is that they believe that if the children grow up loving animals, they will love everything human.

Roy can be stern. He doesn't believe in sparing the rod when a child is crying out to be spanked. But with every punishment goes an explanation, and a child is never spanked in anger.

"To be a good parent," Dale says, "you have to know your children as individuals. All three of our children have different personalities, and different problems—Cheryl's imaginative in the extreme, Dusty has a temper, Linda Lou is sometimes too unassertive. You shouldn't have children unless you can give them individual attention."

When the baby arrives, Dale will drop most of her outside activities, except for some movies, to give all her children all the attention they need. And when he comes home after work, Mr. Rogers will get his share.

It's a pretty big family. Go ahead, count them. Then multiply that number by happiness. THE END

You'll enjoy the story of *Trigger, Jr.*, Roy Rogers' new movie, in the current issue of SCREEN STORIES—another Dell magazine.

private cooling systems

by connie bartel, fashion editor

■ Is it possible to keep cool, when the heat rises from the very walls and pavements, and the humidity is doing its best to wilt you?

We think it is. Heat—and coolth—are at least partly states of mind; you can't help feeling cool if you look cool. Therefore, say we, install your own private cooling systems, in the form of special summer grooming and mercury-dropping, fashions. It ups the morale!

First, lots of showers, naturally—and lots of light cologne splashed on afterward. Plenty of fragrant summer undies, especially crisp cottons. And then, when you're brushed and polished and fresh and smell beautiful, slip into the coolest-feeling, coolest-looking, lightest-weighing fashions you can find.

Such as, for instance the airy coin-dot sheer Virginia Mayo wears opposite—a refreshing dress if we ever saw one. For hot days when you must pound pavements and look townish, try the squared and dotted sheer on page 64, or the silky dark cotton on page 65—both godsend dresses that make you feel "dressed" but keep you cool.

On your own front porch, in the country or for dancing evenings—bare your shoulders. The lighthearted bare-back fashions on pages 66 and 67 will show your tan—but if sleeves are suddenly necessary, quick!—a matching jacket, and you're covered.

And for the super cooler of all—there's always the ocean and a quick splash in the spray—in the most minimum suits you can find. Namely, the sophisticated stripe on the plaid faille on page 68. All coolly calculating—all designed to make your public marvel—"hot weather agrees with you!"

Virginia Mayo looks like a cool million in a coin-dot sheer

■ Virginia Mayo, soon to be seen in Warner Brothers' *The Flame and the Arrow* looks as appealing as raspberry frappe, in the color of the same name. Her airy coin-dot sheer dress has floating cap sleeves and drifting full skirt—as sweet a summer look as we've seen.

The dress is Bemberg rayon sheer. Raspberry, aqua, grey, or toast. Sizes 10-18. By Barbette. $8.95

At Bloomingdale's, New York. How to buy, see page 69.

Pearls by Heller.


modern
screen
fashions

private cooling systems



Shadow sheer
dotted swiss—squared as well as dotted—and transparently refreshing. Standup horseshoe collar, tiny ties at sleeves, cuffed pockets . . . heaven in the heat.
Navy, brown, red or green.
Sizes 12 to 20.
By Lenny Frocks . . . $8.95.
Bloomingdale's, New York

A Modern Screen Fashion
How to buy, see page 69

In the background, antique fans



Shadow dark
city cotton—bliss on a hot day when you want to look "dressed"—but don't want to look hot! Wing collar, huge pockets to spill a chiffon hankie. Navy, kelly green, bronze, aqua broadcloth. Sizes 12-20. By Jane Evans Frocks. $7.95. Bloomingdale's, New York

A Modern Screen Fashion
How to buy, see page 69

private cooling systems



Air-conditioned shoulders prettily bared to show your tan. Wonderful squiggly ocean-wave striped sun dress—matching two-button jacket, collared in crisp pique. Sanforized cotton broadcloth. Navy, green or rust. Sizes 12-18.
By Kay Whitney . . . $5.95
Bloomingdale's, New York.

A Modern Screen Fashion
How to buy, see page 69





Breeze-swept arms frosted by icy white pique. Moulded chambray sun-dress—to say sweet things about your figure; jewel-buttoned jacket, to take you to town. Dan River chambray. Aqua, beige, grey, powder blue, flame. Sizes 10-20. By Berkshire Frocks . . . $8.95 Bloomingdale's New York.



In the background, antique fans

private cooling systems



Sea-Level Minimum
Left: the girl drying off with terry mitts (first time on any beach this season) wears sculptured stripes in two-way stretch knitted nylonit. Blue or red stripes on white; white stripes on blue or red.
By Catalina—$9.95.
Right: pert two-piecer, plaid peeping from the pants, making the belt and bra. Navy, yellow, emerald or rose acetate faille. Sea Nymph by Jordan—$8.95.

Where to buy, page 69.

Where You Can Buy Modern Screen Fashions

All the PRIVATE COOLING SYSTEM fashions (pages 63-67) are currently being featured at:

Bloomingdale's
59th St. & Lexington Ave.
New York 22, N. Y.

Coin dot sheer worn by Virginia Mayo (page 63)
Shadow sheer dotted swiss (page 64)
Shadow dark city cotton (page 65)
Air-conditioned shoulders (page 66)
Breeze-swept arms (page 67)

Economy Dresses **Second Floor**

You can also order by mail, write:
Bloomingdale's
P. O. Box 1187 Grand Central Station
New York, New York

Sea-Level Minimum (page 68)

One piece striped bathing suit
Los Angeles, Calif.—**The Broadway Dept. Store,** Broadway & 4th St., Women's Sportswear, Fourth Floor
New York, N. Y.—**Macy's,** Herald Square, Active Sporstwear, Third Floor.
Phila., Pa.—**Gimbels,** 9th & Market Sts., Sportswear, Third Floor

Two-piece plaid trimmed bathing suit
Cincinnati, Ohio—**Shillito's,** 4th & Race Sts., Sportswear, Third Floor
New York, N. Y.—**Russeks,** 5th Ave. & 36th St., Sportswear, Seventh Floor
Washington, D. C.—**Woodward & Lothrop,** 10th & G Sts., Jr. Misses' Dept., Second Floor, N. Bldg.

hollywood's six loneliest stars

(*Continued from page 33*) of happiness are his.

A police report of a few months ago stated that John Agar was arrested late at night and taken from his automobile to a station house in a drunken and belligerent condition. He'd allegedly started a fight with another motorist over a simple infraction of courtesy on the road. Agar was alone. . . .

Robert Walker fought his loneliness in the open. He didn't hide in a dark corner and curse it. He railed against it and set himself up as something of a crusader. It got his name in the papers.

Walker found the right weapon, and he used it. He bought a quiet home to share with his sons in a pretty valley where very rich people live. At every post in the valley there's a warning: PRIVATE—KEEP OUT . . . BEWARE OF DOG . . . TRESPASSERS WILL BE PROSECUTED. . . . But at the Walker gate, there's a simple legend, written by a man who knew loneliness better than the others, and who knows its terrors. The sign has one word on a white shingle—WELCOME.

When she was in Hollywood, Rita Hayworth was high up on the list of lonely ones. She'd been through the mill. Married twice, despondent, fed up with waiting for the one man when she knew it was too late, she left Hollywood, in desperation, with Aly Khan.

Rita was a star of the first magnitude, and after work at night, she could have had a hundred dates, but when the butler announced the names of the bidders, they all came out of his mouth Joe Schmoe. Lucky Rita. Love is now a burning pas-



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for your added convenience

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"Me, too" says Teresa Wright

• "I think Ayds are just a wonderful help to any woman who wants to get slim," says Teresa Wright, star of *The Capture*, produced by Niven Bush, an RKO release. "Ayds has certainly helped me. The marvelous thing is that you lose weight so easily and pleasantly the way Nature intended you to."



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Users report losses up to 10 pounds with the very first box. In fact, you lose weight with the first box ($2.89) or your money back. Get Ayds from your drug or department store—a full month's supply, $2.89.

AYDS Vitamin Candy

The Loveliest Women in the World take AYDS

sion with her, but she couldn't and didn't find it in Hollywood.

Ronald Reagan, last but not the least lonely of the six, can't lose his loneliness in or out of Hollywood. Since his separation from his wife, Reagan has been the embodiment of the solitary male with nothing to do, and no place to go. He's traveled to Europe, been toasted by the society folk of two continents, but he is still buried in solitude and unhappiness.

All this isn't new. It's no invention of our current crop of actors and actresses. The melancholy order has been with us since Edison first showed his little box with the crank and the glass eye to an actor. And the actor said, "Hold that horse for a minute, and let *me* get in front of that thing, and see how *I* look."

The classic example is Garbo. Experts on Hollywood behavior say that Garbo never smiled unless she got paid for it. Why this sour puss on the greatest of all the Swedes? Was it the fact that she wanted money? Well, yes. But it was something else, too. She was brought to America as a lure for a famous Swedish director the studio wanted here.

By the time the director came, and decided that Hollywood was no place for an ambitious Swede, somebody had discovered Garbo. When she tried to follow the director home, she was all but tied down and covered with dollars. She stayed, but neither hell nor high water could make her compatible for the rest of her brilliant career. "I tank I go home now," became a national joke, but Garbo wasn't kidding.

She was a lonely, friendless woman, ever in a strange land. Misunderstood, bitter because of her loneliness, she's destined to go down in film history as Hollywood's richest lady hermit.

while the crowd cheers . . .

Back, too, in another day, there was John Barrymore, who sat alone night after night in his monstrous mansion, and brooded on the lack of companionship. He found a friend at last in a bottle, and it never left him. And when he died, two men, only two, kept the death watch, and wept.

Charlie Chaplin, the genius, the funniest man alive, counted his intimate friends and became a bitter man. He found no solace in the cheers of the crowd. The cheers disturbed whatever human relationships he might have been able to nourish, the cheers pressed him into his current shell of loneliness.

No, there's no novelty in loneliness in Hollywood. Look at the list in the Passport Bureau. You'll find the names of many stars there—seeking passage to far places where they are not so well known, and where they may find a friend, or a lover who will fit into their private lives.

Ingrid Bergman has been quoted as saying that she was unhappy for many years here. She was married, but marriage, unless it is a proper mating, is no panacea for loneliness. And along came a hot-blooded Italian as possessive as a zoo-keeper and Bergman tossed everything aside. Why? He offered her love; he offered her a shelter against loneliness. Condonement is not our intention, we merely state facts.

Cary Grant, at the height of his stardom, walked the spaceless beaches of Malibu in the rain and in the moonlight searching for an answer in the moonstones. He spent endless days watching the sea break on the shore and recede to nowhere, likening it to the adulation that surged and left, leaving nothing or no one to remain a companion. Until one day he found that companion.

And the King. Gable, the handsomest man in the world. Encino was his home—the wide acres of ground he had bought

with Carole Lombard. White fences and green fields were all that was left when she died. He spent years there, walking new furrows, petting friendly dogs and whispering into the ears of horses who couldn't answer back or laugh with him. "Gable is back and Garson's got him" was a big yak. Gable was back all right, and melancholy had him. And when he was married, the writers had a field day. She's not very pretty, they said. She's probably forty. They didn't know she was an answer to a long-said prayer. A woman who could walk into a room and make his heart swell with delight that she belonged to him.

Deep in the heart of every movie star there is a core of warmth. It must be there or they would not be good actors. But by the time they have achieved stardom, circumstances have coated the core with a hide of iron. To get to the center of their warmth it is necessary to break down a lot of barriers. They are not like ordinary people. A friendship to an actor of star prominence is a thing to be scanned very carefully. It is to be expected, then, that few proffered friendships stand up under the screening.

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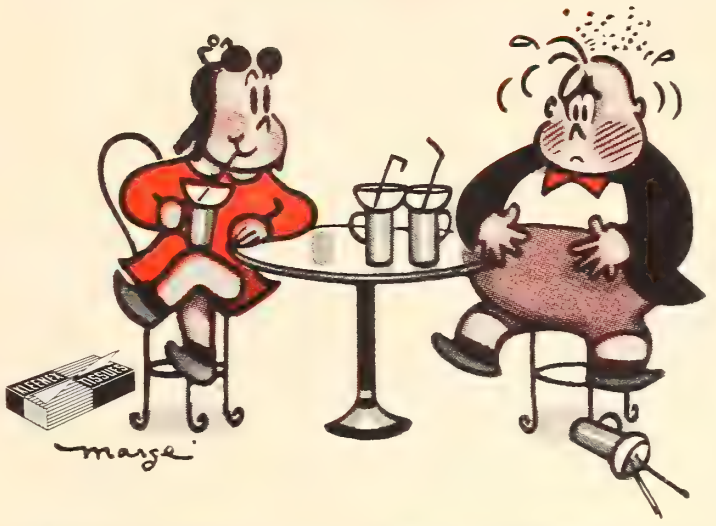
sweetheart
of summertime
jane powell
on the
august cover
of
modern screen
on sale
july 7.

Frank Sinatra, for instance, is without doubt one of the kindest, most considerate men alive. His generosity is unbelievable. But he has made more enemies, and lost more friends, than any other star in the business. It is not altogether his temper, or his willingness to settle matters with his fists that is the cause. It is his anger against the position which makes it necessary for him to distrust people. That's the truth about Sinatra.

And loneliness is the truth about the others—the six—Shelley Winters, John Agar, Lizabeth Scott, Robert Walker, Rita Hayworth, Ronald Reagan. We've seen them at their loneliest. Seen John Agar on his solitary nocturnal drives to the ocean front. . . . Seen Ronald Reagan climb the stairs of a small hotel to his bachelor room, a more despondent sight than a figure alone on a bridge at night. . . . We've seen Shelley Winters look around the room at a cocktail party, almost as if to say, "Has he arrived yet? Have you found his face in the crowd?" . . . We've seen Robert Walker battling it out alone, ashamed. . . . Seen Rita Hayworth fleeing, unmindful of the taunts. . . .

And when the lights are on in Hollywood at night, and the gay couples are dancing in the clubs, you can almost feel the searching eyes of Lizabeth Scott, scanning the city from her window on the hill, asking, without words, "Why is he taking so long. . . ?" THE END

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the story of a DIVORCE

"He's a brute!" the newspapers cry. Some call her a pampered queen. But the facts behind the Davis-Sherry breakup are even more confusing.

BY ARTHUR L. CHARLES



In public, Sherry is quiet, almost mousey. Bette does the talking—here to Billie Burke.

■ A short time ago, William Grant Sherry, reputed to be a former prize fighter, a former wrestler, and known to be a former husband of Bette Davis, charged through the gates of RKO studios and, despite the newspaper reports which set the damage at only one almost-black eye, made a small shambles of a section of the establishment.

This act of violence cost Mr. Sherry his wife (so *she* says), and his *two* homes, one at Laguna Beach and one in fashionable Toluca Lake, in the San Fernando Valley. Mr. Sherry, in fact, hit the jackpot of misfortune.

He also earned for himself the wide-eyed respect of countless men married to famous women, men who had never in their wildest dreams seen themselves shedding any real blood in the presence of their fancy meal-tickets. Mr. Sherry became a hero of sorts. A fool, perhaps, but a gladiator under that $200 suit.

You have seen Mr. Sherry's pictures. He has a firm jaw and apparently a fairly muscular body. His eyes are direct. But, until you have seen him in person, you will not know that the pictures lie. Dorothy Kilgallen perhaps described him best in a column recalling their first meeting.

Expressing doubt that William Sherry had ever in his life smashed furniture, torn up rugs or committed any of the ferocious acts Bette Davis charged him with, Miss Kilgallen described Sherry as "a lower-case Milquetoast character, deer-eyed, semi-pixieish, a balding soul wearing funny little droopy bow ties, seldom speaking and then softly." It pictures Mr. Sherry, in person, in public, beautifully.

But in private, Bette Davis says he is murder on roller skates! In a surprise action for a divorce and restraining order against him in Santa Ana, California, early in November, 1949, Miss Davis told a judge that she feared for the safety of herself and her daughter. Irk William, she said, and no chair within his reach was worth a nickel.

If this seems confused to you—it is. Either William Sherry is a two-faced, hot-tempered monster, or Bette Davis isn't telling the truth. Either William Sherry is a lovable little man with funny bow ties, or a thug in his own kitchen. And Bette Davis is a sweet, terrified housewife or a woman who can drive a simple man nuts.

The gossip about the separation is that Sherry, six years Bette's junior, has tried valiantly to make a success of the marriage and that Bette has put every ob-

stacle in his way. This, of course, is all gossip, with no actual facts available from either party as to their real family life.

The gossips also have it that when Sherry charged into that RKO party, he found his wife being extravagantly attentive to the actor she was co-starring with—and not a camera was turning. The gossips go on to say that Mr. Sherry proceeded to boot this actor around for a good five minutes. At any rate, the picture was closed down for several days. Whether Sherry shut it down, or the company just decided to do it that way, is anybody's guess.

The marriage between Bette Davis and Sherry was a pretty silly thing from the beginning. No man sincerely in love with a woman, and convinced that she was sincerely in love with him, would have countenanced the deal he made. Till death do us part was cooked immediately, because Mr. Sherry signed an agreement before the ceremony stating that if and when the marriage ended, he would make no claims on the property. In other words, Bette Davis could try it out, and if it didn't work, it wouldn't cost her anything.

That makes William Grant Sherry about as much a cave man lover as Butch Jenkins. Hardly the type of man who would break up the joint after a couple of beers and a harsh word.

And by Mr. Sherry's own admission he was a bit of a Simple Simon around the house. Announcing stoutly that at last he was going to tell all, after their last separation, W.G.S. pleaded for understanding by explaining to some hardboiled newspaper reporters that he used to do the housework, cook the dinner on occasion, take his wife's shoes off when she got home from work, bring her her slippers and a drink, and, on maid's day off, iron a frock or two for his love. It is difficult to believe that such a personality could ever destroy a Duncan Phyfe table with an angry blow.

In his public declarations, William Sherry has been the very soul of cooperation and honor. With the exception, of course, of that one time he told all to the press. At the first filing of the divorce papers, he admitted frankly that he alone was to blame for the trouble. He said he was a violent man, given to rages, and that if his wife would come back to him, he would go to a psychiatrist for treatment. Like a small boy whose girl had spurned him, Mr. Sherry wrote all this down in a letter to Bette and left it with her lawyer for delivery.

Bette's answer was that she was determined to go (*Continued on page 94*)

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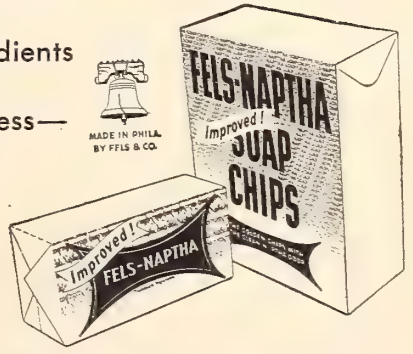


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rumor!—marriage in danger?

(*Continued from page 49*) she may be ashamed of her doubts, she may be the happiest girl in the world. Lana's friends will tell you that she's been through this same sort of emotional turmoil. Lana is an extremely earthy, human girl. She has her share of faults, and it takes an understanding man to know her. She feeds on flattery. This isn't unique. All women do in one way or another. A couple of well-placed compliments will go far toward winning her love and friendship, and it is possible that even so worldly a man as Bob Topping must still learn that after two years of marriage, friendship with a wife is just as urgent a matter as love. But men have learned harder lessons than this.

The trouble is not that Bob fails to be attentive. When Lana was 30 on February eighth, Mr. Topping presented her with a magnificent diamond and ruby cocktail ring. However, like many another ardent young husband, he may be too possessive, for there was no huge birthday party—a surprise of the sort which usually delights her.

It is true that Lana has "settled down," yet people don't change overnight. Bob is considerably more retiring than Lana. Although he likes to go out, there are few places where he's frequently seen, and he knows that if he takes Lana to the less sophisticated spots she's likely to attract a great deal of attention.

Only recently, Lana wanted to go to the Encore Room, a newly-popularized rendezvous for the younger set. Bob wanted no part of it. The way the little argument started was the way most apparently trivial things begin. Lana, while working on the set of *No Life of Her Own*, heard some of the extra kids talking about how everything jumped at the Encore.

"It really throws you," one of the girls said. "Where else could you find Hoagy Carmichael sitting at the piano and characters like Dan Dailey and Donald O'Connor clowning around? Simply everybody goes there for a fast flip."

Lana went home to her Bel Air mansion, and as can well be imagined, she voiced her desire to see the Encore Room somewhere between the roast pheasant and the coffee. She wanted some laughs to relieve the monotony of picture work. Bob Topping likes to please Lana even though, like any other husband, he may hope she forgets the idea of the moment.

A short time later they drove up in front of the Encore. Observers claim that Bob suddenly changed his mind and said, "We're not going in there."

"Why not?" Lana cried. "Everybody goes to the Encore but me!"

They went, but they didn't have the best time in the world. A couple never does under such circumstances. Add to this little situation an occurrence of a Monday night when Lana and Bob went to catch the antics of the "Firehouse Five," and rumor gets another booster shot.

On this occasion, Bob didn't feel much like dancing, so Lana spent the evening doing the Charleston with Jimmy Cross, their house guest who had accompanied them. Far less than this has started Hollywood tongues flapping, even though, in this case, Mr. Cross has romantic interests elsewhere.

Obviously Lana, who is exceedingly proud of Bob, would have liked to dance with him, but husbands the world over are well known for not wanting to dance when they don't want to. It is understandable that Bob might not have wanted



well, what do you know?

■ Study this photograph carefully, then see how many of the questions you can answer about the movie it's from. It was voted one of the 10 best films of 1938. Remember? You should get four out of five correct. Answers on page 91.

1. *The title was*.....
2. *The stars were (1)*..... *(2)*..... *(3)*.....
3. *Who is the 13-year-old at the left who made his debut in this film?*.....
4. *True or false: All three players in the photo began their careers as singers*.....
5. *Hit tune from the film, sung in this particular scene, is now a record collector's item. Name the song and composer* .....

to Charleston. His background demands much more social dignity than one finds in show business.

Bob Topping, though, may sometimes forget that a girl of Lana's spirit can't lose the fever left over from her experiences of other years. Those who know Lana well can remember an incident which occurred at the now defunct Century Club about eight years ago. She was so intrigued with a new dance step that she persuaded one of the musicians to teach it to her in front of an audience of hardened Hollywoodites. The name of the step will place the date for you—it was the "Shorty George." At the time, Lana was already an important name, but then as now she had no affectations.

Snobbishness is no part of Lana. (Nor of Bob.) For example, her marriage to Steve Crane was against the warnings and advice of her studio and all her friends. Crane, at the time, was known more for his gambling proclivities than anything else, but Lana fell in love with him and that was all that mattered. He could have been a ditch-digger or an itinerant fruit-picker—it meant no difference, for Lana's heart always has ruled both her head and pocketbook.

Most of the Toppings' problems seem concentrated on where to go. This conflict of tastes, say the gossipers, is the greatest single threat to their marriage. Will Bob eventually be able to dominate Lana in these supposedly small matters? Or will she swing him around to her way of thinking? With a girl as breathtakingly exciting as Lana the temptation for any man is to bottle her up completely for himself, but this is very nearly impossible. Lana still retains many of the traits she possessed when she was plain Judy Turner of Hollywood High. Even at seventeen she had that strong sex attraction. She didn't fall in love with any man she met, but woe to a swain if he were jealous every time other boys began to flock around.

food for rumor . . .

The great fascination about Lana today is that the boredom that affects so many of our glamor girls has never taken hold of her. She's always been thrilled by music—hep music. She'll drive for miles to listen to a hot combination some musician has told her about. She's always been the same way about dancing. To give you a slight idea—Lana loves food to the point where between pictures she'd rather puff up and drive her studio a little batty than restrict herself to a regular diet. Lana loves food—but she'd rather dance than eat. Understanding these things about Mrs. Topping, it isn't hard to see why there are rumors of discord in her married life. But rumors neglect the fact that Lana doesn't give up easily, once she's in love—and she is in love with Bob Topping. That's for sure.

Even after Lana split once with Steve Crane, she went back to him. She carried a torch for a long time for Attorney Greg Bautzer who is now Ginger Rogers' heart-throb. She even cast pride to the winds and followed Tyrone Power across country.

Ty, it is said, had come to realize that they didn't have the same tastes in social life and had bluntly told her so, in the end. After that, Lana seemed to feel a lack of something in herself in the way of social development. She sought out the company of "blue-blood" types and was for a time rumored engaged to John Talbot. Friends expected that Lana, once completely out of love with Ty, would revert to the fun-loving type of guy she'd always gone with.

Instead, she and Bob Topping discov-

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L. S. Ayres & Co., *Indianapolis, Ind.*
Stix, Baer & Fuller, *St. Louis, Mo.*
Thalhimer Bros., *Richmond, Va.*

or write **Royal Miss, Inc.,** *1350 Broadway, New York 18, N. Y.*

ered each other. Bob personified certain things that Lana has always wanted. A rich man's son, he had the social position denied her through her early years, although Lana had no particular desire to marry wealth.

With Bob, Lana began to lose her feeling of social inferiority. Although he is still a comparatively young man, there is very little Bob hasn't done or seen. He's a world traveler. He's known to every fashionable restaurant and night-club headwaiter throughout Europe and America. Rarely is anything new to him and the resulting sophistication creates a contrast to Lana who views each new experience with great zest.

"Bob Topping is the most man Lana ever met," a friend said recently, "and she loves him no matter what the gossips say."

Sometimes, Hollywood "humorists" might tell you, her love gets a little noisy. When they took a trip to Ensenada, they quarreled bitterly. Finally they sent for a friend, and with company, they made up happily, returning home ahead of schedule. Still, since this was on the eve of their departure for the Orient, they didn't want to risk being alone on a long sea voyage—and cancelled the trip. This doesn't seem like the action



that's hollywood!

. . . Paul Denis reports: Roberta Quinlan told Milton Berle she was going to see his movie that night. "I'll come over and meet you later," said Milton. "Which aisle will you be rolling in?"

* * *

. . . "Some people," says Gene Kelly, "love to go to the movies, while others go to the movies to love."

Irving Hoffman in The Hollywood Reporter

of a couple bent on destroying their lives together.

In his own way, Bob has been protecting their marriage. He's been thinking about organizing Bob Topping Productions, or a company which he controls, and including Lana in the plans. Lana, however, is a practical girl. Her career is the one thing that belongs to her alone. If she goes along with Bob in this idea you can be sure that the gossips are way off base.

If she doesn't? Well, their friends will tell you that no man is really smart about women, and that the real way for Bob to keep Lana's continuing interest would be not to tie her down in any way, much less in a mutual business enterprise.

A wise marriage counselor once said, "Some time after the first year of marriage a certain selfishness sets in. The girl who has waited so long for her prince to arrive is determined to make him over, and if she succeeds, discovers that what he had that first attracted her is lost. The same is true of the young husband. The time has now come when they are alone together, if they can't take it, they're lost."

We're betting that the Toppings can take it; we're betting that when they're old enough for wheel chairs, they'll be taking them together. THE END

van around the house

(*Continued from page 52*) sister Schuyler. They try to teach her the rhumba. When no one's looking they try turning her into an acrobat, or sometimes they just put her up on the piano bench and ask for a concert.

The family likes to relax together in front of the vast fireplace in the living room. Van keeps the coffee table stacked with boxes and jars of candy. "The kids expect it," he says defensively.

Neddy'll haul out his xylophone and Van will let him play it for about five seconds before he grabs the hammers and starts banging. Or the two hamsters'll come strolling in. ("A hamster," says the dictionary, "is a rodent-like creature from Europe with cheek pouches.") The hamsters are the boys' pets. They also have a young husky.

Van doesn't mind the husky, but the hamsters send shivers up his spine.

"You're not used to them," says Evie. "They're cute."

"So are rats," says Van bitterly, "if you happen to like rats."

But the hamsters will stay as long as the kids want them.

The Johnsons get along fine, even though rumors have tried hard to wreck their lives.

"We decided right from the start," says Evie, "that it was no use denying every item that appeared in the newspapers. It just seemed best to ignore the rumors and go on being happy."

"And it's smart to leave Hollywood once in a while," says Van, "to get a new perspective, to escape from the movie talk, and the rumors."

Right now they're planning a holiday in Acapulco. Not because of any gossip, though, just for a rest.

While they're at home, they do a lot of entertaining. Some of it is formal in their beautiful dining room that overlooks the terrace and the pool. The heavy glass dining room table reflects the silver of the candlesticks. The multi-colored glassware, the blond furniture, the built-in glass buffets are all reflected in the ceiling-high, mirrored walls.

Friends of the Johnsons are Rosalind Russell and Freddie Brisson, Loretta Young, the Ricardo Montalbans, Deborah Kerr and her husband, the Henry Hathaways, Ann Sothern, and the Gary Coopers.

These friends are willing to be entertained informally, too. Outside, at the small barbecue, Van stirs the coals and broils the steaks like an expert. The barbecue was a gift from Red Skelton. It's heavy enough not to be blown away, and light enough for Van to carry on his back wherever he wants to go.

Most of the time, though, he lets it lie, especially when he and Evie are invited out to dinner at aforementioned friends' homes, or to parties where they dance the night away. This season, at the Bal Masque Charity Ball, Van did a Charleston with Lana Turner that brought down the house.

"I'm proud of you, honey," said his wife.

"I guess I never told you," he said, "I used to be a song-and-dance man."

"I guess you told me," she said. "But if it'll make you happy tell me again."

So he told her again. Evie's the understanding type, and Van understands her. Which may be why it's so nice for the kids to have them both around the house.

THE END

is bob hope killing himself?

(*Continued from page 29*) Nobody can figure that out. It can't be money. Hope is one of the richest men in the world. It can't be prestige. Hope is one of the most popular entertainers the world has ever known. But he'll go into his act for any gathering over two people that needs a laugh.

During the war years, Bob worked harder than any other entertainer in Hollywood. Every one of his radio shows, between May, 1941, and November, 1943, were broadcast from army camps or navy bases. He made six exhausting personal appearance trips to the major battle-fronts. It was relatively easy to understand why he did it. His reward was always there before him—the happy, smiling faces of weary, homesick men in uniform.

But when the war ended, everyone expected Bob to relax and take it easy. Even his personal physician suggested that it was about time for Bob to start coasting.

"The war's over," he said. "Cut down your schedule. You'll live longer, you know."

"Aw, cut it out, Doc," Bob replied. "I never felt better in my life."

And to prove his point, he took off the next week on a man-killing personal appearance tour of 35 cities. The whole of 1949 went that way. He made three movies, *Paleface, Sorrowful Jones* and *The Great Lover,* broadcast 42 weeks of his regular radio show, appeared as the guest star on eleven major network shows, and made countless visits to servicemen's hospitals. To round out his year, Bob flew to Alaska in near-zero weather and entertained the troops of six army camps at Christmastime.

A few weeks later, Bob told an interviewer, "Last year, exhaustion almost caught up with me. This year, I'm spotting it six points."

What Bob meant, in plainer words, was that in 1950 he intended to defeat exhaustion by completely outrunning it. He got off to a fine start. He never stopped running—to Washington, D. C., Philadelphia, New York—giving and receiving awards, broadcasting, signing contracts, acting. During February, he completed *Fancy Pants,* his newest comedy for Paramount.

Early in March, while rushing back from Palm Springs, Bob drove his car into a ditch and suffered a shoulder separation. It would have put most anyone else in bed. But Bob recuperated by doing benefit performances. With his shoulder still in a sling, he left on a spur-of-the-moment personal appearance tour of eight cities. He ended up at New York's famous Paramount Theater where, for two weeks, he played six shows a day and broke all existing house records.

In New York again, for Easter, he did a 90-minute television show sponsored by Westinghouse. Bob showed up for rehearsals like a commuter pausing for a cup of coffee. When asked to do a scene over he'd comment, "What—at these prices?" (His take, for one television show, was $40,000.) But later, when the gallery had gone home, Hope went back to a small hotel room he'd hired for the purpose and rehearsed the scenes in private. The night before the telecast he rehearsed till dawn.

This isn't the sort of routine you'd expect from a man who was just out for a dollar. This is the routine of a serious funnyman, determined to master a new medium. But why should Bob Hope be worried about mastery? He's tops in any medium that includes comedians.

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There isn't another entertainer in America who, acting in his right mind, would bite off a schedule of work like his. (In a few weeks he'll start *The Lemon Drop Kids,* then he'll tour 60 cities, then he'll begin his fall radio series.) It doesn't seem possible that even Bob Hope can sustain the pace much longer. Somewhere along the line either the man or the schedule has got to run out.

The question is: How does he do it—and why? If you want to study Hope you have to do it at a dead run. Or, better still, talk to someone who knows him well—his brother Jack, for instance.

Jack Hope has been Bob's manager since he first became a star. He has a staff of five people, an office next door to Bob's home, and he acts as advance man on Bob's tours. Jack gets tired just watching his brother work.

"Still," says Jack, "he'd be absolutely miserable if he had any less to do. He likes being busy every minute; he'll go out of his way to give people a laugh. He thinks that's why he was put on earth, and he lives accordingly.

"Take last Christmas as an illustration. Just five days before, Bob and Dolores were sitting home talking about how this year they'd stay right in the living room on Christmas Day. The phone rang; it was General Symington in Washington, asking Bob if he could leave the next morning for Alaska to entertain the troops up there. Bob immediately said yes, and then meekly went in to talk to Dolores.

"'Oh, no!' she said, when she heard the news. 'This year you promised to stay home and play Santa Claus for the kids!'

"'Why don't we take the children with us,' Bob said. 'We can all go, you know.'

"Sure enough, the next day, after a big scramble with suitcases, the Hopes were flying to Alaska."

It takes an understanding and devoted woman to make that kind of quick adjustment to her husband's plans. But Dolores Hope has long since realized that she is destined to share her husband with the world for the rest of her life.

"It's not a lot different than being married to a traveling salesman who's on the road six months out of the year," she recently told a friend. "But I'd rather have a part of his time than a whole lifetime with anyone else. I could never give our children the zest for living that Bob can in just a few minutes each morning. They go to school with enough laughter to last the whole day."

The only place where Bob has even temporary release from the pressure of his activities is his comfortable home in Palm Springs. Very few people know his unlisted telephone number there. On those light weeks when he has only his radio show to do, Bob spends Wednesday through Sunday in Palm Springs, coming back to Hollywood on Monday morning for the rehearsal. But even there, Hope cannot get away from work. More often than not, his writers will come down to start writing the next week's script.



In his youth, Bob shared the spotlight with his five brothers. Here's the whole family. Bob, aged 13, is in the lower right corner. Jack, now his manager, is in the center of the back row.

Why does Bob set the pace? He has nothing left to prove to the world, but somehow he has a great deal left to prove to himself. He remembers back, beyond the growing up years in vaudeville, beyond the hungry, hand-to-mouth years of breaking into show business. It's easy to soothe memories of hunger, uncertainty and buffeting. You get tough, you look for security in terms of dollars, you live big and plushy to show the process server you're out of reach.

Hope doesn't live big. He still lives in the first house he bought when he arrived in Hollywood many years ago. He has no swimming pools or yachts or airplanes. This man is not just making up for the lean years.

The people who attribute Bob's absorption in work solely to economic reasons are missing the point. Although he's a very wealthy man, the fabulous money he earns will always surprise him. One evening in Oakland, when Bob came back to the hotel after a two-hour performance in the Civic Auditorium with a $19,000 check in his hand, he said to a friend, "Gee, look at that. Nineteen thousand dollars. Remember when we used to get $5 a day for hoofing in Cleveland?"

always leave them laughing . . .

Bob remembers back to the early days. When he was one of six sons, the kid who never got a full share of the attention he needed; he yearned for the spotlight. He found it when he put on an act. Sure—money was important. But all his life, Bob has been running in one direction: front and center. He's got to be "on." He's got to hear the ecstatic roar of an audience that is with him all the way. His security comes only in front of an audience. And the laughs have to be guffaws.

He has developed a whole way of life that depends upon constant activity for nourishment. Nothing else can satisfy him.

Doris Day, who's been singing on Bob's radio show for three years, believes that the real secret of his driving energy is his turn-it-on, turn-it-off constitution. "Bob could fall asleep sitting upright in a hard-backed chair, and wake up two hours later feeling more refreshed than most people are after eight hours' sleep."

"Many times driving back from Palm Springs," another friend says, "Bob will drop off for 15 minutes, and when he wakes up, will take up the conversation exactly where he left off. I'm a guy who needs my eight hours, but Bob gets a lot out of those catnaps."

Bob's brother feels that Bob will always have the thought that this might be his last week's work, and, if he isn't good, people may not ask him back again.

"Self-consuming though his career has been," Jack says, "it has brought great rewards to Bob. The greatest of them all are the people who laugh. Bob really means it when he says, 'Thanks for the memories.'"

Bob himself says, "There's nothing in the world like hearing people laugh. It's the greatest noise there is. I was talking to Jack Benny the other day, and he said he was going out on tour this summer for the same reason. And the longer you are in show business, the more you need to hear it.

"Without live audiences to play to, I'd be cutting out doilies in no time. But I won't have to worry about that for quite a while, as long as I take care of myself, and keep the old ticker in shape."

How long can he keep that ticker in shape? There's no answer. The only thing Bob knows is that he *must* keep going, because without his spotlight he wouldn't have a schedule. He wouldn't have anything.

THE END

music! music! music!

(*Continued from page 38*) When he'd finished, he began telling us about those days. "I organized . . ." he began.

"The orchestra?" said Wanda.

"No," said Dick sadly, "the sheet music."

About this time, someone came up with a sensible idea—having Vanessa go through the classics. No one laughed when she sat down at the piano, as she really plays. She'd taken piano lessons when she toured with the stage production, *Watch On The Rhine*. She'd still be taking them, if she had the time. Anyway, a piano teacher recently moved next door, so there's still hope.

Next, someone asked Betty to render the *Third Man Theme* on the zither. That's why Betty had borrowed the zither from the Fox music department. But she was somewhat disillusioned to find that Anton Karas didn't come with it. (Karas wrote the music.)

Since specialties were in order, Wanda volunteered to out-Benny Jack with the stirring strains of *Love In Bloom*. She drew the bow across the strings several times before the others made her change her mind.

The sun had gone down—perhaps in desperation—when the session came to a close. The gang staggered outside for a buffet-style supper. They weren't as weak as they looked when it came to devouring the food. Vanessa had reckoned with their appetites and was prepared. She'd spent the morning moving the contents of a grocery store into her kitchen. And she'd prepared a tuna salad that seemed much too beautiful to spoil by eating. The musicians, however, expressed their regret; and the salad was soon gone.

Then there was time for relaxation. Relaxation for everyone but Rand. He's "Lucky," Hopalong Cassidy's sidekick, and he stayed busy, autographing slips of paper for the neighbor's children.

Peace was really too much to hope for. "Let's have just one more tune," suggested Vanessa.

One tune led to another and all of it led to bedlam. I had to leave in the middle of a solid beat. (It almost landed on my head.) But before I headed for the door, I borrowed another book and vowed that when I returned *this* one, I'd bring a harmonica, too.

"Have fun?" Vanessa asked.

"Out of this world," I told her. "Why, Vanessa, I'm really *gone*."

I'm tone deaf, too, but I'm sure no one noticed. THE END

I SAW IT HAPPEN



December 31, 1949, was our last vacation day in Hawaii, and some friends and I decided to make it one we'd never forget. At 1:00 A.M., after seeing the New Year in, we took one last spin along Waikiki Beach, hoping to meet some celebrities we could talk about back home. Suddenly a sparkling 1950 car drove up alongside ours, and a handsome person stretched out his head and yelled, "Happy New Year!" Surprised as we were, we quickly answered, "Happy New Year, Clark Gable . . . Happy New Year, Mrs. Gable!"

Winifred Chinen,
Ann Arbor, Michigan

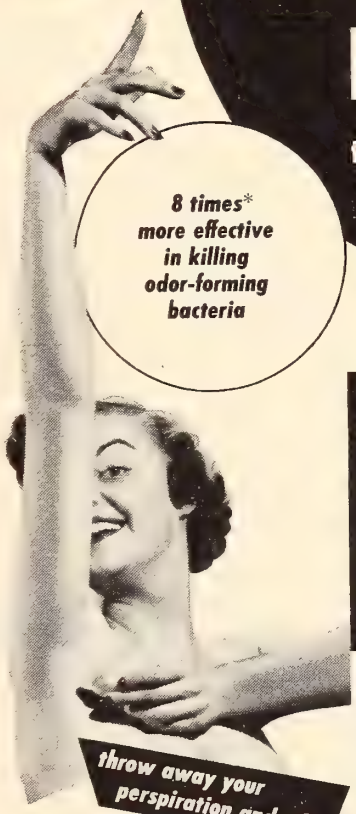
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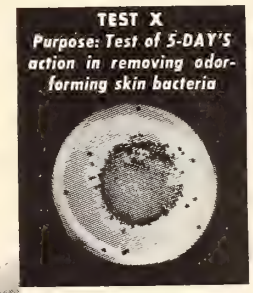
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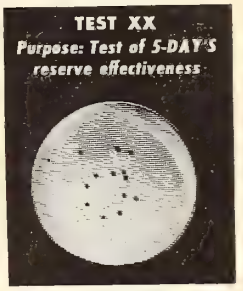


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i don't want sympathy

(*Continued from page 39*) I write home to Mother and tell her I'm happy and successful? Me, out of work and with four dollars and eighty-five cents in my pocket.

Suddenly the figure of a man hurtled crazily past my window. "That's funny," I thought. Nothing else. I turned back to the typewriter and watched the words race across the page: "Dear Mom, I have a lot of good news to tell you. . . ." Good news? Good God!

I rushed back to the window, and stared down at the crushed, broken body seven floors below, splattered against a jutting roof. Moments later a siren cried out from the street and the impact of my first encounter with death broke through my mind's numbness.

A great sense of shame flooded over me. Why had I gone back to the typewriter? Obviously I was completely preoccupied with myself and oblivious to everything else. I went to the desk, whipped the sheet of paper from the typewriter, picked up my topcoat and walked to the elevator. It was dark now on the street. A whisper of rain fell against my face as I pushed my way uptown against the tide of people.

This dead man. If he hadn't jumped, where would he have been going now? To an apartment in New Rochelle? Home to a wife and two kids? Or had he killed himself because he had no wife and no one to love? Was he an embezzler? Was he driven to suicide in the agony of incurable cancer? I let my imagination conjure up a dozen stories. Might make a good play, I thought, in the calloused tradition of struggling actors who turn everything into roles for themselves.

Abruptly, I shrugged the whole idea away. After all, thousands of men were unhappy in love, stole money, suffered inhuman tortures, but they didn't kill themselves. This man couldn't take it. He jumped. So he jumped. I had enough to think about without worrying over him. Yet, I did think about him every now and then through the years that followed. In fact, when the editors of MODERN SCREEN asked me to set down my thoughts on faith and philosophy, I thought about him almost immediately. And I knew finally why he had killed himself that day. It was simple, after all. He had lost faith.

the eternal question . . .

What is faith? A conviction, a creed, a belief in God?

How should I know? I'm Kirk Douglas, an actor. Some people like to see me perform. Some would rather watch two old men playing chess. Actors should act and not take on the mantle of psychology professors. The way I look at it, we leave brain operations to great surgeons, educating to teachers and religious matters to the ministers, rabbis and priests. Still, a promise is a promise and I'm going to say a few things my way.

To me, faith is not a nebulous thing. One's religion should be the confirmation of that faith. In other words, when you go to church you take the faith with you. You don't go to get it pumped into you.

Faith covers a lot of territory. It is a strength within oneself, for one thing. For example, since I was a tiny kid I had faith in my father. He was a junk dealer for a time. Naturally, some brat had to point that out to me in derogatory terms. So, I went to my father and asked him why he did what he did.

"Son," he said, "it takes a lot of people to keep this world going. Senators, bricklayers, street-sweepers, presidents. Now, I've got to admit that sometimes I don't like my job, but just imagine what would happen if all the people in the world let this stuff pile up and nobody took care of it. Why, boy, people soon wouldn't be able to move around."

Then he winked, slapped me on the fanny and told me to go rustle up some coal down by the tracks. After that it never occurred to me to ask how anybody earned a living. Some people have more, some have less. All I knew was that part of what I had to do every day was pick up coal and coke along the tracks. If I did that we'd have a nice warm house.

Did you ever walk along and get the feeling that with each step you took you were walking up in the air, stepping higher and higher? Maybe you can understand what I mean if I explain about the hill above our home. There were fine houses up there, always freshly painted and sitting elegantly behind thick, high hedges. I used to trudge up the hill carrying groceries, but as I moved along I seemed to be walking into the air. I'd imagine that I could walk alongside the second-story windows, that I could look in on the old lady who had been sick so long and ask her how she was. Or I'd picture myself watching a man in another house sitting alone and drinking as they said he did ever since his wife died. After awhile I could even see myself kissing the beautiful girl who lived in the handsomest mansion of them all, because from where I walked I was a grown man and not a kid years too young to know his heart's desire.

i had faith . . .

Yeah, I was doing fine. Then I'd hear a car coming. I'd step over to the side of the road while a fancy convertible swooshed by. I remember how I felt then. There was a terrible urgency inside me to get going—to work, to run through life as fast as I could toward the things I wanted. And thanks to my parents I never once shook a fist at those fancy cars, swearing to be rich and famous just to get even. From the beginning I had faith that I'd get where I was going.

And even though I delivered groceries at the back door I went in the front entrances of those houses many times. Nobody ever looked at me in my threadbare hand-me-downs and exclaimed, "Pater, who let that little tramp in here?"

I didn't have any lasting quarrels with anybody, even when I was puny and kids in my neighborhood used to beat hell out of me. I thought that's what everybody did so I made up my mind to get stronger and beat tar out of a few kids myself. Today I read how I used to heroically get up at 5:00 A.M. to deliver newspapers, come home, gulp down breakfast and be in school by eight, carrying my miserable little lunch of two scrambled egg sandwiches. Know something? Those sandwiches were fine. Nobody could make them like my mom, and there must be a thousand kids living the same way.

That's nothing.

They work because they have to, and every day as they scratch out their living they dream of how it's going to be. Later on they learn something else—that they've been having a wonderful time and that they wouldn't trade places with the rich kid on the hill because they'd be bored to death in a week with nothing to do. I know now that the one worry I'll have with my own youngsters is that they won't have to go through what I did—and that their toughest competition in life will be those kids from the wrong side of the tracks.

Once, when I was a little older and came home pooped from a day in the steel mill, my father looked up over his

evening newspaper. He stared at me for a moment and then said, "Know something, boy? Work is the one love a man has that will never let him down."

Later on while I was on summer vacation from St. Lawrence University, I worked in a can factory in Rochester. I was sweet on a girl who had quite a bit of money. I can still remember her because she was about as attractive as any girl I've met before or since. Wonderful and democratic, and her name wasn't Kay, which I'll call her because she probably has five kids by now, along with some guy she's made happy for ten years.

Kay had a bright red convertible and used to pick me up at the factory after work. Sometimes she'd bring me my lunch until I asked her not to because the boys at the plant began to pour it on. Kay and I used to dream a little, and but for my determination to become an actor on my own we might have wound up together. Her father was a great character. He never asked me what my intentions were, but one evening after I'd kissed Kay goodnight, he came up the walk.

"Why don't you stick around awhile," he said. "I'd like to talk to you."

I sat on the front porch while he went into the house for a couple of beers. We talked about this and that. Then he got down to cases. He'd give me a loan so I could concentrate on my university work instead of having to pick up odd jobs on the side. There were no strings attached. When he finished talking we both sat there pondering the idea.

"On second thought," he said, "I think it isn't a very good idea. You know how to work. If you stopped now you might lose faith in yourself."

Thinking back on it, he was dead right. Too much of a helping hand at that moment might have taken away from the thrill of accomplishment. On top of that I'd never really have known if I could've done it on my own.

It is true that you'll find more honest faith among people who have to struggle for a living than among those who have a great deal of money. A young person working hard toward a career doesn't have time for doubts. If he wants to get into the acting profession, for instance, he'll realize that the one thing nobody seems to need is another actor. But that won't stop him. Sooner or later he knows that the business will have to move over a notch and let him in. Look around you in school or at your office. Locate the griping individual and you'll find someone without real faith in himself.

Getting right down to it, faith is something you develop, not a soothing ointment applied in some great emergency. You don't get it by rushing to someone when you're worried and being told "have faith and everything will be all right." Perhaps that sounds like heresy, but try thinking about it in reverse. If you don't have faith, try seriously to find it through religion. Suddenly you'll discover that you weren't made a present of a pious attitude, that this attitude only comes with the enjoyment of the struggle of living.

I have one more anecdote. It's romantic, but it's grim, and I can vouch for the truth of it because I was in on the beginning and the end.

A boy I knew met a girl I knew. He really fell for her, but they had trouble. She'd been pursued by dozens of men. He ran into her ex-beaux everywhere.

One day I bumped into him on the street. I asked about the girl. "That's washed up," he moaned. "Last week we had a date to meet for lunch at the Beverly Brown Derby. We talked on the phone and she said she'd be over in fifteen minutes. She never showed up."

"Isn't it possible that something happened?" I suggested.

"Yeah," he snapped, "something happened all right. I tried to reach her for several days. When I finally got her apartment a guy answered the phone and said she had a message for me—she didn't want me to call her any more."

How about that? I offered my condolences, but sure enough, a month later I met the two of them. They were married and very happy. She had changed quite a bit, though. She wore a black veil. Even so, you could see that she had been in some sort of accident. My friend found out why she never kept their date at the Brown Derby; why she didn't even call. She couldn't because she'd been in a terrible automobile accident. As for the guy in the apartment who'd told him not to call any more, he was the girl's father. When she got out of the hospital her father came out from the East and she made him promise to brush off the boy.

After all, she reasoned, could he love a girl who had one glass eye?

The answer was: He could. Something told him she wouldn't have stood him up without a good reason. He camped on her doorstep until he found out. Well, this all happened two years ago. Plastic surgery has removed the scars, and even without the sight of one eye she is more attractive than ever.

As for my doubting friend, you've never seen anyone with more faith in himself—and everyone else. He's a complete success in love, business and as a person.

Let's put it this way. According to my philosophy, you have to work to have faith, it doesn't come with your birth certificate. Sometimes a miracle can happen to help you along. But don't count on it. Count on yourself. THE END



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the strange fears of ava gardner

(*Continued from page 41*) behaved the way everyone does with her first beau. She was afraid to show her true self for fear he wouldn't like it; afraid to respond emotionally for fear he'd think she was a bad girl.

She'd kiss him goodnight after a date, and a couple of evenings later you'd find her at some hideaway with a different escort, acting like the honeymoon would start tomorrow. This was her way of releasing emotional tension. The man she really loved she wouldn't let come too close.

Anyway, she overplayed her hand. She was too light, too gay, too flippant. Underneath she was suffering from such a great lack of assurance that it was frightening. She had a haunting fear of her own shortcomings built up in a mind that was brimming over with imagination and with painful memories of the past. She couldn't relax; she could only appear cool and distant.

Naturally, the man was puzzled. No matter how much he tried he couldn't convince himself that Ava cared. She'd done such a good job of keeping their romance a secret he could hardly believe it himself. So one day, after three years of doubting, he married someone else.

"If I'd have acted differently," Ava told me, "I might have been the girl."

"You mean you wanted to marry him?" I asked.

"I mean I made the biggest mistake of my life. And I acted like a fool."

"You just acted human," I said, and Ava laughed harshly. She wouldn't let herself off that easily. If there's any blame around, Ava's the girl who wants to take it.

Even so I didn't get it. No one drops Ava like a hot potato. That's *really* foolish. "How come?" I said. "Why did he take off like that?"

"I don't really know," said Ava. "I guess that when things reach an emotional breaking point one little incident can destroy it all. One afternoon, a friend of mine and I decided to visit him, and tried to phone him. The line was busy, so my friend, who likes off-beat schemes, told the operator it was an emergency call, a matter of life or death. Of course, it would happen just when he was talking over a big business deal. Imagine how he felt when a voice broke in saying, 'Honey, we're bringing over some ice cream. What will you have—chocolate or vanilla?'

"Sounds funny now, doesn't it, but it wasn't then. We went over, and that was the last time I saw him."

Okay, you might say, so Ava's heart was broken a little, but he's just another guy, another incident. In Ava's life there are plenty of men, and she can be choosey; she can act the way she wants. You think so?

poor little rich girl . . .

Let me tell you about the day Ava asked me to introduce her to a neighbor of mine. "He's nice," Ava said. "Can you arrange a date?"

"Sure," said I, reaching for the phone. Well, I got this boy on the phone and I said to him, "Look, darling, I'm going to do you a big, fat favor. I'm going to fix it so you can date Ava Gardner."

I listened to what he had to say. Then I hung up.

"Well?" asked Ava.

"Well, I never!" said I. "He said no, twice."

"It doesn't surprise me," said Ava. "But what was *his* reason?"

"Money," I said. "He says you have too much money. He knew a girl once who had too much money. She was the princess of all snobs and she was his last princess."

"Oh," said Ava.

There wasn't much else she could say. What does a girl have to do? Give up her career so someone can buy her a lemonade? There wasn't much else to say, but there was plenty she could think; there was plenty of material for any complex she wanted to build.

Maybe if people let her alone it would be different; she'd be able to work out her own problems in her own time. But people, especially gossips, don't leave Ava alone. Remember back a little to all the fuss that was created when Ava showed up "with" Frank Sinatra in Texas? Big romance, everybody said. Maybe. Ava never told me she loved Frank. She did tell me they'd always be the closest of buddies. Believe it or not that can happen in show business. And that's the main reason Ava suddenly went down to Houston without telling anyone.

She'd had a call from Sinatra. The guy was terribly unhappy. More than that, he was in trouble. Sinatra's a walking time-bomb and when he's upset he can very easily blow up. This time he was under a doctor's care. Ava snapped him out of it.

You can get pretty snippy here and say, why didn't Nancy snap him out of it? Well, he'd tried rushing back to Nancy before, and it didn't work. The bolstering he needed right then, Ava gave him.

A lot of trash has been written about that episode. Sinatra was supposed to have fired some shots in a hotel room after he and Ava had had an argument. Ava was supposed to have called the police, but I know Ava never called "cop" on anyone. The truth is Frank did fire two shots up in the air out of a window. When Ava came rushing in he was sitting in a chair all broken up over the gag. Ava didn't think it was so funny.

I'm a married gal and I don't particularly approve of the running around that goes on, but Frank was separated and Ava was free. Funny about Frank. He doesn't seem to be afraid of anything, but he is. Ava's afraid of a lot. People like this have a way of getting together, even though putting their problems in the same basket never works out.

The unusual thing about Ava is: she's honest. People don't expect that. They think actresses are phony and when they



HOW TIME FLIES!

■ When Jane Wyman was assigned to *Honeymoon for Three* she scratched her head and said, "Boy, that's a thought!" Ever since she and Ronald Reagan were married they've been so busy in pictures they haven't had time for their own honeymoon. Now, according to Jane, they're going to wait until their baby is born in January so that all three can take it together!—*October, 1940, Modern Screen.*

meet one that isn't they're a little disappointed.

It's this same honesty in Ava that's the root of some of her seemingly strange fears. When we talked once about her marriage to Artie Shaw, she made a frank and willing confession. "I made plenty of mistakes there," she said. "I was rather young and quite cocksure at first. You see, I had always been spoiled at home, and my first marriage to Mickey Rooney hadn't taught me much.

"The longer I lived with Artie," she confessed, "the more I feared I wouldn't reach his intellectual plane." Ignoring the fact that Mr. Shaw is famous for gleefully letting any girl he's with realize that she isn't in his mental league, Ava went on: "I tried to join in on his friends' conversations and participate in his interests, but I always had the fear that I would embarrass him. It got to be a phobia with me until I was almost continually being thrown for a loss. I know now that I tried too hard to be what he wanted me to be. I read at every free moment, anything I could get my hands on. Not realizing that you can't become a Ph.D. in a couple of years, I even took a course in English literature and economics."

At the time I didn't tell Ava that as I listened to her it occurred to me that husband Artie would have done well to take a course in the Appreciation of Girls who Are Regular Guys. Perhaps then, fear wouldn't have been the destructive factor in their marriage. If Artie had tried to meet her intellectually, she might not have had the dread of being held up to contempt as mentally mediocre.

In retrospect, it is easy to understand why Artie still holds a fascination for Ava and why she grasps every opportunity to see him.

The farmer's daughter . . .

In a way, Ava always has been on the outside looking in. Originally she was a North Carolina farmer's daughter. She adored her mother, Molly, who died more than five years ago, and her father, Jonas, who long before Ava came to Hollywood was forced by illness to give up his farm and store. When he died, no girl ever grieved more over the disillusionment that came to him when he was forced by circumstances to run a boarding house for teachers in Newport News, Virginia. Ava, ever since, has not forgotten her simple background. She is proud of it, but she still lacks assurance. Because of this, unimportant things frighten her. The plush spots, for instance, fill her with dread.

There's a smart little dress shop called Allardale's on the Sunset Strip. It's not unusual for celebrities to go there, wait on themselves or help take care of other customers when the regular salesgirls are busy.

I dropped in there one day recently. Ava Gardner came up, acting like she was not Ava Gardner, and said, "What can I do for you, Modom?" She was wearing a bandana on her head, no stockings, flat-heeled sandals and a basque-waisted, full skirted blue and white cotton striped dress. She explained that the saleslady had gone out to lunch.

"Let's see how much stuff we can sell," Ava exclaimed, "but for Pete's sake don't let any of the fancy customers know who I am."

"Why not?"

She looked uncertain for a moment, then shrugged her shoulders.

"All right with me," I flipped, "but don't worry about being recognized in that outfit of yours."

We began trying on clothes. Ava slipped into a stunning grey suit that fitted her the way only she can be fitted.

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Have You Heard?



JOAN LANSING

June nights are made for spooning and man-in-the-mooning, but morning hours mean dishes and dusting—*and* time out for the SUPER SEVEN! Yes, ma'am, that's what you hear on your local ABC station—SEVEN SUPER SHOWS full of exciting entertainment to make the housework fly.

Fresh as a June bud is our favorite man-of-the-morning, DON McNEILL, the lad who makes "THE BREAKFAST CLUB" (sponsored by Swift, General Mills and Philco, 9-10 AM, EDT) a cheerful way to start every weekday. DON and the BREAKFAST CLUB GANG skip around the breakfast table with the greatest of ease . . . all of which pleases the gals who like a merry program pick-up in the morning. Incidentally, DON and his cute wife KAY are off to Europe for six weeks of seein' the sights . . . and that means we'll be getting first-hand news of what's going on in England, France, Switzerland and all the other countries through which the McNEILLS travel.

At 10:30 AM, EDT, America's favorite homemaker, BETTY CROCKER, gives food, fashion and decorating hints on her famous "MAGAZINE OF THE AIR." BETTY is always sure to have tips that make housekeeping lighter and brighter. General Mills sponsors the "BETTY CROCKER MAGAZINE OF THE AIR." Another highlight of the SUPER SEVEN ABC programming is Serutan's VICTOR LINDLAHR heard every day at 10:45 AM, EDT, giving expert advice and comment on nutrition and good living through good health.

The modern miss enjoys ABC's "MODERN ROMANCES" at 11 AM, EDT. This half hour of romance combines all the features of dramatic heart-throb, suspense and thrills. AUNT JEMIMA'S boy, BILL CULLEN, comes around with "QUICK AS A FLASH" at 11:30 AM, EDT, with questions and prizes and cash . . . a breezy audience-participation show that's a real honey. **At high noon, EDT, oh-JOHNNY OLSEN says "LADIES BE SEATED" for music, fun, and audience and listener frolic (for Philip Morris Cigarettes) . . .** and at 12:25 PM, EDT, lovely CAROL DOUGLAS makes "BEAUTY AND FASHIONS" a daily five-minute twin delight for the Toni Company.

Yes, ma'am, any day in June (or July or *any* month) tune to your local American Broadcasting Company station and hear marvelous morning shows . . . **the kind of wonderful entertainment and variety that rate as the SUPER SEVEN!**

Joan Lansing

"Do you think this will be all right for London?"

A customer came in and Ava ducked for the rear of the shop.

"Wasn't that Ava Gardner?" the lady asked.

"Gosh no," I replied. "That's sort of an idiot cousin of mine. She likes to come in and pretend she looks like a movie star."

Ava came back in a few minutes and I went out for a coke. When I came back she was struggling to get a size forty into a size fourteen dress. After we lost the customer I said, "How much can you kid anybody?"

She shrugged. "Poor gal, I didn't want to hurt her feelings. I hope that sometime when I'm twenty years older somebody will flatter me like that."

Funny thing about Ava. She can call up a producer and talk to him right smack out in language that would give pause to a truck driver. She'll face up to the big shots and make them back down. I've seen her go out of her way to be friendly with outspoken people in the industry and watched them warm up to her in a flash. Usually their attitude toward stars is an unspoken you-stay-on-your-side-of-the-fence-and-I'll-stay-on-mine. They seem to sense in her a person who wants to be liked. But she seeks friends outside of the industry, people who'll accept her as just another girl.

When Ava finally reads this she's liable to bat me right over the head with her copy of MODERN SCREEN. I haven't meant to make it appear as though she's wandering around like a lost doll in a sea of bitterness and confusion. She is a completely competent actress and confident in the knowledge that she has developed a craftsmanship second to few in her profession. The nice part of it is that unlike many another top star her eminence in the profession doesn't cause her to look on other people as though they were termites crawling out of the woodwork.

who, me? . . .

One day I stopped to say hello as she sat in the studio commissary. She was at a secluded table with Howard Duff, and at her most beautiful best. Her Irene gown was the clinging kind that seemed to know it had something worthwhile to cling to. Her hair was smartly set in an upsweep and her only jewelry was a pair of diamond earrings, the graceful, dangling kind. During our chat I asked if she had seen one of our mutual friends.

"Oh, her," Ava said. "I refuse to talk about her."

"What happened? An argument? Did you steal one of her men?"

"Are you kidding, Leslie?" she laughed. "Why, I'm terribly fond of her. It's just that she's so beautiful I'm afraid to sit in the same room with her."

She was joking, but not completely. Ava Gardner has never thought she possessed incredible charm and she hates to have people tell her she's beautiful.

To understand, you'd have to come with me to her home early some morning and find her sitting in the tiny dining room, hair piled frumpily on top of her head, sipping coffee, answering the phone and waiting for the daily barrage of requests from newspapermen and photographers.

Tell her she's beautiful. Go ahead. She'll laugh in your face. She'll probably tell you the truth—that her first date back in high school never called again. That almost any girl can be beautiful when she has high style clothes and years of polish as the result of being educated by studio makeup men. You'll listen to her, but you won't believe her even when you know that she believes it herself.

When the cameramen come, she'll pour herself into a ravishing gown and earnestly work with them to preserve what she thinks is an illusion. Then she'll tell you that this glamour is just window dressing—that the night before she didn't have a date. That in the middle of the night she went hiking alone in the hills.

Ava, having skipped the normal social life that comes to most girls, now can't enjoy cronies. She doesn't know how to loaf around with friends. She has too many defenses to ever relax her guard. She's glamour plus and she's lonely with a loneliness that can't be cured by jumping across the subtle lines of social distinction in Hollywood.

"You see," she said recently, "this business of acting takes up a murderous amount of time and I'll admit that I'm paid well enough for it. Still, I seldom have the opportunity to develop friendships with other girls. I don't have time for luncheons and card parties."

That's why she finds companionship in places like the dress shop. At one time she looked at a stunning dress hanging in the window. "I'd like to buy that creation and wear it to Mocambo tonight," she said "that is, if I had a date."

"Too bad," I jeered. "I'll bet your phone rings twenty times tonight."

"Maybe," she admitted, "but the man I'd like to call me won't. He'll be like that friend of yours who thought I had too much money. Then there'll be a couple of the other kind who'd like to get their hands on the bankroll I haven't got."

"Uh-huh," I agreed. "And the good old tired business man who wants to be seen with a celebrity and get his name in the columns."

"Not to speak of the monster type," Ava added. "There'll be about six of those. They've been turned down seventeen times by names beginning with A in their little black books. Along about seven-thirty they'll get down to the G's, and about that time I'll get into my slacks and take a hike into the hills."

"I get your point," I said, "but you'll hit the right type one of these days. All you have to do is keep on breathing. What gets me is will you know him when you do?"

She thought that over. "I've never been hard to please. The thing I want most is companionship and loyalty—a man who'll always be in my corner. I'm tired of going through life afraid of displeasing someone I love."

Ava is not really afraid of men. She's afraid of failing them. She'd rather not marry than risk another divorce. Men aren't afraid to take that risk with her. Give a smart man two dates and he'll propose. He figures that with a girl as reasonable and intelligent as Ava they can make a go of it together. What he doesn't realize is that this enchanting girl has spoiled his timing. He'd have to know her for a couple of years before he, himself, would be able to handle her emotionally.

But let's not be ridiculous. Somewhere there's a man for Ava—and she'll find him. When she does, she wants to have three children and a house in Pasadena.

And right now I'll go out on a sturdy limb to say that all of her fears will fade away with the sound of the wedding bells, because none of her fears are strong enough to beat real love. THE END

Paid Notice

AFRAID you'll be an OLD MAID?

SEE PAGE 69

give shirley a break!

(*Continued from page 35*) she had turned down two radio engagements in New York because she was leery about what would happen to her in crowded Manhattan, when she bucked a chilly audience at her appearance on a Screen Guild show right home in Hollywood and was scared for the first time in her life, when I learned she refused to go dancing because of the same bugaboo, I grabbed my phone and called her up.

"I'm coming out," I told her. "I want to talk to you."

"Well, I'm home," she answered, "as usual, so come on."

"That's what I want to talk to you about," I said, "being home." But that wasn't all. I had some information which made me pretty sure Shirley Temple was far more sinned against than sinning, for one thing. For another, while there are always two sides in a divorce story, I had a very solid conviction that Shirley's side had never really been properly presented in a fair light. There was something that didn't ring true to me about this one-sided post-divorce star stigma; why should Shirley pay in popular esteem while John Agar felt no pain and went merrily on his way, unscarred? I wanted some questions answered to clear me up on that and also some others, and from Shirley herself: What was she going to do about her life from now on, her career, her home, her baby, her heart, her happiness?

Shirley met me at the door, pretty as a picture in Chinese silk pajamas, blue top and golden yellow trousers. Only her hair, which she's letting grow long and which was nipped back primly in a tight hair-do, gave a hint that she was what she was, a grown-up woman and a mother.

"How's my girl?" I kidded.

"Fine and dandy," she fibbed gallantly.

How could she be? Suppose you had spent your twenty-two years as Shirley Temple had spent them—up until say about three years ago—with not even a suspicion of a slap from life on your adored wrist. Suppose everybody worshipped you, imitated you devotedly and everything you did made people sing your praises. Suppose you were not only famous, sought after, rich and universally loved but also newly married to the prince charming of your choice.

Then suppose the sky fell in on you.

You were still the same person, but now people got wrong ideas about you and the whole picture changed. Worship



HOW TIME FLIES!

■ Cary Grant seems to be handing a very good line to Woolworth heiress Barbara Hutton. They're frequent occupants of a dimly-lit corner of the Cafe Lamaze, where they dawdle for hours over their dinner, look tenderly into each other's eyes, and insist "there's nothing to it."—*October, 1940, Modern Screen.*



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switched to hostility, adoration to denunciation. Would you be "fine and dandy?" Well, Shirley was brave enough to pretend she was. She sat me down on a sofa and sank on another herself. It's the same house I remember from her happier days, same furniture, same knick-knacks, same lovebirds twittering in a cage, same tropical fish finning back and forth in their bubbly bowl. Shirley hasn't made any changes. But it's really an entirely different place and it would always stay different for Shirley Temple. Her love died there. Okay, that's life for you, but why in Heaven's name should Shirley sit and snuff ashes—and take the blame, when that's not where it lies?

I have nothing against John Agar. In fact, for a long time I was sure Hollywood's princess had found her ideal mate. I remember at Shirley's wedding, when the huge crowd before the Wilshire Methodist Church surged like a frightening sea to engulf the newlyweds as they came out the door, John took one look and swung his bride back inside, barring the door. They didn't come out until a half-hour later and then by a back entrance. I thought then: "That's fast thinking. She's got herself a man." If John hadn't made that instant decision Shirley's wedding dress would have been ripped off her and Heaven only knows what else might have happened. A wild mob is a terrifying thing.

her dream prince . . .

Nobody, certainly not Shirley herself, had any doubts about John then. She was deeply in love, she was seventeen. Nothing in the world could have stopped her from marrying him. Scribbled in her diary today are still her girlish qualifications for her dream prince, and Shirley told me she had read them over not long ago with a wry smile. "The man I marry," she wrote, "must be a blond. He must be strong and athletic. He must be handsome, a good dancer, he must have a sense of humor. He must be sincere." How typically teenage! I'll bet every girl who reads this has written up such a dream image, with variations, at one time or another, or certainly thought it.

John Agar was all of those—except possibly the last (and the only one that really mattered)—but how in the world was Shirley Temple to know that then? She met John when she was fifteen. She told me he proposed when she was fifteen-and-a-half and steadily from then on until she said "Yes," many months later. He was an "older man," all of twenty-two, and it was hard to resist when he urged, "Let's get married. We'll go to Mexico, or Nevada—tonight—run away with me!" Shirley held off for two years, all the time insistently coaxed by the man she thought was everything a suitor should be. Even her wedding at seventeen shocked some. But she knew what she wanted and her parents, who have always backed Shirley up, gave their consent. Why not? Shirley was mature, it was wartime and John was in the service, early marriages were the vogue, and the fact that Shirley Temple was the "first to get married" from her class at Westlake was another thrill.

I asked Shirley, maybe a little heartlessly, "Do you still believe now in early marriage?"

"I certainly do," she came right back. "You start your life sooner. It's the only thing if you're really in love and suited to each other."

Shirley Temple was really in love. But I'm beginning to wonder, and I think Shirley does too, if John Agar was ever really in love with her. Certainly they weren't suited to each other.

Shirley told me their trouble started six months after they were married—*that long ago*, although few people suspected. The great myth of Hollywood happiness fooled everyone but Shirley and John. Shirley has some thoughts on that, as she has on everything, and pretty good ones, too.

"When two people are put up on a pedestal of perfection, painted perpetually in rosy tints with everything so beautiful—the disillusionment, when it comes, is a hundred times as great. You see Hollywood couples always in lovey-dovey poses, cozy in breakfast nooks, happy in laps before fireplaces and all those dreamy pictures. Why, two months after I was married I was in a magazine giving advice to young married people! What advice did I have to give them? You can't escape that 'perfect' build-up, but it makes the breakdown, if it comes, a great shock."

Shirley told me about one night when she was with John at Mocambo and I was there too, sitting across the room. "We were dancing and John was smiling so sweetly at me, but the things he was saying! Well, I thought: 'I wish Hedda could hear.'"

I wish I could have too, because like everyone else I tumbled for that illusion too long. When Shirley called me at home to tell me her sorry decision I blurted right out, "Oh, Shirley—you can't do that! Why, all the kids who've grown up with you will have their confidence in everything you stand for destroyed. You just can't let them down!"

"I know," she answered, "but I've made up my mind."

"Think it over," I begged.

"I already have, Hedda," she said, "for a long, long time." There wasn't anything more I could say.

But I still believed John Agar was a gentleman and my sympathy was with him as well as with Shirley. I'm afraid I was disenchanted and that sympathy flew out the window the morning I saw his picture in the paper, when police had arrested him for drunkenness.

But there's another and even stronger indication to me that John Agar had other objectives in mind than making Shirley happy when he married her. Evidence piles up now that he kept secret from her what may well have been his big ambition all along—to be a movie star himself.

There's nothing wrong with that ambition, of course—only the fact that Shirley firmly believed that when John got out of the service they'd return to Chicago, his home, and he'd enter the family's meat-packing business. She was prepared then to give up her career and be just Mrs. John Agar; in fact, that was her ambition. No one was more surprised, after

I SAW IT HAPPEN



When I took my little nephew to the circus in North Hollywood, he did what I'd expected. He got lost. After looking and calling to no avail, I began to get panicky. Suddenly I spotted my lost nephew contentedly eating cotton candy with one hand and holding the hand of the "nice man" who'd bought him all the goodies with the other. The nice man was Dennis Morgan.

Lucille Darby
North Hollywood, California

their marriage, when visiting her new husband in Salt Lake City, he told her of David Selznick's offer of a screen contract. Shirley was under contract to Selznick herself but it was baffling news to her, especially when John told her he was going to accept.

"But," she puzzled, "how do you know you'll like that? You haven't had any training or experience or even thought about acting, have you?" John said no, he hadn't, but he'd like to give it a whirl, and Shirley said she'd do all she could to help. I suspect she had already helped, although she didn't know it. I wonder if John would ever have had that offer if he hadn't married Shirley Temple?

I've since learned from friends that back in '41, before he knew Shirley, John Agar was angling for a chance around two separate Hollywood studios. He has a good voice, and also before he met Shirley he sang in Chicago's swank night spot, the Buttery. In the service, too, he sang and worked in shows. Yet he never told Shirley this and for a long time she was completely in the dark about his real ambitions, which were aimed straight at Hollywood. I'm not saying two careers broke up their marriage, although certainly that was a factor Shirley had never counted in her marriage plans.

golf-widow . . .

It may be more than a coincidence, too, that the moment John Agar got his Hollywood start he became indifferent to Shirley. That day I dropped in to see newborn Linda Susan, Shirley was there alone. I asked about John and he was out playing golf. He was always out playing golf. "But he should be back by now," Shirley kept repeating. He never showed up and I left late that afternoon. I suppose the 19th hole at Riviera Golf Club and his links pals were more fascinating then than his wife and new baby girl. At any rate, that's what led to the events which have placed Shirley in an unfavorable light. For John's regular foursome included Johnnie Johnston and Joe Kirkwood, names that soon were linked with Shirley Temple's in very messy gossip.

Well, by now all that is water over the dam for Shirley and she is anxious to forget it. Whatever I quizzed her about to confirm my suspicions, she answered frankly and truthfully without making any excuses or alibis. "I'll tell you the truth, Hedda, scout's honor," she said, "but then I don't ever want to talk about it again." I don't blame her. Shirley washed her dirty linen publicly in her divorce testimony, frankly and in detail, and I'm not going to rehash that here. But for that, too, she drew harsh criticism. She could have won her decree easily enough without baring so many unpleasant details, I knew. I asked Shirley about that.

"I felt I had to," she said. "It wasn't easy, but the judge said there should be no trivia. He instructed me to go back as far as I could and bring out strong incidents. Otherwise it would be just another Hollywood husband-shedding divorce story. Don't you see, if I'd done it the easy way it would give other young people the idea they could too. I think marriage," said Shirley, "should be difficult to achieve —and divorce difficult too, just as difficult as it can be."

She's well aware, believe me, of the seriousness of this sad chapter in her life. The hurt was deep and the ordeal exhausting. That's why she went to Hawaii with her parents and Susan, as Shirley said, "to lose myself for a while."

You can't beat Blue Hawaii for that. After her heartening welcome, Shirley took a little house on Kalianiole Road with five cats to keep Susan company and the Pacific right at her lanai. She swam in the soft surf every day, sunned lazily on the beach. She revisited all the places she'd known as a child, the Ichii Gardens, Waikiki, Honolulu's famous shops, the sugar cane and pineapple plantations, Pearl Harbor. She made friends with Margo, a lady hermit up the road, and took bones along for her dogs. She visited the leper colony on Molokai and Father Damien's grave. She learned the Tahitian hula and bought a ukulele and a book of instructions. Wherever she went, guitars serenaded her, and when one island emcee coaxed her into a floor show, Shirley remembered "Little Brown Gal" and hulaed until her knees shook.

Her scores of Hawaiian friends treated her as if nothing had happened, as if she were the same Shirley Temple they'd always known and loved. She was entertained at beautiful estates all over the Island, escorted by handsome naval officers and young Honolulu men about town, one of whom, Charles Black, I think you'll be hearing much more about in Shirley Temple's life. She danced, romanced and had fun for six wonderful weeks.

But all vacations come to an end and Shirley's did, as she wanted it to, once she'd gotten a grip on herself again. Shirley is no escapist. She knows she has responsibilities to assume and problems to meet. One is her career. I asked Shirley about that.

Her contract with Selznick winds up this June, then she'll be free, "at liberty." Before that she has a picture to make at Warners. She told me she'd been reading a script the night before, one that made her cry. It's a sequel to *A Star Is Born*, Janet Gaynor's greatest, and she'd like to do it. "I'd like to make a *good* picture for a change," she said. "I always want to work and do something worthwhile. But maybe it won't be pictures."

"Look, now—" I began.

"I mean it," said Shirley seriously. "I'm not so sure I want to keep on in this business. It's a beautiful one and it's certainly been wonderful to me. But I always said if it ever stopped being fun, I'd quit. Now I'm not too sure it's fun any more." She waved aside my interruption.

"My last five pictures have been awful," stated Shirley bluntly, "and now all this." Maybe her lower lip trembled just a bit. I asked her what she'd do.

another life . . .

"I'd like to write a book about myself and Hollywood," Shirley confessed, "only, I don't know, it might hurt a few people. I always wanted to study languages too and learn to paint. I could study surgery—"

"Be a doctor?"

"No," she answered, "but I could be a nurse. I want to help people."

A girl like that isn't going to flinch—as Shirley certainly hasn't—at even the crucifying ordeal which her bad luck in the choice of a first mate has brought her. Moreover, she has a saving sense of humor which flashes through whenever she starts to sag. In the midst of our talk about her current setup and the headaches it posed for her private life, she told me she had a habit of always buying something alive whenever she was in the dumps, the way some gals buy a new hat. "I saw *Sands of Iwo Jima*, the other night," she said wryly, "and got pretty depressed. I went out and bought a Great Dane—that's how depressed I was!" (John Agar is in *Sands of Iwo Jima*.)

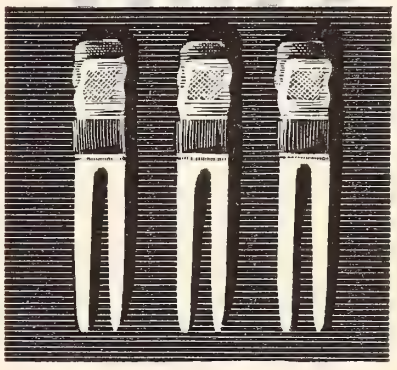
But Shirley admits no bitterness toward John. She told me, "I hope he becomes a big star now, a very big success. I

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think he'll be happy then and I hope he finds someone and gets married." But about chances of any reconciliation, Shirley looked downright shocked when I mentioned it. "Oh, absolutely not!" she cried. "That's all over." It is, I'm sure, and yet a bad situation lingers on. John has visiting privileges once a week at Shirley's to see Linda Susan, so, once a week Shirley has to go through that.

That cutie romped into the room fresh from her nap while we talked. She still had a trace of her tropical tan and some pidgin English picked up from Chinese servants. Susan is almost three now and the sugary apple of Shirley's eye. She spends most of her time with her these days and Shirley put a record on the Capehart to show me how Miss Susan could dance, up on her toes, snapping her fingers, rolling her arms and all. Shirley taught her the shim-sham-shimmy just the other day as the great Bill Robinson once taught it to little Miss Temple herself. But Shirley shook her head firmly when I mentioned any kiddie career.

I couldn't help thinking as I watched Susan perform gaily, how her mama has the same right to some fun out of life—yes, right now, and right here in Hollywood. But she's sticking too close to home, seeing only her old friends. Her biggest thrills of the week are the hockey games where, as practically the Los Angeles Monarchs' mascot, she sits between the players and the penalty box.

But Shirley's determined not to stick her neck out in a night club or any Hollywood showcase. I told her I'd take her out with me if she wouldn't go any other way, and she said, "Okay, that's a date—but no escort—it isn't worth it!" I'm sorry she feels that way, and I think what Shirley really needs is a vote of confidence. I think it's high time, myself, that she had a few tokens of the old love she used to bask in, because she's the same wonderful kid underneath, believe me. She needs more letters like the one she got from her long-time booster, J. Edgar Hoover, saying, "I'm sure you did the right thing, Shirley, and I'm for you."

Shirley can do a great many things if she pleases. She has brains, talent, beauty, youth, and more wisdom now. She has all the money she needs, because her family protected her fortune for her. Lately she has been taking over more control of it. She invested in a mine recently and the other day bought her first stock on her own hook. Her broker called next morning. "It went up," he told her, "you made seventy-five cents."

love's second chance . . .

But Shirley will not do any of the easy things. She looked aghast when I suggested that perhaps she might move away for a while, away from that honeymoon house and its memories, away from weekly visits by John Agar, away from curious, prying Hollywood. "This is my home," she said. And so it is and she's right and I think it's pretty swell of her to show so much moxie and spunk, the more because I know her feelings are deeply scarred and every day around Hollywood something tears the wound open again.

Shirley's final divorce decree rolls around next December 6, when she'll be free as a bird to marry again. I asked her if she would.

"I certainly hope so," said Shirley. "That's what I'd rather be than anything in the world—a real wife, a real mother." She's a real mother right now, if you ask me, but she never had a chance to be a real wife, the kind she wants to be. I'm not worried too much about her second chance at love. In fact, it wouldn't surprise me for a minute if she already has the lucky guy picked out. Shirley wouldn't say a word, not a "yes" or a "no" or even a maybe—about the attractive man she dated most steadily in Hawaii, Charles Black. (Charlie Black, by the way, is the son of the president of the Pacific Gas and Electric Co., a very wealthy and extremely popular young man.) But she still can't control the twinkle in her eyes or keep her dimples from deepening under fire. And I'll bet a pretty that Shirley did more than "lose herself" in Honolulu. I think she lost her heart.

I certainly hope so, because more than any other thing Shirley needs a love interest in her life right now.

Frankly, I don't blame her for keeping mum as a clam about Charles Black. She's been singed once and she's cautious. Besides, if she is seriously interested, she won't risk spoiling anything real by a Hollywood fanfare, which the handsome Honolulan wants no part of.

Charles is thirty-two, the mature man Shirley should have if and when she marries the second time. He's good-looking, socially tops, an important man in Hawaii. What's more, from what my Island friends tell me, he's nobody's easy-to-get guy. He's not impressed with the fact that the girl he beaued around was the famous Shirley Temple of Hollywood. He's not impressed with Hollywood, period. That's a refreshing new face to romance for Shirley, who's had about everything she wanted, might find something she can't have right away more valuable and lasting.

I do know she's mighty interested and the reports I got were that Shirley seemed very content to let Charles dominate her wherever they went and not at all shy in showing that she liked both him and the idea. There are certainly some mighty lovely rides up over the Pali and along beaches scented by tropic blossoms in Hawaii. They took those rides together, Shirley admitted that, and if she can resist their spell with a handsome bachelor like Charles Black, she's not the girl I think she is.

"If you do marry," I asked her, "what kind of a man will he be?"

"Someone with a mind," stated Shirley forcefully. "And preferably a business man." Well, from what I've been hearing Mister Charles Black has a mind, and he's in business.

If Shirley isn't in love she's close to it, and that's close enough for me to stick out my neck and say she's found it. That doesn't mean she's hiding a ring somewhere, but it does mean she's on the track back to happiness. And real happiness will come to Shirley Temple only when she's married again. Of that, I'm dead certain. THE END



that's hollywood!

During the war, while Groucho Marx was entertaining overseas, he expressed a desire to see the front. He was escorted to a General's command post. The battle was close by. In the midst of the excitement, the field phone rang. Groucho instinctively picked it up and barked: "World War II."

Irving Hoffman in
The Hollywood Reporter

who is jane wyman?

(*Continued from page 61*) afternoon. From two to three—if they'd been little lambs all week—the class was allowed to put on a show. Jane could sing better than most ten-year-olds. On an impulse that day she sneaked in a ukulele.

"Who wants to recite?" asked the teacher.

Jane's hand went up timidly. "I can't recite but I know a song. . . ."

It was a funny song. Strumming the uke, Jane gave it her all. The kids were delighted. They beat time to the rhythm, they laughed and applauded. Later, in the school yard, they gathered round her, and begged her to bring the uke back again next week. She floated home on a high pink cloud, she was in. . . .

Her aim was to stay in, and that's where she started getting lost. For the sake of popularity, she covered up the sensitive Jane and her sensitive feelings. Growing into high-school age, her quick mind and tongue developed a breezy way with language that made people laugh, and she found they liked her for it. Often she didn't feel funny at all. Often a great sense of loneliness engulfed her and she wanted to talk her heart out to someone who would understand. But people were bored by such things, especially from Jane. She wasn't the type. "Are you kidding? With that nose of yours, who could take you seriously?"

crying on the inside . . .

Far too proud to force confidences on anyone, she forced herself instead into an artificial mold. "Jane's a clown, Jane's always good for a laugh." She liked to laugh when the mood was on her. But to keep her hard-won place among her peers, the mood had to be sustained. Jane wasn't the prettiest girl around, nor the plainest either. Plainer girls, more secure within, could afford to be themselves. She couldn't. Mirth, she decided, was all she had to offer—so come on, let's be merry, what can I do next, how silly can I act? The effects were gratifying. And if something cried inside, she could always drown it out by laughing louder. . . .

Along with this ran a great yen for independence. At home she was tied to her youth—too young to grow up, too young to go out with boys. She didn't especially care to go out with boys, they sort of annoyed her, *they* were the young ones. Herself, she didn't feel young at all. She felt mature and capable. Impatient to try her wings, she quit school as soon as she could for Hollywood. Not because she thought she had any special talent or had visions of her name on the marquees. But here she'd be free to depend on herself, and she'd reached the sage conclusion that self was the only thing you could depend on. Somehow, in Hollywood, she'd go about building a life that was bound to be good because it would be her own. Besides, she had something to prove to the world—what, she didn't know. Besides, she could sing and dance a little, which would help her get started.

By the time she arrived, the protective shell was pretty well formed. It was destined to thicken. Jane thought she was grown up. Actually, no one could have been more naïve. After snagging a chorus job at one of the studios, she went out to buy some clothes, the first she'd ever bought for herself. The dress featured a red georgette top and a black satin skirt. The big picture hat out-Dietriched Marlene. The clip was a rhinestone horror, with rubies yet. Then she caught sight of a foxtail cape in the window. To call it a cape was overstatement. There weren't enough tails to go round, and a couple of legs tied the thing together in front. Jane found that her next week's check would cover it. Out of the shop she pranced in full regalia and took a slow walk up Hollywood Boulevard, swishing the so-called cape from front to rear in a gracious effort to accommodate all admirers.

This rig didn't express Jane. It expressed her notion of what you wore in Hollywood to produce an effect. For the same reason she dyed her hair coal-black, frizzled her bangs, coated her face with makeup and used artificial eyelashes—the kind that had to be stuck on one by one. At the end of two weeks a girl named Pokey, who danced in the line with her, took her aside. "Jane, why do you wear those jokers?"

"So I can flap in the breeze like the rest of the actors. . . ."

"That's fine when you're under the lights, but not in rehearsal. *Look* at the rest of us. See any eyelashes? And not to be mean, Jane, but while we're on the subject, d'you ever wash your face real good?"

"Why, of course!"

"Then do me a favor. Next time you wash it, just put a little lipstick on and that's all. If you don't like it, well, your makeup kit won't run away."

Jane liked it. So did Pokey next day, who took it big. "Well, how *about* that!" So did the other kids. Whether tipped off by Pokey or not, they all came up, even the boys. "You look super today, Jane." Lesson No. 1 was learned for good and all. Daubing your face with paint, tricking yourself out in flashy clothes—these brought attention, but the wrong way. . . .

Other lessons followed, some of them less kindly taught. They spread over many years and many experiences. For better or worse, Jane was in the movie game now, playing for keeps. She found it a challenging game, but tough. A man's game really, where you had to meet masculine minds on equal terms and fight for the chance to prove whatever it was you were trying to prove. In every encounter, Jane stood her ground. She didn't always win, but if she went down, she went down with colors flying. As an opponent, she came to be respected for honesty, courage and not knowing when she was licked. Never go soft, Wyman told herself. Going soft meant being crushed. Going soft meant reverting to childhood when everything hurt you. She was through with being hurt. If you forged your armor strong enough, no barb could pierce it. If a chink showed up, cover it quick before anyone saw it. Betty Kaplan, her dearest friend, sometimes saw these chinks. To Betty alone, Jane would reveal glimpses of the little girl who'd played chairs because they were nice to her. Otherwise, she kept this aspect hidden. Now as then, she refused to foist on people what they didn't want. Little by little, and without awareness, she thrust the serious side so far away that she all but stopped believing in it herself.

short and snappy . . .

She came to be identified with the parts she played—the wise customers, dipped to the ears in glitter, spraying their snappy remarks all over the place, the chicks who knew their onions and wouldn't be caught dead with a line of sentiment. You couldn't blame people for thinking this was Jane. She didn't need writers to put words in her mouth, her own stuff was as good and frequently better. In any gay group, she was the gay center. It was school all over again, it was Jane winning recognition from the crowd, it was lots of fun. If the old restlessness stirred, the vague sense of heartache that couldn't be



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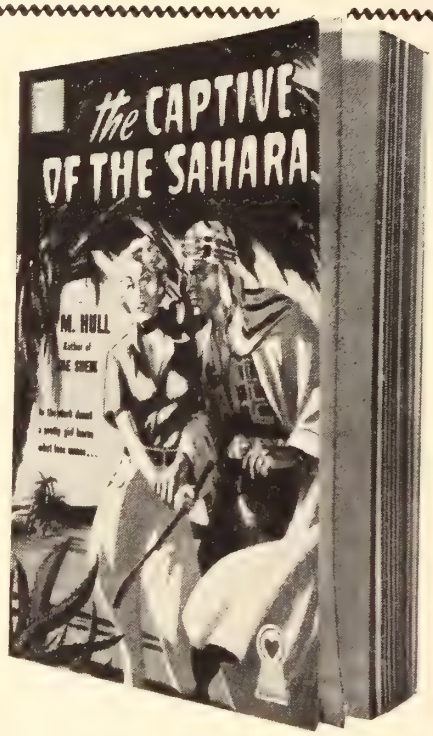
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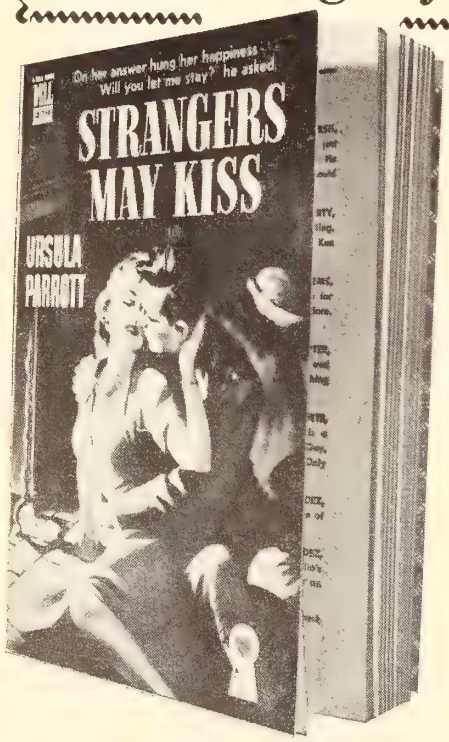
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nailed, she'd push it way under. "What's eating you, Wyman? You're sitting on top of the world."

Her first inkling of what was eating her came during the war. For years she'd been living in a land of make-believe. Now in camps and hospitals she faced up to reality. Boys leaving everything dear to them, not knowing when or whether they'd be back. Boys coming back with broken bodies, trying to keep their minds and spirits whole. She wasn't afraid of being soft with these kids. The question never arose. In compassion for them, she forgot all about herself—and wondered, with all the sadness, why her war work brought her a new kind of peace. Much later a friend explained it this way:

"Let's say life's a road, and you're in a motorcar. If you turn the headlights in on yourself, you're driving blind and of course the road is dark. If you turn them away from yourself toward life and people, you'll be amazed at how the shadows vanish."

She also began meeting real people in her pictures. After a weary succession of varnished puppets, she met Helen in *The Lost Weekend.* To take pieces of dialogue, draw a girl out of the pieces, mould her into a flesh-and-blood human—such a chance had never come Jane's way before. Helen excited her, and troubled her, too. What was it about Helen that made her real? The answer came. "She's always herself. She never bothers to put on an act. She's not afraid to show what she feels."

I'd hate to have anyone play me, Jane thought slowly. "They wouldn't know *who* I am. I don't know myself. . . ."

the buried heart . . .

She found out more about herself in *The Yearling.* Ma Baxter was like a mirror, reflecting Jane. She too had been hurt by life, she too was fearful of letting the warmth come through. In the end it broke through anyway.

They were preparing that scene. "Okay," the director said. "There was a heart, it's buried, let's find it."

Jane looked at him oddly.

"Anything wrong?" he asked.

"Nothing. Nothing at all. Just the way you said it. Made the whole thing clear in a flash."

When you've spent years building up a fake personality, you don't break it down in a week or a month. It took Jane a long time to get through to herself and she suffered plenty of pain in the process. But she made plenty of discoveries along the way. That a sense of injustice carried over from childhood is like carrying an elephant on your back. That heartaches aren't unique to you, everyone has them. That applause from the crowd may inflate your vanity, but leaves the real you empty. That most people have something better to do than sit around figuring ways to hurt you. That suspicion breeds suspicion and trust breeds trust and what you put into life, you get out of it. That the most important thing in the world is integrity, and unless you're willing to be yourself, you're nobody.

Little by little the defenses dropped and the heart came through. With Maureen and Michael, there'd never been any defenses, but once the blinders fell, Jane saw the fruits of her own false values even in the children. Especially Maureen, who was older and more impressionable. Children take their tone from their parents. If you're crisp, they're crisp. If you're nervous, the mood communicates itself to them. If you're a smart aleck, they're likely to ape your style. "Well, I'll be seein' you one of these times," Maureen called out to a departing friend. Jane

pricked up her ears. It sounded familiar, but not at all like Maureen. It sounded like Jane, as Maureen had heard her a dozen times on the phone.

She watched the children and their reactions more closely. "Maureen, please don't talk so loud," she said one day and saw the child's face cringe. Jane's heart cringed, too. How often had she spoken as abruptly without noticing the effect on her daughter? Next time Maureen's voice shrilled in excitement, Jane smiled at her. "Think you're talking too loud, honey?"

Maureen beamed back. "Guess I am, Mother. Better bring it down."

No cringing, no resistance, nothing but good feeling and better results. A few days later Jane heard an exchange between the children. "Michael, if you don't give me that—" said Maureen. Then a pause. "Michael, I'd love to play with the lizard. Will you let me?"

"Sure," said Mike.

Anyone suggesting five years ago that Jane could do a part like Johnny Belinda or Laura in *The Glass Menagerie* would have been told to go soak his head. Who, Wyman? Strictly for comedy, folks. They may have been right. Maybe the Jane who'd wrapped herself up like a mummy couldn't have done it. Maybe her difficult struggle toward self-understanding brought understanding to the heart and spirit of Belinda. This much is certain. What was in the lovely sensitive deaf-mute, looking at you through Wyman's soft brown eyes, must have been in Jane, too, or it couldn't have come out.

The portrait of Belinda brought her world-wide acclaim and Hollywood's crowning tribute—the Oscar. Jane was as thrilled with these as anyone else. "But you can go on forever getting great parts, and that's still not living. I don't set myself up as any philosopher. All I know is what I learned for myself, the hard way. To me, living means people. I'm steering my course by people and what little I can contribute to happiness, even if it's only bringing a light to the eye that really comes from inside and not just from the optic nerve."

The most important people in her life are a girl of nine and a boy of four. Her biggest job is getting them started right. She'll count some of her own troubles as clear profit if they help in avoiding trouble for Michael and Maureen. No childish problem is too trivial for Jane to take seriously. "Mother," says Maureen, "it's time for a heart-to-heart." Jane follows her to the dressing room. Heart-to-hearts have to be in the dressing room, with the door closed, else they're not the genuine article to Maureen. "Mother, I lost my jacks. I've looked simply all over and I can't seem to find them."

This misfortune and all its possible solutions are gravely explored. But as Maureen grows, so grow the problems. A dilly popped up when she went off to boarding-school. The decision to send her was a headache in itself. Jane hated separating her from home and brother. On the other hand, she badly needed companionship of her own age. Jane discussed it with Ronnie, and together they decided that a good boarding-school, not too far from home, was the answer.

Maureen came back for her first weekend, looking stormy. "Mother, you've got to take me away from there. The girls don't like me."

Jane already knew the story from Maureen's house-mother, but kept her counsel. "What happened, dear?"

"Nothing."

"Look, honey, you don't get disliked for doing nothing."

A long silence. Then: "Mother, we'd better have a heart-to-heart." She could hardly wait for the door to close behind them. "The girls called me a bragger."

"Why?"

"I—said I had six fur coats."

"Oh, Maureen. You've got one mangy little beaver that somebody outgrew."

"Well, *you've* got six fur coats."

"In the first place, I don't have. Every coat with a piece of fur doesn't make a fur coat."

"Golly, Mother, I had to say *something*. There wasn't anything else to talk about."

"Maureen, look at me. Was that the *real* reason?"

What she saw in her mother's eyes brought an end to the conflict within Maureen. "No," she said. "I was trying to show off."

There was a time when Jane might have acted less wisely, might have been oversevere or over-protective. But she knew the pitfalls now and how to guard against them. "Maureen, I could fix this for you. I could tell them you didn't mean it, it was just a little girl's imagination. But I'd rather let you fix it yourself. Will you try?"

It wasn't an easy task to hand a child, nor for a child to perform. Maureen stuck with it, though. By the end of the season she'd won back the trust of the girls, which she wouldn't exchange for all the fur coats in the land. . . .

Michael's another character. Stubborn. When his two feet are planted, that's how he likes to keep them. Jane had told him never to ride his bike out front alone. She'd explained why. Michael disobeyed, and the nurse told Jane about it in his presence. He cocked an eye at her. "You want to see me in the libary?"

Her impulse was to break up higher than a kite. She controlled it, and led her son to the "libary." She sat him down. She went through it all again. How the cars were big, how Mike was little, how they might back out and not see him, how he might get hurt. "I don't want to use the paddle, Michael, but you're still at an age where it's pretty effective. And it won't hurt nearly as much as a car."

He listened amiably. "Are you froo now—?"

"Yes, I'm through now." Michael zipped out. Jane sighed. How was she going to lick this thing? She must have done something wrong or he'd have been impressed. He wasn't impressed.

Just then a head stuck itself round the doorway, and a honeyed voice spoke. "Mommy, I forgot sump'n."

"What? Your balloon?"

"I forgot to kiss you."

This meant surrender. It meant that Michael had unplanted his feet. A weight rolled off Jane. She gave him a bear hug and sent him on his way. . . .

Long ago there was a child who prayed for wisdom. She's found wisdom enough to handle her own children with intelligent love. She's found wisdom enough to know and be herself. As a fallible human, she'll go on making mistakes but they won't be the same mistakes she made before. Jane's achieved maturity. She's got the headlights turned toward the road where shadows vanish. . . . THE END

ANSWERS TO QUIZ ON PAGE 74

1. *Sing You Sinners*
2. *Bing Crosby, Fred MacMurray, Ellen Drew*
3. *Donald O'Connor*
4. *True*
5. *Small Fry, composer: Hoagy Carmichael*



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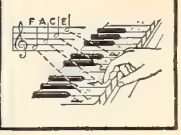


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"everything happens to me"

(*Continued from page 45*) she'd get a date for it.

The first thing she did was consult Mary Wills, chief designer at the Goldwyn Studios, for a gown.

"It's up to you," she told Mary. "And please, make it gorgeous. . . ."

You wouldn't believe it to look at her, but Joan has a problem with her figure. She still fights "baby fat" with diet and exercise. She's even too short, by modern standards—a little under five-feet-four.

"We'll give you a long line," said Mary, "so it won't cut you in two at the waist."

But it was more than knowing the trick of proper line that went into the making of that "low-cut, red dress." Mary Wills is a creative artist. She thought of Joan as a flower, a young girl about to bloom, and she said that Joan reminded her of a rose. So she selected a light red taffeta and cut the skirt like enormous petals. The bodice grew into petals over—but standing away from—the shoulders.

When it was finished Mary Wills asked Mrs. Samuel Goldwyn to come see Joan in it. Mrs. Goldwyn is a woman of impeccable taste. Look at the way she dresses and you'll agree. Mrs. Goldwyn was enchanted. Joan's parents were, too.

As every honest teen-ager will admit, when you go to the senior prom—or the Academy Awards presentation—the dress comes first. The fellow who takes you is, really, secondary. He'll do so long as he is fun and nice.

Well, Carleton Carpenter had asked Joan to go with him to the Awards. Carleton is that wonderful kid from *Lost Boundaries*, and *The Tender Years*.

It was the first time either one of them had attended a presentation. And neither one had been nominated for anything. Carp said, boyishly, "This year we'll be able to enjoy the Academy Awards, but next year, why we'll be too nervous. That's how you are when you're up for an award."

For a long time Joan and Carp had kidded each other about which one had his picture in the paper more often. It happened that on the afternoon of the Academy presentation Joan's hair had been put back to its original color. When she'd made *Roseanna McCoy* and *Our Very Own* her hair was lightened to a reddish gold. Now she'd let it turn black again.

minor tragedies . . .

As a result, when she and Carp stepped out of the car no one recognized her and over the loud-speaker came the words, "Carleton Carpenter now arriving." Carp gloated and Joan pretended to be furious.

When, weeks later, the radio commentator declared that Joan had her face covered with makeup I wondered if he and I saw the same girl. At the Academy Awards presentation Joan wore lipstick and eyebrow pencil—that's all in the makeup line.

And about the way she acted. I saw how she greeted people—the photographers who were recording the event, her friends in the audience. She was a charming girl, excited because she was part of her town's biggest night.

The evening was not without mishap—as what senior prom or Academy Awards presentation ever is? Carp is a long, lanky kid; his toes turn in, and he has the biggest feet this side of the Mississippi. In getting out of the car he stepped on Joan's dress and the loosely-tacked petals came away from the taffeta underskirt. Joan managed to hold the dress together.

She had borrowed her mother's pearls and the last words her mother had said to her when she left the house were, "If you lose my pearls, young lady, I'll never let you borrow anything of mine again."

As she held up her skirt, the pearls suddenly came unfastened and there was a mad scramble to find them.

When they were seated in the theater at last, Joan raised her arm to wave at her friend, Ann Blyth, and the two stitches that held the shoulder petals gave way, so Joan had to complete the evening wearing her coat.

When Joan and Carp got home they were bursting with excitement. "I cried," Joan said. "Every time anybody got an Award I was so happy. If I ever get an Oscar I'll be crying so hard I'll never be able to get up to the platform."

But the memorable evening had the edge of happiness taken off it by the snide criticism of the commentator who thought Joan's parents should be warned that her dress, her makeup and her behavior were unbecoming.

she's always wrong . . .

So what is a teen-ager to do? For, believe me, if Joan had appeared at the Academy in a girly-girly organdie and her hair in pigtails she would have been criticized, too.

Now the reason I'm going into all this in such detail is because when I sat with Joan as she listened to that broadcast I had the beginning of what I believe is a swell idea for a monthly teen-age feature in MODERN SCREEN.

It would deal, for instance, with important problems like dating. How should a girl conduct herself on dates, how often should she go out, when should she be in?

To get a clearer picture of this I asked Joan all about her social life and I unearthed a rather startling fact that might amaze the commentator who criticized Joan's behavior. There are five kids, including Joan, all somehow connected with the industry—who have gone out a lot together. One Saturday they drove to Apple Valley for lunch. On the way they talked—as always—about movies, particularly about the re-release of *Wizard of Oz*. Joan said, "I love every one of the thirteen Oz books. When I was a little kid I read them over and over again."

She got a big response. The other four had been brought up on the Oz books, too, but had not read them for years. It was then that the "Oz Society" was founded—a very exclusive society of five. So now once a week, the five get together in one of their homes and take turns reading aloud from those delightful children's books.

Saturday night is glamour night. Then Joan goes, occasionally, to a night club. Sometimes it's a foursome with her parents and sometimes it's four or six kids. But Joan doesn't go to joints.

And then there are the movies—movies, movies. All the kids Joan knows are ardent movie fans. They see films both for business and pleasure—but they go to early shows because they have to get to bed early on week nights.

So much for the movement of Joan's social life. I dug deeper. I asked her for the emotional side of the picture. "I've had crushes—two or three," Joan said, "what girl hasn't? And I go out with a lot of different boys and I've heard a lot of different lines."

"How can you tell a 'line' from the real thing?" I asked.

"Oh, you can tell," Joan said. "For example, a boy hurt me a lot not very long ago. He said I had a protective wall built up around me, that I didn't really care about anybody, that I was cold and only interested in other people for what

I could get out of them. That I had no real affection.

"Now, there's one thing I know: I am interested in other people. Even if my interest were not based in affection—and it usually is—I have so much curiosity that I'd take an interest. It always hurts you to be accused of being someone you know you aren't because then you begin to doubt yourself: you ask, 'Am I really like that?' I was hurt until I started to examine what he had said and suddenly it dawned on me. I thought, 'Why, that's a line. He's using the good old shock technique. He thinks if he says terrible things about me to my face he'll make such an impression on me that I won't forget him.' And once I knew it was a line I didn't feel bad."

"Anyway," Joan says, "I don't want to get too serious about anybody. I firmly believe that you have to know a lot of boys—and hear a lot of lines—before you can make up your mind about who is the one boy in the whole wide world for you."

In many ways Joan is wise beyond her years but she's still a teen-ager with many problems.

I was turning this over in my mind one day when I happened to be at the Goldwyn Studio and stopped by to see Joan. She wasn't working in a movie and yet it had been a rugged day. She had appeared at the studio at nine and for three hours was in the throes of a physiology test (she got an A, by the way, I later learned). At twelve she had eaten hastily in the studio coffee shop and gone to her singing lesson with Nina Koshetz. At two-thirty, back at the studio, she worked for two and a half hours with her dramatic coach, Bob Paris. She had taken a physical beating, too, for the scene she and another of Bob's pupils, Marshall Romer, were doing was from *Duel in the Sun* and when the script read "he slaps her," Marshall really slapped her. Hard.

It was five o'clock and she was waiting for her father to take her home for dinner and then, immediately afterwards, to a dancing lesson with Nico Charisse. Yes, it had been a rugged day and added to all this, while running from the lunchroom to the taxi that would take her to her singing lesson, she'd bumped into one of the Goldwyn executives. She had called out a hasty "Hi" and run on. But he had stopped her to admonish her that this was not polite, that when she saw an older person on the lot she should stop and say, "How do you do, Mr. So-and-So."

Now, at five, she had just picked up her fan mail and was thumbing through the letters when I dropped into her dressing room. "Listen to this," she said. "'Dear Joan: I'm a girl your age and so I wanted to ask you what to do. I'm a brunette and I think I should wear red lipstick. My mother says this is unbecoming for a girl of my age and I should wear a pale pink. My father thinks I shouldn't wear any—but I'd feel positively naked without it. However, he's pretty sensible and lets me. But when I go out with my friends I feel I look all washed out with the pale lipstick and the boys say the light shade is positively repulsive. Everyone says something different. What would you do if you were me?'

"See!" Joan said when she finished the letter and carefully put it back in the envelope, "teen-agers can't seem to do anything right."

And that's when the idea I've been talking about really took shape. I said, "Joan, how would you like to work for MODERN SCREEN?"

"Oh, please," she said. "I have enough troubles of my own."

I outlined a plan to her. "Why don't you answer—say—three questions a month in MODERN SCREEN. Let it be the questions you consider represent important problems to teen-agers. What do you say, Joan? I'm sure there are a lot of kids who feel the teen-ager is always wrong. I think you could help them."

"I'd love it," Joan said, "but it would be a big responsibility."

"Well, you're a big girl," I said, "and you have a lot of big responsibilities."

Then she was thoughtful for a long time. "Do you think I could do it? I've read many columns like that but they're usually written by people a thousand times wiser than I am."

"Could be," I said, "but let me tell you my thinking on the subject. You're a teen-aged girl faced with problems that seem unusual but when scaled down to size are exactly those of girls all over the world. And, it seems to me, you've handled your problems well."

Joan's face lit up in that big smile of hers. "If you think I can do it—well, then, I will."

So we made a verbal agreement, shook hands on it and I went home to write this story.

If you remember, I asked you earlier to put yourself in Joan Evans' place. Now Joan is going to put herself in your place.

So, if you have any problems, write about them to Joan Evans, at Box 93, Beverly Hills, California. Please, though, don't expect answers by return mail. With everything else Joan has to do this would be impossible. But she will pick—and answer—three questions every month. So remember, Joan is waiting—letter opener in hand.

THE END



We think it's a swell idea, too. Beginning next month Modern Screen will present a new service feature to its teen-age readers.

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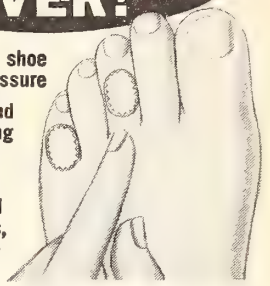
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the story of a divorce

(*Continued from page 72*) through with the divorce. But ironically, on Armistice Day, 1949, she gave Willy another chance. They shared a reunion lunch at Lucey's, and held hands. However, Mr. Sherry must have been under rigid restrictions, because when a photographer showed up at the cafe for some welcome-home pictures, Mr. Sherry ran like a rabbit out of one door while Bette stalked queen-like out of another.

Looking for a reason why these two people couldn't get along, a reporter must come to one inevitable conclusion. Bette Davis is a very tired woman. During eighteen years in the movies, she has made something like *sixty* pictures. Never in the history of acting has so much taxing work been done by an actress. The roles in those sixty pictures have been everything from floosies to queens. Each one required hard, sapping months of work, not only before the cameras, but at home, far into the night, week after week, year after year. Such effort must leave a mark on a personality.

And during this work, she was treated like an empress. For eighteen years, Bette Davis, the famous movie star, had every whim granted by her studio and the people she surrounded herself with. No mere man could come along and change all that. No man could tell her to have the supper on the table by six o'clock or she'd get a shellacking. No matter who had the most pockets, Bette Davis, by instinct, wore the pants.

pursuits of bette . . .

In her early life Bette was pampered. Oh, there were a few poor days, but she was educated in private schools, granted irregular concessions in the way of education and the choice of a career. At one time, when she decided to be a dramatic dancer instead of an actress, she left school for a year and went to New York to study under the tutelage of an East Indian authority. The death of the tutor halted that phase, but it wasn't until then that Bette went home.

Her preparation for marriage was flimsy. Her mother, suspecting that some day her child might have to settle down in a flat like other people, forced her to spend a year at home studying shopping, cooking, sewing and other chores. That was her preparation.

At a fairly mature age, Bette married Harmon O. Nelson, her childhood sweetheart. The marriage lasted six years, during which time all sorts of wild tales about tantrums and temper filtered out of their home. They divorced rather reluctantly, it seemed, as though they both regretted the decision. But later Harmon was said to have muttered to pals about being married to a movie star instead of a woman. It can not be denied, though, by anyone who knew Bette Davis then, that she carried a fair torch for some time.

Two years later, however, she married a businessman named Arthur Farnsworth. It was short-lived and, as reported in the gossip columns of 1940, Mr. Farnsworth passed away suddenly, halting divorce arrangements that were in the making.

There is excuse and explanation in the background of Bette Davis for her current adventure. But this doesn't make it easier for Mr. Sherry. A man does not look at the teeth and the psyche of a prospective bride. Mr. Sherry no doubt anticipated a full life of love and companionship with a vibrant, healthy woman when he married Bette. He was unwise to our ways, unaware of the drain picture-making has on an actress when she is working.

However, shortly after he was married, he must have been cognizant of the fact that he was married to a girl who might throw a skillet at him. In the opening paragraph of a national magazine story telling the Sherrys' plans for bringing up their daughter, he was quoted as saying that the child, pictured holding a rock in her hand, was just like her mother—and might throw it at him. That quote may have been an accident, but it doesn't look like one now.

Any amateur student of human nature, analyzing the obvious things, must see in Bette Davis' off-screen face the evidences of her long reign as Empress of Burbank. Her mouth, drawn full on the screen, is tight and narrow. The upper lip is short and determined. Her eyes, without false lashes and heavy mascara, are wide and cold and queenly. They wear an expression of brittle insistence, as though to say, "We'll have no more of that nonsense!"

Her manner is nervous. And she is as likely as not to raise her hands in a sweep and expect to find a cigarette in her fingers, her wish anticipated. This is okay around a movie set, but hardly the thing in a man's own home. If Mr. Sherry had been the brute he has insisted he was, Miss Davis would certainly have had a number of broken fingers by this time.

Another suspected contributing factor to the Sherry debacle is that business of the two homes. Lots of people have two homes. Maybe one's big and the other's a shack at the beach or in the mountains. But the Sherry homes were close together, both very elegant and both served the same purpose. From the actions of the two of them when they parted, it can quite honestly be deduced that Sherry was not quite sure where he lived. As a matter of fact, he thought Bette was in bed in the Toluca house when somebody called him up at the Laguna house and told him he was the closest thing to a bachelor he'd been for five years. "I was shocked!" he said.

Three pertinent questions now present themselves. What truly happened the day Sherry tried to sack RKO single-handed? Is he going to fight the divorce? Is he going to ask for a property settlement?

The first question may never be answered. The last two are still hidden in Mr. Sherry's heart. They seem pertinent because Miss Davis hired an attorney named Jerry Geisler as her counsel. Jerry Geisler is California's most expensive lawyer. People don't pay the kind of fees Jerry Geisler gets unless they are in real trouble. It must be deduced, then, that Sherry plans to fight the action. Even that is not enough for Geisler. It must be, then, that Mr. Sherry is going to want to count all the money and divvy it up. This is pure speculation, but the facts seem to indicate that it is true.

Well, you've got the story. Take your pick. Is William Grant Sherry bloodthirsty or benign? Is Bette Davis Sherry a good, abused wife or a neurotic, overworked woman who can't find happiness because she is too tired? One guess is as good as another.

One thing, though, if Bette Davis were superstitious she might have thought twice before going to work at RKO in that last picture. You see, it's called *The Story of a Divorce*.

THE END

Paid Notice

Has YOUR MAN CHANGED toward you? SEE PAGE 69

glamour from nine to five

(*Continued from page 29*) calls her, "Our Little Gold Mine," and that she sings, dances and displays before the camera the most famous legs in the world. Because, at home, Mama hides what outsiders pay a fortune a year to see. Mama doesn't let glamour put one foot in her front door.

Betty's divided life is balanced as precisely as a doctor's prescription. She's been around Hollywood long enough to know that a career and home life are dynamite if you mix them.

At 5:00 P.M. sharp, no matter if genius is stirring, or inspiration is on fire at the studio, Mrs. Harry James wipes off her makeup, jumps into her jalopy and heads for home.

There's no projection machine in her house, and no shop talk. Her own husband, Harry, has seen her on the screen exactly twice since they were married. One of the pictures, to Betty's dismay, was *The Beautiful Blonde From Bashful Bend*. That movie sent her diving from second to seventh place (although she's still top gal) at the box office, and even today when you mention it she winces.

Beautiful Blonde, oddly enough, was Vicki's favorite. She calls it "Mama's cowboy picture," because Betty was covered from head to toe in Western trappings most of the time. But with the public, that "covered-up" look fell flatter than a pancake.

It'll be seven years come July fifth that Betty's been Mrs. James. The job of pleasing him and the public, too, hasn't been easy. Every year, the Women's Press Club of Hollywood nominates her for the "most uncooperative actress." (This year, though, Hedy Lamarr beat her out.) And long ago, her studio found out that unless they tackle her before she leaves the studio for whatever publicity tie-ups they want, she's a strictly gone gal.

Just the other day, when she finished *My Blue Heaven*, the pent-up demand for Grable publicity overtook her. At the same time, a doctor had just decided that Vicki's infected tonsils had to come out. Right then nothing but Vicki mattered to Betty. She rented a room next to Vicki's at the hospital, never left her side day or night, and when it was all over stayed home to nurse her. Maybe that cost something in magazine covers but Betty didn't give a hoot.

switch-hitter . . .

About that same time, Betty was booked for Chicago and the opening of *Wabash Avenue*. Nobody knew better than she that it was smart to help sell her picture. But a couple of other things happened just then: Betty found the house she and Harry had been hunting for, and it needed to be remodeled, decorated and furnished; Harry's annual band tour had come up (he'd be gone from home 13 weeks once he'd left), and the few precious days to spend with him and the kids would be out if she made the trip. It was a tough decision for a trouper like Betty to make but home and Harry won.

Yet only a few days before, that same home took second place in Betty's attention, when second place was what it deserved. Betty had worked all weekend with her decorator. Monday she had one of her toughest acts to catch with a camera for *My Blue Heaven*, and along about 4:30, when they'd been at it unsuccessfully for hours, she got a call on the set. Workmen at her house, she was told, were at a standstill, a crisis loomed at the new place. "We've got an impossible problem, Betty," said her decorator, "you've got to come over here right away."

The answer was a loud "No!" Betty made that plain and clicked the receiver quick. She was plenty sore that they'd called her. "Can you imagine me quitting work to go over there?" she said. "What do they think I have here but problems?"

A few days after, when Betty was ducking around her new house among carpenters, drapers, plumbers and bricklayers, you couldn't have interested her in anything about *My Blue Heaven* either.

A switch-hitter like that is hard to figure in Hollywood. "Uncooperative" is a mild criticism compared to some Betty draws. She's been accused of laziness, indifference, hostility, ungratefulness, a long list of indictments. Well, let's see how they stand up—

Betty is about as lazy as a beaver behind in his rent when she makes a picture. She shoots only two a year but each one runs four months, at least, and *My Blue Heaven* lasted five. Practically all are in technicolor, which is tricky shooting. All are loaded with songs and elaborate dance numbers, long on tedious rehearsals and timing. A Fox efficiency expert recently figured out that twenty-seven separate things can go wrong with every Betty Grable dance scene—and wreck the take. Until *My Blue Heaven* too, every Grable film in the last six years has been a period picture with an intricate hair-do to whip up from scratch every morning, and Marie, her hairdresser, sighs, "For Betty you have to take each tiny little hair, one by one, and put it in exactly the right place." That's why she's up at six o'clock every morning for around 270 days out of every year!

ball of fire . . .

She's never had a makeup man, and always she's had a double job—face and body makeup, to put on and to take off. She goes through tiring wardrobe sittings six times as many as any other star. She usually burns through four pairs of shoes per picture and drops at least eight pounds. She's never late, because she'd wreck the day of a hundred-odd people if she were. She relaxes only at lunch, and keeps an athlete's hours at night, with a nine o'clock curfew.

While Betty made *My Blue Heaven*, for instance, her boss, Darryl Zanuck, had two big testimonial dinners tossed for him in Hollywood. They went on into the small hours. Every Fox star, great and small, showed up at both events—except Betty Grable. This was pointed out to her by a gossip guy hunting a feud, who asked, "What's the matter, don't you like Zanuck any more?" Betty's comeback was, "I think maybe he'd rather have me in shape for the camera the next morning than clapping for him the night before."

Director Henry Koster knows that Betty knows exactly what she wants out of every scene. He okayed takes time after time throughout *My Blue Heaven* only to have her object, "No, it didn't feel right—can we do it over?" She's her own toughest audience. She also knows what is good and what is bad Grable. (She cooked up her lone turkey, *Beautiful Blonde* under protest and against her better judgment.)

And Betty's determination to give her audiences only what they want cost her the only sniff she may ever get at an Oscar. She turned down the role of Sophie in *The Razor's Edge*, and that role won Anne Baxter an Academy Award. Betty has no regrets, though, because she's firmly convinced that she's a song-and-dance girl, and not a dramatic actress.

Betty Grable could make herself tons more money than she pays the income tax man right now (not far from $300,000 a year). She turned down $18,000 a week once for a radio program, and she knows



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perfectly well that she could clean up on personal appearances with Harry James practically any day she says the word. But she's leery of mixing up her family and her fame.

Since playing together in *Springtime in the Rockies,* which was a couple of years before their courtship, Betty and Harry have stayed strictly apart on the screen, although the pressure to bring them together before a camera has been terrific.

The only time Betty weakened enough to make a record with Harry's band she called herself Ruth Haag (Ruth's her middle name, and Haag's Harry's) and warbled "I Can't Begin To Tell You." It was a big hit, the truth leaked out and she's been refusing to cut another ever since.

She isn't trying to make enemies, and laziness was never one of her faults. But she knows there are only so many hours in a day. She knows that she can't spread herself around so thin without making her babies and her husband pay the price in happiness.

As it is, one of Betty's biggest fears is that her kids won't have enough of her love poured into them.

home girl at heart . . .

After every movie job, Betty bundles up her babies and sets out on a whirlwind shopping tour which sometimes lasts for days. Reason: they always outgrow their clothes during her long studio stretch—and Mrs. James insists that she pick out every stitch both Vicki and Jessie wear. She buys two of everything, size 8 and size 3, because she dresses her girls alike. Since becoming a mother, Betty has always written out complete instructions for their days. A year or so ago she started reading up on vitamins and family feeding, and decided she'd better do the grocery shopping too. That lasted longer than anyone had a right to expect, and only recently has she given it up as a steady chore. Even now, though, when she's not working she drops in and loads up. She knows her shopping bag onions too, which is a definite improvement. Betty's favorite honeymoon story is about the time she tried to cook Harry a dinner. She bought a roast of beef, opened her cook book and read, "first, wash the meat." Betty scrubbed it with soap and water, then popped it into the oven. She knew Harry liked his beef rare so that's how she cooked it. The "beef" turned out to be veal. She didn't know the difference then. How the veal roast tasted—rare and sudsy—is something she doesn't like to recall.

But if her training had been on the domestic side she's sure she would have been good, because she likes domestic life.

Betty's love and attention to her family is personalized in spite of her busy life. Last Christmas she had started *My Blue Heaven,* and was dancing every day. But she insisted on doing all the family Christmas shopping herself at night. "Nobody else is going to pick out my kids' bikes," she explained.

Betty likes her daughters to run in and wake her in the morning. And when she's not working she chauffeurs Vicki to and from Miss Buckley's school. On the annual trek south to Del Mar for the racing season (Betty's picture arrangement guarantees her holiday months then) Vicki and Jessie go along, too, to live in the seashore cottage and play on the beach, while Betty and Harry railbird every race at Bing Crosby's nearby track. Sometimes the kids even make it to the race track, but usually their share of the family hobby is out at the Calabasas ranch where Vicki has her own pony now, and both girls claim every new colt.

Betty and Harry's horse hobby has grown from two pinto saddle mounts, Bill and Mae, to a ranch, a racing string and the almost exclusive extra interest in their lives. They bought the ranch to keep the horses, they bought more horses to populate the ranch—that's the way it's grown.

Today Harry and Betty own thirty-four hayburners—twenty-eight at the ranch and six at whatever California racetrack is open. They've given each other brood mares for anniversary gifts these past seven years. This spring all seven had blessed events and Betty and Harry were on hand for each even though some of the colts arrived in the dark. After crawling out of the covers at six steadily for five months, the day after Betty finished *My Blue Heaven,* she got up at five o'clock to drive with Harry down to Hollywood Park and watch their racers work out in the dawn. They were shipping off that day to the Golden Gate track in San Francisco and she just had to tell them goodbye.

But the James family's horse-craze and all that goes with it exists neither to swell their bankroll nor to land them in Hollywood's swank horsey set. It exists because at the ranch they're a full family with everybody present every weekend.

There, Betty is exactly what she wants to be away from the set. She's the nurse for Vicki and Jessie the cook—even though it's just grilling steaks or hamburgers—and the lady ranch boss in the corral. There aren't any guests, besides an occasional horse trainer or jockey, so nothing of Hollywood has a chance to intrude. By the time Betty and her gang roll back to Beverly Sunday night, tired but refreshed, she's ready to tackle her picture Monday morning with everything she has.

The prescription works so well that Harry and Betty once dreamt of living their happy ranch life seven days a week. With that in mind they bought an even larger ranch across the road with two houses on it which they planned to remodel and enlarge into their *hacienda.* But they realized when they thought it over more seriously, that 20 miles each way is too far for those two careers which tug insistently at both, and besides Vicki and Jessie have the school problem coming up. So the first ranch is up for sale and the Jameses settled for a permanent Beverly Hills home just twenty minutes from Fox Hills. Right now Betty's having the thrill of her life fixing it up. It's the first time since her marriage that she's had that kind of fun.

her kind of vacation . . .

In all her seven years of married life Betty has never had her own furniture until now. The Jameses have lived in two rented houses and one they owned, but Harry bought that one completely furnished. They sold it when, as Betty says, "we ran out of rooms."

This time she's starting from scratch, without even a scatter rug to build from. Every day of her "vacation" she's been on the job, and alone, because Harry's on tour. By now the house is painted—white on the outside, with dark green trim, and a dozen different Grable-mixed colors on the inside. Betty's personally wrestled with every decoration problem, from the bright chintz draperies to the six boarded up fireplaces she opened. She's found a place for Harry's collection of baseballs and the eleven crates of classic jazz records they've had in storage too long. She's furnished every room with the English country furniture she had made, and annihilated three bees' nests up under the eaves. She's knocked herself out on an extensive labor of love hoping to have it all in apple pie order for that seventh wedding anniversary July 5, which she also hopes

arry and she can spend together. If they . it will be only the second time since ey became man and wife. (Harry has ually been on tour in early July.)

But all of this home building is not to npress her friends, or to set up a show- se for a Hollywood social life. The meses don't entertain and they don't go the Hollywood glitter spots—unless a usician pal of Harry's is opening there ith his band. They have one favorite staurant, the Tally-ho, where they go w and then on cook's night out, and ey take in the baseball games some nights hen the horses aren't running. But their ollywood blue book rating sticks close zero. The only Hollywood party they ow up at is the annual New Year's Eve fair at Jack Benny's.

Betty bought three beautiful evening wns three years ago and two are still nging in cellophane, untouched. The ird she wore last New Year's to the ennys', at which time Harry pried him- lf into the same tuxedo he owned when ey were married. He weighed 145 then d tips 190 today.

"I just don't see how people can find ne to play around and stay up nights," etty puzzles, "when they've got a family raise. It's all I can do to handle that ght and my pictures, too."

That's the simply stated key to Betty rable's aim in life. She doesn't want to avel—both she and Harry have had their l of that. She doesn't want the personal otlight or swarms of admirers fussing er her. They've had plenty of that, too. Last time Betty was in New York she epped out of the Astor on Times Square d although she wore dark glasses, low els and even bobby sox, a crowd gath- ed in a wink. She managed to fight her ay into the street and hail a cab. "What's ing on here?" asked the driver. "Some- body jump out a window?"

"No," answered Betty truthfully. "I guess they're just looking at me."

"Is that bad?" inquired the cabbie.

Betty knows it's not bad; in fact, it's the most positive evidence she could have that what she's worked for all her life is still hers. Betty always said that if she ever dropped out of the top box-office ten she'd quit pictures. When *The Beautiful Blonde from Bashful Bend* temporarily toppled her from the top of that select list, Betty brooded for days thinking maybe that time might be around the corner. But at breakfast one morning her face suddenly brightened up. "You know," she told Harry, "I've been thinking. What the heck would I do with myself if I ever did quit?"

Betty Grable knows that the delicate balance she keeps between too much Betty Grable on one side and too much Mrs. Harry James on the other is what makes her life purr smoothly along.

On the Grable side there are still things she'd like to do. She'd like to make a picture with Fred Astaire, an ambition she's nursed since she danced a specialty in one of Fred's early hits, *The Gay Divorcée*. She'd like to bounce back to that Number 1 spot in the Top Ten, too.

On the home side, she'd love another addition to the James family. And some people who know her well believe that if Harry said the word she'd risk her life trying for the son Harry wanted so badly when Jess was born. But the doctor warned her then not to make another date with the stork so they're thinking of adopting a boy. If they do, Betty knows that the hours in her day will shrink, but her heart will expand in proportion.

The only things she hopes remain exactly the same size are her legs. "As long as they hold out," Betty grins happily, "I'm okay."

THE END

oor richard

ontinued from page 47) Lachie, the ot. When Sherman glimpsed Richard ross the crowded room, he decided that s casting problem was solved. Shortly er they were introduced, he discovered at his troubles were only beginning. Not at Todd wasn't trying to be of help. He ew the play well, and he also knew st the actor for the role—some other ow.

"That's a very interesting opinion," erman remarked as he recovered from e shock. "But I had you in mind for e part."

The reluctant candidate had another inion. "I don't think I'd be good ough," he said. "And it wouldn't be r to the Scots."

When the party ended, Richard took thoughts and went home. Sherman k an aspirin and vowed to win the xt conversational round. He did a good . Richard listened to the director who t only said, "You should test for the rt," but added, "Please." So the test s made. And this was the notable ex- ption that changed the course of the e that Richard Todd almost never lived.

Todd's iron will began to develop when was 14. Soon after he had entered rewsbury School, he became ill and s sent home to Dorset, a rheumatic er case. The family doctor couldn't er much encouragement. "Your son ll be a semi-invalid for the rest of his e," he told Richard's parents. "If he es."

There were many doctors after that. ne of them would have given much re than a plugged nickel for his chances. And for a year, Richard had to take it lying down. For nearly another year, he took it sitting up. And then, when he was able to be out of bed, he moved under watchful eyes and warnings. "You mustn't exercise . . . no exertion whatever. . . ." "I was even supposed to walk gently," he remembers.

But Richard listened. He heard every word they said. And he spent many a mental moment disagreeing. As his health improved, he resumed his studies and his tutor made arrangements for him to attend a nearby school for examinations. Then he met the other students. The liking was mutual, but somehow he couldn't feel as though he "belonged." In 16-year-old Todd's eyes, a fellow who couldn't go in for sports was a sissy. Even a fellow whose heart might stop beating from the strain.

At first, he was fairly content to watch the Dorset teams. After a while, to take away the sting of invalidism, he began to help coach the athletes. He'd teach them how to run faster, hurdle higher. Gradually, he was thinking, "I'm getting better." Then he started taking some exercise, himself—long walks, bicycle rides. This was on the quiet. However, eventually he was allowed to attend sports meets in other cities as a spectator. And finally he gave up his seat on the sidelines. He joined the rugger team, dropped his last name, and as Richard Andrews he became one of the team's best players.

It wasn't long before the athletic Mr. Andrews was representing his county in the London matches. His skill at the game was winning him any number of medals. But he couldn't take them home to a proud family. Because to his family, he was still a ground floor patient. And as far as sports were concerned, a member

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of the cheering section. It was a great piece of deception, with the intrigue becoming thicker than a London fog. He thought his career was over once when he won an individual championship cup for his outstanding ability. It was a happy moment until he mounted the platform to receive the award. Face to face with the man who was to make the presentation, Richard recognized one of his father's best friends.

The old gentleman did a dignified double-take when he got a look at Richard Andrews, but the ceremony went on as scheduled. Afterwards, he called Richard aside. "I know you're not supposed to be doing this," he said. Then a perplexed expression crossed his face. "How in the world do you keep it quiet? And what do you do with your trophies?"

Richard explained that he passed out the medals to his friends. The cup was another problem. "I don't think I'd better take it home, sir. Would you mind keeping it for me?"

His father's best friend left with the cup under his arm and the secret under his hat.

walking miracle . . .

The thoroughly thickened plot blew up after a sports meet a short time later. The event was well covered by the press, and so was Andrews. He was photographed in action on the field and, unfortunately, the picture found its way into print. Suddenly Andrews was too famous for comfort. He returned home to find his father waiting, newspaper in hand. The senior Todd was frightened, but his lecture carried overtones of anger, too. His son promptly underwent a series of examinations. And the doctors checking his sound body and steady heartbeat proclaimed Richard Andrews Palethorpe-Todd a medical miracle. He'd played a thousand-to-one chance, and he'd won.

Once the physicians had assured him he was going to live, there came the problem of deciding about a very active future. Richard settled on the idea of becoming a writer. "Excellent," said his father, thinking fondly of Oxford or Cambridge. But when he was ready to enter a university, the thought of studying literature faded in favor of learning about the theater in a London school of drama. He had every intention of trying his hand at playwriting. And at this stage, it was a matter of drifting into the role of an actor.

When he left the school, he did a season of Shakespeare with a repertory theater. Again, he ran into opposition. It was friendly, as parental opposition goes, but nevertheless opposition. And no financial aid was forthcoming. Money was something he could have used when he and another actor founded the Dundee Repertory Theater in Scotland. They had barely enough cash to rent a theater. The building was ancient, the equipment likewise. Pieces of scenery were hardly visible beneath the dust. But the group of thespians was an energetic one. And fortunately, at first, members of the company didn't require much food because while their initial production was an artistic triumph, it was a box-office flop. However, their luck changed with a second offering. The theater caught on and out went freshly painted "Standing Room Only" signs.

In all, Richard had two-and-a-half years of stage experience before he left to play the theaters of war. He was in one of the first groups to volunteer. And facing the army physician, he thought, "Here I go again."

This was because the first question asked was a curt, "Any serious illnesses?"

"Rheumatic fever," came the reply.

A short discussion followed. "Todd," the doctor concluded, "you shouldn't be a soldier. You should be a corpse."

Richard, standing up for his rights went through a rigid physical examination, and as he now puts it, "The doctors nearly fell flat on their faces when I passed."

Soon after astounding the medicos, Todd was sent to Sandhurst Academy, where he trained as a battle school instructor. His excellent health was somewhat impaired when the academy was bombed and he spent two months in a hospital.

Next on his schedule was Iceland and he had to survive three days of physical examinations before they shipped him out. "An A-1 rating meant 100% fit," Richard recalls. "For Iceland, an A-1 plus rating was required." He grins, "I passed."

In the years that followed, Todd traveled extensively for the British government. After his Iceland stint, he returned to England to become a signals instructor and then he was transferred to a parachute battalion, just in time for D-Day. When questioned, he skims lightly over his war experiences. He remembers his 25th birthday spent in a deserted French farmhouse, a Christmas day in the front lines at the Battle of the Bulge, six weeks in the mud and water of Holland, the Rhine crossing, the Battle of Bismarck. "If it's your lot to be a member of a nation which has quite a lot to contend with, you should do what you can to help," he says.

In 1946, Richard thought about leaving the Army. He received a wire from his friend Robert Leonard, of Associated British Pictures, who had tracked him to the Middle East and was wondering if he'd like a screen test. Richard's first impulse was to say no. He'd lost any desire to be an actor. But Leonard persisted. "When you come home, drop by and see me. We'll talk about it," he wrote.

Instead, Richard decided to return to Dundee to find out if this acting bug was still with him. He found a thriving theater, about to produce the American hit, *Claudia*.

gentlemen prefer blondes . . .

At a party one afternoon he met the leading lady, Katherine Bogel. She was small and blonde and lovely. And she was very nervous about playing Claudia. She had been ill and temporarily retired from the stage. This was to be her comeback role. Katherine confided that a lot would depend upon the man who played opposite her. She wanted to feel that it was someone she liked. Richard did his best to reassure her. He did even better. That same evening he ran into the Dundee director, who invited him to take the part of David. "I'd be delighted," Richard said, thinking of Kitty Bogel. She had seemed to like him well enough. As it turned out, he was right. However, when the play closed, he didn't see a great deal of Kitty for several years. They met again in London in 1948. They became engaged some months later. She liked him fine.

But Richard Todd, who had survived illness and war, ran into another obstacle—tradition, and a time element. The Todds and the Bogels wouldn't hear of their offspring being married without the required pomp and ceremony. Richard had finished his first film, *For Them That Trespass,* and was scheduled for *The Hasty Heart.* There was simply no time for a large wedding in a Glasgow cathedral, as planned by Kitty's family. He made *The Hasty Heart,* and almost immediately was cast in *Stage Fright.* It was beginning to seem as if Richard and Kitty would have to be wheeled down the aisle for the ceremony, then live happily ever after on old-age pensions.

Richard credits Jane Wyman with getting them to a minister. She was in London o do *Stage Fright*, and one evening she istened to their plight, and said, "We'll ave to see that you are married during he picture. I won't leave London until ou are."

It was a small wedding in London, and here was one day for a honeymoon, but vhen Jane Wyman left for America, she aid goodbye to Mr. and Mrs. Todd.

So Richard became a star and a husband nd the Todds even had their honeymoon, n American one, enroute to California or his role in *Lightning Strikes Twice.* He also had his first taste of the U. S. kind f fame when they reached New York. Richard and Kitty had been in their hotel oom for only a few minutes when the elephone rang.

"Hello. Is this Richard Todd?" came a mall voice over the wire.

"Yes," assured Richard. "May I ask vho's calling?"

"My name is Patty. . . ."

Richard riffled through his memory. I'm afraid. . ." he began.

"Oh, you don't know me," said Patty. "I want to come up and get your autograph."

Recovering the composure he'd lost for a second, Richard explained that he and his wife were very tired and weren't up to receiving guests that day. He explained this five times before he asked the operator to notify him before another call was put through.

The phone jangled for a seventh time. "A Mr. Smith of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer would like to talk with Mr. Todd," said the operator.

Perhaps he should talk with Mr. Smith. "Dick?" Mr. Smith said. "I was wondering when you'll be coming down. I'd surely like to get your autograph."

Mr. Jones of Paramount had the same request. So did a Mr. Buckwalter of 20th Century-Fox. Then came a Mr. Kramer of Warners and Richard started to let him have it. He began his lecture . . . "Young man," he let him have it, "you shouldn't—"

He caught himself, and he smiled. Who was Richard Todd to be saying shouldn't? "I'll be right down," he said, and started for the elevator. THE END

've got a case on conte

(*Continued from page 43*) spent the next our trying to untangle myself from the ne. Finally I made one halfway decent ast. Something grabbed the end of my ine. Frantically, I hung on and tried to and it. Every fisherman on the dock asped in amazement when I pulled in ny catch. It was a shark! At that point wouldn't have been at all surprised to ear Nicky's voice coming out of it, saying, "Don't you recognize me?"

When we at last settled down in Hollywood, we managed a usual enough existence. Some of our old friends had migrated from New York; we made new friends. All the time we planned for the day when his success would be assured.

When that day came, we rented a house nd set out to furnish it. Our first real nd was an antique phonograph. It had big blue horn attached to it, decorated vith pink roses. It was very sensational -even though it didn't work very well.

Then we bought a shaving mug. Nicky ad to have that mug. It seemed to recall he memories of his childhood when he'd een around his father's barber shop in few Jersey.

By the time Nicky'd persuaded his faher to come visit us, we had a shelf full. Patsy beamed when he saw them. But hen we told him how much we paid for ach one, he couldn't believe it.

"I'll get you all you want for nothing," e said.

"But, Patsy," I said, "these are valuable. eople don't *give* these away nowadays."

Patsy looked skeptical. After he'd gone ome to Jersey, a whole army of shaving ugs began to cross the country to our ollywood home. They were real beauties.

Later we learned where Patsy got them. ld friends of Nicky's family in New Jerey wanted to wish him well, and their ifts of mugs was their way of wishing.

Nicky and I began to go to art exhibits, nd one afternoon, Nicky said, "I've got to aint." Pretty soon he started. I thought e'd be amateurish, but he certainly wasn't.

Now I'm Nicky's most frequent model. ut he never makes me look like a movie tar. First portrait he ever did of me, I as working at the ironing board.

After we'd been in Hollywood a while, nd Nicky started getting parts opposite lamorous stars, I began to wonder how e liked another woman's claiming his isses. Sometimes I got very curious.

My little worries were over, though, the day he came home and said, "I've been kissing Barbara Stanwyck all day. And boy, am I tired!"

Nicky was getting pretty well known then; his contract at Twentieth looked like a steady living. And after he was lent to U. I. for *Sleeping City,* which was filmed in New York, he got a taste of what it's like to be a celebrity.

The Mayor of Jersey City sent a special police escort clear into New York to bring Nicky home for a big, city-wide day in his honor.

First we were taken on a tour of all the places which had once meant something important to Nicky. We saw the house where he was born; at least, we saw the ground under it because only the foundations remained. The railroad yards next to it, though, were still there.

We went to Patsy's barber shop, where the windows were plastered with reels from Nicky's pictures. Then we went to Mr. Belasco's fish market. Mr. Belasco pours Shakespeare across the counter as he sells fish. Now he was so proud he could hardly talk.

All up and down the street it was like that—people wanting to shake hands, to offer us food. I couldn't help remembering the comment Nicky made to me once at a Hollywood party. "You know," he'd said, "it's strange how the poor always somehow manage to have something to eat for their friends, while the rich let you sit nursing a drink and starving."

These wonderful friends didn't ask about Hollywood. They asked only about Nicky, and how it was with him.

We ended our grand tour at the City Hall where Nicky was given the key to Jersey City.

Then came a testimonial dinner, and there were speeches and toasts and Nicky spoke about acting. He said it was a responsibility to be an actor. He said, "The people make you and your talent belongs to them. You must never lie to people."

I thought way back to the time he'd written a biography of a man who walked across a park, feeling lonely, and I felt choked up. I don't know, maybe it was the wine. But I don't think so. THE END

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are the big stars too old?

(*Continued from page 56*) that a change in story weakened the picture, the change was made.

Eventually, when the film was released, the verdict of the critics was, "It stinks!"

Let it be known that the star in question was *not* Joan Crawford. Admittedly 42 years old, Joan was for some years so violently sensitive about her age that any writer who mentioned it was subject to cold reception. Today Joan doesn't bother to deny that she has passed into the older star bracket. True, she plays women younger than her actual age. True, too, that her closeups are a problem. In closeups she may have as many as eight or ten baby spots playing on her from all different directions to erase those lines.

Actually, Joan was much older five years ago than she is today. At that time she had the fear of aging so firmly imbedded in her subconscious that she was seldom her natural self. It is a truism among women the world over that it is not age but the fear of age that makes a woman old. It wasn't until Joan realized this fact that her career, which had fallen into the doldrums, was suddenly revived.

Bosses at major studios are worried over the number of stars, both male and female, who are signed to airtight long-term contracts. In the privacy of conference rooms, these people are referred to as "over-age destroyers." They draw down huge sums of money and must be used in pictures in order to return some money on the investment made in them.

Still, some courageous studio executives refuse to be "shoved around" by older stars who fail to realize that even a strong contract cannot protect them against waning public popularity. Typical of the new type of thinking is this statement made by Stanley Kramer, young producer of *Champion*, "It is the idea power behind a picture, not the name power, that will bring the public the type of films it really wants. In time, a steady succession of pictures like *Champion*, which sent Ruth Roman and Kirk Douglas into the select circle of stardom, will revitalize the star system. Nothing is so good for a star as a good idea for a picture."

This is simple common sense that a great many stars cannot accept, because they actually believe that they know more about stories than do trained writers and producers. What many of the stars are really doing is insisting on characterizations they think will show them in a youthful light.

Such was probably the object of Ginger Rogers a few years back, when she attempted scenes in a picture during which she wore pigtails and acted like a little girl. The results were painful.

Similarly, Katharine Hepburn and Spencer Tracy, aged 41 and 50 respectively, appeared in a picture called *Adam's Rib*. Hepburn played a female attorney which was not unreasonable. Tracy, however, allowed himself to be cast as an assistant district attorney. This was not so reasonable. Assistant district attorneys who are worth their salt are usually young men in their twenties, fresh out of law school. Not only that, but the kittenish manner in which Hepburn and Tracy played the little love story against the background of a fancy apartment and a country house was hardly in keeping with the new realism demanded of Hollywood.

In one theater a ticket-buying critic rose from his seat, exclaimed, "At their age they should be ashamed!" and left.

A touch of hilarity was added to the seriousness of the whole subject of aging romantic stars by Barbara Stanwyck. When asked why she went around with no attempt to hide the fact that her hair was completely silver-gray, she said, "Only the young dye good!"

Many of our older stars who insist on appearing in stories of young love are so difficult to photograph that important cameramen make every excuse to avoid taking on the job.

One cinematographer, who must remain nameless, recently stood in the middle of an outdoor set looking at a strip of film. The scene was a daylight closeup of a male and female star who will never see forty again. "I'm either going to quit the business after this one," he moaned to his assistant, "or ask for a Lassie picture as my next assignment."

His objection was not to the stars or to their age, but to the fact that they were pretending to be people in their early twenties, and none of his artistry could cover up this obvious phoniness. Nor would this cameraman have voiced such an objection to Barbara Stanwyck, who throughout her career has insisted on uncompromising honesty.

Barbara has appeared in pictures which she herself will classify as "stinkers," but her personal integrity has never suffered. Always acting within five years or so of her actual age, which is 43, Barbara retains a tremendous personal sex appeal whether in person or on the screen.

To illustrate, a group of writers recently were passing remarks about various actresses who happened to pass by their table at the Metro commissary. These actresses were examined with bold masculine scrutiny, and classified according to various degrees of sex appeal.

"A very sad crop of dollies this season," one writer commented.

At that moment Barbara Stanwyck, fresh from her first scenes with Clark Gable in *To Please a Lady*, swept in. The writer's head seemed to spin like a top. "Ah," he said, "look at that sex appeal! Anyone present who wouldn't want to show Stanwyck his etchings is a liar."

In other words, there are exceptions to every situation. Another exception is Loretta Young, who will be 37 next January sixth. Almost anyone in his right mind will admit that by some unaccountable miracle Loretta seems to grow more beautiful and youthful as time goes by. Perhaps it's because Loretta has always been completely indifferent to age. While other stars have been known to start covering up their real ages after they pass 24, Loretta always looked forward eagerly being an adult and the idea of comple maturity has never caused her anxie

As a friend of hers put it, "I know half dozen girls in Hollywood who are yet 21, but they worry so much abo growing old that compared to them Lo etta Young could pass for Elizabeth Ta lor's twin sister."

And right here is indirect proof th most of our stars are far too old for r mance. Even before she was 17, Eliz beth Taylor was cast in torrid romant roles. Of course, she appeared a litt older than her tender years, but the pul lic accepted her immediately. Elizabe Taylor is the unofficial queen of the Met lot today because people everywhere wl were around Elizabeth's age welcomed h affectionately both off screen and on.

Meantime, there are at least a doz girls in Elizabeth's category who ca break down the doors to studios.

Things are not quite so tough for t young male seeking a break in Holl wood, probably because women all ov the country make their male preferenc strongly felt. Montgomery Clift, who is not exactly a young sprout, knocke them for a loop in only one picture. Jo Derek scored similarly, along with Jo Agar, Scott Brady, Richard Todd, Dav Wayne and Marlon Brando.

These young men are all grabbing c important roles, and every time they d some established actor must step into t background. You never hear what hap pens to the older actors who lose ou Some of them have gone into televisio others have dropped completely out the business. For the most part men d not fight so bitterly to hang onto your romance in pictures as do the feminin stars. Nor are they so sensitive abo their ages.

For instance, Bing Crosby, who is 4 and remains one of our top favorite star has only one policy—that is to act his ag and treat any romantic situations int which he is put in the most casual man ner. The net result is that he cuts acro all age lines in favoritism and remain way at the top. Clark Gable is in a simi lar position. Next February first Gabl will be 50, but let him make an appear ance on the street and he will imme diately be surrounded by young admirer

The gray-haired Mr. Gable, who coul have married any little glamor girl thirt years his junior but chose a mate almo his own age, has never tried to kid any one about his birthday. Because of thi he's still King Gable of Metro-Goldwyn Mayer. There are many stars of his gen eration, however, who have fallen by th wayside, simply because they cheate themselves and then the public by refus ing to act their age. They spent hour having their hair dyed. They bough toupées, which is normal enough for se rious work, but an affectation otherwis

It is an almost unbelievable contradic tion that Hollywood studios, while sellin both youth and glamor to the world, clin to stars past thirty-five for the main por tion of their romantic stories.

Where does the fault lie? Not entirel with the stars. You can't blame them fo not wanting to jump into retirement. No entirely with the producers. Producer get their financial assistance from bank ers. Bankers aren't movie fans; they're in terested in making profits, and they'r reluctant to gamble on newcomers.

Until the stars and the producers an the bankers get together and take a ti from the public who knows what i wants, the ridiculous contradiction wil continue to exist, will continue to threat en the very foundations of the movi industry.

THE EN

I SAW IT HAPPEN



Outside the Coliseum Theater in London a large crowd had besieged Gregory Peck, giving a charity show there before returning to Hollywood. I stood far back in the crowd beside a lady who seemed unperturbed by the autograph-hounds who jostled her continually. "You don't see many British stars standing in the street like this to sign autographs," I said to her. "I raise my hat to Greg Peck. He could easily have walked out the back entrance and avoided this." She replied with a smile, "You don't know my husband."

L. Vigon
London, England

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Jean and Jo Ann Corbett of Burbank, Calif. The Toni Twin says, "Toni always gives me a wave that's soft and natural-looking." Can you tell which is the Toni Twin? See answer below.

Hair styles in this picture by Don Rito, famous Hollywood hair stylist

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HE TRUTH ABOUT THE BING CROSBYS

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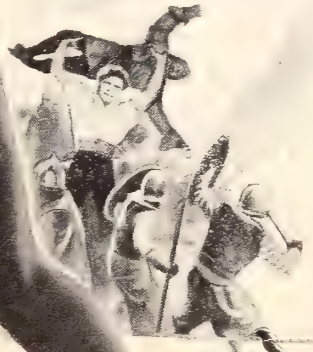
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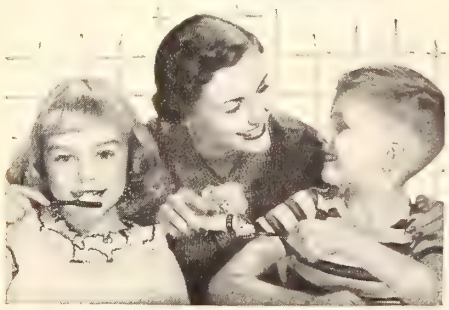
Technicolor

DIRECTED BY JACQUES TOURNEUR
PRODUCED BY HAROLD HECHT & FRANK ROSS
WRITTEN BY WALDO SALT • MUSIC BY MAX STEINER

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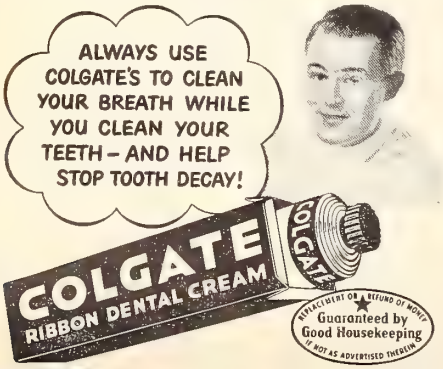


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AUGUST, 1950

modern screen

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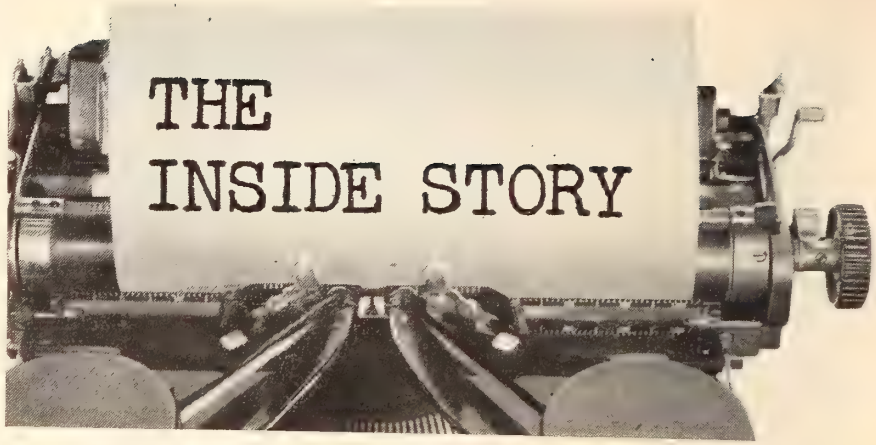
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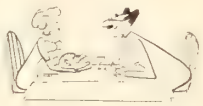


THE INSIDE STORY

Here's the truth about the stars—as you asked for it. Want to spike more rumors? Want more facts? Write to THE INSIDE STORY, Modern Screen, 1046 N. Carol Drive, Hollywood, Cal.

Q. Is it really true that their Catholic religion is the only thing preventing Bing and Dixie Crosby from getting a divorce? —ELLEN B., CHICAGO

A. *No, it isn't. As a matter of fact, Mrs. Crosby is not a Catholic. She's a Protestant and could sue for divorce if she had a mind to.* (For the full details see the story on page 25.)



Q. I understand that Groucho Marx married a girl who was thirty years his junior and that the marriage has ended in divorce. I understand he also has to pay alimony of $135,000 for the next ten years. Why did he marry such a young girl to begin with?
ROSALIND P., CHARLOTTE, N. C.

A. *Best guess: He married Kay Dittig, 29, because he loved her.*

Q. What are Elizabeth Taylor's measurements? —ANN R., BOSTON, MASS

A. *Height (with heels): 5'4½"; Weight: 112 lbs.; Bust: 36"; Waist: 23"; Hips: 36"; Thighs: 19"; Ankles: 8½". In Hollywood this is known as a nifty package.*

Q. How old exactly is Paulette Goddard? —SAM B., PAWTUCKET, R. I.

A. *Only Miss Goddard and her mother know, and they both refuse to tell. In the past, Miss Goddard has given four different birth dates. A safe minimum would be 35.*

Q. Is Doris Day's husband younger than she is?
—VIOLET S., BROOKLYN, N. Y.

A. *Miss Day has no husband at the moment, although she plans to marry Marty Melcher* (see story on page 44). *Her divorce from George Weidler became final on June 1, 1950. Mr. Weidler was 21 when he married Miss Day. Doris was 23.*

Q. During the war, when I was in the Air Forces, I came across an officer named Freddie Brisson. I understand he was married to Rosalind Russell. Exactly what does he do in Hollywood?
—PAUL D., SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

A. *Mr. Brisson is head of Independent Artists, an independent production company which thus far has produced* The Velvet Touch *starring Brisson's wife, Rosalind Russell*

Q. Is it true that Red Skelton's first wife still manages all his business affairs and receives 50% of his income? What does his present wife say about such a setup?
—MELVIN P., BISMARCK, N. D.

A. *Edna Skelton looks after Red's career and receives 50% of his radio income, roughly $4,250 a week for her. The present Mrs. Skelton says nothing about the arrangement.*

Q. How many children does John Wayne have?
—BETITIA M., BUFFALO, N. Y.

A. *Four by his first wife, none by his* second.



Q. What is the real lowdown on Ava Gardner and the Spanish bullfighter, Mario Cabre? Are they really in love with each other?
—C. R., MEMPHIS, TENN.

A. *The whole thing is a publicity stunt, at least as far as Ava is concerned. Her heart belongs to Sinatra.* (For the inside story in full, see "Tragic Triangle" on page 80.)

Q. I read somewhere that Connie Hilton, Liz Taylor's father-in-law, paid for her wedding reception. I thought the bride's family was supposed to pay?
—CORNELIA W., CEDAR RAPIDS, IOWA

A. *The bride's family did pay. "It was our pleasure and privilege," Mrs. Taylor says.* (See "Elizabeth's Honeymoon Story" on page 75.)

Q. Is Judy Garland still under contract to MGM or has she been let out?
VAN P., POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y.

A. *If Judy makes any pictures during the next two years, she will make them for MGM.*

ACTION!

INTRIGUE!

VIOLENCE!



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THE FURIES

A Border Empire of Danger and Treachery!

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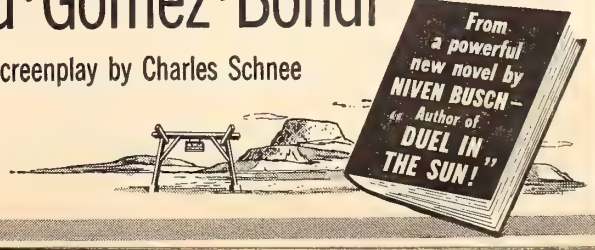
A Paramount Picture Starring

BARBARA STANWYCK · WENDELL COREY · WALTER HUSTON

with

JUDITH ANDERSON · Gilbert Roland · Thomas Gomez · Beulah Bondi

Directed by ANTHONY MANN · Screenplay by Charles Schnee



Paramount Pictures



Ann Blyth and Dick Long were among the many guests at a dinner given in the Beverly Wilshire Hotel for Liaquat Ali Khan, the Prime Minister of Pakistan.



The Prime Minister of Pakistan greets Dale Evans, Roy Rogers and Adele Mara at the dinner tendered him by the Association of Motion Picture Producers on his recent visit to Los Angeles.



Janet Leigh and her steady, Arthur Loew, Jr., (under the beard) show their tickets at Warners' Hollywood Theater where half of Hollywood saw *The Glass Menagerie* preview.



LOUELLA PARSONS' Good news

JUNE ALLYSON'S EXPECTING! . . . MEET THE NEW MAN IN JUNE HAVER'S LIFE . . .

JUNE ALLYSON didn't feel too well—but it was within two weeks of starting *A Royal Wedding* and she had four dance routines with Fred Astaire to rehearse.

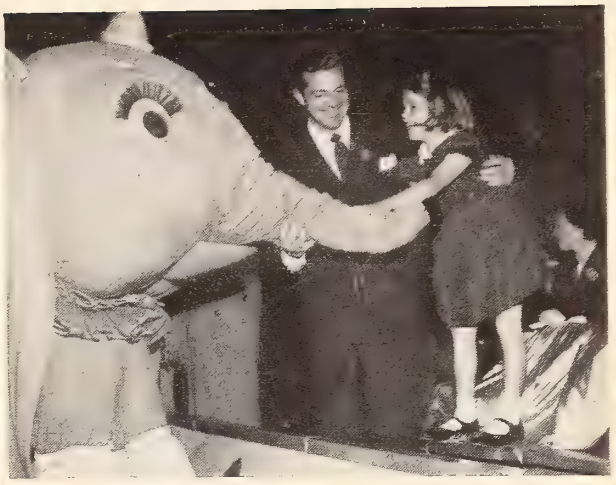
So she drove out to MGM, anyway, thinking perhaps the woozie feeling would go away. She got into her rehearsal clothes—a white blouse and tailored black shorts—and went out on the stage.

Fred hadn't arrived, but Bob Alton, the dance director was there and he and Junie started limbering up exercises. After a few minutes she said, "Bob, honey, I think I'm going to have to check out today. I just feel funny."

The next morning, after a trip to her doctor (they had been disappointed so often she had not even told Dick she had gone to see the doctor)—all Hollywood knew the wonderful news—June Allyson and Dick Powell are



The opening of the Ice Capades is one of Hollywood's most popular annual events. Jane Powell, escorted by husband Geary Steffen, stops outside the entrance of the Pan Pacific Auditorium to take her corsage out of the box and pin it on.



Kathy Andrews, aided by her dad Dana, says hello to Dumbo, the elephant. Other Walt Disney characters—Donald Duck, for instance—were plentiful and fanciful as they cut up on ice.



Jeanne Crain, who's expecting a third child, and husband Paul Brinkman congratulate two performers at the Ice Capades. Barbara Ann Scott, champion figure skater, was the show's star.

HOW ARE THE CLARK GABLES GETTING ALONG? . . . WHAT ERROL FLYNN'S FIANCÉE THINKS OF HOLLYWOOD . . .

going to have a baby around Christmas time!

I've never known two happier or more surprised people—and I mean SURPRISED! I had called Dick just two days previous to ask if the rumor I had heard was true and he said, "No, Louella—we wish it *were*."

Ever since June and Dick married six years ago, they have hoped and prayed for a baby.

But, after four-and-a-half years, when it looked like their hopes would never materialize, they adopted an adorable little girl, Pam.

So happy was Junie with her little girl that Dick told her they should adopt another child. It wasn't right for one baby to grow up with so much love and devotion as June lavished on Pam. Might spoil her.

So, once again they got in touch with the Southern orphanage where they had found Pam. They were told to wait until just the right child came along—and they would be informed.

Early in May, the long awaited call from the orphanage came. There was a baby expected that fulfilled every requirement. One of the heads of the orphanage, a southern lady, was on her way out to the Coast to talk to them.

And, she had no more than arrived in Hollywood and had talked with the pleased Powells when the marvelous word came that they could expect a baby of their own!

Happy? Both June and Dick are just walking on clouds. They believe a miracle has happened and all Hollywood is delighted with them. (*For a warm-hearted story about the Powells turn to the special feature on page 47*—Ed.)

This is not the first case, however, of "adoption" parents who unexpectedly have children of their own. I have known it to happen several times.

Remember, Hedy Lamarr adopted her son, Jamie, and then had two children of her own. And Marian Nixon, former actress and wife of director William Seiter, adopted three children before welcoming a child of her own.

Maybe the Great Arranger of these wonderful things makes miracles happen for women who so deeply want to be mothers.

WHILE that ridiculous impostor who called himself Richard Bullock was telling, in Colorado, that he was waiting for Shirley Temple to arrive for their marriage, she was having dinner quietly in Beverly Hills with Charles Black.

Charles commutes from San Francisco every weekend to see Shirley and you can take it from me (again!) that when her divorce from John Agar is final in December she will

Awake or asleep–FILM is gluing acid to your teeth!



Pepsodent removes FILM–helps stop tooth decay!

Tooth decay is formed by acid that film holds against your teeth—acid formed by the action of mouth bacteria on many foods you eat. When you use Pepsodent Tooth Paste right after eating, it helps keep acid from forming. What's more, Pepsodent removes dulling stains and "bad breath" germs that collect in film.

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LOUELLA PARSONS' good news



Lana Turner makes a lasting impression on wet cement in front of Grauman's Chinese Theater. Cement Mixer Gene Klossman lends his hand.

marry Black. It's the real thing.

Shirley is watching her career very carefully these days. She is making no decisions about pictures until she is sure she has found just the right thing. She wants very much to get away from her ingenue roles—but it is still hard to sell producers on the idea that she can play something dramatic—or even a "meanie" such as Ann Blyth takes on now and then. That's what Shirley wants.

EVERY year when the Laddie Sanfords come here for the polo season they throw a big party. Mrs. Sanford is the former Mary Duncan, a very well-known actress in the silent days, and so there are as many Hollywood stars as socialites present when they entertain.

They took over Marion Davies' beautiful, spacious Beverly Hills home for their stay here—but as big as the house is, it was crowded to overflowing.

The first inkling I had that Richard Greene and his wife, Patricia Medina, were not hitting it off again was when I saw Richard at this gay affair all by his lonesome.

Hedy Lamarr, who looks so very thin these days and seems to be wearing less and less make up, came with Larry Sheerin, the youngest and richest of the American polo players who, that week, were meeting the Mexican team. But Hedy's heart is with Herbie Klotz—and Herbie was in New York. Just a week later, Hedy planed out to join him.

Clifton Webb was very gay and amusing rehashing his role of the father of twelve children in *Cheaper By the Dozen*. He sat with Sylvia and Clark Gable and had them in stitches.

Red Skelton, that bundle of energy, put on an impromptu song and dance act that lasted far into the morning.

Arlene Dahl, who steals the spotlight wherever she goes, was on the arm of Richard Gully, attractive English agent. I hear that Lex "Tarzan" Barker is very much in love with Arlene—but I doubt if this belle has any intention of getting serious about any beau for a long time.

VERY amusing the way the news came out that Esther Williams is expecting her second baby:

If Esther, who was in Honolulu making *Pagan Love Song* had not talked to Ben Gage in Hollywood via an amateur radio station, the Gages might have kept their secret for months.

But, when Esther couldn't wait to tell Ben the exciting news, of course, other amateur radio operators listened in and no less than a dozen people called me with the "tip" about the stork.

The Gages have one son about one year old. Well, Esther said when she married she wanted no less than six children. She comes from a big, happy family herself and is all for an old-fashioned family. (*For Esther's own story, "The Men I Love," turn to page 26*—Ed.)

Macdonald Carey really has a sense of humor.

The other day he called his press agent, full of excitement, and said, "I've just read something sensational about myself in an exhibitors' magazine."

"What is it?" asked the interested p.a.

"It says here," quoted Mac, "that I have moved from position 117 in box office appeal to position 71."

I WENT with Sylvia Gable to the MGM lot the very first time she lunched with Clark at the studio—and I've never enjoyed a round of the sets more.

Sylvia picked me up at my house and was all a-flutter and afraid we would be late.

"I've been to the studio only once, at night," she told me, "but I've never had lunch with Clark when he is making a picture. I don't want to be the kind of wife who hangs around when her husband is working."

Clark was waiting for us in the commissary and every eye in the place was on those happy newlyweds. Sylvia looked like a fashion plate in her tailored suit and you could just see how proud Clark is of her.

She constantly amuses him. He laughs affectionately at her British accent and mimics her, but he kept whispering to me, "Isn't she wonderful? She is so gay and happy all the time."

They weren't quite ready for Clark immediately after lunch, so Sylvia and I went visiting on other MGM sets.

"You are really in love with that big lug, aren't you?" I asked the blonde beauty as we walked toward the Loretta Young set where she is making *Cause for Alarm* for her producer husband, Tom Lewis.

"Yes I am," Sylvia said with real feeling. "I never hoped to know anything like this again. After Doug (Fairbanks) died, I married Lord Stanley principally because I was so lonely. But this is real love—Clark is so sweet, so kind and so thoughtful."

If we had been visiting royalty we couldn't have had a nicer reception than Loretta, Tom and Barry Sullivan, the leading man, gave us.

We felt guilty when they insisted on stopping for tea because this is Tom's first fling as



Clark Gable and Sylvia chat with Louella Parsons on the set of *To Please a Lady*. This was Mrs. Gable's first view of her husband at work.

Which Twin has the Toni?



Priscilla and Patricia Emery of San Francisco. The Toni Twin says: "Before I had a Toni, I couldn't imagine a permanent without frizz. But my Toni wave has been soft as silk and *natural-looking* from the very first day!" Can you guess which is the Toni Twin? See answer below.

Hair styles in this picture by Don Rito, famous Hollywood hair stylist

Toni looks as lovely as a $20 permanent —feels as soft as naturally curly hair*

When you choose Toni—for only one dollar you are getting the very finest permanent there is. A wave that's caressably soft like naturally curly hair . . . and guaranteed to look just as lovely—last just as long as a permanent costing $20. (*Including shampoo and set.)



What is Toni's secret? It's the lotion. Toni waving lotion is an exclusive creme formula —especially created to give you a wave that's free of harsh frizziness—a wave that *feels* and *behaves* like naturally curly hair. But remember, only Toni Home Permanent has this superb waving lotion.

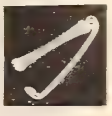
Wonderful results—again and again! What better proof of Toni quality! Only Toni has given over *93 million* lovely, long-lasting permanents. Some women have used Toni 10 times or more and say their waves are *always* soft, natural-looking, easy to manage. Letters of praise come from women with every type of hair—even gray, bleached and baby-fine hair. So whether it's your first Toni or your tenth, you can be sure of getting a wave with that *natural look*. Priscilla, the twin on the left, has the Toni.

P. S. For a lovelier you—get Toni Creme Shampoo and Toni Creme Rinse, too.



"When I'm swimming . . . playing tennis . . . or square dancing, I love my Toni more than ever," says teen-ager Renée Honadel of Milwaukee. "That wonderful wave stays and stays—and always looks so natural. After I swim, my Toni wave re-sets in a jiffy!"

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Sunset Boulevard

A HOLLYWOOD STORY!



a most unusual motion picture

A Paramount Picture

LOUELLA PARSONS' good news

a producer, and every moment counted on his schedule.

We also visited Red Skelton on his *Watch The Birdie* set. Red had been with us at the Sanford's party the night before and Sylvia couldn't get over his pep.

"I got in at 4:00 this morning," he confided, "and I was at the studio at 6:00!"

When we returned to Clark's picture, and Sylvia told him that Red had stayed out until 4:00, King Gable laughed:

"Well, darling, he is younger than I am. I have to get my sleep!"

"Oh, I didn't mean that," gasped Sylvia—who, I am sure, thinks Clark Gable is the youngest looking and best looking man in the world.

Yes, my friends, the Gables are very happy—and I'm betting they stay that way.

JIMMY STEWART didn't mind when his pals, director Henry Koster and producer John Beck, tossed him a birthday party on the set of *Harvey* with a definite rabbit motif.

The long table was lighted with white candles shaped like rabbits and there was a big meringue rabbit on the birthday cake. But when he was served fried rabbit—Jimmy blew a fuse.

"How could you do this to me?" he yelped, "It's like eating an old friend!"

JUNE HAVER is in love again and all her friends, including myself, are glad. It was not right for a girl as young as June to grieve and not go out for as long as she did following the death of her fiance, Dr. John Duzik.

I can tell you that the man who has come into her life is a nice guy—Cy Bartlett, co-author of *Twelve O'Clock High*. I've known Cy for years. In fact, he and his former wife, Ellen Drew, lived just down the street from me.

Cy is good looking enough to be a movie hero—but he likes his writer-producer job at 20th Century-Fox much better.

He and June had been seeing each other for about six weeks with no one suspecting they were a new romance. They seldom went to the conspicuous spots, preferring the quiet places.

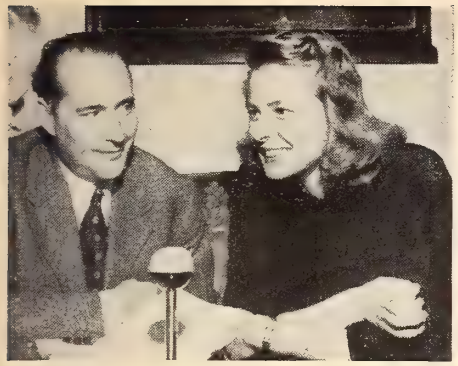
But, it was Junie, herself, who let the cat out of the bag about how she feels about Cy.

She had been working very hard on some dance routines for her new picture. She was so fatigued that she collapsed on the set one afternoon—and the first person she called for was—you guessed it—the new love in her life!

I wouldn't be a bit surprised if Cy and June marry. She is certainly due for a little happiness in her life after her miserably unhappy marriage to Jimmy Zito and the tragedy of Dr. Duzik's death.

THERE was big excitement when Errol Flynn flew in from Jamaica with his lovely, slim Princess Irene Ghika. Flynn, who affectionately calls his fiancee "the Geek," rushed her straight from the airport to his Mulholland hilltop home where they are well chaperoned by his own mother and Mrs. Eddington (Nora Flynn Haymes' mother).

While everyone was waiting to glimpse the Princess in one of the night spots or smart restaurants—she had three wonderful days of shopping in Hollywood and Beverly Hills completely unrecognized.



Ingrid Bergman and Roberto Rossellini (here at a Rome press conference) are married. Ceremony took place by proxy in Mexico on May 24.

I had met Errol's slim lady love in Paris and so I called her to find out how she liked our town. Once again I was surprised at the way she speaks English.

"Everything is so interesting," she said with just the barest trace of an accent, "but most of all I like Errol's house up on this high hill with the valley at our feet and the hills behind us."

I think best of all she likes Errol and everything that concerns him—but I didn't mention that.

"What was your most vivid first impression of our town?" I asked her.

"The shop windows in Beverly Hills," she replied quickly, "so beautiful! Everything so generously displayed so you can see the many lovely things at once—hats, coats, jewels, perfume, gloves, bags—all in one window. And then you move on to another—so much *looking* without even going inside."

Then I remembered that the smart shops of Paris, London and Rome do not have our famous taken-for-granted showcases. Fact is, the more exclusive the shop the more likely it is to show nothing on the outside except perhaps a number. Many of the smart *couturiers* do not even have their names on the outside of their shops—just the address.

I can imagine how wide-eyed a visitor to our country for the first time would be "window-shopping" for the first time.

"Have you any preferences among Errol's friends whom you would like to meet first?" I asked "Miss" Ghika. Flynn says in America she is just plain "Miss."

"His children," she said. "I have not yet met his two little girls—but tomorrow his son, Sean, is coming up to see me. We are having ice cream and all the things little boys like."

I'll bet one thing. Errol's handsome son by Lili Damita will most certainly like Irene. She has the same charm that makes Errol so devastating.

AFTER hearing about it for weeks, I finally succumbed and took myself down to Charleston night at the Mocambo where, every Monday night, the Firehouse Five Plus Two tear the place to pieces. It was a fatal error! Now I'm a Charleston addict—and don't care who knows it.

I learned to do this dance in the '20's—and if I do say so, as shouldn't I, I learned to do it the REAL way and not like some of the kids are stepping it today!

The first night I was again exposed to this dance craze which is sweeping the country—I told myself I would just be an onlooker from a ringside table. That's what I thought!

When the dance contest started I was asked to be a judge and before you could say "Yes, Sir, That's My Baby" (the Firehouse Five always plays this number for the contest) there I was up on the dais with the other judges, Van Johnson, Rosalind Russell, Mercedes McCambridge, Frank Jay, etc.

But that ain't all. I hope I have the grace to register a becoming blush when I report that the next thing I knew I was out on the floor doing a hot and heavy Charleston with Kirk Douglas—and can that boy Charleston!

Believe me, it is impossible to remember your troubles when doing this dance. I recommend it to one and all.

The letter box this month reveals:

Big, big interest in Richard Todd, the "Hasty Heart" Britisher who has made a fine impression.

More and more sympathetic letters regarding Ingrid Bergman.

And John Wayne seems to be getting a new spurt of interest with the younger fans. The women have always gone for John.

Howard Duff is another cropping up into attention again—with many compliments on his fine speaking voice.

Among the girls—well, that Junie Allyson still seems to be the favorite.

That's all for this month. See you next month.

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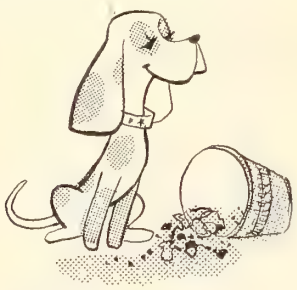
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Peg's pup upsets trash...

and to Peg it's a dog's life! She has just finished vacuuming that rug, and now she must lug out the cleaner again. "Drat that dog!" says Peg.



So does Meg's...

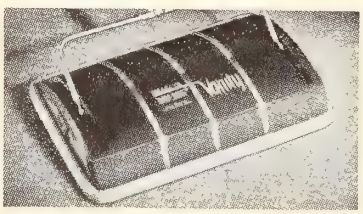
but Meg is smart. She has a handy Bissell® for quick clean-ups, and saves her vacuum for heavy periodic cleaning. "It's easier with *both!*" says Meg. "Easy on me, too!" says the pup.

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tell it to joan

by joan evans



You a teen-ager? Then read this—
a new monthly feature especially for you.

THIS month my mail-box was loaded with letters. I thought my fan mail had taken a big up-swing. But the letters contained questions, questions and questions. Then I remembered I'd promised to write a column for teen-agers in MODERN SCREEN.

I'm glad I did, because I discovered that all the problems I thought were mine alone, are yours, too. When I counted up the questions I found that most of them asked: How can I be popular with boys? I realized that I really had myself a job!

Well, I tried talking over the problem with an adult friend of mine. "Popularity?" this friend said. "Shouldn't the kids be more concerned with doing their homework? After all, their main object in life isn't to be popular with a million men, but to find a good husband."

THAT was an adult's opinion, not mine, not the teen-agers'. In the first place, a teen-ager has to learn to be poised; she doesn't get it from books. It's true that the best thing a girl can do eventually is find a good husband. But how will she find him unless she's learned to be attractive? And how can she be sure he's the right man unless she has some basis for comparison?

So for now I'm going to overlook my adult friend's advice and talk about that all important topic: popularity.

You can call me superficial if you like but I think attraction begins with looks. After all, what's the first thing you notice about a girl? Her brain? Her soul? No, you notice the way she looks.

Don't get me wrong. You don't have to be a raving beauty. You don't even have to be pretty. But you must look charming to be attractive—that comes from a sparkle in the eyes, a clean complexion, well-brushed hair, and neat, becoming clothes. When you have all this—that's all you need, really. Because then you'll look lovely, and no one'll ever notice the length of your nose.

I think it's smart to be fashion-wise—if the styles look good on you. Now, short hair's in vogue. I prefer it that way because it's easier to handle. But when all the kids were wearing sloppy Joe sweaters and old shirts with the shirttails hanging out I stuck to suits or skirts and blouses. Simple and well-fitting clothes will get my vote every time.

I HATE crazy shoes. The prettiest shoe, the one that shows off a girl's foot best is the plain pump. I have a friend who has very bad legs, but she insists on wearing shoes with complicated straps. She thinks that this will beautify a bad feature but all it does is call attention to her legs. Simplicity—oh, how I love it. And boys do, too!

What's the next thing that attracts a person? At the risk of sounding corny I'm going to say it right out. It's your soul—that hard-to-define quality which makes you an individual different from everyone else. Don't hide it in an attempt to be just like the gang. Of course, I don't mean you should stand on your head when everybody else is dancing. But have opinions even if they differ with others, and don't be afraid to express them.

PEOPLE are always saying, "Let the boy do the talking. Find out what his interests are and question him about them." That's okay as far as it goes, but if you make up a line just to be attractive, it comes out phony. You have to be *really* interested. You must stop thinking about yourself and about the impression you're making, and honestly want to hear what the other person has to say. Of course there are some boys who don't like to talk about themselves. In that case, you'll have to keep the conversation gay and light, and keep your

problems to yourself—unless he's interested.

It's obvious that since the question of popularity comes up, a feeling of inferiority isn't far behind. Believe me, I know what feeling inferior is like. When I was making *Roseanna McCoy* I, an inexperienced girl, had to work with wonderful actors like Farley Granger, Charles Bickford, Richard Basehart, Aline MacMahon, Raymond Massey and the rest. Even little Gigi Perreau. She was just seven years old but already a veteran. When I fluffed my lines or wasn't on my marks she'd say, sweetly and sincerely, "It happens to all of us."

Oh, brother, I can talk about an inferiority complex. But you know what I found out? I found out what an inferiority complex really is. It's wondering, "How am *I* doing? What are people thinking of *me?* Can *I* walk into this room without falling on my face? What will people think if *I* say this or that?" Also it's thinking, "I'm the only shy person here. I'm the only one with a problem."

WHEN I made *Our Very Own* I was nervous, wondering how I was doing. One day, worried about a scene, I talked to the director, David Miller, who is a wonderful man. His face looked worried as he puzzled over the script and suddenly I knew that he was worried, too. That he had to make good. That he was a young director and felt insecure. And I can't tell you how much this knowledge helped me. There was a sympathy between us and when I went in front of the camera to play my scene I tried hard to do my best not only for myself but to help him.

So maybe that's the way to get rid of inferiority. Remember that the boy you want to impress wants to impress you just as much. Remember that he may be as shy as you are. Don't think only of your own problem, think of his. Try to put him at ease, and ease and poise will come to you.

One girl, this month, asked me why it was that the noisy, brassy girls who have a bad reputation seem to be the ones who attract boys while the simple, nice girls don't. What she said was "seem to attract the boys" and that's the answer. Actually they don't—they just seem to. They get interest because they're loud. They get talked about because they say and do things to make people talk about them. But they don't last. I'd like to give you an example of what I mean. There are several noisy girls in this town but I'd like to tell you about just one. She set out to be "a character." She comes into a room screaming something that she thinks will shock the people and attract attention. It does. She goes around in sloppy clothes and because of this behavior she gets her name in the columns and "seems to be" enormously popular. But the other day a very wise person who has been in this business a long time said, "She'll never be a star. She'll never make it big. She's going to talk herself right out of pictures."

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So that's the answer. That girl in your town, in your high school who's loud and boisterous and always has a group of boys around her—well, she won't last. She'll talk herself right out of popularity. She's a novelty, a character. She's interesting for awhile. But the really sweet, nice girl—the solid, dependable girl—she'll last. She'll have dates long after the noisy, brittle one is forgotten—or changed her ways. The old shock technique for getting attention gets it only for a little while.

And now I come to a problem which always worries the teen-ager. It's hard to answer. All I can do is to tell you how I feel about it. The question is, "Do I let the boys kiss me good-night after a date, do I let them park the car for heavy necking?"

Well, you can call me a prude if you like, but of this I don't approve. The boys try and, as they say, "You can't blame me for trying." But I think it often isn't that they want to kiss you. I think they think it's the thing to do. Other boys boast. It's cute to be known as a wolf. Real affection is one thing but when the boy assumes that necking goes with the date I think you make a lasting impression by not stringing along. You may lose a few dates that way but they are dates you wouldn't want anyway.

So maybe my adult friend was right when he said, "The idea is not to be popular with a million men but to find a husband." You can be popular for a little while with "a million men" if you carry on that way. But who wants that kind of popularity? And the idea is—eventually—to find a husband. You'll have a much better chance of doing so if you behave well—if you are unaffected and interested and don't try too hard. Relax. Take it easy and remember that boys are just as interested in you as you are in them. That's all I can tell you about popularity.

Here are some other questions that came in this month.

"Dear Joan: I want desperately to be an actress. How can I become one?"—H.R., Cleveland, Ohio.

Golly, that's a difficult question, but it is so often asked I may even write a whole article about it for MODERN SCREEN. My getting in pictures was the merest accident. Being an actress, though, isn't accidental. You try out for all school plays. You take all the drama courses you can. You go to a good dramatic school, if you can afford it, or work with a fine dramatic coach. Being an actress isn't easy, I know. But if you have the talent, if you never give up trying, you'll get there—and good luck!

"Dear Joan: I'm fifteen years old and my mother won't let me wear lipstick. I look so drab and terrible when all the other girls in my crowd can wear it."—W.D., Portland, Maine.

I wish my mother could talk to your mother because my mother believes that teen-agers should go along with the crowd

—provided the crowd isn't doing something really wrong. My mother believes that a girl should dress the way the other girls dress so that she won't feel set apart and considered a freak.

"Dear Joan: I read someplace that you don't like teen-agers. Is this true?"—S.W., La Jolla, Calif.

I don't like silly teen-agers—the bobby soxers who swoon over the latest crooner and who smoke cigarettes because they think it's smart, the ones who go to beer joints and boast about getting tight. I think this gives other teen-agers a bad name. I think we should act our age and that we're really older, mentally, than most people give us credit for being. The reason I don't like silly teen-agers is because their kind of behavior is bad for all of us. Remember, we're a minority. We're just learning to live in the world. A lot of people brush us off. They wouldn't if we behaved in a sensible, adult way.

"Dear Joan: I'm a boy of seventeen. I like to dance and have fun and go to the movies but whenever I take a girl out she starts getting serious and wants to go steady. I don't want to go steady. What do you think about going steady?"—J.R.M., Dallas, Texas.

I don't approve of going steady at all—at least not for kids in our age group. How can you know what boy or girl you want to go steady with unless you know a lot of people and have a lot of dates. I think very tactfully you can explain this to the girl and say it isn't because you don't like her that you don't want to go steady—it's because you do like her and that it isn't fair to either one of you to make such a promise.

I hope I've made sense in my first effort at this kind of thing. I know I had fun and, anyhow, thanks for listening.

If you have a problem or a pertinent subject that you want Joan Evans to discuss, write to her. Box 93, Beverly Hills, California.

PHOTO CREDITS

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Abbreviations: B., Bottom; C., Center; L., Left; R., Right; T., Top.



Walt Disney's

PRESENTATION OF

Robert Louis Stevenson's

Treasure Island

Color by TECHNICOLOR

It had to be Walt Disney! America's master storyteller captures *all* the white-hot excitement in this finest of adventure yarns.

Soon, his unforgettable cast will sweep you to a world of sea-tossed adventure and embattled men . . . of pirates whose hearts are as black as their gunpowder . . . of a one-legged rogue who led them to steal, only to have his own heart stolen by a boy's courage. You'll feel you've *lived* the greatest adventure of them all!



JIM HAWKINS
played by
BOBBY DRISCOLL
(Academy Award winning boy actor of 1949)

LONG JOHN SILVER
played by ROBERT NEWTON





CAPTAIN SMOLLETT
played by BASIL SYDNEY

Distributed by RKO Radio Pictures • Produced by Perce Pearce • Directed by Byron Haskin
Screen play by Lawrence E. Watkin

MOVIE REVIEWS

by Christopher Kane

Picture of the Month

SUNSET BOULEVARD

■ *Sunset Boulevard* is a spell-binder, a masterpiece, a gem. It tells of a broke young screen writer (Bill Holden) and his affair with a 50-year-old silent screen star (Gloria Swanson), who lives in a sprawling old mansion, surrounded by souvenirs of her past glory. Pictures of herself, old movies of herself, paintings of herself. She's planning a comeback, hires the young writer to help her fashion a script, moves him into her house, buys him clothes, jewelry, becomes insanely jealous of him. The young writer's weak, but essentially decent; sickened by his new life, he tries to break away, only to have the actress slash her wrists, which brings him back. In the end, she kills him, but in the end, she's insane. That is a rough outline. The details make the picture. The fresh, true ring to the dialogue, the shots of the Paramount lot at night, the young struggling studio workers who act like real people, the atmosphere of decay that hangs over the actress' great house, the anguish of a woman who once was young and beautiful, and who can't face the knowledge that life has passed her by. Nancy Olson's fine as the young girl Holden really loves; Holden's got the part of a lifetime, and makes the most of it. Same for Miss Swanson. Every bit of *Sunset Boulevard* has artistic integrity.



Gloria Swanson, silent film great living in a fantastic dream world, takes possession of writer Bill Holden. She hired him to help stage her comeback.



Holden falls in love with Nancy Olson, but he can't break away from his new, decadent life.



When he tries to walk out on Swanson, she cracks up, shoots him as he leaves her house.



Completely insane, she mistakes newsreel cameramen for studio crew, poses regally for them.



STORM WARNING

Cast: Ginger Rogers, Ronald Reagan, Doris Day, Steve Cochran. Warners.

What starts out promisingly, winds up hysterical, and I'm not sure if *Storm Warning* is quite good or pretty bad. Ginger Rogers, stopping off in a small southern town to visit sister Doris Day, witnesses the murder of a Northern newspaperman by Ku Klux Klan members. She's willing to help honest county prosecutor nail the offenders till she discovers sister's sub-human hubby (Steve Cochran) was among the guilty. Sis is going to have a baby, so Ginger lets Ronnie down, claims from the witness stand that she saw nothing. Case dismissed. Klan wins again. It's believable and exciting up to this point. But when Cochran makes a drunken pass at Ginger, and Doris declares she's all washed up with him, Ginger feels called upon to make a speech. Now, she declares, I'm going to tell Reagan all about you, you oaf. Even for the movies this is pretty dopey. If she'd just waited for him to trot off, and then gone and told Reagan, everything would have worked out peaceably. As it is, Cochran kidnaps her, takes her to a Klan meeting, has her flogged. Even then, that foolish Ginger doesn't stop talking. If I ever get out of here, she hollers, I'm going to expose you all. If she'd buttoned her lip, she'd have been out of there hours ago. Still, it makes for plenty of melodrama.



IN A LONELY PLACE

Cast: Humphrey Bogart, Gloria Grahame, Frank Lovejoy, Carl Benton Reid. Columbia.

An adult sort of love story, and an engrossing murder mystery are combined here. There's quality about *In A Lonely Place;* every detail seems right. Humphrey Bogart plays a broke screen writer who gets mixed up with a murder and—at about the same time—with a girl named Laurel (Gloria Grahame). Under Laurel's influence, he starts to write again, creates a masterpiece. But he's a moody man, a sick man, really. Has rages, beats people up. Laurel begins to be afraid. She loves him, but she doesn't want to marry him. She's even beginning to wonder if he isn't guilty of the murder the police are trying to pin on him, and her terror and his violence build. Perfect casting and acting down to the last bit player (Gloria Grahame is especially superb), suspense, and a romance which is frank and exciting, add up to a heck of a good picture.



BROKEN ARROW

Cast: James Stewart, Jeff Chandler, Debra Paget, Basil Ruysdael. 20th Century-Fox.

An exceptionally exciting picture about the war between whites and Apaches which raged through Arizona in the late 1800's—and about the peace which came out of the war. Jimmy Stewart and Jeff Chandler play the two

Think, darling, think!

why pay high prices for nail polish and lipstick?



If you have looked in vain for nail polish *at any price* that would wear better and chip less... this important new discovery guarantees you an infinitely better-wearing polish for a very low price.

This is the true story of an amazing new miracle-wear ingredient called Enamelon.

It's found *only* in new low-priced, luxury CUTEX and it's guaranteed* to give incredible wear. .to last longer, chip less than your high-priced polish.

And new, miracle-wear CUTEX is so pure...even women with skins so sensitive they cannot use other polishes state they can safely use new CUTEX.

Thirteen luscious shades, including the new prize-winning, fashion shade—*Prize Posy*. New CUTEX 10¢; de luxe Nail Brilliance size, 25¢.

Better lipstick, too. . the new matching CUTEX *Colorgenic* Lipstick . now made by an exclusive CUTEX electronic process. Won't bleed, cake or wear off like so many high-priced lipsticks. Only 49¢. Also new 25¢ size. *Prices plus tax.*

*Money back if not completely satisfied.

CUTEX

Are you in the know?



When shaking hands do you think it's smooth to —

☐ *Remove your gloves* ☐ *Keep them on* ☐ *Say "Pardon my glove"*

Remove your mitt or apologize for same? 'Tain't fittin', kitten! A lady's gloves should "stay put." At least 'til she's seated in the theatre, or at a restaurant table. To stay hand-in-glove with *confidence* on "trying" days—put certain worries out of mind. Choose Kotex! Those *flat pressed ends* prevent revealing outlines. And for extra poise, get the extra comfort of the new Kotex Wonderform* Belt made with DuPont nylon elastic! It's non-curling. Non-twisting. Washable; dries like magic!



How to score with the hiring squad?

☐ *"I can do anything"*
☐ *"I want to get experience"*
☐ *"Sell" yourself*

You may want a job for some extra "loot" —or a stepping-stone to a Career. But why should the company want *you?* Suggest *specific* work you believe you can do, giving the boss-man (or lady) good reasons. "Sell" yourself. It inspires confidence. *You* can be confident, even on "those" days, with the napkin made to stay soft while you wear it. Kotex gives softness that *holds its shape*; comfort that helps you hold that job!



Which color compliments a suntan?

☐ *Orange*
☐ *Chartreuse*
☐ *Cerise*

To flatter your suntan — thumbs down on all three answers above (fooled you!). Choose *cool* hues; blues, for instance. *White* out-wows them all. And on certain days, it pays to be choosy—about sanitary protection. Kotex comes in *3 absorbencies* (different sizes, for different days), so you can select what's best for *you*. Try Regular, Junior, Super. Each has a special *safety center*—for your extra protection.



More women choose KOTEX than all other sanitary napkins*

3 ABSORBENCIES: REGULAR, JUNIOR, SUPER

*T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

men chiefly responsible for that peace; Stewart's cast as a frontiersman, sick of bloodletting; Chandler, as an Indian chief, hard, but honorable. You watch Stewart grow in stature and understanding from the moment he first discovers that Indian mothers cry over their children like any other mothers. When he begins to care for a young Indian girl, you're moved by their love story's tenderness, and tragedy. If you're not afraid of morals, Fox has an old one and a good one for you: People of different races, habits, beliefs, can co-exist in the same world so long as they respect one another's rights. If you are afraid of morals, the movie's still 100% entertainment. Just close your eyes and pretend you didn't learn anything.



DEPORTED

Cast: Marta Toren, Jeff Chandler, Claude Dauphin, Marina Berti. Universal-International.

Jeff Chandler, a racketeer who's spent five years in jail for stealing $100,000, is deported to his native Italy. His family there think he's an American hero on a government mission, and welcome him royally. They say things like, "Your brother used to have such a beautiful voice," and Chandler says things like, "Yeah, but he sang once too often," and still they're convinced he's pure in heart. The love of a beautiful woman (Marta Toren) reforms Jeff, and he spends the stolen $100,000 to buy food and medical supplies for the starving, ailing peasants. Combination Lucky Luciano and Robin Hood. Chandler's adequate, while actor Claude Dauphin is rather peculiarly cast. He's charming as all get-out, but his accent is as French as crêpes suzettes, and they've got him playing an Italian detective.



THREE SECRETS

Cast: Eleanor Parker, Patricia Neal, Ruth Roman, Frank Lovejoy, Leif Erickson, Ted De Corsia. Warners.

Aerial photographs of a plane crash in the Sierras show that five-year-old Johnnie Something-or-other is still alive, though his foster parents have been killed. While rescue parties start out to fetch the boy, reporters try to discover the identity of his real parents. Adoption homes won't give out that information, but the search narrows down to three ladies. Is Johnnie's mother Eleanor Parker,

sweet girl who's happily-married-but-can't-forget-she-once-had-an-illegitimate child? Or Patricia Neal, brisk newspaperwoman whose husband divorced her because she was always hotfooting it around the world instead of staying home and cooking? Or Ruth Roman, who shot her racketeer-boyfriend? All of these ladies had babies five years back, and gave them over for adoption, and now all of them would like a crack at little Johnnie. Picture has a noble ending, tricky but tearful.



NIGHT AND THE CITY

Cast: Richard Widmark, Gene Tierney, Googie Withers, Hugh Marlowe, Francis L. Sullivan. 20th Century-Fox.

Richard Widmark doesn't want much out of life. Just to be the biggest thief in town. His girl, Gene Tierney, begs him to find an honest job, be the same sweet boy she remembers, but Richard simply neighs his half-cracked neigh, and goes on trying to make a man of distinction of himself. He muscles into London's wrestling racket (picture was shot in England) by the clever device of taking on the chief wrestling promoter's father (Stanislau Zbyszko) as his partner. Now wrestling promoter can't hurt Richard without damaging his own old man. Old man is honorable, wants to clean up wrestling; Richard makes him false promises, etc. Lots of people get killed. Francis Sullivan and Googie Withers are involved in the action as a husband and wife who run a night club, Gene Tierney's part isn't much more than a walk on, and the only really exciting action takes place in the wrestling scenes, due to the compelling presence of Zbyszko, an old-time wrestler who's an honest actor, and a moving one. He seemed to me the one truthful character in the whole rather phony melodrama.



THE GLASS MENAGERIE

Cast: Jane Wyman, Kirk Douglas, Gertrude Lawrence, Arthur Kennedy. Warners.

The Glass Menagerie, a prize-winning Broadway play, has been lovingly transferred to the screen, and though it's lost a little of its pity and fragility en route, it's still worth watching. It concerns the Wingfields, a family of dreamers. Amanda, the mother (Gertrude Lawrence), deserted by her husband, shabby, poor, lives in the memories of

5-day pads

new miracle pad deodorant WIPES AWAY ODOR-FORMING BACTERIA

that other types of deodorants leave under your arms!

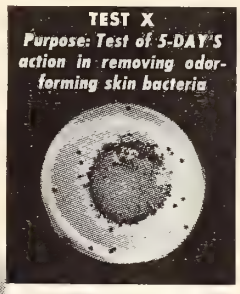
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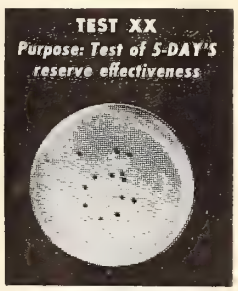


throw away your perspiration and odor

Laboratory Proof



This microscopic photo proves that when you throw away your 5-Day Pad you throw away with it hundreds of thousands of odor-forming bacteria that other types of deodorants leave under your arms.



This laboratory photo was taken hours after application of a 5-Day Pad. Note the amazing difference. This is because 5-Day's exclusive formula prevents the growth of odor-forming skin bacteria and keeps you safe from underarm odor longer.

5-day deodorant pads

Easier! Each pad contains right amount. No guessing! Even smooth penetration instantly.

Faster! Goes into action instantly. Dries in seconds.

Cooling, Refreshing! No clammy, sticky feeling. Cooling, refreshing sensation.



No other deodorant is as effective in checking perspiration and stopping odor!

The miracle is in the pad! 5-Day Pads are circlets of fabric saturated with refreshing, mild yet very effective deodorant. 5-Day's exclusive formula checks perspiration—stops odor longer.

Safely checks perspiration more effectively, too! Contains twice* as much active anti-perspirant than an average of leading brands tested. Yet, laboratory pH tests prove 5-Day milder—harmless to skin and clothes.

Greater reserve protection! Laboratory tests show that hours after application 5-Day's exclusive formula is 8 times* more effective in keeping you safe from underarm odor than an average of leading brands tested. No other deodorant or deodorant soap can keep you so safe from underarm odor—so long.

DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK—if not completely satisfied.

*All comparative figures mentioned in this ad are based on the average of laboratory tests of leading deodorants.



I dreamed I went to the zoo in my

*maidenform bra

"I went to the animal fair...the bees and the bears were there! And me...how free-as-air I felt...my figure so charming, disarming...with Maidenform outlining my curves. Maybe you've dreamed of a dream of a bra that fits to perfection like this!"*

Shown: Maidenform's Allo-ette 2" band in white satin, 2.00; others...from 1.50. Send for free style booklet, Maidenform, N.Y. 16*

There is a Maiden Form for every type of figure

*Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

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her girlhood as a pretty southern belle and has impossible hopes for her children's futures. Tom, the son (Arthur Kennedy) works in a warehouse, and dreams of going to sea, of searching and discovering, of escape. He goes to the movies so he won't have to listen to his mother's endless nagging and reminiscing. Laura, the daughter (Jane Wyman) is crippled. Unable to face the real world, she's created a world of her own, a world of little glass animals and ancient phonograph records. When a realist, referred to as "the gentleman caller" (Kirk Douglas) comes into the Wingfields' lives, a chain reaction starts. But go see it, or feel it. *Glass Menagerie* is more mood than plot.



THE FURIES

Cast: Barbara Stanwyck, Wendell Corey, Walter Huston, Judith Anderson, Gilbert Roland. Paramount.

This is a nice, big, sprawling stinker. Even the good actors look bad. They posture, they declaim, they're expansively, expensively theatrical. Walter Huston (unhappily, this was his last picture) is a "frontier empire builder, despotic, arrogant, extravagant." He's bored by his mealy-mouthed son, crazy for his high-spirited daughter, B. Stanwyck. This girl is so high-spirited she flings a scissors at a ladyfriend (Judith Anderson) her papa brings home, and quite destroys that lady's face. Papa retaliates by hanging Gilbert Roland, an old pal of Barb's, and the blood feud is on. "Till our eyes next meet," Barb tells Roland, as he's about to be strung up. (That's part of an embarrassing little ritual the two of them go through every time they see one another. They bite hunks out of a piece of bread, murmur self-consciously "till our eyes next meet," then separate.) However the real man in Barb's life is Wendell Corey, a cool, dashing gambler. The Furies is full of sound and fury, signifying nothing. Absolutely.



THE SLEEPING CITY

Cast: Richard Conte, Coleen Gray, Richard Taber, John Alexander. Universal-International.

Here's a nice kind of horrible picture which was actually photographed in New York's Bellevue Hospital. Movie calls it "City Hospital." Lot of trouble there. Patients get well, but internes are killed off regularly. Detective Richard Conte is installed as an

interne (he had medical training in college) to find out wha hoppen. He meets a lovely nurse (Coleen Gray) and Pop Ware (Richard Taber), an old creep of an elevator operator. These two are running a dope ring. Old creep lends impoverished young internes money to bet on horses, then when they're in debt for more than they can raise, he starts crawling around making helpful suggestions. "Get me duh white stuff," he whines. "Yeah, white stuff, dat's woit money." (Everybody talks tough in this picture. "White stuff" is narcotics, "pushed him across" means killed him, etc.) Let an interne lose his nerve, decide to get out of narcotics, go in for a respectable business like bank-robbing or marrying a millionaire's daughter, and Pop fills him full of lead. It's grisly, but it's grand.



FATHER OF THE BRIDE

Cast: Spencer Tracy, Joan Bennett, Elizabeth Taylor, Billie Burke. MGM.

Based on a best-seller which dealt with the less romantic aspects of a wedding—namely, the costs—*Father of the Bride* is moderately funny as it follows father Spencer Tracy's tribulations. We're taken from the first shock, when father hears his child is planning to wed (he still thinks she's four years old) right through the plans for a simple wedding which swell until caterers are constructing canopies on the lawn, the furniture is moved clean out of the house to make room for the hundreds of reception guests, and father has come grimly face to face with visions of the poorhouse. It's Tracy's picture, and he makes the most of it. Elizabeth Taylor's a beautiful bride of course, but you don't need me to tell you that.



MYSTERY STREET

Cast: Ricardo Montalban, Sally Forrest, Bruce Bennett, Elsa Lanchester, Marshall Thompson. MGM.

You shouldn't be misguided by circumstantial evidence is the moral today. Or many a suicide looks like a murder, and vice versa. Here young Marshall Thompson nearly fries for the slaying of Jan Sterling, and who done it, friends? Well, you just go find out. Detective Ricardo Montalban is the boy who's struggling with the case. He gets assists from the medical department of Harvard (including Bruce Bennett whom MGM planted there for the occasion) and the picture has some nice acting bits by Elsa Lanchester and Mrs. Gene (Betsy Blair) Kelly.



Here's Amazing Shampoo Guaranteed Not to Rob Hair of Its Natural Oils



Doesn't destroy precious oils nature provides to make hair naturally soft, shiny, healthy

Nature provides its own natural oils to make hair naturally soft, shiny, healthy. Without these natural oils, hair may become dry, lifeless and brittle. New, improved Shasta is the amazing shampoo *guaranteed* not to rob hair of these precious oils nature provides to make hair naturally soft, shiny, healthy.

Even dull, dry, unruly hair looks unbelievably softer, shinier, more beautifully groomed, under Shasta's magic-like touch. So, to see your hair looking its loveliest, get new, improved Shasta today. Remember, Shasta doesn't rob hair of its natural oils.

NEW, IMPROVED

Shasta BEAUTY CREAM Shampoo

Doesn't Rob Hair of Natural Oils

Sunset Boulevard

A HOLLYWOOD STORY!



a most unusual motion picture

A Paramount Picture



"Your beautiful cards are just what my friends are looking for!" MRS. BERGMAN NEW HAVEN, CONN.

NO WONDER SO MANY FOLKS

Make Good Money

In Their Spare Time . . . Without Taking A Job or Putting in Regular Hours . . . And WITHOUT EXPERIENCE!

HERE'S a *friendly way* to make a fine income, spare-time or full time. Show lovely Doehla Box Assortments of richly decorated Christmas and All-Occasion Greeting Cards, distinctive "Name-Imprinted" Stationery, gay Gift Wrappings. Many other Doehla items so *exceptionally* beautiful that your friends, neighbors, and co-workers will be delighted to give you big orders. NO EXPERIENCE NEEDED—our FREE BOOK shows you easy ways for *any beginner* to make money! You make up to 50¢ on each $1 box, even more on bonus orders. Mail coupon now—without money—for sample boxes on approval, including new "50-for-$1" name-imprinted cards. No obligation. HARRY DOEHLA Co., Studio D18, Fitchburg, Mass. (If you live west of Rockies—mail coupon to Palo Alto, Calif.)

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"Cards so attractive my friends gave their orders unhesitatingly. Am making friends in this new venture."—Mary Pasciucco, N. Y.

HARRY DOEHLA CO., Studio D18, Fitchburg, Mass. (or Palo Alto, Calif.)

Please rush—for FREE TRIAL—sample boxes on approval, money-making plan, extra-profit cash bonus offer. Also send FREE Book of easy ways for *anyone* to make money.

Name.....
(Please Print Clearly)

Address.....

City.....State.....
Please state Zone No. (if any)

the philadelphia story

Sirs: A community has character, reputation and feeling as an individual. The people of South Philadelphia deeply resented the contents of your interview with Mario Lanza ("Wonderful Madman," MODERN SCREEN, June 1950). After your magazine went on sale here, angry groups met on his old block, stood threateningly outside his uncle's grocery. Our section of Philadelphia has been greatly maligned as a breeding ground for criminals, a home of illiterates. Most of our citizens are high school graduates, many are college graduates. A meeting of the city council was held to discuss the effects of this interview, and I have been commissioned by local civic leaders to write to you, hoping you will remedy the harm done.

Walter Palumbo
President, South Philadelphia Chamber of Commerce

Sirs: Until now I was totally unaware that I lived in the "slums" and that Mario Lanza had such a low opinion of his neighborhood. A miracle has not occurred since the 13th century and I do not consider Mr. Lanza's rise from the so-called gutter anything inspiring.

Mary P. McCarthy
Philadelphia, Pa.

. . . Lanza says: "I have an Irish wife and an Irish daughter. Every Italian should have an Irish wife and there would be less trouble in the world." Does Lanza believe that Italian women, including his own mother, are a race of shrews capable only of causing unhappiness?

Editor
Il Popolo Italiano
Philadelphia, Pa.

Sirs: I was never so insulted in all my life.

Paula Marini
Philadelphia, Pa.

Sirs: I was reared in South Philadelphia and compared to Mario Lanza, I look like I need vitamin pills . . . I never find it necessary to slug my way through the streets . . .

M. Kelly
Philadelphia, Pa.

Sirs: To Mario Lanza: Don't ever say you would like to punch Italian street singers in the nose, because the beauty in their voices comes from the heart . . .

Olga di Giovanni
Philadelphia, Pa.

Sirs: (The Lanza Story) states that South Philly has never been noted for its production of musical talent. How about Marian Anderson?

Dolores Crocetti
Philadelphia, Pa.

Sirs: I'm not only speaking for myself, but for others here in Philly. In our school every other girl had your magazine . . . We think it's a disgrace . . .

Anita Ligambi
Philadelphia, Pa.

Sirs: Mario Lanza says he hates Italian opera singers . . . What about Caruso?

S. Di Palma
Chicago, Ill.

MODERN SCREEN received similar letters from thousands of fans in Philadelphia and throughout the country. Mr. Lanza says there has been a great misunderstanding. He asked permission to write his own version of growing up in South Philadelphia which will appear in next month's MODERN SCREEN. Incidentally, Mr. Lanza's next film is *The Life of Caruso*.—Ed.

modern screen readers spotlight

new faces

Every movie-goer is a talent scout and our readers have an uncanny knack for picking tomorrow's stars.



Can you tell me something about the girl who played in Not Wanted? *She's very cute, a good actress and I think she looks so much like Ida Lupino. I'm sure she's on her way to stardom. Jean Hoffer, Madison, Wisc.*

Sally Forrest used to be a professional dancer and you probably saw her in many MGM musicals. She was fired, however, in an economy move and Miss Lupino hired her for her low-cost production of *Not Wanted,* which turned out to be a big hit. Sally was born in San Diego on May 28, 1929 and has brown hair and green eyes. Her next is *Mystery Street* with Ricardo Montalban.



Whatever became of Kathleen Ryan? She was so good in Odd Man Out, *but then I didn't see her again until* Give Us This Day. *She's not very flashy looking, but I think she's a fine dramatic actress. Mary Brennan, Schenectady, N. Y.*

Kathleen Ryan has the lead role in United Artists forthcoming *The Sound of Fury.* She was born on October 6, 1922 in Dublin, Ireland, attended the University of Dublin and then the famous Abbey Theater. British Director Carol Reed discovered her there and that was the beginning of her career. She's red-haired, hazel-eyed, married to Dr. Derry Devane and has a young daughter Barbara.



Could you give me some vital statistics on Keefe Brasselle? My family and I agree that his fresh good looks and acting ability will definitely land him on top. I hope Hollywood producers will be able to use him to advantage. Gerry Vorner, Brigham, Utah.

Keefe Brasselle is another of Ida Lupino's discoveries. He's been in Hollywood for some time, hoping to get a break in movies, and living on tea and cereal when she offered him a starring role in *Not Wanted.* The rest is history. Keefe was born in Elyria, Ohio, is five feet eleven inches tall and weighs 145 pounds. You'll see him soon in *A Place In the Sun* with Monty Clift.

Stuck!



The No. 1 catch of the town, hers for a whole evening on their first big date. She dreams this is to be the beginning of a real romance. But how wrong can a girl be? Once he gets her back on her own doorstep, he'll never darken it again . . . and she won't know why.*

How's your breath today?

Never take it for granted. Never risk offending others, needlessly. Halitosis (unpleasant breath)* is the fault unpardonable. It may be absent one day and present the next . . . without your realizing it.

So play smart. Rinse your mouth with Listerine Antiseptic night and morning, and especially before any date when you want to be at your best.

To be extra-attractive be extra-careful. Listerine Antiseptic is the *extra-careful* precaution. It freshens your breath . . . not for seconds, not for minutes . . . but usually for hours.

*Though sometimes systemic, most cases of halitosis are due to the bacterial fermentation of tiny food particles in the mouth. Listerine Antiseptic quickly halts such oral fermentation, then overcomes the odors it causes.



LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC . . . IT'S BREATH-TAKING!


The Admiral was a Lady but she taught these ex-GI's maneuvers they'll never forget!!!
—it's zany in a scandalous sort of way!
ALBERT S. ROGELL AND JACK M. WARNER PRESENT
EDMOND O'BRIEN
WANDA HENDRIX
in
The Admiral was a Lady
All about the ex-Wave with no place to go... and the guys who helped her get there... fast!
"Where's Henry!!"
with
RUDY VALLEE
Johnny Sands - Steve Brodie - Richard Erdman - Hillary Brooke - Richard Lane - Produced and Directed by ALBERT S. ROGELL - Co-Producer Edward Lewis - A Rorbury Production - Released thru United Artist



the truth about the bing crosbys

They lived in obscurity, immune to the sea of gossip around them, until the shadow of divorce broke through the wall.

BY LINCOLN EDWARDS

■ The phones rang all day. Finally, at seven o'clock, the telephone operator at the Hotel Ritz in Paris broke down. *"Bien,"* she said, "I will try and find him."

In a matter of minutes, Bing was speaking. "What's that you say?"

"They're saying back in the States," the reporter repeated, "that you and Dixie are getting divorced. How about it?"

Crosby snickered. "Look, chum," he said, casually, "they're always saying something—either I'm dead or divorced or throwing shoes. I've heard this story at least 35 times in the past ten years."

"But your lawyer said you and Dixie were separated."

"Which lawyer?" Bing asked, "I've got four of them, (*Continued on page 74*)



the men I love

by Esther Williams

Benjie's the one I talk about, and Ben's the one who listens. But someday Benjie will be old enough to hear about his dad . . .

■ Benjie is one year old!

It hardly seems possible that 12 months have passed since Benjie arrived to brighten our lives. And yet Ben and I can scarcely remember what it was like without him. That little character has become the most important thing in the world to both of us.

"Character" is right. What a guy! When the three of us arrived in Honolulu aboard the Lurline, I was being interviewed on the radio with Benjie in my arms. Suddenly he reached over, grabbed the microphone and let loose a stream of baby talk. I can't understand where he gets that ham, unless maybe from his father and mother.

He really had a time in Hawaii. After we got settled in our house at the base of Diamond Head, we had a press conference. Benjie was there and he stole the show. He posed for pictures for over an hour, and next day he was smiling on the front pages of the newspapers.

Our biggest thrill was when we flew to the island of Kauai to start *The Pagan Love Song*. When we arrived, we were greeted by a native musical group, a bevy of hula dancers and the mayor of the principal city. Ben and I received the traditional flower leis and kisses. But the highlight came when Benjie was presented with leis and kisses by little hula girls who were from six to 12 years old. He was very appreciative and loved every minute of it.

It was in Honolulu at the age of seven months that Benjie took his first ocean dip. The water is as warm as the air, so I was able to take him right into the surf. I was afraid he would be bothered by the waves, but I'm proud to say he wasn't frightened in the least. He loved the whole idea and complained bitterly when I had to take him out.

By now you may have the impression that I'm pretty proud of (*Continued on page 60*)



Benjie sailed with the Gages to Hawaii where Esther made a movie.



There was time for romantic tête-à-têtes—after Benjie turned in.

THE HIGH COST OF LOVING

by hedda hopper

In Hollywood it doesn't pay
to have a hasty heart,
because parting is
such expensive sorrow.
And everytime
you say goodbye,
you say it from
the bottom of your wallet.

FORTUNES ARE FADING FAST FOR THESE HASTY LOVERS— CAUGHT IN THE TANGLED WEB OF ALIMONY.



Dick and Nora Haymes

SWEET as they sound, those three little words, "I love you," can be mighty expensive in Hollywood. Believe me, the tender passion can make things plenty tough when it isn't the McCoy. And, as for the philanderers I see around me tangled in the sad straits of alimony, I think a good tune to hum might be that old ditty, "Don't sweetheart me—if you don't mean it!"

Hollywood love is the best bargain in this weary world when it's genuine. But when it's a tawdry imitation—the deal's a gyp. That's what some of the hasty star buyers at the heart counter are finding out, day by day, and they're taking the rap where it's most painful—in their puffed up, but not so bottomless pocketbooks.

Some of it's a racket, and some of it's right. Some get exactly what their foolish hearts deserve and others are wrapped up and taken like Richmond was by General Grant. But any way you look at it the cost of reckless loving if you're a movie star, male or female, is coming very high. What should be the most beautiful experience in a man or woman's life is only too often, these days, turning into a bankrupting booby-trap.

Just take a look around. In the direction, for instance, of one of the gayest blades of Hollywood, Errol Flynn himself. Errol played the role of *Don Juan* once on the screen, and he never quite got over it. So, just recently, impulsive Errol was crying "Help!" in court through his lawyers, and begging the judge to cut down the overdue bill for his oh careless love! The cares turned up, all right, and they're pretty expensive ones, too.

Errol confessed he collected $200,000 every year, which would help the average family man meet his rent and milk bill and have enough left over for a movie on Saturday night. But Errol's not the average man, and he has two separate families in his past with more than milk bills to prove it. To one ex-wife, Lili Damita, he pays $18,000 a year alimony until she dies or remarries, also $5,200 a year to support their boy, Sean, also $11,000 more on those sums for income taxes. Add $550 a

The Fred MacMurrays

THEY'VE STAYED HAPPILY MARRIED— AND SAVED —FOR THEIR KIDS, FOR THEIR FUTURES.





Kirk and the former Mrs. Douglas



Errol Flynn and Princess Ghica



Frank Sinatra and Nancy



Ty Power and former wife Annab

month to Nora Eddington Flynn Haymes, the second Mrs. F., for support of Deirdre and Rory, which totes up roughly $3,500 a month to pay for his past before he can plan his future. Yet at the same time Errol asked to have all this cut down to size, he was vacationing with the girl he wants to marry next, Romanian Princess Irene Ghica. And if right now his lusty baritone is crooning her a mournful chorus of "I can't get started with you," it's because, frankly, he can't afford to. And isn't that a pretty pass for a Don Juan?

How did the O'Flynn ever get himself in such a fix anyway? Well, even as Errol cries "Uncle" and begs for relief, complaining that his first wife, Lili Damita, "has travelled extensively throughout the United States and abroad and has lived in an extravagant manner . . ." you might say, "Look who's talking." Because elegant Errol has just returned from an extensive cruise of his own around the Mediterranean on his private yacht, gadding about the capitals of Europe and hobnobbing with royalty, which doesn't come cheap.

So part of the Flynn's dollar gap troubles you can chalk right up to what us old fogies used to call "Going Hollywood," which is spending more than you make, as Errol has always done, with his grand tours, his boats, fancy cars, wardrobes designed for a Duke of Windsor, a magnificent Hollywood home which he seldom uses—and so on.

Errol's first, Lili Damita, was once the toast of Paris, and she soon took to toasting Errol by conking him on the head with champagne bottles, in their frequent domestic free-for-alls. But the throbbing lumps on his noggin he got from that didn't compare to the severe headaches he began feeling when he took off down that lonesome alimony road. Even that didn't cure Errol. Right away he plunged again into a second hasty marriage with the pretty ex-hat check girl, Nora Eddington.

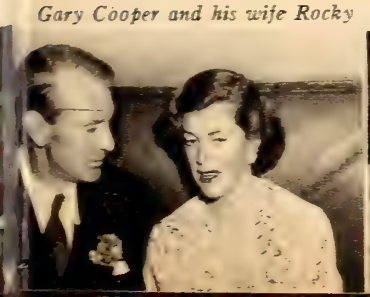
By now, of course, Nora is Mrs. Dick Haymes, and the second time Errol got off much easier, with no alimony, only support for his kids, through a slight misconception on Nora's part that the new spouse she was getting was a solidly set and prosperous star with unlimited checks rolling in from radio, movies and records. I'm afraid Nora found out that Dick's radio checks shrivelled and his movie and record ones, too, as the Haymes vogue waned and contracts were cancelled—and so what do we see?

Well, last December the first Mrs. Haymes tripped into a Los Angeles court with claims adding up to $31,963 and slapped attachments on what was left of those record and radio rewards owed to her home-hopping hubby. Turned out that to switch his wayward heart from Joanne to Nora, Dick had signed on the dotted line to pay Joanne from $9,600 to $14,000 a year, depending on his earnings. Besides which he was to foot the family medical and dental bills, establish insurance policies guaranteeing the education of their three offspring, Richard, Helen and Barbara—besides divvying up the community property. On top of all that there was a sad story of two or three years back tax bills which the Treasury Department was getting a little nasty about. If you ask me, the whole weird family scramble adds up to quite some price tag on easy-come, easy-go marriage, and one which in Dick Haymes' case, certainly, he hasn't a prayer of paying. And whatever made him think he had?

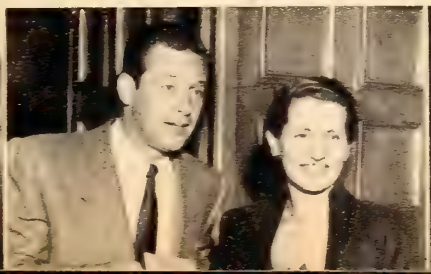
The most fantastic thing, to my Yankee mind, about the money messes the stars stick their feet in is how they can figure they've got the price. Look quickly, at Frank Sinatra, although it's not as easy now as it used to be to find Frankie's familiar face in every direction, and when you do, it wears a strained and worried look. With good reason.

Just a few weeks ago, Frankie showed up in Spain, following his lady love, Ava Gardner, snapping and belligerent to newsmen, but carrying a $10,000 emerald pretty for Ava. The question in my mind wasn't would he get the girl but how Frank Sinatra could afford a bauble like that, or even the trip to Spain! Because Frankie, sad to state, has mighty few dollars he can call his own; in fact, he's up to his bow tie in debts which may take him until he's old and gray to *(Continued on page 92)*

Gary Cooper and his wife Rocky



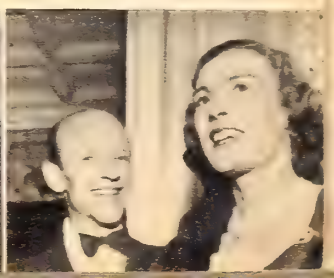
Bill and Brenda Holden



The George Murphys



Mr. and Mrs. Fred Astaire



He talks rough, he acts tough, but he plays croquet as good as poker. Wayne's the kind of guy you'd walk a mile for.

by TOM CARLILE



Esperanza (he calls her Chata) and John rewind some film he shot in Mexico. He's producing a bullfight picture there for Republic, and is currently in MGM's *Jet Pilot*.





Since their marriage in 1945, Duke's become a home guy, leads a quiet life with Chata in their San Fernando home. (He's expert at chess.)



Duke was discovered by director John Ford in 1927. He's now at work on his 145th role and signed for the next three years.

wonderful lug

■ When John Wayne, otherwise known as Duke, came to Hollywood, there were few who would call him polished, and fewer still who would call him an actor. He sat a horse well, he looked good in leather pants, but he delivered lines like a Western Union messenger.

People thought of him as a slam-bang roughneck who liked to fight, use colorful language and sit up all night playing poker. He did—all three. But at heart, he was a gentleman, and this is what people never knew.

Duke took a lot of ragging in those early days. Once, when he'd begun to get leading man roles, he was assigned to play a suave, young society lawyer. This wasn't exactly up his alley, but it was headed straight for his wallet, so he made the best of it.

The first day, he forced himself into a tuxedo and patent leather pumps and tried looking nonchalant. Every time he stepped out of camera range he'd tug at his collar and make faces.

The director who went with the movie wasn't very democratic. He'd obviously been born with a black tie in his mouth and scorned those who weren't as fortunate. "Too (*Continued on page 71*)



He likes to deep-sea fish, used to go deer hunting. Lately he enjoys milder pleasures—like all-night poker, croquet with Chata.



House of memories



The Crosbys lived here with much laughter, and many dreams, and a gracious ease. These are the first pictures ever taken inside their house. They may also be the last.

by Marva Peterson

■ They've been living in their Holmby Hills house for ten years—that's a lot of memories. They moved in when Gary was only seven, the twins were four, and Lindsay was two. (The pictures at the left show how the boys and their folks look today.) The kids grew up there; they played baseball in the living room, left for school and vacations, but always came back. There were good times, funny times, sad times, and the house grew mellow with them.

Now some say that the Crosbys are separating (*for the facts about this read the story on page 25*). Only the Crosbys know what their immediate future holds. The house may remain as it was with the same people in it; the house may be changed, but already it has a history, a history of family life.

Bing Crosby always took kidding about a lot of things—his hair, or lack of it; his clothes; his singing—"Do some work this week, Pop, or Gary won't give you an allowance," his oldest son might tell him.

But there's one subject that Bing doesn't like to have ribbed—that's his home. Even his script writers know that the house is forbidden gag territory. So much of the Crosby life has been made public property that the house represents their last bit of privacy. The Crosbys don't



Dixie shortened the legs of a breakfast table, uses it as a coffee table between the sofas.



Welsh dresser shelf lifts up for TV set.



A movie screen lowers from the cornice.



This is how the Welsh dresser looks when not in use. Bing's favorite chair is close to it.





Circular carpeting and a graceful furniture grouping set off the elegant, winding stairway.

give many parties and very few people have actually been inside the place.

The pictures on these pages may surprise some readers. Unlike Bing's flamboyant wardrobe, his home is simple, unaffected and comfortable. From the very beginning it was equipped for a family of four fun-loving boys and their comfort-loving father.

With the professional help of George Hall, one of Hollywood's finest decorators, Dixie worked long to make the house livable and lovable. It's a never-ending job.

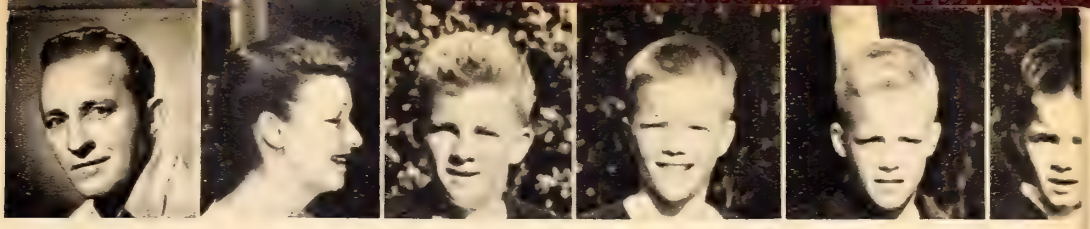
A year ago, for example, the boys decided that they must have a television set. Little

The spacious foyer with its antique lowboys is use





Bing hates floor lamps so the cabinet behind the Queen Anne table conceals a lamp, as does the antique lavabo over the piano. The family uses the table for cards and homework.



Lindsay, the youngest, claimed, "We need it for professional purposes."

"Have you gotten your father's okay?" Dixie asked.

Lindsay smiled. "Not yet, but we're working on it."

A few weeks later Lindsay was asking again. "Pop says we need one, too." That was enough for Dixie. She went to work. She had a television set installed in a cabinet that she knew would match the other antique pieces in the living room. As a result, the Crosby TV set is cleverly concealed in a functional and extremely handsome Welsh dresser. The dresser contains all the media for an evening's entertainment. In addition to a TV set, it boasts a radio, phonograph, and motion picture screen.

(If you own a large cabinet or breakfront in your own home, you might very well adapt the idea. Rather than get a new piece of furniture for your TV set, perhaps you can build the set or have it built into something you've already got. Such a device will not only save you space but also money, since TV sets without cabinet and table are fairly reasonable.)

Dixie runs her home to please her men. When Bing says he'd like a lot of horse prints around the house—horse prints are what he gets. Dixie takes him at his word, and that's why practically every picture in the house features an equestrian study of sorts. The boys are getting older and if they ever decide to throw parties in the living room, Dixie's ready. The wall to wall carpeting there is actually three rugs that can be rolled back promptly for dancing.

Naturally, Dixie has a whim or two of her own. For *(Continued on page 94)*

as an addition to the living room on the rare occasions when the Crosbys throw a party. Oil paintings of the boys (left wall) are by Paul Clemens.



Surrounded by clowns, John Bromfield, Corinne Calvet, Yvonne DeCarlo and Rock Hudson enjoy a little horseplay at Clyde Beatty's Circus.

CIRCUS DAZE!



The lions roared, the acrobats soared, the clowns had us in stitches. But then we had to run—for our lives!

BY BEVERLY OTT

THE IDEA belonged to Yvonne DeCarlo. "Let's go to the Clyde Beatty Circus," was the idea.

"Clyde Beatty?" said Corinne. "What is ziss?"

"Only the greatest lion-tamer in the world, that's all," said Yvonne.

Corinne was impressed. *"Allons!"* she said. (I didn't study French for nothing. That means "Let's go!") So we all went—Yvonne De Carlo, Corinne Calvet, John Bromfield, Rock Hudson and I.

It was the circus' last day, but Yvonne was no slouch, she dashed all over town and finally got the tickets at a couple of drugstores. All we others had to do was be at the main entrance by seven.

I was there, clutching my pink candy. The Bromfields were there; the whole city of Los Angeles seemed to be there, but not Yvonne, or Rock, or the tickets.

"What'll we do?" asked John.

"Search me," I said.

"Why?" said Corinne. "You have lost zee teekets?"

"Ha," said I, and casually detached my pink candy from someone's elbow.

"Let's not stand here," said John. "Let's look for them." So we stalked off into the crowd. I went one way, the Bromfields went another and we almost didn't meet again. Half an hour later, I was back at the entrance. Rock was out searching for me, and John was off looking for Rock.

After a while they both wandered back. Then we counted each other and proceeded to the sideshow. The sideshow took place in one big tent, and it was about as crowded in there as the subway is at rush hour.

"Why don't one of you big, strong, handsome men put me on his shoulder?" I said coyly.

The big, strong, handsome men looked at me stony-eyed.

"Anyway," I said, spitefully, "we have only ten minutes to see this before the big show begins."

A kind man stepped up out of the crowd. "Why don't you come back *after* the main event?" he suggested. He turned out to be the manager, and gave us a card to admit us later. "Be sure and come right back, though," he warned. "We're moving on tonight."

There was still a little time left before the big show, so we wandered into the animal tent. "Smells good," I said, wrapping a handkerchief round my face.

"Oh, look at those beautiful lions," said Yvonne.

"Be brave," said John, as he pushed me toward one.

"Stop it!" I screamed.

The lion yawned. "Gosh," said Yvonne. "I'll bet you could put your head in his mouth."

"I'll bet," I said. "Isn't it a shame he's behind bars?"

(Continued on page 85)



The Bromfields, Rock and Yvonne admire an elephant who's dressed for the parade. Elephant was insulted when Yvonne gave him one peanut.



The girls are apprehensive, John and Rock seem fascinated by sword-swallower Alex Linton. Alex comes from a long line of swallowers.



Snake-charmer Barbara White charms her audience, too. Rock asked Yvonne if she wanted to borrow a snake for a movie. Yvonne declined.



I was afraid to be happy

. . . until I found courage in prayer, and faith in myself.

by Joan Crawford

■ Meeting me after a long separation, people I've known in the past sometimes say, "What's happened to you? You look radiant."

"I'm happy," I say.

Perhaps they wonder what has made me so happy—a new love interest, a great new picture, my joy in my children . . . They're on the beam if they think that the children have given me great happiness. But beyond them, the happiness and serenity I have found are due to a philosophy I discovered in the last few years, which has revolutionized my way of thinking about many things.

Up until a few years ago I was one of the most fear-ridden people in the world. I had been brought up with every fear known to man—fear of people, fear of mistakes, fear of failure, fear of heights, fear of the things people might say or think about me. I was as self-conscious as any ten people can be. I was scared and introverted.

So many children grow up as I did. Constantly they hear their parents' admonitions, "Ah, ah, ah, don't touch. You'll burn yourself." "Don't go near the pool. You'll drown." "Don't climb up there. You'll fall."

We grow up fear-ridden. Whenever someone suddenly shouts at a child, "Don't do that!" panic hits the pit of the child's stomach. (*Continued on page 100*)

by helen rose



JANE POWELL DRESSES FOR GLAMOR

I REMEMBER the first time I met Jane Powell. She was 14, and new to Hollywood. Mr. Kress, head of MGM's wardrobe department, brought her to me and said, "Helen, she's yours." That was six years ago, and I've been designing Janie's clothes ever since.

Styles change, and so did Janie. At first she wanted to wear peasant skirts and blouses all the time, because she loved them. Later she learned better. She learned that clothes should create the effects you want—of youthfulness, of sophistication, of glamor; she learned that the smart dresser is the girl who is fashion-wise without sacrificing her individuality.

Janie might have loved those peasant outfits but she kept them for brunches at home, for picnics, for afternoons at the movies. As she grew older she began to dress with an eye toward glamor. That doesn't mean she decked herself out in rhinestones and ruffles. Not Janie. She always had good sense about clothes and knew that the cut and fabric could suggest so much more than flashy doodads.

I think one of the reasons Janie learned so fast about clothes was her limited budget. Of course, her MGM contract paid her a good salary, but her parents wisely saw to it that she didn't have more clothes than any girl of average means could afford. Janie had to find clothes that served more than one purpose and were of such good material that they'd last.

I well remember the day Janie found two (*Continued on next page*)

JANE POWELL'S WARDROBE



A. *For parties Jane chooses electric blue taffeta combined with net.*

B. *The skirt of her smart wool bolero-suit is blue—her best color.*

Designed for Jane . . . desig

"darling" date dresses and took them bo
home. Her mother said she needed on
one and to take her choice. Janie w
really miffed at the time, but it taught h
a valuable lesson which she hasn't forgott
even today. There's nothing getting limp
her closet from not being worn.

Only the other afternoon she was telli
me about the clothes she'd bought for h
last personal appearance tour. Janie h
designed a full skirt which her dressmak
made up for her in blue taffeta. A matc



C. Her green wool coat sports a diagonal beaver collar—for height.

D. She dresses up at home in a red-white-and-blue polka-dot housecoat.

E. Separates can be switched easily—like this white blouse, gold skirt.

r fall . . . clothes with a delicate charm, colors that blend with the honeyed shades of her hair.

ing blouse with a boat neckline and tiny cap sleeves turned the outfit into a dress. The blouse was waistline length and had a wide velvet sash attached to it which easily covered the waistband of the skirt.

For a second outfit with the same skirt, she had a pink cotton lace blouse cut with a sweetheart neckline and tiny sleeves. This blouse fitted across the hips. To make the pink blouse really "belong" she wore two pink roses tucked into the folds of her skirt. Sounds simple, doesn't it? Well, it is. And it's an intelligent way to stretch a wardrobe.

With great glee, Janie told me of another find. "Now I have *four* outfits," she said, "for the price of one!" She did, too. These turned out to be a green velveteen suit with a cotton lace blouse, and an extra red jacket —all bought on sale. (Janie can't resist a sale.) The suit as it is makes one outfit. With the cotton lace blouse and skirt she can wear it out in the evening. A weskit from another suit with the skirt and a tailored blouse makes still another ensemble. And the red jacket with the green skirt makes a tailored fourth.

I always know what to expect from Janie when she comes in for a wardrobe fitting. The door bursts open and before I look up she says, "Hi, kiddo. Got the coffee on?"

She's been calling me "kiddo" for six years and I can't break her of the habit, but that's my only complaint. She usually carries a paper bag under her arm. This last time it was full of banana puffs. (She'd made them the *(Continued on page 78)*

Each day he'd come
to visit his baby boy.
And later—his voice
full of hope, and
a little fear—
John Derek would
say to Patti,
"Our son's fine . . ."

BY SUSAN TRENT

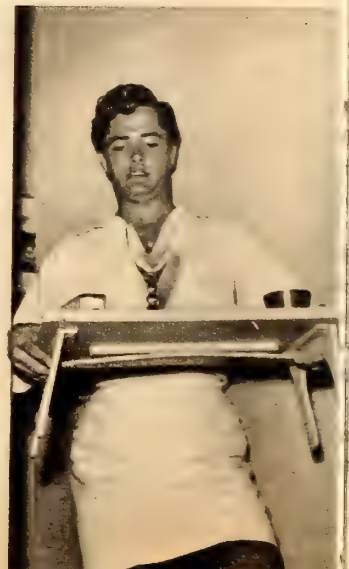
Our son



He'd hardly been near a kitchen before, but John took over the cooking chores when Patti was confined to bed awaiting her baby.









While little Russell was on the way, the Dereks stocked up on toys. John played with 'em for hours!

The nurse at the desk looked up as John Derek passed. He smiled briefly, his eyes troubled, and hurried down the corridor of the Children's Hospital.

Each day he'd come, hopeful, afraid. He'd enter the room at the end of the corridor and slip quietly into a chair beside the bassinette. It was as if he believed that, in some way, he could give his son part of his own strength.

He'd watch the small fist curl, he'd wait eagerly for signs of a change, an improvement. For over a month, in incubator and in hospital room, the baby had been fighting for his life.

From the time he was born, Russell Andre was on the critical list. The doctor had doubted that young Mrs. Derek would ever have a child. The fact that she did seemed miraculous enough—even though Patti was confined to bed four months before his birth.

It wasn't all sadness, though. You couldn't find two prouder people in the world than John and Patti.

"I hope it's a boy," he said. "Then I'll buy myself a big set of electric trains."

"Do you think she'll be beautiful," Patti asked, "or will she look like you?"

"Do you think he'll be brainy," John laughed, "or will he act like you?"

He took her on a shopping tour. "Maternity dresses," he announced to the floor walker, "—for my wife."

"I think black," said Patti.

"I think green and plaid and polka dots," said John, "to go with your hair."

Her hair flashed red in the sun, and they'd take walks (*Continued on page 73*)



Why

If a girl's pretty,
that's not bad.
If she's sweet,
that's okay, too.
But where can you find
a girl who has everything?
Gentlemen, look to your left.

BY CONSUELO ANDERSON



Eight-year-old Terry loves his mom because she's a pal—always ready for a bike ride or a ballgame.



Agent Marty Melcher, whom she'll marry in February, says Doris is wholesome.

men love Doris Day

■ One look, and that'll tell you. Two looks, if you're a wolf. Anyway, it's easy to see why men love Doris Day. If you're a brother, you want her for a sister. If you're a husband, you want her for a wife. If you're crazy, you don't want her.

Bob Hope, on whose show she's been singing these past few years, thinks she's too normal to be true. "There are some girls," Hope says, "who attract only men. They're usually the slinky siren type. There are others who attract only women. Doris attracts both. The girls like her because she's natural, pretty and friendly. The men love her because she's beautifully built, she sings like an angel, and she gives the impression that she'll remain faithful to you forever."

Mike Curtiz, Warner director who gave Doris her first break in pictures, and who is notorious for his use of the English language, says, "Doris is saxy but in an un-saxy way. Her sax sneaks up on you."

It sneaked up on Marty Melcher and got a strangle-hold. He's going to marry her come February. The plot of their romance could make a movie. . . .

A few years ago, Doris Day married George Weidler, a saxophone player, brother of Virginia Weidler. George was 21, Doris was 23. It was her second marriage. Her first had been to Al Jordan, a musician in Jimmy Dorsey's band. When she was only 18, Doris had given birth to a boy, and now her mother was looking after him in Cincinnati.

Doris loved George, but their marriage didn't get off to a good start. They had no place to live. The housing shortage seemed to be centered in Hollywood, so the newlyweds bought a trailer and parked it in a celery field.

Doris didn't mind as long as George didn't. This was life, she thought, and there wasn't much dust in the trailer, and anyway things would get better.

George got a job at CBS, and Doris sang on the Sweeney and March program, and things could be worse. Only not much worse. They began to fight.

Well, one night, Doris was singing in the Little Club in New York (she'd been booked there for a month.) Picture this particular night. . . .

She's crooning a flock of love ballads in that soft, breathless style of hers, and the "spots" light up her golden hair. The audience sits enraptured while Doris sings "This Love of Mine." And her own thoughts are back in that celery field in California, back in that trailer, back with her husband George. . . .

The manager comes up and hands her a letter. Doris opens it eagerly. It's from George. She reads the first few lines. She puts the letter down, unbelievingly. But the words jump up at her—"I think it best that we get a divorce." She can't believe it—this boy she loves, he doesn't love her anymore.

Back she went to California. George and Doris talked it out.

"We're still good friends," George said to her.

"I don't want to be your friend," she said. "I want to be your wife."

"Our marriage can't last," he said. (*Continued on page 81*)

He may not have been a beautiful baby, but do the ladies care? They've got this boy tabbed as their hero, their heavyweight dream . . .

By Lou Pollock

Get a load of DOUGLAS!



Jan Sterling became Mrs. Paul Douglas on May 12, in Los Angeles. (He proposed to her on Humphrey Bogart's yacht.) It's Jan's second marriage, the fifth one for Paul.

■ Paul Douglas is Hollywood's latest dreamboat. Nobody knows why. His profile is about as classic as a St. Bernard's. He's 43, he weighs 200 pounds, he talks loudly, and not always grammatically.

Nevertheless, women love him. Five women loved him extravagantly enough to marry him. There was Elizabeth Farnum, there was Susie Wells who is now the wife of a playwright, there was Gerri Higgins, there was Virginia Field who is the mother of his five-year-old daughter, Maggie. And now there's Jan Sterling, his bride.

There are countless other admirers who never get near enough to introduce themselves, let alone propose. But they write to him all the time, and usually they say something like—"You're not handsome, but you're such a big, satisfying man."

"Heaven forbid that I should consider myself a lady-killer," he growls. "But it must be that I'm close to what women think they can get." Women, he might be inclined to add, have good judgment. He isn't bragging. He just feels that if a man doesn't think he's appealing he might as well lie down and die.

It would be very foolish of Douglas to lie down right now. In less than three years, he's made seven movies; all of them were hits. And you can bet that talent scouts all over the country have added a new item to their shopping lists. It probably reads—heavyweight extrovert, can bulk in the wrong places, may be more earthborn than parlor-bred.

This doesn't mean that Douglas is uncomfortable in the presence of polite society. He's been a successful public figure for the past fifteen years, and most of that time his figure was in the midst of the champagne set. But no matter how many checks he picked up in the Stork Club, he never picked up a phony accent. (*Continued on page 89*)



June gets a big welcome from the Arkansas governor's son

Back Home in Little Rock

ve pages of exclusive photos following June and Dick Powell on a sentimental visit to his home town →

Back Home in Little Rock

by carl schroeder and jane wilkie

There are old friends, new friends, roses, cheers, and the Powells will never forget those good people, that wonderful town . . .

■ It all started with *The Reformer and the Redhead,* in which they co-star.

"We're going to première in Little Rock," said Dick.

"Little Rock?" said June.

"That's Arkansas, that's my hometown," said Dick. "That happens to be the best little town in the U. S. A. More questions?"

"One more," said June. "How'll we get there?"

"We'll fly," said Dick, and June's heart sank. Flying only petrifies her. "You know what'll happen," she said. "I'll die—like the last time."

Dick laughed. Last time they flew to Salt Lake City. When the order was given to fasten safety belts because they were coming in for a landing, June shuddered and complied. Forty minutes later, they were still up in the air, and June, her eyes tightly shut, called for the stewardess. "What's the trouble?" she asked in a small voice.

"Nothing to worry about," said the stewardess cheerily. "We're just looking for a hole to go down."

Cautiously, June opened one eye and peeked out the window. What she saw was the kind of thing that makes pilots grow old. Rain and sleet poured past the window pane, and beyond that, nothing.

"Why," said June, "isn't it beautiful. Look. Richard! You can't even see the wing-tip! Look at all that swirling snow! Isn't it wonderful?"

Dick clapped a hand to his forehead, and just then the pilot found a hole and dived through it toward the ground. June saw the earth for the first time in hours, and immediately started trembling with fright.

Well, they took a plane at 2:30 in the morning, and June didn't quite die. At 7:30 the same morning they arrived in Dallas, Texas.

"Why don't you come over to my apartment," invited Cissie Hallmark, the stewardess. "I'll make us breakfast."

"Love to," said Dick.

"I don't know," said June. "I'm not hungry."

"You know, she's never hungry," said Dick to Cissie. "At least, not when she should be. She'll eat five meals one day, and the next two days she won't eat anything."

"Now, Dick—" said June.

"When she's about to faint I'll tell her, 'Go ahead, eat something. Eat an egg.' 'No,' she says. 'So I go into the kitchen and fry her



June grins as Dick plants a kiss on the cheek of a Rose Festival beauty upon their arrival in Little Rock



After the rehearsal, the boys ask Dick to sing thei favorite—"Over The Seas Let's Go, Men." He obliges



June and Dick entertain guests at a Festival luncheon singing "Have I Told You Lately That I Love You?"



June and Dick congratulate each other on the recep tion they've received from an appreciative audience



lost of Little Rock came out to greet them. ose Festival girls gave June a bouquet.



Wearily, the Powells relax in the home of Mrs. Kate Mehaffy, their hostess, wife of a prominent attorney.



Dick supervises a rehearsal at the Little Rock Boys' Club. He's a lifetime member.



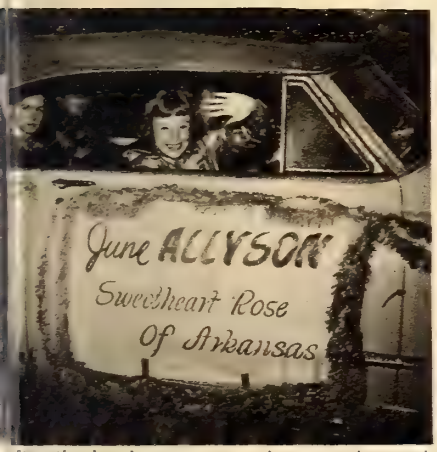
ooking a bit nostalgic, Dick shows June the ouse on Schiller Avenue where he was born.



Dick judges a flower show Friday afternoon. After he awarded the prizes, he autographed dozens of programs.



This is typical of the greeting he got from old friends who knew him when . . .



fter the luncheon comes a big parade—and he big rain. June waves to the wet crowd.



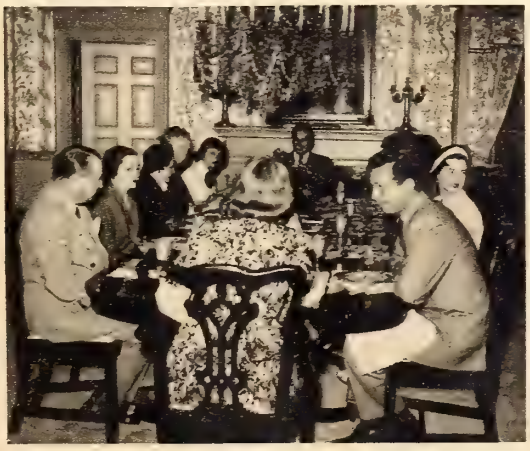
The audience gives the Powells an ovation as they come on stage at *The Reformer and The Redhead* première.



Governor McNath presents June with a certificate making her an Arkansas citizen.



une holds Bruce, youngest of the governor's hildren. That's the governor, his wife and son.



Dick and June are guests of honor at a stately luncheon given by the governor and Mrs. McNath at their home.



The finale: A gay ball at Robinson Auditorium—the Powells lead the grand march.

Continued on next page

Next stop: Tennessee Children's Home. June and Dick drive over from Little Rock for a visit with the kids. They make plans to adopt one of their own.

an egg, and she eats it, and then she says, 'Gee, I feel marvelous.' "

"Okay," said June, "Let's go get breakfast."

They went over to Cissie's place, and consumed a platter full of scrambled eggs.

"June, dear," Dick said suddenly. "You look green."

"Isn't that funny," said June. "I feel as though I look green. I feel awful."

"Well," said Cissie, getting up. "We mustn't let that plane leave without us."

"No," said June bravely. "That would be terrible, wouldn't it? Wouldn't it be terrible if the plane suddenly took off, and there we were stranded—without a plane."

They drove back to the plane, and got on it. All the way to Little Rock June looked green. "Planes don't agree with me," she said brightly to Dick. "I keep telling you."

Dick could only shake his head and pat hers until they got to Little Rock. At Little Rock she felt a little better. A band was there to greet them. Governor Sid McNath was there to shake their hands, and Rose Festival Queen Margaret Ann Stubbs and her court were there, too.

The Rose Queen gave June a big bouquet, and Dick graciously kissed the Rose Queen, several times.

"A fine thing," laughed June. "On our second honeymoon. Or is it our fifth?"

"Our fifth, dear," said Dick, kissing the Rose Queen's ladies-in-waiting.

To be exact, their fifth is on the nineteenth of August. Their first was a surprise to a lot of people who said it wouldn't last. He was so much older than she (he was 40); he liked to sail; she liked not to; he was serious; she was gay.

To them, though, the age difference was a big joke, and Dick did most of the kidding. During the first year of their marriage, June was on the verge of becoming a hypochondriac.

"Ye Gods!" Dick said, one evening. "To look at the pills in your dressing room you'd think you were headed for an immediate decease."

June sniffed. "You should talk. You take twice as many pills as I do."

"But I'm twice as old as you," said Dick, and it broke her up.

In five years, he became gayer, she got more serious; he still likes to sail; she still likes not to, but they get along fine.

But to get back to Little Rock, to the airport, to the Governor—the Governor invited (*Continued on page 91*)



Dick and June are frequent visitors at the Tennessee Children's Home where they adopted their daughter, Pamela. Mrs. Alma Walton, who arranged the adoption, lets them visit with each of her tiny wards.



Babies at the home are from one day to three years old and parents are carefully screened before they can adopt one. Later, June discovered she was pregnant, but she still has future adoption plans.



hoofer

His wife,
his bankbook,
his smiling face—
Dan Dailey owes it
all to horses—
but not the kind that
run at Santa Anita.

BY HOYT AND ALICE BARNETT



Both Dan and Liz are expert riders. They made their first date at a riding show, he courted her on horseback, and now they're planning to buy a ranch. On rainy days they spend hours with their collection of model jumping fences.





Dan and Van Johnson rehearse their routine backstage at the recent Friars' Frolic where they exhibited their dancing talents.



He always did say Liz had a tin ear, but that doesn't stop Dan from playing his trombone with gusto. Liz is just pretending to be in pain, anyhow. She recently bought him a home recorder.



Dan makes like Krupa in his music room, which he insulated himself. When he's not riding, he's here.

on horseback

■ Greet Dan Dailey with, "Hi, Dan, how's the world treating you?" And he'll come back with, "What do you mean, treatin'? I'm payin'."

You don't have to wait for a bell to ring when he cracks wise. And when he dances you don't have to call out the steps. He's hep. He's hep to a lot of things. He knows the difference between a debenture and class A voting stock; he can reel off yesterday's market quotations; he has his family's future wrapped up in a warm annuity.

Most of all, he's hep to himself. He's the first to admit he isn't perfect. If some of the mistakes he made had come earlier in life they might have frightened him out of a couple of years' growth. But now he's ahead of the game, and he'll tell you he owes it all to horses (not the kind that run at Santa Anita).

"Horses," he says, "are to ride. Never heard of a horse betting on a man, did you? Horse sense—that's what they've got."

Dailey, who isn't even part horse, has some of it, too. And horses have been involved in every important aspect of his adult life. When he lived in New York, he used to ride early in the morning, and so he couldn't stay up late in the all-night joints. Later, in Hollywood, he rode to get away from talking shop.

He made his first date with Liz at a horse show, (she rides like a champ). He courted her on horseback when they rode together through the San Fernando Valley. When he was in the Army, had received his commission as a battalion commander, and was stationed in Kansas, he and his wife would get up early on Sunday and ride some more.

"There was something wonderful," he says, "about being able to ride in the quiet evening with my wife—right in the middle of a war. We didn't feel like talking, or even thinking about what was ahead, for we knew I'd be transferred soon. It was just us—the horses—the evening."

Later, when Dan III was born, big Dan introduced him to horses as soon as he could holler, "Whoa!"

If you think Dailey is crazy about the animals, you're right. But he's even crazier about what they can do for him. "Thinking comes easier," he says, "when you get away from the strain and confusion of your work. And when you don't feel like thinking all you have to do is go out and put a horse over a fence or two. When a horse is moving toward an obstacle, you don't brood about how you should have played a scene yesterday, or worry about what some friend said the other evening when he was swacked. The fence ahead is an important piece of business, and it concerns you and your horse. Nobody else."

When Dan gets back from such a ride, he may be tired, but the cobwebs have been blown out of his head. He tries to keep them out.

"When I first came to Hollywood," he says, "I felt really lucky to be making three-four hundred a week. It was good money, and it still is a long way from bad.

"I knew there was bigger money around, but I didn't figure to get it. Ten years ago, big money (*Continued on page 87*)

hard-shelled shelley and



Left: Shelley, here on the set of *Winchester 73* waited a long time for stardom. *Below:* She said no when Farley Granger proposed, but they're still pals





Holding a well-worn copy of Shakespeare, ambitious Shelley studies with her speech teacher, Margaret Hendergast McLean. She attends daily drama classes.

the perfect catch

Turns down Farley Granger, lets her temper flare—that's Shelley, the prima donna, or is it Shelley, the perplexed?

BY LESLIE SNYDER

Shelley complains because she can't afford a pool—or a mink coat, even though she's making more money than she ever did in her life. (Her life started thirty years ago.)





Romantic rumors flared recently about Shelley and baseball's Gene Bearden *above*. But Shelley has another man on her mind. He's Bill O'Brien, young Paramount screenwriter.

THE night Farley Granger asked Shelley Winters to marry him she laughed softly, and with an unusual tenderness in her voice said, "No."

Shelley couldn't really explain to this handsome, romantic young man who is considered just about the only really perfect catch left among Hollywood bachelors that she was practically in love with someone else. Instead, she said, "Let's not spoil a beautiful friendship," and let it go at that.

It's true that speculation about them has gone on for a long time, and that Shelley and Farley have been together at least once a week for months, but none of her intimates would care to stand on their heads waiting for the two to marry.

And why don't these intimates think that Shelley will ever become Mrs. Farley Granger?

A certain amazing young Irishman, tall, black-haired, husky, intelligent, is the why. Liam O'Brien is his name. Bill to his friends. Liam, the boy who studied to be a priest. Bill, the man who turned to writing, discovered Hollywood while Shelley Winters discovered him. Bill, who wrote *Chain Lightning,* the Humphrey Bogart thriller and *Beyond The Sunset,* the new Glenn Ford picture, is a charming introvert who plays tennis, reads and works from 7:30 to midnight, gets up early and hits the creative ball at Paramount.

When Shelley thinks about Bill her eyes go dreamy. Of a Sunday morning she sometimes pounds on his front door, wakes him up and scrambles eggs for breakfast before their tennis match. Later in the afternoon they may be found sitting for hours in his living room reading everything from Lil Abner to Franz Kafka. Yes, this is the recipe for quiet romance, but friends are terribly afraid it will never come off.

Shelley will have to find herself first, an admission that she has made, although painfully, when she asked aloud the question, "Why am I so unhappy?"

The girl friend with whom she was sun bathing beside a swimming pool high above the Sunset strip sat bolt upright. "Unhappy! What have you got to be unhappy about?"

Shelley reached for a towel, wiped tears from her eyes and said, "I don't suppose you will understand. That's the trouble. No one seems to understand; or tries to. They just sit around and call me temperamental."

Shelley looked out over Hollywood, and said quietly, "I wish I could explain. I've worked almost all my life to be a big star. I've gone without meals to pay for dramatic lessons. Now here I am, making more money than I ever dreamed of, and what have I got? Do I own this swimming pool? No. Sure, it's nice to know people who have a swimming *(Continued on page 95)*



Hollywood

HERE'S AN AIRY VIEW OF SIX STARS' HOMES

■ The men in the helicopter up above are Bob Beerman and Bert Parry, Modern Screen's living photographers, and the pilot. "Is this trip necessary?" Beerman screamed as he was lifted into the machine.

"I quit," said Parry. "You think I have to do this for a living? I retire. Finis."

The smiles still on their happy faces, our boys soared into the wind over Hollywood. "Take pictures," we'd told them, "of the homes where the stars won't let you in."

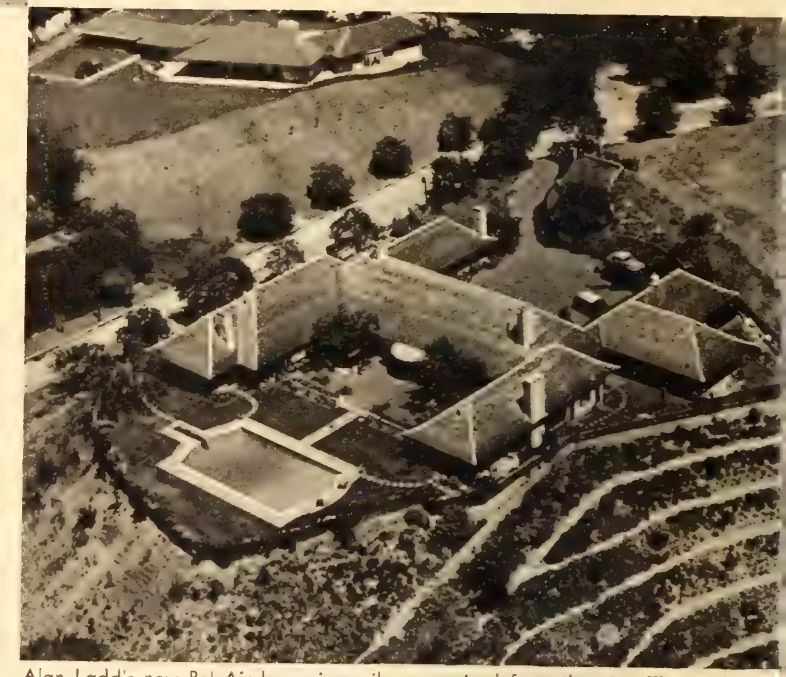
So they took pictures. Two hundred feet above Clark Gable's home, one elbow resting on a cloud, Bob took a picture of Gable's house. Set far back from the road, and hidden by all sorts of shrubbery, passersby can't see it. But Bob did—and all the rest of the twenty acres, including citrus grove, pool and playhouse.

Then, zooming to 800 feet, the helicopter fluttered in the air above Holmby Hills. "Hold it!" Bert shouted, and here you have the Toppings' $100,000 estate with its pool and bathhouse (inside there's a double fireplace and sliding doors—this we got from our ground crew).

Only from the air can you see what a dream place Alan Ladd's house is. The land slopes wide and easy; the swimming pool's king-size. Ladd lives at the edge of Bel Air, and Robert Stack lives next to him. We got Stack's house for you, too.

At a fast 30 mile an hour clip, the helicopter headed for Franklin Canyon where Joan Evans lives with her parents. "Aw," said Beerman, "let's go home. None of those dolls are out sunbathing."

On the way back, Bob took the first exclusive shot of Harry James' new mansion which looks like a castle. There it sits on the opposite page. Take a good look. Our boys have just soaked their feet in cement.



Alan Ladd's new Bel Air home is easily recognized from the air. The modern H-shaped house, with its huge swimming pool, lies on sloping land. This is obviously wash day for the Ladds—note line of laundry at the right.



Surrounded by dense foliage and a five-acre grove of citrus trees, Clark Gable's San Fernando Valley home is set way back from the main road. Mrs. Gable is re-landscaping the grounds. The swimming pool *left* is a new addition.

by helicopter

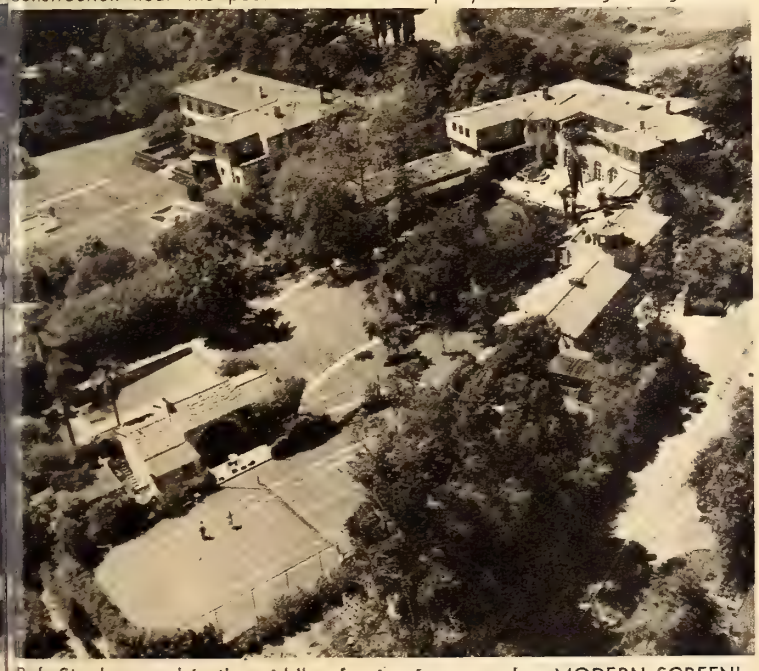
OMES—THE HOMES CAMERAMEN HARDLY EVER GET INVITED TO—BUT OUR BOYS ALMOST DROPPED RIGHT IN!



Lana Turner's mansion is one of the showplaces of Holmby Hills and there's nothing small about it—even from way up high. There's a bath house under construction near the pool and Lana is rapidly informalizing the gardens.



Almost hidden by the heavy woods around Franklin Canyon, Joan Evans' house is built right into the hillside. "The view is terrific," Joan says. Parents Katherine Albert and Dale Eunson live with her.



Bob Stack paused in the middle of a tennis game when MODERN SCREEN's photographers appeared overhead. Walks shaded by lovely old trees lead to the swimming pool—the house *upper right* has a flagstone terrace.



Betty Grable and Harry James new home looks like an old manor house. Supposedly brought over brick-by-brick from Scotland, it came furnished with a ghost. The Jameses haven't met him yet.

he's not the man I married

by sue carol ladd

After his marriage, Alan lost his shyness, found new interests—like building furniture (here with George Montgomery and Sue)



He's gone and left me—

the Alan Ladd I used to

know. But the new

Ladd's even better—

he's the one I dreamed about . . .

■ An old friend from Minneapolis, whom we haven't seen in years, visited Alan on the set the other day. Afterwards he came over to me looking a bit perplexed.

"That's not the Alan Ladd I know, is it?" he asked.

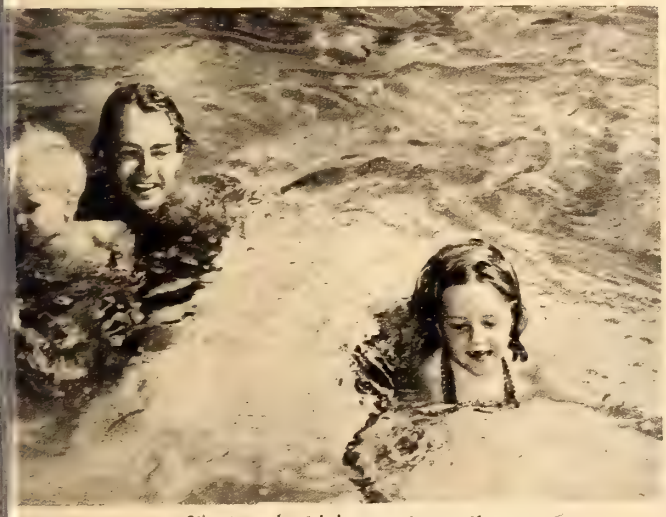
"Of course it is," I laughed. "What do you mean?"

"The Alan Ladd I remember was a shy fellow who never said a word if he could skip it," he replied. "But this man is perfectly composed, talks easily and talks well. I went to him thinking I would have to force the conversation as before. It wasn't necessary at all. No, he's not the Alan Ladd I know."

I got to thinking about this after our friend (*Continued on page 97*)



Alan was west coast diving champ while still in his teens, but until recently he was an easy prey to sickness.



Silent and withdrawn at one time, Alan is now an affectionate father, always ready to romp with Alana and David.



When his San Fernando ranch was built, Alan personally supervised its construction, even helped with the bricklaying. Here, he and a friend study the blueprints.

(*Continued from page 27*) my one-year-old. Well, I am. In fact I have to restrain myself from boring my friends to tears with tales of the amazing B. S. Gage. That's why I'm glad MODERN SCREEN gave me this opportunity to talk about Benjie's first year. If it gets too boastful for you, too, please turn the page. I'll understand.

FIRST I want you to know that I realize I'm no child psychologist. Every mother has her own ideas about bringing up children and I'm no exception. I'll admit I have some strong notions. Because I waited so long to be a mother and was once disappointed, I had a lot of time to think about how I wanted my child to grow up. I wanted so much to help our baby build a strong body so that he could meet any physical challenge in his childhood and his later years.

I remember the first time I dipped him into the bathinette. I expected him to hate the water—and he did. All babies do at first. The best way I could think of to make him enjoy it was to make it seem like a swim instead of a bath.

I put my arm under his stomach and cupped my other hand under his chin to keep his face out of the water. That left him free to kick and splash. And did he! By the end of the bath, I looked as though I had just stepped out of the MGM pool.

I could brag and say that Benjie inherited his love of water from his amphibious mother. But I really think it was because he found out the bath was fun. It was so much fun that in a few days he was kicking the bejeepers out of his bathinette. In three weeks I had to switch him to the big tub.

Holding him up in the tub was back-breaking for his ma, so I tried something different. I filled the tub up just a few inches and let him float on his back unaided. Benjie was even more delighted with this method and churned up a healthy spray.

Soon he was skittering all over the tub like a little fish. At four weeks he was splashing around in his wading pool. It was the delight of my life, but I didn't dare brag about it. I could see myself trying to convince people that my son was swimming at a few weeks of age.

I could just see them nod unbelievingly and say, "Yes, Esther, we know."

The swim worked so well I thought I would try other body-building exercises. He did pull-ups to develop his arms and shoulders. He would tighten his little hands on my forefingers and pull himself up to a sitting position. Before he was more than a few months old, he was bouncing in his teeter chair, another exercise we found excellent for building up his legs. We looked for toys that are designed for physical development, rather than rattling toys that a baby shakes a few times and then drops. Above his bed we fastened a little punching bag which he soon began pounding with an agility that would make Kirk Douglas proud.

I DON'T want to convey the impression that Benjie's first year has all been rosy. Ben and I have had our trials as well as our triumphs. Our first big problem was finding a nurse.

It wasn't easy. We went through six nurses in as many weeks. As I've said, I had definite ideas about bringing up my child. I found some nurses didn't agree with my ideas. One day I found a nurse gazing over my shoulder as I was dressing the baby.

"I'll take care of him for awhile," I said. "Why don't you rest or read?"

She was insulted. "I am in charge of the nursery," she snapped.

She was soon packing her bags. I tried another and another and another. Finally, I was so desperate that I told the studio I couldn't go to work until I found a nurse I was satisfied with.

Luckily she came along. This one understood exactly what I wanted—a nurse who would be anonymous, who would be a good friend to my baby, but not another mother. She knew not to compete with me for Benjie's affections, as the others had done. And she knew that when I was home, she could get lost—I would take over.

Soon the system was working out well. I assumed charge the moment I got home from the studio in the evening. The first thing was the bath.

I liked the idea of an evening bath. It had been a pet theory of mine for a long time that the hour before bedtime was a trying period for both baby and parents. By that time the baby is played out and slept out. He's irritable. So why not have a warm, pleasant bath to sooth and exercise him? Then a big dinner and he'll be happy to see his bed.

that blonde
beauty
lana turner
on the
september
cover of
modern screen
on sale
august 8

This evening recreation works out well for everyone but Ben. It's 8:30 before I'm able to pay any attention to him. He practically has to make an appointment to see me before Benjie goes to bed.

But, of course, he understands that the evening period is the only time I get with Benjie when I'm working. Being a working mother has its disadvantages, but there's a good side. Before Benjie arrived, my mother and I worked out a plan so that I could have my baby's love and affection even though I had to work all day. If I could represent fun and recreation to him, besides being in complete charge of all his care whenever I am home, then nothing would be lost by being a working mother. Benjie starts making joyful sounds the moment I turn on his bath water. He has a happy swim and then comes dinner. And knowing what an active boy he is, you can realize how he loves to eat.

YES, now Benjie and I have become good friends. But it wasn't always so. In our first weeks together, it looked as though he would be boss. He ordered me around like a traffic cop at rush hour. He is a determined little guy and when he didn't get what he wanted, he yelled for it. I was frantic.

His biggest beef came after his bath. His man-sized appetite wouldn't wait until I dressed him before dinner. He yowled until he was dressed and eating.

That had to stop. So when he came out of the bath, I didn't wait to dress him. I wrapped him in a towel or a robe and stuck his dinner bottle in his mouth. That calmed him down in a hurry—and soothed my jangled nerves. It does make sense after all. It is rather wonderful to eat in something loose and comfortable. Maybe he had the best idea in the first place; I was happy to concede.

After that problem was solved, the balance of power shifted to his mother. I decided not to let him take advantage of me. Believe me, it's a struggle. Benjie knows what he wants when he wants it. I'm sure he gets that from his pop.

Ben's mother told me that Ben was a positive boy when he was young. He was the kind of child who would hold his breath until he got his way. Benjie is his father's son. But, like his father, he also has a sense of humor and that saves the day on many occasions.

Benjie can be kidded out of a snit. When he starts getting riled about something, it has been agreed that no one is to use a sympathetic tone with him. Nobody says "Poor lil fella" or anything like that. We all say, "Come on, turn it off, Benj; that's enough noise out of you."

And it works. Pretty soon a little kidding makes Benjie realize he's being silly and he starts laughing with us.

This past year has brought more joy and happiness than any Ben and I have ever known. It has shown us that two can be company, but three make a lot more fun. We have a thousand memories that will stay with us always.

FOR instance, there was Benjie's first plane ride. Ben had been invited to play in Bing Crosby's golf tournament at Del Monte. Ben is a bug for golf and was very anxious to go. I wanted to go along, too, but what about the baby? We decided to take him along. So we packed diapers, blankets, baby clothes, etc., and flew up to the tournament. Benjie, who was only four months, had a wonderful time. When the plane got a little rough, he was delighted. He was sure the pilot was making the plane bounce just for him and laughed gaily while his mommie got quite airsick.

And there was the boat trip to Hawaii. Benjie loved it, and he took to the islands like a native. The natives took to him, too. Whenever I was out without him, people would come up and ask, "Where is Benjie today?" or "Did Benjie have a dip this morning?"

I was happy to see that he likes change. He likes new pepole, too, but he's no pushover; he sizes a newcomer up before he turns on that incandescent smile.

He has stamina and endurance, but he's not jittery. He has a temper and what a temper! But he can be humored out of it. He's sturdy but he's affectionate, too. He has a laugh that ripples through the air and eyes that dance with delight.

I know this has been a terrible exhibition by a boasting mother and I hope you will forgive me for carrying on so. I'm sure that Benjie isn't any more unusual than any other baby anywhere. But come on and admit, you proud mothers of your first-born—wasn't this the way you talked when given the slightest opening? Ben and I hope with all our hearts we will have a few playmates for Benjie so that we can get a normal parental perspective. Please be patient with us until we do.

THE END

onderful lug

ontinued from page 31) bad we can't g you up a saddle for this shot," he'd y to Duke, or, "Sorry if the clean clothes ther you."

Duke would smile good-naturedly and ep his mind on the script. The script as so terrible, though, he felt he had to mplain. There was one scene in which s girl friend got mad at him in a night ub and stalked out on the arm of a ngster. Duke was supposed to run after r, get shoved out of the way by the ngster, and then inquire politely of his rl friend, "Where are you going with m?"

"This is silly," Duke said to the director.

"Indeed," said the director. "And just hat would you do?"

"Why, I'd belt the guy when he shoved e and tell the girl to come back and stop aking a fool of herself," said Duke.

"Well, you're not playing yourself in this ow," sneered the director. "You're play- g a *gentleman*."

Duke looked at the man coldly for a inute, then he grinned, "Okay, Jack," he id. "You're the doctor."

This happened a long time ago, as things e measured in Hollywood. Today, di- ctors pay attention when John Wayne akes suggestions. And none of them ould be foolish enough to imply that he n't a gentleman. Except John Ford. Ford alls Duke a shirt-tail bum 12 times a ay. But that's different. First place, Ford idn't learn how to speak in Sunday school. econd place, he doesn't mean it. In fact, ord's the fellow who gave Duke his first cting job. The year was 1927, Duke was prop man on the set of *Men Without Women*, and Ford was directing. One orning, a bit player failed to show up, ord looked Duke's way and shouted, Drop that tack hammer, you big lug, and et in there."

Duke got in there and he gave a tre- endously bad performance. But since at day, Ford's watched over his acting areer like a mother hen. They've made a t of hits together—*Stagecoach, The Long oyage Home, Fort Apache, She Wore A ellow Ribbon*—Duke would drop any ther part to work in a Ford production. s far as he's concerned Ford can call him ny name in the book.

t took a long time for the rest of Hollywood to learn about the kind of entleman Wayne is. The rough-neck eputation stuck with him no matter how any times he tipped his hat. He's a great ne for a moose hunt, people used to say, ut keep him out of the drawing room.

Certain aspects of Duke's behavior, at east as they were reported, didn't help correct this impression. Take, for ex- mple, the rough and tumble fist-fights e's had, on occasion, with Ward Bond.

"I've seen them mix it up until I nought they'd kill each other," a camera- an at Republic Studios says. "They'd tart arguing out on location and it would nd up with them both swinging from he ground. They didn't stop with just a loody nose or a black eye. They kept lugging until they both were worn out."

Invariably, these tussles made dandy tories for the columns. And a lot of eople got a chance to cluck their tongues nd confirm their belief that Duke was othing but a rowdy. Very few bothered o examine the fact that the fight was ust another chapter in a good-natured unning battle that has been going on ince Duke and Ward were in college ogether.

"We've been beefing ever since 1928," Duke says, with (*Continued on page 71*)

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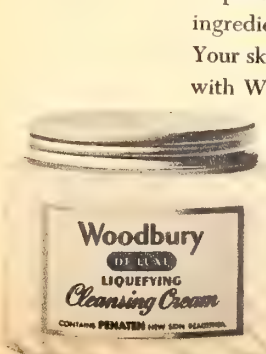


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Woodbury Cleansing Cream

penetrates deeper because it contains PENATEN

fall is closer than you think

by connie bartel, fashion edit

■ Every August store windows sudden break out in a rash of furs and tweeds a jerseys. And every August, wiping o sun-struck brow, and wringing our lir summer cotton, we ask stores: *"Who* bu fall clothes when the temperature is scorching 90°?"

The answer is: "All girls who are hep smart shopping." And it's true. T stores point out, first, that by mid-summ you're pretty tired of your vacation war robe. You're in need of a psychologic lift. You crave new colors, new texture new styles—even if it's still too hot wear them.

Second, Labor Day rolls around awful fast, once August begins—and unless y shop ahead you're caught wearing your o pastel shantung in the first cold snap when you're dying for a bright wool.

Third, and most important reason all—late summer is when you get t absolute pick of fall fashions—the newes smartest, mostest and bestest.

So, assuming you're as hep as the ne one, in this issue we present fall fashion Beginning with the coat Denise Darc wears opposite, and the wonderful wools pages 66 and 67, we show clothes for you snatch now, and have ready the instant gets cooler. And on pages 64, 65 and 68- we show jump-the-gun fall designs that a in smart rayons to wear this minute, an all through the winter as well.

Denise Darcel looks to fall in red chinchilla

■ Denise Darcel, the French fir cracker you're currently seeing i RKO's *Tarzan and the Slave Gir* looks very ooh-la-la in a blazing re cavalier coat that's luscious to th touch, and expensive to the eye.

The shoulders are smartl rounded, the cuffs are pointed, an the buttons are smoky pearl. And— big fashion deal—there are tw flapped pockets on one side, one o the other. (For a better view c the flaps, be sure to turn t page 70.)

The fabric is all-wool chinchill —deep, soft, and feels-like-money Also in green or navy. Sizes 10-1 By Conad $3

At Gilchrist's, Boston.

For how to buy, see page 70.

Bag by Roger Van S.
Hat by Cabulets



Fall is



Double march of buttons—
just to emphasize the dashing
lines of this crisp gabardine
and make sure nobody will miss
them. Wonderful dress to
show off your gloves and
jewelry. Burlington's rayon
sheen gabardine. Flint grey,
dark green, scarlet, royal
and black. Sizes 10-18.
By Town and Country—$10.95.
How to buy, see page 70.

closer than you think



Far left: The suit with the reversible weskit—to two-time your audience and double your impact. It's grey flannel; the vest is plaid on one side, solid grey on the other—studs are removable. One-button jacket has flap pockets plus watch pocket. Burlington's Southdown rayon flannel. Also nu-brown. Sizes 10-18. By Overland Garment Co.—$25. How to buy, see page 70.

Left: The suit with the horseshoe neckline—which is as new as a neckline can get. Burlington's rayon tweed, with push-up cuffed sleeves and a slim, slit skirt. Best suit we know to show off blouses and sweaters. Blue, grey or tan. Brief sizes 10-18. By Carmen Classics—$14.95. How to buy, see page 70.

Not a minute too early for rayon gabardine—flannel—tweed.

These Modern Screen Fashions at GILCHRIST'S, BOSTON.

Fall is closer



The velvet touch—big news for fall, and super-smart to wear right now, in advance. Slim, beautifully cut wool plaid dress, with hip pockets concealed in trouser pleats, modified dolman sleeves—and velveteen collar, cuffs, belt. Peacock and black plaid brown and rust; red and black. Sizes 12-20. By Henry Rosenfeld—$17.95. How to buy, see page 70.

han you think

All-wool houndstooth check three-quarter coat with separate zip-in rabbit fur lining. Coat is lined with rayon satin; zip-in fur is faced with rayon satin.
Also comes with wool zip-in lining. Russet and green; or red, green blue with black all-wool checks, by American Woolen Company.
Also green, wine, grey, taupe, black or brown broadcloth.
Sizes 10-18 and 9-17.
By S. & S. $39.95.
How to buy, see page 70.

The horseshoe neckline—in a bright wool jersey blouse with a plaid wool skirt. Blouse has cuffed collar, bracelet sleeves; skirt is fly-fronted, belted in jersey. Heavenly together, and mixable with other tops and skirts, too.
Fuchsia blouse with navy and fuchsia plaid; rust blouse with rust and brown plaid. Sizes 10-18.
By Gail-Bruce—$12.95.
How to buy, see page 70.



Not a minute too early for wool plaid—checks—jersey

These Modern Screen Fashions at GILCHRIST'S, BOSTON.

Fall is closer than you think

Nice to climb into sleek dressy black again—after a summer of pastel pretties. Woman-of-the-world suit in smooth black faille . . . with a shawl collar to show your jewelry, two rows of buttons to slim your hips. New for fall—short sleeves; right for fall—slim skirt. In Hess, Goldsmith's Embassy rayon faille. Also navy, rust, wine, green. Half-sizes 14½-22½.
By Rite-Fit.....$7.95.
How to buy, see page 70.



Not a minute too early for sophisticated city black

These Modern Screen Fashions at GILCHRIST'S, BOSTON.

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B. This "Darling of the mpus" will be the pride your heart! Beautifully lined and tailored in Brown or Grey Rayon Nailhead Sharkskin, or ayon Sheen Gabardine, in colors shown under it A. Junior Sizes only—9 to 15.

C. All eyes are directed to this Diagonal Rayon Sharkskin Suit in the Fall ades of Black, Grey and Brown. The smart, 3-but-n, scalloped lapel Jacket as hip fullness that adds nderness to your curves. This suit is also tailored Rayon Sheen Gabardine shades as shown under Suit A. Misses Sizes—10 to 20.

A

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All the FALL IS CLOSER THAN YOU THINK fashions are currently being featured at:

Gilchrist's
Boston 2, Massachusetts

Bright red chinchilla coat worn by Denise Darcel in color photo *(page 63)*
Misses' Coats *Second Floor*



Another view of the bright red coat Denise Darcel wears in the color shot on page 63—especially to show you the high-fashion pocket flaps and the way the collar flips up.

Double march of buttons gabardine dress *(page 64)*
Misses' Dresses *Second Floor*

Reversible weskit suit *(page 65)*
Misses' Suits *Second Floor*

Horseshoe neckline suit-dress *(page 65)*
Misses' Dresses *Second Floor*

Velvet touch plaid dress *(page 66)*
Dresses *Second Floor*

Houndstooth check three-quarter coat *(page 67)*
Junior Coats *Second Floor*

Horseshoe neckline blouse and plaid skirt *(page 67)*
Misses' Dresses *Second Floor*

Faille suit with jet buttons *(page 68)*
Women's Dresses *Second Floor*

You may also order by mail, write: Gilchrist's, Box 115, Boston 23, Mass.

(Continued from page 61) a laugh, "that as back when John Ford asked me to ck some fellows from USC to act in movie called *Salute* which he made at e United States Naval Academy. I ed to give the jobs to guys from my aternity. But Ford wanted Bond, and thing I could say would stop Ford from ring him. When we got back to Anpolis, Ford made me room with Ward st to get even. We've had some pretty gged arguments since. I was awfully rry when Ward hurt his leg a couple years ago. Now it isn't fair for me to hit m anymore."

Ward and Duke have always been good ends, despite their sparring. Back in 43, when Duke was separated from his st wife, Josephine Saenz, he moved into e Hollywood Athletic Club, where Bond as staying, so they could continue their orkouts in the gym.

"For a while there," says a mutual end, "Duke and Ward quit slugging e another. It got too tame. In those days, eir favorite entertainment was testing hich one could drive his fist farthest rough a wooden door."

ALTHOUGH Duke has never got into any nightclub beefs in Hollywood," e of his marlin-fishing buddies reported, e's had a couple of pips in Mexico. One ght, he was sitting in a little saloon, nding his own business, when a drunk lled a knife and started shouting that could lick anyone in the house. It made ake so mad he took the guy's knife away d threw him clear over the bar. But hen he didn't get up, Duke walked ound and helped him. A few minutes er, he was buying the guy a drink and ologizing for being so rough with him."

Perhaps the biggest reason why Hollyood has been inclined to think of Duke a rough-neck results from his reluctnce to talk about himself. His own pubity representative, who has worked with m for 15 years, usually has to find out e news-worthy things that happen to ake from other people.

For example, when Duke was recently med by his fraternity as a Significant g, an honor shared by President Grover eveland, humorist George Ade, Postmas- Patrick Hurley, cartoonist Milton Can-, and less than 50 others, his press agent ard about it first from a fellow Sigma hi, not Duke. Last year, he financed a ries of educational shorts for his stand- Sid Davis, and didn't mention it until e first one was completed. And very few ople know that Duke each year puts up $1,000 scholarship for some deserving dent at USC.

"Duke cares almost nothing about pubity," his press agent says. "He's so easy please that sometimes I hate to take his oney."

Most of Duke's reticence about his acmplishments stems from his desire to main a natural and unaffected human ing. Even now when he's riding the crest the biggest wave in his career, Duke, a teran of 145 screen performances, knows all can end with a crash and roar at y time.

"I just happened to be lucky enough to ve five good action pictures in a row," says. "I hope I can find five more."

Duke learned a great deal about the ngers of self-advertising very early in e. When he was a boy in Glendale, the ds in grade school started a fad of rowing cheap perfume on everybody, d, to protect himself, Duke borrowed a ttle of asafoetida from his father's drug re. (And compared to asafoetida, a unk smells like Chanel #5.)

"It worked just fine as a defense mease, and I thought I was pretty smart to have thought of it," Duke recalls. "But one day, a kid asked to borrow it, and during recess he threw some on a girl. That caused an awful stink, in more ways than one. The teacher didn't have to bother asking who it belonged to. My dad's label was right there on the bottle. I don't think I'll forget how to spell asafoetida as long as I live."

Fraternity life at USC was an emphatic curb on budding egos, and it helped no end to instill the modesty which is almost an inherent part of Duke's personality. When Duke was proposed as a candidate for president of the freshman class, his frat wouldn't let him run. "Guys get too cocky when they get honors before they earn them," they told him. That influence carried over long after Duke had become an established actor in Hollywood.

VERY little has been printed, and hence very little is known, about Duke's home life. Since his marriage to Esperanza Bauer in 1945, Duke has given up most of his roistering and is living a peaceful and contented life on a rolling knoll in the San Fernando Valley. Their home is a pleasant ranch style building surrounded with hundreds of roses which Esperanza, whom Duke calls "Chata," has coaxed into beautiful bloom. Except when he's making a movie, or working at his office at Republic Studios, Duke doesn't stray far away these days. He's even rigged up a small gym in his garage so he can get his exercise at home. Because of his busy schedule, Duke hasn't had much time for the deep sea fishing he loves. Nor has he been hunting since he mistook Ward Bond for a rabbit and accidentally shot him with a charge of buckshot.

"I haven't been deer hunting for years," Duke says. "The last time was on opening day in 1947, when I went up to Huntington Lake station and found that 15,000 hunters had checked in. With that many out banging away, I decided to stay at the bottom of the hill and wait for a deer to be scared down. After sitting on a log for half an hour, I finally saw a couple of guys in red hats and shirts come busting through the brush and I asked them if they'd seen any deer. 'Sure,' one of them said, 'we saw one buck and three possibles.' 'What's a possible?' I asked him. 'Well, we saw something moving in the brush and shot at it.' That ended my deer hunting. I packed up and came home and I haven't gone back since."

Usually, it is next to impossible to reach Duke on weekends, for then he has a standing date with Toni, Patrick, Michael, and Melinda, the children of his first marriage. Sometimes it takes the judgment of Solomon to pacify the whole brood. A few weeks ago, when Ralph Edwards asked Duke to present a Seeing Eye dog on his show, he took his kids along to see the broadcast. They almost started a riot over who was going to hold his hands as they walked into the studio. Duke finally settled it by deciding that Toni and Michael got the inside track going in, and Pat and Melinda coming out.

The crowning characteristic of Duke's personality is his fierce loyalty to his friends. Now that he's an established star, he has little patience with the glad-handers and backslappers anxious to cash in on his success. But the men who have been his true friends over the years will always be able to consider themselves richer for knowing John Wayne.

Five years ago, when things were slow in Hollywood, Duke nagged his business manager, Bo Roos, to take over Ward Bond's affairs. Bo finally consented and has since set up a sound investment schedule for Ward that will leave him something to show for his (Continued on page 73)



Two piece dress-suit with peplum jacket, rolled collar, gold buttons . . . smart slit skirt. In MALLINSON's Tissue Puff Rayon. Berry Wine, Taupe, Green, River Turquoise, Black. Sizes 14-20, 16½-24½.

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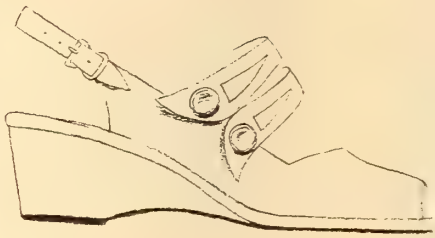
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with Nancy Olson · Fred Clark · Lloyd Gough · Jack Webb · and Cecil B. DeMille Hedda Hopper · Buster Keaton · Anna Q. Nilsson · H. B. Warner · Franklyn Farnum
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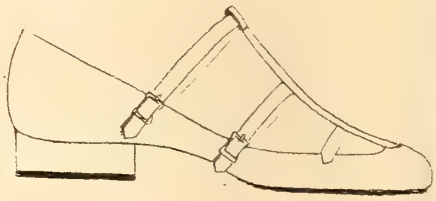
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High style for the girl who knows her fashion trends. Super-smart low-throat shell—T-strapped and crossed over the instep — with important closed heel and toe. Black, brown, green, Balenciaga cocoa, or navy suede. By Vogue Shoes. $8.95.

* * *

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Modern Screen
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(*Continued from page 71*) long career.

And during the war, when Duke's press agent was called into service, Duke insisted on paying him his full salary while he was away.

THERE are a good many other instances of Duke's loyalty, far too many to list here. Suffice it to say that John Wayne hasn't forgotten any of the people who helped him to become a star. And ever since *Red River* and *Fort Apache* started an avalanche of coins at the box-office last year, Duke has become the most impressive new star in Hollywood.

Duke has been a long time arriving at this enviable state, but there isn't a person whom he's met along the way who doesn't feel he deserves it. Most of them would add that he deserves it because he is a real gentleman. A few others, however, would refuse to give up their opinion that he is simply a lucky rough-neck.

A few weeks ago, Duke was walking down Beverly Drive with Bo Roos. In the middle of the block, Duke saw a man standing on the curb, laughing hysterically at a woman who had locked bumpers with the car in the parking space behind her. The more she struggled, the harder the man laughed.

Duke came up alongside him, grabbed his arm, and hotly asked, "What's so funny, bud?"

The man stopped laughing immediately, and took off in a frightened hurry. Then Duke walked over and helped the lady get her car untangled. She thanked him politely and then drove away, convinced that there was at least one gentleman left on earth.

So there is—Duke Wayne. Or maybe you think he's a lug. It all depends on the way you're looking. THE END

our son

(*Continued from page 43*) arm-in-arm, Patti wearing green or plaid or polka-dot, catching admiring glances.

A change came over the Derek world. For one thing, people stopped whispering about their marriage going to pieces. And John changed—in little ways that only a wife would notice.

"Funny," she said. "I don't trip over your clothes any more."

"I hang them up," he answered proudly.

He changed in other ways, that people noticed. "He acts like a family man," friends said. "He doesn't even lose his temper."

When the doctor ordered Patti to bed, she worried about John.

"Go see a movie," she'd tell him some nights.

"I have to wash the dishes," he'd say.

"You washed the dishes."

"I have to dry them."

He'd sit alongside her, and they'd make plans. "I think we'll buy a ranch," John would say. "Let him grow up in the open spaces."

They'd looked for houses all over Hollywood, preferring those within driving distance of Columbia Studios. But all the houses that were close were too expensive. For a while they dreamed of buying a huge red barn that had once belonged to Edgar Rice Burroughs. The agent told them the price. "For a barn!" said John. "For an old red barn that cows don't want anymore!"

"Maybe in five years," Patti said to the agent. "You can offer it to us again."

They decided how they'd bring up the baby. "We'll teach it to swim before it walks," said Patti—"like Esther Williams' baby. I remember when I was three they tied my ankle to a beach umbrella while every one else went swimming."

"We'll teach him how to ride," said John, "and sail."

"And then he'll grow up and some girl'll get him."

"A girl like you . . ."

"We'll have to teach him how to get along with people," Patti said. "If he gives away a toy, for instance, it stays given—the way my mother taught me."

WHEN Patti was four she'd impulsively donated a large rocking horse to a playmate. Two minutes later, she wanted it back. But her wise mother said no. She made Patti wipe away the tears as the other young lady dragged her trophy across the lawn. Patti's mother was firm. "You'll have to learn, darling, to be responsible for your actions."

"Responsibility and thoughtfulness for others," John nodded. "Say, do you suppose you can teach a baby to be thoughtful enough not to cry at night when I've got a five o'clock call in the morning?"

The months of waiting went fast, but sometimes, when John did the cooking they seemed as if they'd drag on forever. Most of the time he used a frying pan, because it looked easiest to handle. He'd raid the spice cupboard (because Patti likes spicy foods) and liberally empty its contents into the pan along with a steak. When the steak began to diminish in size, he'd take it out of the pan and serve it to Patti on a tray.

"Good?" he'd ask.

"Out of this world!" she'd say. "Let's see—cinnamon, paprika, poultry seasoning, celery salt, nutmeg, dry mustard. Darling!—tabasco, too! May I have some more salt?"

Gaining considerable confidence, John tried to expand his menu.

"What'll you have tonight, honey? More steak?"

Patti shook her head. "Tonight I want pickled pigs' feet."

"I'm good," said John. "But I'm not Oscar."

"In the refrigerator, darling, you'll find a dozen cans. All you have to do is open one."

He opened several, and gave them the Derek touch. And pretty soon, they got a housekeeper to do the cooking.

The waiting time ended the night John followed the ambulance to the hospital. Russell Andre Derek was delivered by Caesarian section. As soon as he could, John went in to see Patti.

"It's a boy," he whispered, "and he's beautiful—like you."

Patti smiled, "How is he?"

"Our son? Our son's fine," John said, and forced a grin on his lips.

A day and a half after his birth, Russell was placed on the critical list and taken into surgery.

He survived a delicate operation, and Patti was pronounced well enough to go home to their Encino bungalow. John, who'd been assigned a role in *The Hero*, came home several times a day to be with her. Then he'd drive to the hospital.

Three weeks after his birth Russell was brought home. However, the following afternoon, he began to choke. Only the presence of mind of his nurse saved his life. She pressed her lips against his and forced her breath into his lungs. Then the doctor took him back to the hospital.

Together, Patti and John resumed their vigil, waiting, praying. Somehow, through the sharing of their anxiety they've found new strength in each other. Somehow, out of their sorrow, there comes the promise of happiness. THE END

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TONI CREME SHAMPOO

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the truth about the bing crosbys

(*Continued from page 25*) haven't seen any of them in months. I received a letter from my wife yesterday. She didn't say a thing to me about a divorce."

Six thousand miles away, another battery of reporters were querying Mrs. Crosby. After searching for Dixie all up and down the Pacific coast, they'd located her in Carmel. "You and Bing separated?" they asked.

"What does Bing say?" Dixie countered.

"That there's nothing to it."

"Then, that's it," Dixie agreed. "I don't know how this thing got started, anyway. People say it came from our lawyers. We've been working out a trust fund for our boys. Maybe that's how it started. Maybe someone misinterpreted that for a property settlement."

That's all Dixie would say. A day later, the reporters couldn't find her. A friend in Carmel said that she'd been very much upset by a phone call from her eldest son, Gary, away at prep school. "What's all this stuff in the papers, Mom?" he'd asked. And Dixie had said, "It's nothing, Gary. It's not true. Don't worry." Then, she'd gone up to Spokane where the Crosbys are thinking of putting up a new summer home.

How come if there was nothing to it, if the Crosbys were enjoying a normal amount of marital happiness the story broke in the first place?

That was the question the whole world asked.

ACTUALLY, a rumor got under way that Dixie was angry at Bing for not taking her with him to Europe. Since it wasn't a business trip, she figured she might just as well go along. Bing, in fact, has admitted: "Yes, Dixie is cross with me for not taking her."

From that statement, the rumor grew that Dixie had gone to her lawyer, told him that she and Bing were separating, and asked him to work out a settlement on their community property.

When reporters sought to verify the tale by phoning Dixie's attorney, he said, "We have nothing to say at this time," the inference being, of course, that perhaps they'd have something to say at some future date.

Bing's attorney, Jack O'Melveny, was then phoned. "We understand," one reporter began, as if the Crosby separation were an accomplished fact, "that the Crosbys have agreed on a property settlement. What is it?"

"There has been no property settlement of any kind," O'Melveny explained, and then he sought to calm the troubled waters. "There are some strained relations," he conceded, "but the whole matter is in abeyance until Mr. Crosby returns from Europe late in June. We hope then to effect a reconciliation."

No one effects a reconciliation unless there's been a break. Had Dixie and Bing broken? More to the point was this question: Was the Dixie-Bing relationship any more changed or strained than it had been in the recent past?

It has been no secret in Hollywood for some years now that the Bing Crosbys were not the most idyllically happy couple in the world.

As a matter of fact, it has been a source of constant amazement that this knowledge has never before become public property. Everyone just seemed to take for granted that Bing and Dixie and their four boys constituted the typical happy American family, and that Bing was the

traditionally perfect American husband.

In the past five years, Bing's seldom been seen with his wife. Just a few months ago when he walked into Ciro's with Dixie, the patrons were so surprised that they were on the verge of declaring that particular night a holiday. The photographers all over town were quickly notified, and they rushed to the night club. Bing, who's sensitive about his balding head, was annoyed at the number of pictures taken. He dislikes being photographed without a hat, and few such photos of him are in existence.

Dixie's friends are certain that she's very much in love with Bing, always has been, and always will be. This is understandable. Crosby is charming, versatile, unselfish, natural, intelligent, and great fun.

UNFORTUNATELY, his interests are so diversified that he spends very little time at home.

This was all right with Dixie when the four boys were young, and she had her hands and time completely filled by them. Now, however, she's got more time for Bing. Their home in Holmby Hills (*see page 32*) is beautifully and comfortably furnished, but it's been many months since all six Crosbys were gathered there together. In essence, Dixie would like to see Bing more often.

She won't come right out and say this. In fact, she will say virtually nothing about her marriage to Bing except, "It's wonderful," but you can find plenty of people who know the set-up, and knowing it, will tell you that Dixie would like fewer nights to spend alone.

On Bing's side, it must be said that everything he has done, has been done for the members of his family. In an effort to provide them with a financial security which he as a boy never knew, he has worked or invested as few entertainers ever have.

More than 70% of the $1,200,000 a year he earns, goes to the government in taxes. He also has a tremendous overhead that he must work to meet. Working takes time, and that time is the crux of the "strain" that exists between Bing and Dixie. Under his present setup, Bing has too little time. He utilizes most of it to earn money. (He's just finished *Mr. Music.*)

FEW fans realize it but practically everything costs Crosby more. When the twins were born, for example, Bing received a bill for $4,000. "Tell you what," he said to the doctor, "I'll play you a round of golf for half or double." He won the round and paid $2,000.

Oddly enough, when Dixie first met Bing some 21 years ago, she never expected that too much work would turn out to be one of his troubles. No one else did, either.

Several fellows took a long, deep look into the Crosby background and came up with the information that he'd once been jailed in Portland for not paying his bill at a Chinese restaurant, that he had once been jailed in Los Angeles for driving a car while alcoholically stimulated, and that a truancy report in the Spokane Board of Education files carried the notation: "Boy's mother came for him and promised to keep him out of trouble."

Despite this information and countless other warnings, Dixie continued to see Bing. She was very much in love with him, and he was trying to substantiate her faith by getting a start in motion pictures.

Bing was jobless at the time Dixie gave up her career and married him. They had no money for a honeymoon. Sue Carol, who is now Mrs. Alan Ladd, was then a beautiful (*Continued on page 77*)

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Elizabeth's Honeymoon Story

by sheilah graham

Of all the days of their years—they'll remember these—the secret golden days of their honeymoon.

■ Never in any girl's secret heart is there a time more precious than her honeymoon. It is then, for a short while, that the world is barred from her life, and she can revel in a delicious sort of selfishness with the man she loves.

That is how it is with Elizabeth Taylor. Gone are directors, cameras, publicity men. Gone too, briefly, her beloved mother and father. We all know how she feels and I am certain the public is content to leave intimate contact with Mr. and Mrs. Nicky Hilton to those properly anointed people, the waiters, bus boys, bell hops and hotel managers whose job it is to serve but never really see the long parade of honeymooners.

I say the time has come for awhile to leave Elizabeth Taylor alone, but happily she didn't leave me alone and I know she will forgive me if I reveal the exclusive, factual story of the honeymoon as I observed a portion of it and as she told me more, shyly drawing aside the curtain of her rightful privacy.

For more than five years, I've been a neighbor of the Taylor family. I live on Maple Drive in Beverly Hills. They live a block away on Elm. We've been good friends. In the summer we've been beach neighbors at Malibu. I watched Elizabeth grow up, chatted with her over the back fence and (*Continued on page 83*)



Liz and Nick drove to Carmel for a preview honeymoon—real one's in Europe.

(*Continued from page 75*) young star in her own right. She cheerfully loaned them her own house while she went East. This was way back in 1931.

Bing and Dixie were very happy and very carefree. Bing is a shrewd investor nowadays. But back in 1931, money was made to be spent. Life was short, love was with him, and together he and Dixie would enjoy it to the full. He was in his twenties. His brother Everett was managing him, and if he had any worries about making a success of his marriage, he certainly never showed them. He was confident something would turn up, and as luck would have it, something did.

Brother Everett talked Jack Kapp of Decca Records into letting Bing record twelve sides at $125 a side. (Today these records are considered collector's items and each pressing is worth $25.) He then broke up Bing's honeymoon by dragging him off to New York and getting him two jobs: one at CBS for $600 a week and one at the Paramount Theater for $1,000.

Thus, a few months after his marriage, Der Bingle, the boy of whom so many had warned Dixie—"He's a loafer. You'll starve if you marry him."—this boy was earning $1,600 every seven days.

In 1931, Bing wasn't nearly the nonchalant sophisticate he is today. He used to turn to Everett in amazement and say, "Everett, please take care of this money. I'm sure this luck can't last."

BUT it did last, and as Bing's success grew, so did his family.

With the birth of their boys, Bing and Dixie were seen together less and less. This was to be expected. Raising four boys is a full-time job. When the sun set, Dixie was tired. Bing has never been a socially-minded creature, and he, too, when the day's work was done, would come home, flop down on the sofa, light his pipe, and relax. Almost never did the Crosbys make the nightclub rounds. But they spent the evenings together.

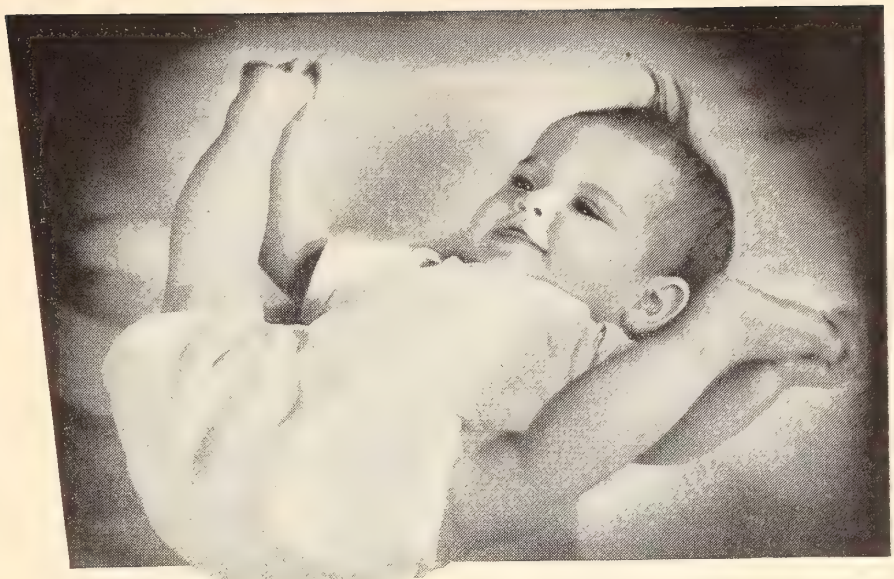
Bing, who's always been a fine golfer, would play 18 holes whenever he could, and on many occasions, Dixie found herself a golf widow, but she never minded, because the boys provided all the daytime company and excitement she could afford.

When they grew up and went off to St. John's Military Academy in Los Angeles, she found some respite, but not much. Gary began to play the trombone. The twins took up the trumpet, and Linny discovered great enjoyment in pounding the drums. The tennis court in back of the house was used for football, baseball, and basketball. The boys invited home such schoolmates as Donnie and Ronnie Ameche, Les Gargan, Mike Geisler, Phil Harris, Jr. and young Mike Farrow. The house became one happy shambles.

As soon as Gary grew out of one stage, the twins would grow in. Once they stopped being trouble, Linny made a fine substitute.

Watching their youngsters grow and develop, Dixie and Bing found these the happy years. Occasionally, Dixie came down with some illness and had to be hospitalized, but for the most part, the Crosby menage was regarded as an extremely model one.

BING'S career was progressing at its usual incredible rate. From an individual who could sing in a simple, sincere manner, who could "throw lines away," who could charm a nation with his voice and wit, Bing Crosby developed into big business. That's what Bing is today—big business. How many people make their living through him directly or indirectly is difficult to say. One researcher esti-



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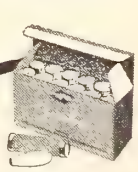
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There is nothing wrong in big business per se, but when a whole empire revolves about one man, then that man's wife is bound to suffer. Dixie Lee Crosby is the case in point.

To ask a man like Bing to give up his golf, to give up his motion pictures, to give up his ranch or baseball interests is like asking a mother to give up her child.

Dixie will never ask Bing to give anything up. He must do it because he wants it. It must be of his own accord. Dixie realizes this.

What is even more important, Bing does, too. Not that he will ever publicly acknowledge the existence of any strain between him and Dixie. He will carry on as he always has, seemingly indifferent. He will not try to compensate for the emergence of this "breakup" publicity by posing with his family in any series of happy home-life layouts. He is much too sharp for that.

He will go his own way, saying nothing of his private life. Over the years it's been his policy to offer no refutation to his critics. Last year, for example, a national magazine published an article in which the author maintained that Bing had lost his voice and for artistic purposes at least, was washed up.

Many persons urged Bing or his brother Larry, in charge of the Crosby public relations, to offer a stinging rebuttal. Bing would have none of it. Say nothing is his dictum, and the criticism will die. Say something and you increase its momentum.

Dixie believes in an identical policy.

In the months to come therefore, silence will be the keyword as regards the Bing-Dixie relationship.

Bing was genuinely alarmed at the worldwide shock created by the separation story. You can bet your last copper that he will take corrective measures. In his whole, hectic, thrill-jammed life, Der Bingle has never made the same mistake twice.

THE END

jane powell dresses for glamor

(*Continued from page 41*) night before especially for us—me, and Brucie and Kathryn, her fitters.)

TALKING and laughing still, she slips out of her smart little suit and marches right to the closet to hang it up, and then she says, "Kiddo, this dress is going to be blue, isn't it?"

"Of course," I tell her. "You know I always include at least one blue dress."

Janie adores blue—maybe because it's her most becoming color. I remember how disappointed she looked when we were working on her clothes for *Nancy Goes to Rio*. I'd included all the other colors so becoming to her blonde hair and tanned skin—pink, yellow, gray, lavender, cocoa and white, but nothing had been said about blue.

She'd been fitted to all the dresses and was ready to put on her street clothes and her smile had faded a little. So I nodded to Brucie, and Brucie brought out the blue dress. The light went on in Janie's eyes. The dress was a simple gingham one with embroidered organdy, but to Janie it was "The" dress of the picture.

One of Janie's new suits for fall will be blue. Janie has designed her own clothes for years, but this time we worked them out together. The suit (sketch B) has a blue and white wool bolero, with the blue in it picked up by the bright wool skirt.

Surprisingly enough, boleros are very becoming to Jane. Most little girls have to be extremely wary of boleros or they risk looking like penguins. When cut a few inches below the bust-line, though, they make the legs look longer and consequently add height to the entire figure.

Another nice thing about a bolero and skirt suit is that either can be worn separately with no loss of attractiveness.

In the midst of the fitting, Janie shot out her hand and said, "Look, kiddo, what do you think of my sensational nails?"

"Sensational," I said, and they were—long, beautifully shaped, and with a pink coral polish. It was only two or three years ago that Janie stopped biting them down to the quick. That was B.G. (Before Geary). Love can certainly have a wonderful influence. It even influenced Janie's choice of clothes. You can't wear a sweater and a skirt to a dance can you, when you're with an *older* man? (Geary was all of 22.) So Janie learned another valuable lesson when she started going out with him; she learned *where* to wear her clothes.

You don't find her getting all gussied up in an evening gown for an informal party. She's more likely to choose a dress like the one in sketch A. That one's an electric blue taffeta combined with net. Black is too solemn for anyone of Janie's size and age, but dark blues, dark greens and cocoa are fine for informal evening clothes.

JANIE doesn't have many evening gowns, the Steffans don't do much night-clubbing, but Janie requires long gowns occasionally for premières and personal appearances.

In the summer, she prefers white in those wonderful, feminine fabrics like marquisette, organdy, net or voile. In the fall and winter she's more careful in her choice of materials. Brocade, as she will tell you, makes her look like an "overstuffed davenport." But taffeta, combined with net makes her look like a Dresden doll.

Like all girls, Janie discovered that when there's a man in your life, you dress to please him. Geary doesn't care much for slacks. Janie has one pair of black velveteen slacks which she wears informally at home. "They're not bad," says Geary hesitantly, but Janie knows he prefers skirts. What can be more feminine than the lovely, full skirt of a housecoat? Janie, herself, can't resist them. And Geary knows, when she wears one, that she's dressing especially for him.

This year, Janie and I got together and thought up the housecoat in sketch D. It's blue with red dots, and the lining is red with white dots. A little cape forms sleeves in the front. Geary ought to like that fine.

Another thing made especially for Geary is the gold wool skirt and white blouse in sketch E. Geary likes anything as long as it's yellow. "I'd wear yellow even if it made me look like a custard pie," says Janie. Fortunately, it's a wonderful color against her skin and hair.

Geary's birthday present to Janie last year was a yellow bathing suit.

"However did you know what size to get me?" she asked.

"Well, I asked the clerk to show me some yellow bathing suits, and I kept saying 'no' until she got down to the smallest one in the store, and I said, 'That's it!' "

It couldn't have fitted her better. But Geary was lucky. Not many stores carry size 8.

So Janie simply had to get one golden skirt for fall. Not many girls of Janie's

size can wear a blouse and skirt successfully, because the blouse won't stay tucked in. That's because tiny girls usually have very little space at their waist. Their hips begin before their diaphragms have a chance to end. But Janie's proportions are so exact that she has a completely normal waistline, and a blouse and skirt always look neat on her. Another reason for this may be that Janie always stands up straight. She would love to be statuesque.

Janie wears high heels to appear tall, but I think she should wear them because she has exceptionally pretty feet and ankles, and she knows how to handle them. I mean, she doesn't keep her feet pointed to ten minutes of two, and she doesn't thrust one hip in the air and forget about the other. She simply keeps her feet easily together so she has balance.

This desire of Janie's to be taller is only a small part of her ambition. She's never seen herself on the screen without exclaiming, "Why didn't I fix my hair differently?" Or, "I should watch the way I pronounce my words," and she goes home buzzing with plans for improvement. Janie knows that it takes more than clothes to make a woman glamorous.

I don't think I've ever seen a girl as organized as Janie. Her self-improvement plans aren't idle chatter. Geary has to read plays with her to improve her diction.

When she goes shopping for food, she carries a list. And when she shops for clothes, she has a list, too—a whole inventory of what there is in her closet that's useable and how it can be combined to make another outfit.

Janie buys clothes only twice a year. This makes for a well-coordinated wardrobe. She never buys more than one suit or coat a season. This fall she'll wear the green wool fitted coat in sketch C. It has a diagonal beaver collar because the angled line will give her more height than, for instance, a Peter Pan collar.

If her clothes budget can stand the strain, she'll get herself another suit this fall. (She hopes Geary just might like to give her one for Christmas.) We've already discussed the design and color. It would be a soft brown wool with a line of beige running from the shoulder into tiny pleats at the hip line of the jacket. It's the kind of suit that would be just right early in the season without a coat, and under her green coat later on. If she doesn't get the suit, though, Janie won't mind—but she can dream, can't she?

All I know is, she can dress, too—like a dream. THE END

FANCY PANTS

Jane Powell's thoughtfulness for other people is sometimes tinged with teasing. Recently Ricardo Montalban, her co-star in The Tender Years, *hurt his back badly enough to necessitate a brace. In a dream sequence in the picture Janie wears a fancy pink satin corset complete with pink tulle picture hat, long white kid gloves, black silk stockings, shoes with rhinestone heels and a ruffled umbrella. When she heard about Ricardo's accident, she packed up the hat, gloves, hose, shoes and umbrella and sent them to Ric with this note:*

"As long as you're trying to steal my thunder with the corset department, you might as well have the rest of the props. Hope you get well soon. Love. Your theatrical partner."

Only Janie would think of a thing like that!—Helen Rose.

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1 Stops perspiration quickly and safely.

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More cream for your money. New 25¢ and 50¢ sizes, plus tax.



Frank flew to Ava's side in Spain, where she's making a movie. Here they have tea with Mrs. Frank Grant.



Bull fighter Mario Cabre, starred with Ava in *Pandora and The Flying Dutchman,* publicly declared his undying love for her.

Is it love—or a strange interlude? Nancy keeps faith—and in her heart she prays that Frank will come back.

By SALLY BURNS

TRAGIC TRIANGLE

FRANK SINATRA wears his heart on his sleeve. He always has, and he always will.

It's part of his lack of discipline, part of his willful, charming, generous nature.

He loves and he hates quickly. He went out with Ava Gardner twice, he forgot he was a married man, and he fell for her the way coal shuttles into a cellar basement.

Ava suddenly received a beautiful little spinet piano, and everyone knew at once: Frankie had fallen in love. His studio denied it. "Why," one exasperated publicity woman demanded, "do people go around making up these stories? It's silly and it's stupid."

A day later, Ava and Frank were photographed in a Houston, Texas, restaurant. Frank had been crooning at Glenn McCarthy's Hotel Shamrock, and Ava had flown East to visit him. She didn't fly for the exercise, and she didn't fly because she likes to see Grand Canyon from the air. She flew to Houston, because she loved Frank, and loving him, she wanted to be near him.

When Ava took that trip, she knew full well that she was taking a chance, risking her career, her good name, her good reputation. But she took it anyway. When you've spent a lot of time with a man, and he leaves, there comes into your life this horrible void, and you simply must see the object of your heart again. You are all desire and emotion and the common-sense considerations of the day never figure in your thinking.

There are many people who know Ava very slightly, who misinterpret her flip manner for one of nonchalance. These are the persons who would have you believe that the love affair has always been one-sided. These are the gossip-mongers who spread the ridiculous story that Frank tried to commit suicide in the Hampshire House in New York. "Oh, yes," they said, "Ava told him they were all washed up, and then Frank said, 'If you leave me, I swear I'll shoot my brains out,' and she said, 'Good (*Continued on page 101*)

why men love doris day

(*Continued from page 45*) "I know it. It's just that I—I'm not in love with you anymore. I don't know why. You've been swell. I guess it's just me."

For a moment Doris couldn't speak. Then she said, "Anything you say, George."

So they separated, but life went on. Al Levey, an agent who once managed Sinatra, talked Doris into signing with Century Artists. "They can do a lot for you," he promised.

He didn't know it, but Century Artists gave her Marty Melcher. Marty and Doris had seen each other before. Everyone in the music business knows everyone else. But this was the first time they sat down and talked.

To Marty, though, Doris was just another client. A pretty blonde, yes. Charming, yes. Trusting, oh, yes. But just another client. Besides, he was married to Patty Andrews, of the Andrews Sisters, and he had his work cut out for him, managing her. His marriage, as it turned out, was heading for the rocks, and hit them last February.

Marty had been managing Doris professionally for two years when suddenly he discovered he was in love. "I can't tell you when it happened," he says, "but it happened."

He can tell you a lot about Doris, though. "Doris is a bubbler," he says. "She's light and gay and warm, and well, you know what usually happens to girls when they have a little success in Hollywood. All of a sudden they are saying 'cahnt' instead of 'can't.' They are saying 'petrol' instead of 'gas,' and 'mother' instead of 'mama.'

"Not with my baby, no sir. Doris is as wholesome as a hot dog. Maybe you won't believe this, but her career means nothing to her."

Doris' husband-to-be is tall (6 feet 3), dark, handsome and convincing. Besides, if you don't believe him, you can always ask Doris. (And Doris' attitude may have a lot to do with Marty's love.)

"MARTY is right," Doris will tell you, "I think this singing and acting is a wonderful way to make a living. But I don't want to be a career girl forever. You never get to see your husband."

To anyone who's remotely interested, Doris will show the charm bracelet Marty gave her. "Isn't he considerate?" she'll say. "He takes care of everything. He really does. A few days ago I bought a house in Toluca Lake. It's colonial, and I've always wanted a colonial house. It has about nine rooms. Anyway, I'd had my eye on that house for nine months. I asked Marty if I could afford it. He said yes. So I bought it, and Marty went ahead and moved all the furniture from my old house to my new one. He didn't have to do it. After all, we're not even formally engaged."

The reason they're not formally engaged is simple. Doris' divorce from George Weidler didn't become final until June of this year, and Marty's divorce from Patty Andrews doesn't become final until February. But they don't make a secret of their love. It's in their eyes.

Another man who loves her is Terry, though he's only eight. But he has good taste, and she's his mother, besides. The people who work with her like her, too. Not only the stars, but the grips, the electricians, the propmen. They know a good sport when they see one.

ONE afternoon, Doris invited Terry down to the set of *Tea For Two*. Terry was particularly thrilled by one bit of action—the firing of a revolver with the blank

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shells flying all over the set.

"That's awful keen," Terry said to one of the prop men. "Do you know where I could get some empty shells like that?"

"Sure," said the property man. "Just ask for Jack Warner. He's in charge of everything around here."

Jack Warner, of course, is the somewhat austere president of Warner Brothers. But little Terry didn't know that. Blithely, he ran around the studio asking everyone he met, "Where can I find a guy named Jack Warner?"

"What do you want Mr. Warner for?" a guard finally asked.

"Well," said Terry, "he's in charge of shooting blanks."

The guard almost collapsed in laughter. When Doris heard the story she howled, too. It never occurred to her to call down the prop man for taking advantage of her son's innocence. But when a former Warner prima donna heard of the incident, she said, "Heaven knows that Jack Warner has his eccentricities, but shooting blanks isn't one of them. If someone had told that to my child, I would've had him fired. Miss Day's son could put her in a most embarrassing spot."

Doris obviously didn't think so. She enjoys a good laugh anytime. And she can take a ribbing. Bob Hope, for instance, calls her Jut-Butt, which isn't very dignified, or even flattering. Doris doesn't mind. She does jut—in the right places—so Hope can have his fun. And he likes her, because she lets him.

Fame did a funny thing to Doris Day. It showed her that she could do without it. Unlike other stars who started off poor, she doesn't clutch fame for all it's worth. She doesn't even know how much money she's earning, and she doesn't care. "Money," she'll tell you, "never brings happiness. In fact, almost the reverse holds true. People with the most money are usually the unhappiest.

"All I'd like," she says, "is to own a little income property, a motel or a small apartment house which Marty and I could manage ourselves. Right now, we don't have enough time for each other. We're both so busy running from studio to studio, we only get to see each other at night. By then, we're both pretty well fagged out."

Whether marriage will have any adverse effect on Doris' career, no one can tell. It certainly didn't harm Betty Grable who's a similar type. Betty received even more fan mail after she married Harry James.

Undoubtedly, the same thing will happen to Doris, because, as Jack Carson once said, "When you see this baby on film and hear her singing, you close your eyes and kid yourself into believing that she's singing only for you."

That's the kind of wishful thinking a girl like Day provokes. That's her kind of magic. THE END

EASY MONEY!

Hot weather got you down? Feeling kind of low? We've got just the remedy to cheer you. How'd you like to make a little extra dough? Just sit down in some shady spot and fill out the questionnaire below. First read the stories, though, and tell us which ones you liked best. And we're also interested in knowing which stars you'd like to read about in future issues. So, hurry, hurry, hurry! We're giving away 100 crisp one-dollar bills to the first hundred people we hear from—and for free!

QUESTIONNAIRE

Which stories and features did you enjoy most in our August issue? WRITE THE NUMBERS 1, 2, and 3 AT THE RIGHT of your first, second and third choices.

The Truth About the Bing Crosbys ☐
The Men I Love (Esther Williams) ☐
The High Cost of Loving (Errol Flynn, Dick Haymes, Ingrid Bergman) by Hedda Hopper ☐
Wonderful Lug (John Wayne) ☐
House of Memories (Bing Crosby) ☐
Circus Daze! (Calvet, Bromfield, De Carlo, Hudson) ☐
I Was Afraid to Be Happy (Joan Crawford) ☐
Jane Powell Dresses for Glamor ☐
Our Son (John Derek) ☐
Why Men Love Doris Day ☐
Get a Load of Douglas! (Paul Douglas) ☐
Back Home in Little Rock (Allyson-Powell) ☐
Hoofer on Horseback (Dan Dailey) ☐
Hard-Shelled Shelley and the Perfect Catch (Shelley Winters) ☐
Hollywood by Helicopter (Stars' Homes) ☐
He's Not the Man I Married (Alan Ladd) ☐
Elizabeth's Honeymoon Story (Liz Taylor) ☐
Tragic Triangle (Sinatra, Gardner) ☐
Christopher Kane's Movie Reviews ☐
Modern Screen Fashions ☐
Louella Parsons' Good News ☐
The Inside Story ☐
Tell It to Joan (Joan Evans) ☐

Which of the above did you like LEAST? .....

What 3 MALE stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them, 1, 2, 3, in order of preference.....

.....

What 3 FEMALE stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them 1, 2, 3, in order of preference.....

.....

What MALE star do you like least? .....

WHAT FEMALE star do you like least? .....

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Elizabeth's honeymoon story

(*Continued from page 76*) noted the gleam in the eyes of young gentlemen as she grew into breathtaking, beautiful maturity.

That is why I felt extremely honored one Sunday afternoon when Elizabeth's mother called me to say, "Elizabeth and Nicky have just returned from Carmel. We'd love to have you come over and see us all." I scurried around, dressing my children in their Sunday best—four-year-old Robert, who still considered himself Elizabeth's best beau, and dark-eyed Wendy, who has loved the Taylor girl ever since she read Liz's book, "Nibbles and Me."

Nicky wasn't there when we arrived. Elizabeth was back in her own small bedroom preparing to step into her wedding gown.

"What's all this?" I asked in amazement. "Who ever heard of a bride putting her wedding gown back on during the honeymoon?"

Elizabeth laughed delightedly. "We're making history, aren't we?" she asked. "Sheila, we have an awful confession. In all the excitement no one took a proper wedding picture. So Nicky and I just decided that we'd have to have one. Now he's over at the Bel Air climbing back into his groom costume and all the family is gathering for the event."

Mrs. Taylor came in just then. "Elizabeth," she said, "your hair. It doesn't look at all like it did on the wedding day. Can't you do something with it for the photograph?"

"Not a thing, mother," Elizabeth said happily. "I just can't part it the way it was. My wedding picture will have to be in bangs, that's all." Then she confessed. While playing golf and riding horseback, not to speak of those long walks together on the beach at Carmel, the Pacific breezes had simply loaded her hair with fine grains of sand.

"Look at it," Elizabeth said. "It's completely unruly, but clean though, thanks to Nicky."

"Did he remember to get you to the beauty parlor?"

"Oh no. Not that—he washed my hair for me." Elizabeth blushed. "It was sort of a gag, really. Nicky needed a haircut. You know how it is around the set. Sooner or later you can't resist the temptation to grab a pair of scissors and cut somebody's hair. I've become quite proficient. So I gave Nicky a trim. When he comes in you'll see sort of a pink patch where he moved, I cut too close and he got a touch of sunburn. When I finished he insisted on turn-about, but I can promise you we won't do that always. We were just having a lot of that gay, silly honeymoon fun."

Now Elizabeth was ready to step into her gown.

Wendy stared at her, eyes widening at her beauty. "Geekins, Mommy," she whispered. "Isn't she lovely—and no makeup at all."

"Aha," Mrs. Taylor exclaimed, "you've put on some weight."

And Elizabeth had, just a little.

"Talk about weight," Elizabeth said. "This wonderful gown must weigh all of thirty pounds." She sat down at her dressing table and a faraway look crept into her eyes. She told me then, talking half to herself, things that no one ever knew about the wedding. She seemed a little more assured and worldly than she was when she was still Elizabeth Taylor exclusively.

"Sheila, this wedding gown is going to be put away in a trunk. Mother's going to



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keep it for me, exactly as it is—with the veil, petticoat, shoes and the little hanky her grandmother made for her to carry at her wedding. The flowers too. It's a little chapter—really the biggest—in my whole life, and I want it wrapped up and kept exactly as it was the day I married."

"That was some day," I ventured. "You know, we didn't have time to talk. I didn't even ask that old cliché—were you nervous?"

Elizabeth grinned. "Not at first, believe it or not. You know, I've hardly ever been on time for anything in my life, but the day of the wedding I was twenty minutes early. I read somewhere a few days later how cool I was. And I guess I was, up until the time the wedding march was supposed to begin and they discovered that the organ wouldn't play. I thought, 'It's terrible—no music for my wedding.' Then someone said everything was all right. We started to walk. After a couple of steps there were frantic whispers. We backed up. It seemed ages before the organist discovered that in his excitement he'd pulled out the electric plug.

"By this time I was completely lost. I don't remember starting up the aisle. I had one hand on daddy's arm and the flowers in my other arm. My dress was long, the petticoat longer. I felt sure that I'd fall flat on my face, and I kept kicking the dress as I walked.

"The rest was a complete dream. The words seemed to come from far away. And then Nicky kissed me."

"Ah, that kiss!"

"I know, Sheilah. I know."

So did all the guests. It lasted so long they began to giggle."

Elizabeth's eyes twinkled. "This is something I haven't told anyone," she said. "I was crying a little, I guess. And when Nicky started to kiss me, well I just didn't want it ever to stop. Then I heard Monsignor Concannon murmur, 'I think that's long enough!' "

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After that Liz confessed that she was jolted back into reality. She broke away from Nicky, just before they ran down the aisle, and kissed her father and mother.

So began her honeymoon.

Properly, a curtain is drawn on the memories of the next few hours as the couple was whisked off to Ocean House. Later, when the car in which they rode was returned to the Taylor home, Mrs. Taylor looked in the back seat. There was the wedding gown, one sleeve standing up straight as though there were an arm still in it.

"That," Mrs. Taylor said, her eyes glistening, "was when I realized that I had really lost my daughter. I couldn't help it. I simply broke down and cried."

Next morning, Liz and Nicky overslept. They had to rush like mad to catch the plane for the trip to Carmel. In her excitement, Liz forgot the keys for her baggage and she also left behind her blue mink coat. Somehow, when they reached the hotel they managed to get their bags open.

Miles from Hollywood with the roar of the surf outside their small hotel suite, Liz carefully unpacked her beautiful starched souffle negligee with its big white lace pockets, her nightgown of white satin with its yoke of rose point lace and the little lace nightcap which Helen Rose, head designer at Metro had made specially for her.

At last, her honeymoon seemed officially under way!

There are times when even an alert, prying reporter feels shy, and I did in asking Liz about Nicky.

"What can I say, really?" she replied. "Now I know that he's a lot more wonderful than I thought he was. He's the boss, yet he's so thoughtful and considerate, always."

As for the way Nicky feels now about Elizabeth, he's terribly proud of her as a star. He has seen all her movies, and the only time they quarreled, but gently, was when they went to see the preview of *The Big Hangover*. Elizabeth thought she played the society girl in too snooty a manner. She doesn't believe that rich people are essentially snooty and during the film she had arguments with Norman



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Krasna, the director, over how the part should be played. Nicky, in this instance, more or less sided with the director, pointing out that she played it just right, going a little overboard to make the character strong. He does not, however, intend to fall into the same trap other husbands of stars have. He just wanted Liz to know that so far as he is concerned she's perfect.

FUNNY thing about the way Elizabeth feels about her man. She talks about him as though they have been together for years. Sometimes it is so obvious that the bride and groom do not really know each other and are ill at ease when others are around. On this particular Sunday when the honeymoon stood still for the wedding pictures, Elizabeth talked simply and charmingly about intimate details of her honeymoon.

She remembered that as a little girl she used to say to her mother, "I'll never leave you, never. Even when I marry I'll come back and live with you."

She knows now that she never will, but the love that has been between mother and daughter is the normal, natural type. It will never be upset. Every night while they were away they called Mrs. Taylor. Still, Elizabeth is gone from her family for good, that much is obvious. Before her marriage it seemed that while you talked to her she'd frequently go into a little far away trance. She wasn't "with you" all the time. Now she is.

Laughingly, Elizabeth recalled how her mother used to say to her, "Elizabeth, unless you learn to pick up your things you're going to drive your husband crazy some day."

"Mother," she exclaimed, "you'd never know it was me now, after all these years you have tried to reform me, telling me to put away my clothes, put the stopper on the toothpaste and not to squeeze it from the top. You'll be pleased to know I'm a changed woman. All that drilling finally hit the point."

"Is Nicky tidy?" I asked.

"Tidy? He hangs up everything."

"Does he do your dresses up the back?"

"Uh-huh. He buttons when I can't reach. Don't all men?"

"Tell me, did you always eat restaurant food?"

"Almost always. It's wonderful. But one night I insisted on proving that I could cook. I can't really, except fancy, ridiculous little dishes. Anyway, I like to toss off a little thing with crisp bacon and fresh tomatoes. Then I sprinkle cheese over the top. Nick thought it was perfect."

That reminded me. "We've been having terrible weather down here. So bad the Chamber of Commerce has the shudders. How was the weather at Carmel?"

"The weather." Liz giggled. "We never noticed."

That led us off to more woman talk. Elizabeth believes in double beds. "We're always going to have one," she said. "You know, the great big kind, large enough to move around in."

WHILE we talked, she skipped from subject to subject. She always cuts her own hair by holding a mirror with one hand at the back and cutting with the other. She's going to teach Nicky. Despite her beautiful wardrobe, she's going to be happy when the honeymoon is over to get back into slacks. They took along four books on their honeymoon, but didn't read them. Elizabeth confessed that she hasn't had much time for reading.

It was heartening to learn that in all of her confused, busy new found happiness, Liz still thinks of others. Before she returned from Carmel she had a charm bracelet made up for her friend, Helen Rose—and the first item on it was a gold replica of the wedding gown Helen had designed.

Nicky and Liz are camera fiends. Elizabeth has her own Leica, and on the honeymoon they spent hours in the darkrooms they could find developing their own film. Mrs. Taylor gave them a three dimensional camera (on loan) with which they are taking pictures wherever they go in Europe. The golf clubs were left in California. Nick is a near champion type man with the clubs, shooting in the low seventies, and Elizabeth insists on taking lessons before she plays with him again. They went fishing several times. To date Liz says she is one sea bass ahead of her groom.

One small disappointment was the fact that they couldn't have the bridal suite on the Queen Mary. It had already been reserved by the Duke and Duchess of Windsor. In England she visited old friends with Nicky, introducing him to her godmother and godfather, Mr. and Mrs. William Cazelett. In London they stayed at Claridges, famed as the last glamorous stopping place for exiled kings and queens.

Where will Mr. and Mrs. Nicky Hilton go next? Only they know the answer, but Elizabeth, who has driven the executives of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer slightly batty because she waited so long to say yes or no to their offer of a beautiful new contract, gave me this tip: "When I come home I am going to do fewer pictures. I am Nicky's wife first and I always want to be able to travel with him. Because, you know, I love him." THE END

circus daze!

(*Continued from page 37*) A few feet away, in the tiger department, Corinne and a tiger were gazing wistfully at each other. "Johnee," said Corinne to her husband, "I theenk I will geeve 'eem a piece of candy bar."

The tiger's attendant strong-armed her. "You stay where you are, lady," he said. "We keep him locked up for your health, not his."

Corinne looked hurt. "Ees not healthy?" she said.

"It's like this," John explained as he led her away. "The tiger might like your arm more than the candy bar."

Next we came to the elephants who were wearing headdresses and standing very quietly to show them off.

Yvonne approached one elephant and offered him a peanut. He turned up his trunk disdainfully. Yvonne got the idea. She emptied the whole peanut bag into her palm. The elephant came around. He didn't even want to leave us for the parade, but his trainer finally coaxed him.

We started following slowly when we heard a shout. "Tent's coming down."

I laughed. "They can't take a tent down over people's heads. Isn't that silly." Rock took my head and turned it around. Half of the canvas was already flat on the ground.

On our way to the main tent, the gentlemen bought us souvenirs. Corinne got a fluffy little fur monkey on a stick. Rock bought a whole winter's supply of peanuts. "Saves fingernails," he said.

"I'd like a whip," I said. No one heard me.

Well, we went inside, and took our seats, and I don't have to explain to you what a circus is like—all the bright lights and the color and the music. The trapeze artists swinging their lives away, and the tight-rope walkers leaving us breathless, and the trained seals playing on the xylophones. We just sat there speechless



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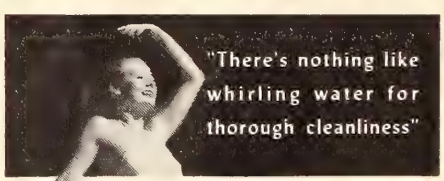
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while Clyde Beatty put his wild animals through their paces. John and Corinne held hands, and Rock and Yvonne held hands, and I sat on mine.

THEN suddenly it was over and we all looked pale and tired. "I don't understand," said Corinne thoughtfully, "why they have three reengs when we have only the two eyes."

We puzzled that for a moment as we stepped outside the tent, and there were the clowns—fat, skinny, hilarious. They put on a private little show for us, but it didn't last long. "Everybody out of the way," someone shouted. "Tent's coming down."

Since there was only one tent left to come down, and that tent was still standing, we figured we stood a good chance of seeing the sideshow. It was good.

Alex Linton had packed his swords, but he got them out again. Then he swallowed them. It looked so easy.

"Healthy, too," said Alex. "My father swallowed swords, and lived to be 84."

Jose deLeon had a pet mouse and the mouse did tricks.

"Can you get that mouse to stand on its head?" I said. The mouse looked at me and scurried away. Corinne caught him. The mouse liked Corinne. John had to promise that the next white mouse he saw he'd bring home for a pet.

Between mice and snakes, I personally prefer snakes, if I have to prefer either. Barbara White was the charmer.

The snakes were huge and colorful. "Why don't you take one home?" Rock asked Yvonne. "You could use them in one of your Technicolor productions."

"If I could talk to a snake the way Barbara does," said Yvonne, "I'd think about it."

Barbara not only talked to the snakes, she charmed them—the way it said on the program—and she even scolded one of them. This particular snake kept leering at us.

"He's a new snake," explained Barbara. "He doesn't know any better."

After a while, Barbara put her snakes away. One by one she wrapped them up and packed them in a box. Out of the corner of my eye I could see the circus hands closing in on us.

"Run for your lives!" I said, starting to run.

Rock grabbed my arm. "What's the matter?" he said calmly.

"Tent's coming down!" I shouted. So we all ran—the five of us. Got out, too, in the nick of time. THE END



Yvonne DeCarlo and Rock Hudson combed L. A. for circus tickets—they got five here.

hoofer on horseback

(*Continued from page 53*) was strictly for the pretty boys.

"I planned to do one picture, then go back to New York. You can work in burlesque no matter how you look."

But Dan listened to a friend's advice, hung on, and today, before Uncle Sam's cut and other professional expenses, Dan draws an annual paycheck that is very close to $100.000

"A man owes it to his family to get ahead and stay ahead," he says. "It isn't that money, in itself, is worth so much. But it is the security that counts.

"Suppose an actor is up against it. Word gets around. Then a producer offers him a hundred a week. It's hard to say no when you're hungry. It's too tough on the wife and kids. But if this same actor had a few dollars in the bank, the producer wouldn't dare offer him only a hundred a week, and before the deal was closed, perhaps the offer would be up to a thousand. It often happens that when you haven't got a buck, it's hard to make one."

Dan traces the responsibility for his financial independence right back to horses.

"When I first started making a little money on Broadway," Dan explains, "I was on the same spot with all the others. We could head for a joint after the show, drink too much and sit there until dawn telling each other how good we were.

"But if you are going to get up early to ride around the park, you go to bed right after the show instead of spending your money in saloons. It costs a little to hire horses, even more to board them, but what you lose on the oranges you make on the bananas, and have fun to boot. You also avoid the danger of leaving your career on some bar stool."

When Dan reached Hollywood, he found even more opportunities than in New York to become a night club habitue.

"Or," says Dan, "if I didn't want to play the boob trap line, I could play gin rummy all night with my friends. And that can cost even more."

Dan feels, too, that an actor should cultivate friends outside of his profession. "This," he said, "is equally true for men and women in any field—engineers, salesmen, garage mechanics or school teachers. It gives you a chance to learn how others think and how they live. It keeps you from believing your own profession is the most important in the world."

AFTER Dan's stretch in the army was over (it ended at the Italian front) nothing seemed to suit him in civilian life.

"Sure, I was on MGM's payroll," he says, "but I wasn't working, and even if I had been making pictures, it might not have been so good right then, because when you get right down to it, making pictures isn't the most important thing—things like staying alive, having the liberty to express your thoughts, and working to prevent another war are very important, too," he adds, smiling wryly at his own understatement.

During those postwar months when, as Dan might say, things strictly were for the birds, he and Liz decided to buy a horse.

They went to an auction in Los Angeles where the army was disposing of surplus horses from the nearby remount station. They saw one they liked, and bought him for $60.

This was an ordinary animal, with the army's surplus S branded on his jaw. But Dan and Liz knew what they were doing, and before they finished training him, he was an accomplished jumper. Liz used him for several months as she carried on

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her official duties as whipper-in for the local hunt club, and then they had a chance to sell him.

Dan, who seems to have inherited heavily from some Irish ancestor who horse-traded his way the length and breadth of Erin, likes to make a deal. He finally traded his $60 horse for one that had cost $1,300. Dan won't give the name of the horse he swapped; he doesn't want to hurt the new owner's chance of making a profitable deal himself some day.

Dan and Liz have made many horse trades since then, but never one they consider quite so good. "Sometimes we make a hundred," Dan says modestly, "and sometimes we lose a hundred, too."

Shortly before Dan Dailey III was born in September, 1947, big Dan and Liz became charter members of the West Hills Hunt club, which holds its hunts and point-to-point races on an 11,000-acre tract in San Fernando Valley.

Some of the club's activities are dangerous, and about once a year Dan's boss, Darryl Zanuck, feels he must dictate a letter to whoever may be Dan's director at the time, suggesting that jumping races and expensive movie-making don't really mix.

The director has yet to convince Dailey that Zanuck is right.

DAN feels he's fortunate, in many ways, that Liz agreed to marry him, and not the least of his good fortune is that Liz is such an enthusiastic and capable horsewoman. She's won as many ribbons and cups as he has, still she hasn't gone "horsey" to the extent of preoccupying herself with the sport to the detriment of her home. Dan, of course, can't spend too much time with his horses, since his work schedule leaves him only week-ends for riding.

Liz, however, does take advantage of the few hours each day when little Dan is in nursery school to exercise both her own horse, Stormy Weather, and Dan's Orange County.

So far, little Dan has had no real chance to ride—what boy has when he's less than three years old? But almost from birth, he's been around horses. Big Dan started by carrying his son into the stalls, introducing him to the horses, and demonstrating how to pet a horse, rub his ears and feel the angel-down on the nose.

"I was very happy," Dan says, "when little Dan immediately accepted the horses as his friends. It was exactly what I wanted, for I knew how much a common interest in riding had been responsible for keeping Liz close to me in our marriage, and I want all three of us to continue to enjoy this great sport together."

Little Dan is now large enough to ride his mother's horse if his father leads, and after he's had his short ride, he likes to stand and watch his parents. "Make him jump!" he yells at them. "Make him jump!"

Little Dan likes to feed the horses, too. Recently, after he had helped his father put Orange County into the stall, little Dan grabbed a chubby fist full of bleached hay and walked in beside the huge hunter, holding up his offering.

"The hay and little Dan's hair were the same color," his father explains, "and for a minute I thought Orange County might scalp the boy. But the horse worked his lips gently over the kid's blond hair, then reached for the hay. Little Dan laughed as though this were one of the nicest things that had ever happened to him."

DAN has developed another recreational interest designed to provide a common amusement area for his family. The interest is music. "Little Dan has a tin ear, though," Dan says. "Liz has a tin ear, too. Can't carry a tune in a bucket."

But Dan doesn't allow this to get in his way. He has insulated the rumpus room which is detached from the house, and many of the evenings since he took up the trombone have been devoted to jam sessions with his friends.

Liz, encouraging her husband, gave him a home recorder so that when he really wants to cut loose with his trombone, he can preserve the results for posterity—or for such portions of it that will be interested.

Although Dan is somewhat disappointed in his boy's tin ear, big Dan sees a dancing talent in his small son. "The kid's a natural," he says proudly. "I never saw anything like his rhythm. And he's only a little bit more than two-and-a-half years old."

Dan's big complaint is that he has so little time to spend with his son. Fifty weeks out of the year he works six days a week.

One morning this past spring, young Dan got up earlier than usual, and was standing by the yard fence, wearing his Hopalong shirt and his shooting irons, when his father started to leave the house for the studio.

"Where you going?" little Dan demanded, drawing a gun.

"To work," said his father.

"You think so?" said little Dan, drawing his other gun.

"Yeah, I got to," big Dan said, somewhat desperately.

"Why do you got to?"

"If I don't go to work, you won't have anything to eat."

Little Dan squinted up at big Dan and lifted the left corner of his upper lip. "I'm not hungry."

SO now Dan is preparing for the time when he won't have to go to work. Almost since he and Liz married, they've wanted a ranch where they could develop their own strain of hunters.

Dan spotted such a place, but after careful thinking changed his mind and put the money into a large annuity instead.

"But Liz and I will have our ranch some day," Dan says. "We have our eye on just the place—about four and a half acres. We could use the house that's on it, and it wouldn't cost much to build a small stable. Then we could deduct from taxable income the costs of oats, the price of hay and the expenses of keeping up the fences—if we were really raising horses commercially."

How important it may someday be for Dan to have an income from horses is problematical. With his stocks, his annuities and an apparently unfailing popularity at the box office (his latest hit is *When Willie Comes Marching Home*) it seems unlikely that he ever will be short of money.

"But money comes and money goes," said Dan. "Many men have made millions then died broke. That's why I want a place where little Dan can learn that when the going gets tough, when it seems that everything is complicated beyond all reason, he can get on a horse and shake him loose—put him across a few ditches, over a fence or two. He'll find, as I have, that it's good for what ails him."

THE END

Paid Notice

Do Your Dates "Fizzle Out"?

SEE PAGE 74

get a load of douglas!

(*Continued from page 46*) A lot of showmen were sure that Paul was ready for the movies a long time ago, but the movies needed a little preparation. The shades of Valentino still haunted the casting offices, and it took a while before a star was allowed to look like this man—big, satisfying, and not so pretty. Douglas bided his time, and when it came he made the most of it.

Take his latest movie, *The Big Lift.* In it, he plays the part of Sergeant Kowalski, an air force technician. Was he convincing? Well, there's the testimony of two U. S. Army M. P.'s stationed at Templehof Airdrome in Berlin, where the film was made last fall.

One afternoon Paul was wandering around the airport in uniform, his collar unbuttoned, when the two M. P.'s came upon him. They promptly arrested him for violating dress regulations. Not until William Perlberg, the producer, and George Seaton, the director and writer of the picture were summoned would the soldiers believe that Paul was just an actor and not an enlisted man.

"Does he really look like a sergeant?" the picture executives asked happily.

"Look like an army sergeant!" burst out one of the M. P.'s. "He looks like a thousand sergeants I've seen in this man's army!"

It takes a fellow whose actions are based on natural instincts at all times to be as convincing as this, which is probably Paul's secret. For a guy like him you've got to present stories which are believable and make sense in today's world. Hollywood is just getting around to doing just that.

WHAT those Army M. P.'s didn't guess is that Paul can also look like a bank vice-president, an oil-rigger or just your big Uncle Charlie. To his mother, when he was about nineteen, he looked like a fine prospect for a doctor or a lawyer. Paul became a radio announcer, instead. Everybody said he didn't look like an announcer until he started earning a thousand a week a few years later handling big time programs—Jack Benny's, Fred Allen's, the Fred Waring show and Burns and Allen's. Then they saw the resemblance.

But by this time Paul was way ahead of them—he was wondering whether he looked like an actor. He wanted to go on the stage.

"No!" he was told by all, including his best friend, Toots Shor, aggressive owner of a popular Manhattan restaurant who has given some of his customers the loudest advice they've ever heard.

So Paul wangled himself into the star part of *Born Yesterday* and proved to the tune of 1,024 performances that his pals were wrong again. That's when Hollywood, which had previously tested him and marked him impossible, decided that nobody knew as much about Paul Douglas' talent as Paul Douglas himself, and if he considered himself an actor there must be something to it. *A Letter to Three Wives, It Happens Every Spring, Everybody Does It* and *The Big Lift,* are samples of what there was to it.

Paul was no laggard in his personal life around New York, and Hollywood didn't change his habits. A few months ago Paul walked into Romanoff's in Beverly Hills and fell in love with a girl sitting with his agent, Louis Shurr. Her name was Jan Sterling and while Mr. Shurr was paying the check, Paul took Jan's arm and walked her out of the place. People who were present at the time say the agent looked around for Jan and Paul, shrugged his shoulders philosophically when he realized what had happened, and then sat down again to read his newspaper. Greater love has no agent, says Hollywood, but that he give up his gal to one of his clients.

In justice to Paul for this ungentlemanly behavior it should be reported that he and Jan were not exactly strangers; that is to say, each bore an unusual relationship to the other although they had never met. All the time he was on Broadway playing the role of Harry Brock, the heel in *Born Yesterday,* Jan was playing the part of Billie Dawn, Brock's dumb girl friend, but not in New York. She was in the Chicago and road company of the some play. They got reports of each other and friends who saw both companies would describe how each acted and talked, so now it was almost as if they had known each other for years.

THEY had a lot to discuss. It started with the show and ended with themselves. This in turn wound up with a diamond bracelet for Jan, and an announcement that they were going to be married.

Somebody, curious about how Paul would go about a proposal, asked him when and how the wooing took place. He replied that it happened aboard Humphrey Bogart's boat, the *Santana,* one weekend.

"You know Bogart," said Paul. "He doesn't like to have his craft messed up so he doesn't allow any fishing aboard it. There being nothing else to do I proposed to Jan and she accepted me. I went and reported to Bogart about it but he told me not to come running to him with my troubles."

A lot of his friends didn't take the announcement of his engagement seriously and tried to get him out on dates where he would meet other girls. He refused. "I wouldn't dare," he told them.

"You mean you're serious about Jan?" he was asked.

Not even two words of his reply could possibly be printed but the idea of it was that there is nothing more serious in his life. The fact that they were married on May 12 by Superior Judge Edward Brand seems to bear this out.

Having lived in hotels most of his life he rented a little house when he first came out to Hollywood. He promptly had to leave it and go travelling around the country on location trips. Eventually, after returning from Berlin, he gave up the house and moved into the Bel Air hotel. "Hotels are more permanent," was his explanation, meaning perhaps that hotels are where he always winds up.

With his marriage, however, he intends to get a home again even though he is a bit pessimistic about ever being able to live in it for any length of time. "With my luck Jan and I will buy a house, and then go away," he says.

When he's in Hollywood he turns up at the studio regularly whether he's shooting a picture or not. He's ready to discuss roles, read scripts or generally make himself useful. Evenings he likes to dine at the home of friends in preference to restaurants. Outside of driving a fast car and buying, not always wearing, loud neckties, he has no particular hobbies. He used to play golf but quit twelve years ago in the presence of Bing Crosby, Frank Parker and Bill Goodwin, who swear they will never forget the scene.

THE four of them were playing Lakeside (Paul was announcer for Burns and Allen then in Hollywood) and Paul, who was more strong than adept at the game, was spraying the countryside with wild shots. After holding up play most of the afternoon he grabbed his bag of clubs, and was about to throw it into a pond when he saw his caddy's horrified face.



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"I suppose you'd rather I give them to you," he snapped at the boy.

"I sure would," the boy said.

Paul slung the clubs toward the boy and yelled, "Take them! And never let me see them or you again!"

The boy obeyed. Paul turned and walked off the course never again to tread on another one to this day.

These days he isn't seen in night clubs either, or at gay private affairs. He doesn't think the night life of Hollywood compares even remotely with New York's doings. One night a friend saw him driving along the boulevard and hailed him to a stop.

"Ah-ha!" said the fellow. "Out for a big time, eh?"

Paul reached down beside him and picked up a letter. "Yeah," he replied disgustedly. "I've been driving around for a half hour looking for a mail box."

The fact that his friends were not exactly cooperative in Paul's new bid for domesticity, was merely a tipoff on what they think of him as a companion. They miss him. He may not always be pleasant, he has a temper, yet there is no meanness in him, and everything he says or does stems from a heart that is warm and sentimental. There probably isn't a person he knows, who hasn't seen him roar angrily at times. But by the same token, not one of them has ever suffered ill luck without Paul offering a helping word and hand.

Not all the stories about Paul are to his credit, but almost all of the unfavorable ones can be traced back to disgruntled people who never said more than "hello" to him before he made good and are irked because he doesn't let them say more than this now.

During the filming of one of his pictures he got to dislike one of the other stars who, he felt, was too much of an eager beaver in front of the camera. Word got around to this fellow and he sought Paul out to apologize.

"I was wrong," he said. "But you'll have to forgive me. I guess I'm just nervous about making good. I can't stand the thought of failure. You see, when I was a boy, I was terribly poor."

Paul snorted. "Who wasn't?" he asked.

The other stared. "You mean . . ." he began. Paul cut in. "I mean, who wasn't? I didn't have what with when I was a boy. Ask ninety-nine out of a hundred people, stars or anybody else and you'll find it's the same story. If people can give that for an excuse for acting the way you do then we'd all be cutting each others' throats!"

Some of Douglas' friends think he's casual about Hollywood but the fact is that he takes his career quite seriously. There are two reasons. One: he likes the money. "Why should I kid anybody about that?" he asks. "Try and make a picture here with actors who don't care for money and you'll find yourself with a cast of palm trees."

The other reason is that he's beginning to believe he can be useful in pictures. "There are good writers here, good directors, and they've got something to say on the screen. If I can help them say it, there's nothing else I can do as worthwhile."

He makes this last statement with a bit of wonder in his voice. As big and strong as he is, as confident as he sounds about most things, when he sees himself in pictures he's embarrassed. As a result he's stopped looking at rushes of him alone.

"At least, in a completed picture, I can look at the other people in it and maybe feel that with them I'm making a little sense up there," he says.

He's making more than a little—and there are two ways of telling—by the look of his wallet, and by the look of the people who put down their popcorn when Douglas' mug is on the screen. THE END



break the bank

by bert parks

a modern screen quiz

Bert Parks, young m.c. of radio's Break the Bank quiz show (NBC—Wednesdays at 9 p.m.—EST) thought up these brain teasers for Modern Screen readers. See how much you know about family relations. You'll find the answers on page 98.

1. Suave George Sanders' brother ..... has made a career for himself as a movie-detective.

2. You've seen Arthur Shield's brother ..... many times in Irish brogue roles.

3. She won her second Academy Award for The Heiress. *Her sister won hers for* Suspicion. *(Name the sisters.)*

4. Scott Brady's actor brother is .....

5. Jess Barker is married to red haired .....

6. Barbara Hale played Al Jolson's wife in Jolson Sings Again, *but at home she's ..... wife.*

ıack home in little rock

(Continued from page 51) them into his mousine, and with sirens screaming they ıade a tour of Dick's home town. Dick elt mellow; he felt like making a speech. What a town," he said. "They really mean when they call Arkansas the land of pportunity. All of my old friends are oing great. Like they say, Arkansas has ıe land, the water and the real people."

"Know what, Dick?" said Governor Mcath. "Good thing you're not running gainst me in the election."

The sirens and the limousine stopped front of Pat Mehaffy's home. Mehaffy a prominent attorney in Little Rock, nd one of Dick's oldest friends. They even ent to grammar school together.

"This is my wife," said Dick Powell, resenting June.

"And this is my wife," said Pat Mehaffey, resenting Kate.

June rested in the Mehaffeys' home, here they were to stay, and then while ıey were unpacking, June said, "You're oing to be very angry with me, darling."

"Are you sure?" Dick said.

"Yes, I'm sure. You know my purse. Vell, I left my purse in Texas."

Dick called up Texas, and they put the ırse on a plane. Then Dick rushed off help rehearse the Little Rock Boys Glee lub for the première. (Dick's a lifetime ember of the club, and he promised to onate the première's proceeds to it so ıey could build a baseball park.) After ıat he went to a press conference at the otel Marion. Then he was off to judge a ower show.

Later June met him and they attended a ncheon, and sang for the guests and eeted old friends. That night the preière was held. Everyone in town showed for it. There was a little ceremony bere the picture was shown. Governor Mcath made June a legal citizen of Arkansas ith the right to vote. And the ovation she ceived made her eyes bright with tears.

HAT night before going to sleep, Dick said to her, "If there's a town in this nd with greater hospitality, I haven't scovered it."

And June, holding her eyelids open with er fingers, said, "You know, honey, if ere's a man with greater vitality, I ıven't discovered him," and she fell leep. Dick sat up a while, and gloated. Actually, Dick's vitality would be artling in someone half his age. On e Powells' recent trip to Palm Springs, hich Dick planned as a rest after he and ne had finished making *Right Cross*, ey played eighteen holes of golf in the orning. Lunch followed, and then a tired d blistered June suggested an afternoon Canasta.

"But I'd thought about some tennis," ck said.

"Oh, brother!" said June, and sat in the n, while her husband ran through three ts of tennis and leaped into the swimming ol.

It's even worse when he's working. He's the studio at eight, six days a week, d comes home at seven. He has a dio show, "Richard Diamond," on ednesday, for which there are rehearsals, d he indulges in all sorts of business ntures on the side. He keeps an office town and June would get lost trying keep up with it.

One day she'll see a new heater in his essing room and remark about it. "They e nice, aren't they?" Dick will say. "I ught the company last month."

A few days later, June will tell him, inah Shore was here today and she's zy about that new heater. Could you get her one?"

"I guess so. I sold the firm on Monday, but I think I can arrange it with the new owner."

Every once in a while June sees to it that he relaxes. She does it subtly; she phones her friends—the Leonard Firestones, for instance, and suggests that they invite the Powells for dinner some evening. The Firestones are obliging, the evening arrives and when Dick comes home June says gaily, "We have a half hour to get ready."

"For what?" asks Dicks, who's been planning to read scripts in bed.

"We're having dinner at the Firestones. I can't help it, Richard—they just insisted that we come."

Dick raises an eyebrow and stares her down. "Is this the same trick you pulled with the Cagneys last week?"

"I don't know what you mean," she says loftily, and in a half-hour they're over having dinner with the Leonard Firestones.

IN Little Rock, they had dinner with lots of people—old friends, mostly, who knew Dick when he lived on Schiller Avenue. They dined at the Governor's mansion, and June got dewy-eyed over the Governor's three children.

Pat Mehaffey drove them into Memphis, Tennessee, to the Tennessee Children's Home, the place they'd gone to adopt Pamela. Now they planned to adopt another child. Mrs. Alma Walton took them through the home, and they stopped to talk to dozens of little kids. "Are you going to take me with you?" one of the little boys asked Dick, and Dick looked helpless. "Let's stay a while longer," June kept saying. "We'll have to go," Dick finally announced, as he sat down with a little girl on his lap.

They stayed a while, and when they left, they promised to come back again soon, and they meant it.

They had to leave Little Rock, too, the morning after a wonderful ball at the Robinson Memorial Auditorium.

"I make a motion," said June to Dick.

"Namely?"

"I make a motion we go by train. If you don't pass the motion, I'm not going home."

So at 10:45 Sunday night, a crowd gathered at the railroad station to say farewell.

June stood in the open door of the train, and said, "Dick and I were real proud of you and the wonderful time we've had, and we'd like to sing you a song. As the train pulled out they stood in the open doorway and sang in hillbilly voices, "Have We Told You Lately That We Love You?"

And that was the end of the trip to Dick's hometown. But that isn't the end of the story.

One night, a few days later, when Dick came home, June said to him, "Remember how sick I was on that plane?"

"Remember?" said Dick. "I thought you were gone forever."

"That's right," said June happily. "Only it wasn't the plane—it was the baby."

"The *what!*"

"The baby, our baby, the baby we're going to have in December."

"Oh, that baby," said Dick, as he floated into a chair. Then he jumped up. "*Our* baby!" he shouted. "You mean *you're* going to have a baby? You mean *I'm* going to be a father?"

June nodded her head.

"Are you all right?" she asked.

"I don't know," said Dick. "Who am I?"

She told him, and he was a very happy man.

THE END

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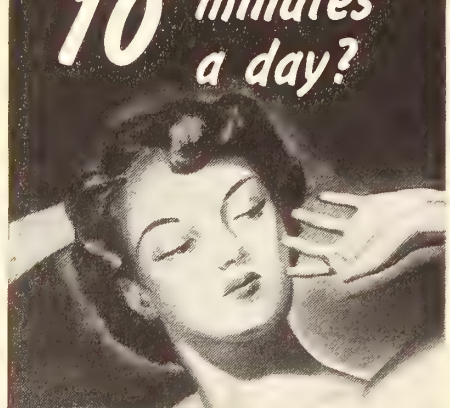


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the high cost of loving

(*Continued from page 29*) pay off, if he ever makes it. How could that be possible?

Frank Sinatra was the most dazzling meteor to flash across the show business horizon in decades. I couldn't guess how many millions his swoon personality dragged in.

Today he's lost his picture contract and his radio job. He was recently cancelled out of a personal appearance at London's Palladium. He didn't complete an engagement at the Shamrock Hotel in Houston, nor the next at Broadway's Copacabana. He's closed his office in Hollywood. But, apparently, Frankie can't come to his senses and shake off the wandering urge which has been a big part of his downfall.

The break that happened to Frank Sinatra and the king's ransom rewards it brought can never come again—but what does he have to show for it all? The din of bobby-sox screams turned Frankie's head away from the greatest asset he had —ten times more valuable than the fabulous money rolling in—his sensible, loyal and loving Nancy. It was when Frank started playing around with all Hollywood's glamor girls that he started stumbling. It wasn't over-expanding his talents that threw him, it was over-expanding his heart—and in the wrong direction.

I'm convinced that despite Frank Sinatra's foolish handling of his career and his finances he could have saved the pieces with Nancy's help. Frankie lived up to his income, it's true, without remembering that each March 15 there was a tax remittance due. He bought a big house in Toluca Lake, did it over several times, then bought a bigger one from Gloria McLean (now Mrs. Jimmy Stewart) which Gloria told me she was the luckiest girl in the world to get rid of; it was so big and the taxes were so high. He sank over $100,000 into a Palm Springs villa, went hog wild buying high priced modern paintings, scattering his money all over like a child strewing candy, because he was just a kid from across the tracks and didn't have the balance to handle such fabulous fortune when it hit him. But Nancy had her head screwed on right and it was only when he dumped that pilot that he hit the rocks and started sinking.

It may be too late to get Nancy back. She loved him through four or five wanderings and patted his naughty head officially a time or two to forgive the boy she used to love. If Frank himself had any sense he'd be working like a beaver to patch the dam of his empire which has burst with a quick and emptying deluge, because that's all he's got. Meanwhile whatever is left of his tangible assets Nancy will have—the houses and all—as she should, although my guess is that she and the three kids won't have enough to take care of them as they might have been. As for what Frankie's end for himself will be—at the present rate of Hollywood love exchange—I'd hate to predict!

But the giddy ganders who go gallivanting off to cozy new nests somehow can't believe that the golden eggs are ever going to stop rolling into their laps. Right now Kirk Douglas has prospects unlimited and he may make himself a million dollars in the next ten years, for all I know. But also Kirk has just cinched on a respectable load to carry in that unpredictable race. When his wife, Diana, divorced him last February, he agreed to pay her $1000 a month until her death or remarriage. Also $550 a month to support their sons, Michael, five, and Joel, three, until they're both twenty-one. Diana got the house and ten percent of all Kirk makes over $120,000 a year. Kirk will have to sharpen his pencil and do some close financial figuring from now on to marry again.

Tyrone Power was considerably lighter —by a mansion, three cars, insurance policies and bank accounts—when Ty floated from Annabella's arms into Lina Christian's. Whatever Annabella makes as an actress, Ty must add enough to make $50,000 a year, as long as he earns $260,000 per annum. If he earns more than $310,000 he pays Annabella 17 per cent of the with a maximum of $87,500 yearly. And that's a lot of money, over and above taxes these days.

Ty had to tie himself up in those tight money knots to pursue his straying affections—at a time when he was the bonnie prince of Twentieth Century-Fox and his box-office draw was a beautiful thing to behold. It isn't so beautiful as it once was since *Prince of Foxes* and *The Black Rose,* two terrifically expensive pictures which aren't paying off enough, and Ty isn't any younger. He has a baby on the way, and his Hollywood home today is a small one. It wouldn't surprise me if he's living on less than he still pays to Annabella. He'll have to, to hold on to what's left of his fortune.

But fortunes can fade mighty fast under the beatings they take from fickle tickets. Humphrey Bogart split all he'd saved with and a goodly hunk besides when he discarded Mayo Methot to marry Lauren Bacall. "Sluggy" as he called her, lived up to her name by putting the settlement slug on Bogey, when he bounced her. Luckily, Bogey has a fantastic fifteen-year contract with Warners which will keep himself, his fourth wife, and little Junior comfortable, although Bogey's box-office value is not what it used to be, either.

Even Mickey Rooney's cocky swagger has been crimped considerably by his expensive excursions to the altar. Mickey's stuck with Ava Gardner, his first, bare over a year but the months of wedded bliss set him back Ava's slice of his $200,000 community property stake. Next trip with Betty Jane Rase, cost Mickey a little more—$100,000 alimony, to be exact, over ten years, and $5000 yearly to feed and clothe their two children, Mickey, Jr. and Timothy, plus $25,000 to buy them a new home. Undaunted, the Mick now owns his third bride. Luckily everybody isn't Mickey Rooney.

For instance, there is a barrel-chested brute named Victor Mature. A very mixed up character to start with, Vic has settled down into one of the canniest stars and the other day he proved it. his first two marriages, with Frances Charles and Martha Kemp, Vic trotted away with minor financial scars, mainly because he had very little himself. However, when his third wedding waltz with Dorothy Berry, the Pasadena society girl turned shaky, Vic found himself slightly more vulnerable.

Mrs. Mature III had a very good idea of just what worldly goods Vic had—his home, two autos, several bank accounts and a TV business earning $38,000 annually, besides his weekly salary of $27,000 and the $25,000 he draws each twelve months from stocks and bonds. The general idea was that all of this would be Vic's exclusively for very long. And the state of agitation this induced in Sandson was so violent, that Dottie Mature also got a restraining order keeping him from "burning down their home" as he threatened rather than let her have it.

Well, Vic and his wife are reconciled now and what's more he's built her a brand new mansion because she didn't like the one he had intentions of arsoning on. I'm sure Vic really loves his wife and

happy to ease back into matrimony hich he's often said "is the only life." t he loves a dollar too, especially sev- al thousand of them, and when he faced eing them walk away—well, Vic recon- lered. Or, you can put it this way: He uldn't afford to wander.

Now, why do the stars' flighty *affaires coeur* ring out so loud on the court cash gister? Why do they pay all that money? it all on the up and up—or is it a cket?

First off, they don't pay unless they've t it. When Paul Douglas took unto him- f beautiful blond Jan Sterling, Jan be- me the fifth Mrs. Douglas. Four times fore Paul swore everlasting love and ar times something happened. But noth- g serious—to his bank account, that is, cause he didn't have any worth men- ning in Hollywood terms. This time it's ferent; Paul's in the money and on the ot, if ever he and Jan decide to part, hich I hope they never do. This time it ll better be for keeps, or else that bo- nza Mr. Douglas has struck in his mid- years might well go a-glimmering.

UT there are almost automatic reasons for paying in California. There's a v, a community property law: Half of ne is mine. When Louis B. Mayer and wife, Margaret, were divorced three ars ago after almost 43 years of mar- ge, the MGM mogul paid her $3,250,000. ark Gable settled $250,000 on his sec- d wife, Rhea, which it took him years pay, and that's one reason why the ng isn't weighted down with half the cheques people credit him with. This so despite his $7500 every Saturday ht and his place on the MGM pension which ought to realize him at least ,000 a year whenever he decides to re- e.

But there are other subtle reasons that ure in the fantastic back-breaking Hol- wood settlements, too.

Every star fears public opinion, because t's the grace by which he lives and xes rich. And tell me what couple ve—in Hollywood or anywhere—could sh their linen in public without some t showing up? If they're caught in love uble, it's just more sensible to pay off h as little fuss as possible. There are ually children involved, too, and even most trifling bumbling bee flitting from e honey to another has a soft spot for kids. Errol Flynn, for instance, is zy about all three of his, and he's won- ful to them; money for them he doesn't grudge.

But sweet reason and sober sense fly t out the window the minute Cupid s his arrows in, sugar tipped or poi- ed, as the case may be. Ingrid Berg- n would be a pauper today and totally pendent on Roberto Rossellini if her Hol- wood lawyer, Greg Bautzer, had obeyed love tormented client's instructions.

Give him everything I have in the rld," were Ingrid's anguished orders. ust want my freedom."

But I simply couldn't do it," Greg ex- ined to me. He couldn't because he w the time would come, and soon, en Bergman wouldn't have a red cent ive on. As it is, after months of hag- g, horrible months which inexorably ught Ingrid the most mortifying fate t can come to a self respecting woman, Peter Lindstrom who held all the mps, is getting half of her $250,000- s fortune—every penny of which Ingrid ned herself, and her Beverly Hills ne. And she is to receive the earnings n her last three pictures, *Joan of Arc*, *er Capricorn* and *Stromboli*, if and en there are any. Everything else she's —her career, her good name, her daughter, Pia. I sometimes wonder if Ingrid's impulsive solution wasn't the best after all to the dilemma on which her rash love crucified her. If she'd paid off her embittered and grasping spouse at once, even though it broke her, at least she wouldn't have had her name dragged through the mud of the whole wide world.

So the woman can pay, and pay—if she's the Mrs. Moneybags and finds another handsome hero who makes her swoon. The sting is just as painful to either sex. Rita Hayworth was painfully pruned of her life's savings when her first husband, Edward Judson, bowed out. Besides large hunks of preferred stock, bank accounts and such they divided the automobiles, jewelry, furs, and even two railroad tickets to New York! Rita further signed up out of court to pay Eddie $12,000 cash at $500 a month and when she forgot to pay, Eddie promptly garnished her Columbia studio salary to prove he wasn't kidding.

So today, financially, Princess Rita finds herself leaning on her husband, the Prince, as a wife undoubtedly should, for support. Only Aly Khan leans, in turn, on his diamond studded poppa, the Aga Khan, and it's not at all certain he'll inherit all the payments and privileges due Mohammed's official heir. Besides, Aly has a weakness for betting and big league games of chance. Knowing Rita, I know she'd like nothing better than her own money rolling in as it used to, some cash in hand of her own for her pretties. But after paying the bills for both Eddie Judson, Orson Welles and assorted heart sprees, where is it? Gone with the windy protestations of love and affection she was always a sucker for.

WHEN William Grant Sherry, Bette Davis' artistic third mate, crashed a studio party at RKO a while back, didn't like what he saw, and sent his fists flying, Bette swore that was the end. But when she swears out her divorce complaint she may well add some new cuss words under her breath, too. Because, the price of Sherry around the house came fairly high. Bette bought them the loveliest castle she could find in Laguna Beach, her husband's home town, hanging over the blue cove where Sherry loved to surf. She bought another big one in town. She presented him with an expensive trailer, bought an airplane, and all kinds of tokens of her love and esteem, including a set of psychiatric treatments, three times a week at thirty bucks an hour, to cure her husband's "ungovernable temper." But they obviously didn't work and when the property settlement is over, Bette may find herself with a Sherry hangover more lasting and distressing than her upsets watching Basher Bill blow his top.

It's funny what money can do to people. Seems I've heard it called the root of all evil. But is there any fool-proof way for the Hollywood Romeos and Juliets to dilly-dally with love and skip out of the love bower scot free? No.

If you're a cagey beau like Peter Lawford, who never gets involved, you don't find the expense too exhausting. Sometimes, too, if you're an amiable adventurer, like George Sanders, you can breeze fairly easily out of one marriage into another where there are benefits of former alimony settlements.

BUT for normal stars—if there's any such animal—there's only one answer to eating a piece of love cake and having the dough to pay for it too—and it's the simplest answer in the world. To wit: talking straight from the heart when they promise to love, honor and cherish until death do them part. Staying married, and staying out of trouble. It's the one-girl guys and the one-guy girls in the main

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Have You Heard?



JOAN LANSING

Beat the heat, girls, the ABC way! Yes, ma'am, your local American Broadcasting Company station offers the kind of programs that are refreshing summer "coolers" . . . programs that win-in-a-breeze for originality and interest.

For instance, the famous masked man of justice, THE LONE RANGER, with Silver and Tonto, come cross-country with undiminished vigor every Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 7:30 PM (EDT). As the foremost galloping Galahad, THE LONE RANGER is a real hero to young and old, and his dramatic exploits provide enough excitement to keep you tingle-cool. General Mills sponsors THE LONE RANGER in his chills-and-thrills adventures via your local ABC station.

On Tuesday and Thursday the 7:30 PM (EDT) ABC "cool-off" spot is held down by COUNTER-SPY. Handsome DAVID HARDING is chief of this fast-paced, anti-crime series. As head-man of the Counter-Spies HARDING heads into danger at the drop of a hat. COUNTER-SPY has earned many awards for outstanding public service, and when you hear it you, too, will agree that it's a wonderful program . . . a chiller-diller for "cool-off" listening. Pepsi-Cola spots this twin bill of "hit-the-spot" broadcasting.

Terrific TED MACK and the ORIGINAL AMATEUR HOUR make 9 PM (EDT) on Thursdays a choice time for ABC tuners. Every week talented tyros try their wings and step up to the "mike" with stardust in their eyes and great hope in their hearts. These amateurs are the stars of tomorrow, and it's quite a thrill being "in" on the discovery of talents that one day will be spotlighted to fame and fortune in the "big time." The one, the only, the ORIGINAL AMATEUR HOUR, is happily sponsored by Old Gold Cigarettes.

I'm mad-about-MONTGOMERY! The romantic ROBERT of stage and screen fame, now lends his brilliant mind and abilities to a great ABC program every Thursday at 9:45 PM (EDT) following the ORIGINAL AMATEUR HOUR. ROBERT MONTGOMERY SPEAKING is a program that makes you sit up and take notice, because this MONTGOMERY-man knows the score right down the line. You keep up with tomorrow when you keep tuned to ROBERT MONTGOMERY Thursday nights on your local ABC station. Get the best in broadcasting commentary with ROBERT MONTGOMERY SPEAKING for Lee Hats.

Joan Lansing

who live longest as stars in Hollywood and have plenty to make life rosy when those enduring young charms mellow and fade.

When Gary Cooper recited his marriage vows he meant them. Today he has everything a man could want, a beautiful wife, a lovely daughter, and a career that's still booming along.

Or take Fred MacMurray, one of the very richest men in Hollywood, a real estate magnate besides a very top-salaried star, still—and still the same wife. Today Fred has his happy family in the gorgeous home Margaret Sullavan sold when she divorced producer Leland Hayward after eleven years of marriage and three beautiful babies. Look, too, at a few other well-off one-time winners at love—like Jimmy Cagney, Fred Astaire, Joel McCrea, George Murphy, Bill Holden, who's quietly raising his three swell kids, piling up annuities for their education instead of new "mamas" for their bewilderment, insecurity and sadness. Bill's paying attention to his work instead of a gallivanting libido—and a performance like his *Sunset Boulevard* comes in—instead of sheriff's writs and attachments!

Gosh—I could go on all night—right up to Granddaddy Cecil B. DeMille, another one-woman man, all his forty-o Hollywood years, rich now in real esta bank directorships, children, and gran children, prestige and movie profits th still roll his way—but never a cent fri tered away on alimony.

So let the stars with wandering ey cast them first on the alimony bill, a see how paying it has wrecked and w continue to wreck the lives and livings their fellow-men.

There's a tune I like to hum from *Sou Pacific*—"I'm in love, I'm in love, I'm love . . . with a wonderful guy!" It's tune some Hollywood ladies whose hear melt like butter have been singing f ages—long before it was written by Rod ers and Hammerstein. But, too often, t time that their guy looks most wonderf is when he's in court signing over h life's blood, because he foolishly let it g too hot and it rushed to his crazy-bon which sadly and unwisely he mistook f his heart!

THE E

house of memories

(*Continued from page 35*) example, she's always liked early American and English pewter. She set around collecting some. The rarer pieces are kept in cabinets, but most of the collection is scattered around the place in the form of ashtrays, flower vases, and fruit dishes.

The first impression you get as you step into the large entrance hall is one of limitless space. In this day of high construction costs where every square foot costs money, the mere existence of unused floor space is a luxury. In the Crosby pre-war house there's a lot of this sort of luxury. The halls are unusually wide; the doorways have double doors; the ceilings are over eleven feet high. The windows stretch from floor to ceiling, and the circular stairway (with a bannister fit for sliding) extends for two dozen steps.

Bing claims that when you have boys you either farm them out or get a house where they can grow and expand. "I've managed to do both," he explains.

During the summer the boys work on the cattle ranch outside of Elko, Nevada, and they really work regular cowboy hours and regular cowboy duties. They're paid small salaries. The rest of the year they go to school and spend what spare time they have in Holmby Hills.

Next to comfort or maybe because of it, Bing loves old, beautiful furniture. In fact, he collects antiques. He's not a stickler for any particular period or country. He simply buys what's pleasing to his eye. "After all," he says, "I'm the guy who has to live with the stuff and I'm the guy who pays for it. Dixie and I buy what we like even though the experts might not classify the stuff as exactly correct. Who cares, anyway?"

ALL the bedrooms are furnished in 18th century English pieces. The living room, however, is a harmonious mixture of French provincial lamps, a Louis XVI desk, a Queen Anne card table and modern fabrics. If anyone tells you that you shouldn't mix period furniture, just refer them to the picture of the Crosby living room, as well-furnished and eye-pleasing a room as ever you'll see.

Dixie prefers antique pieces to modern, because, as she says, "If the tables get scratched or the pewter gets dented, it doesn't matter too much. I just polish over the spot and the piece looks better than new. Part of the beauty in antiques is the used look."

The used and useful look is what th Crosbys like. They appreciate the fin workmanship and graceful appearance antiques, but they also insist that the furniture be functional.

Bing hates floor lamps. His chronic com plaint is that they're always in the wa so Dixie has worked out several solutio to the problem. She's taken decorativ old pieces and changed them into tabl lamps and housings for indirect lightin Provincial wine-kegs, a French coffe maker, and two hurricane lamps hav been wired for electricity and light up th living room. Over the piano there hang a French lavabo which is both plant holder and light fixture. Above the Quee Anne card table is a Jacobean cabine that contains a curio collection as well a an indirect light for the game table.

Not long ago, Dixie admired a Sherato breakfast table that she'd seen in a deco rator's shop. Bing told her to go ahea and buy it. Although it was hopelessl small for the kind of farmhand's break fast that's served in the Crosby house hold, she did. It seemed a little extrava gant and impractical to her at the tim when suddenly she got the bright idea o cutting it down to coffee table height.

What was too small for a six-perso breakfast setting became a spacious coffe table on a scale with the eight-foot sofas Bing, of course, approves of this wonder fully uncluttered surface as a fine resi dence for his books and magazines. (Th moral of this is to never throw out an ol kitchen or dining room table. You ca make it do wonders by altering the to and shortening the legs.)

Few people can afford a 14-room hous with a forty-foot living room, or even on share in the Pittsburgh Pirates. But i one respect, many of us can live luxur iously—by making every part of our hom serve us.

If you love antiques, for instance, don' treat them like sacred cows. Make them work for you, as the Crosbys do, and you'l cherish them even more.

"When I get married," little Lindsay says, "I'm taking the television set with me."

"He can't kid me," says Dixie. "It's the Welsh dresser that the set's in that my boy really loves."

Since Lindsay's only twelve, Dixie can hang on to it for a while. And the house, whose future may hang in the balance, she can hold, too—hold tight with memories.

THE EN

ard-shelled shelley and the perfect catch

(Continued from page 55) pool? No. re, it's nice to know people who ve a swimming pool I can use, but still isn't mine. Nothing is mine. When went to that première the other night th Farley I even had to borrow a fur at to wear."

The words streamed on in an almost arful rush. "I have a big house on Sun- t Boulevard, but there isn't much fur- ture in it. When I get my check there's rdly enough left to buy a wash rag. A g company told me I could have all the gs I wanted for free if I posed for an ad r them. The studio wouldn't let me. I n't understand such things. It's just innocent rug ad, and how I could use n."

Is this outburst a thing called "tempera- nt?" Hardly. When someone is wor- d about paying his bills and blows up, one screams temperament at him. hen someone is upset because she had d a fight with her boy friend, causing r to be snappish at the office all day, she 't publicly rebuked in newspaper col- ns. No, her co-workers realize that e's simply giving way to a normal emo- n and she'll get over it.

HELLEY needs time to get over the sub- conscious bitterness born in her during e time she was just "that Winters gal," cking around town, doing a day's work re and a day's work there, plus an erage of about ten screen tests a month. Shelley decided one day that she'd had ough. A road company of *Oklahoma!* s being cast. She put in a call for New rk and made a pitch.

"Is there any film on you?" she was ked.

"Film?" Shelley almost yelled. "There e tests available of me in practically ery state in the Union. I'm sure New rk must be crawling with them."

Next day Shelley had a telegram. How on could she be in New York? How on? She was ready to leave in fifteen nutes, but how could she admit that e didn't have cash for plane fare? May- she could have borrowed it, but Shelley 't the borrowing kind, so she stalled. e wired back that she was just finishing picture and would be there the follow- week.

Then she called a bus company and quired about rates. By the time she had ished two days' work at Metro she had ough for her ticket and meager ex- nses. But fate was cooking up new stacles. Her agent called and said some t things" were coming up. She was nted at Universal to do a test for *A uble Life.*

"Oh no! Not another test!"

"Okay," the agent said, "but this might it, and I suppose you wouldn't care to rk opposite Ronald Colman."

"That's different," Shelley said. "I'll ke the test."

"That's more like it. You have to be on between three and four tomorrow."

"Okay," Shelley agreed. "I'm working Metro tomorrow, but I should be ough early and I'll make that test—my t one—if it kills me."

And it almost did.

N THE Metro set next day Shelley sat waiting patiently for the director to around to her scene in which she had meager line to say. Finally, at 3:30 began to get really nervous. She roached the director.

"Why, honey," he said, reproachfully, u should have told me before. We'd ve taken you right away."

"Now he tells me," she moaned.

Fifteen minutes later, Shelley dashed madly out of the studio. She had forty-two cents in her pocket. Not anywhere near enough for a cab, probably not enough for a bus. She stopped the first motorist to pass by the Metro gate, with one dazzling look. By 4:15 she was at the corner of Hollywood and Vine. Now her luck at hitching ran out. She was about to shrug off the whole thing, when a voice called out, "Hi there, gal!"

Good old Lou Costello!

Shelley climbed into Lou's big car and they roared out over the pass to Universal. They arrived just as the cameras on the test stage were being locked up for the night. Shelley was hot and tired. Only a vestige remained of the makeup she had applied with such meticulous care that morning. This, she thought, is me at my all time worst.

At home she forgot about the *Double Life* test in her rush to get off to New York. She packed her battered suitcase and next day was sitting in the bus station, ready for the painful trek to Broadway. Hollywood they could give back to the real estate agents and the used car salesmen. She was through.

As the big transcontinental bus rolled in, a frantic figure dashed into the station.

"Wait!" Shelley's sister, Blanche Schrift, shouted. "Wait—they loved your test!"

Shelley was unmoved. "Which test?" she inquired sarcastically. "I've only made 999."

"The Universal test," Sis painted. "They think you're great. You have the part."

"Well," Shelley retorted numbly, "that's saying it different." She waved the bus on its way. "That's saying it exceedingly different."

Now she was faced with the problem of being in two places at once. Mr. Rogers expected her in New York. Mr. Universal needed her in Hollywood. And that, in case anyone wants to know, is one thing that executives know how to handle. Mr. William Goetz called his good friend Mr. Rogers and promised that if Shelley could have the script of *Oklahoma!* to study while she was doing the picture she'd be available immediately thereafter.

And she was, but a fact that has escaped many a delver into the life of Shelley Winters is that while she was seeing herself featured in reviews as the greatest discovery since Jean Harlow, she was at the same time sitting in a small midwestern hotel room, hundreds of miles from Hollywood. If she had told the bellhop who brought her a club sandwich after the show that she was a movie star now he would have shaken his head with understanding and refused a tip. Actresses in road shows are apt to get delusions of grandeur.

Now we are getting to the bottom of Shelley's reasons for blowing up on sets and sounding off in a manner that always causes columnists to mark her down as "difficult." Shelley has a deep rooted feeling of insecurity because the struggle has been long. Money has become the symbol of security because she had so little.

For example, Jack Warner gave a big party one night. Shelley was invited. She called up a friend. "Please come over to my house right away and look at my dress," she urged. "I'm not sure whether or not I should wear it."

The black formal was a nice enough dress but not quite the thing Shelley Winters, a new star, would be expected



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to appear in. Her friend didn't want to be too blunt.

"Tell you what," she suggested. "I know a shop where we can have this altered."

They jumped into Shelley's Plymouth and rushed to the shop. Shelley went into the dressing room and started pinning up seams.

"What will this cost me?" she asked, cautiously.

"Oh, about ten dollars," the salesgirl replied.

"Gee," Shelley protested. "That's sort of high."

Her friend gasped silently. To the salesgirl, Shelley was a successful actress. What she'd just said made her sound almost cheap. The friend bit her tongue, wondering whether or not to explain that Shelley hadn't become accustomed yet to the fact that she was no longer living from one pay check to the next, ever fearful, just like girls in dress shops, that the following week might bring unemployment.

At that moment the manager of the store came in. On her arm was a Ceil Chapman original. She asked Shelley to try it on. "It's only $69.95, Miss Winters, and ideal for you."

Shelley tried on the dress, turning round and round before the full length mirror, pleased with what she saw. She wanted the dress, but she was hesitant.

"Do you think I should spend the money?" she asked her friend.

The reply was firm, immediately explaining Shelley to the people in the shop. "It looks marvelous on you, Girl Star. You keep forgetting that the lean days are about over. That you just signed a contract for umphteen hundred dollars a week. Buy it. You'll kill 'em tonight."

The story illustrated how unused Shelley was to fame and fortune. She still is, although the outward evidence is nearly gone. Instead there is that madcap supercharged dynamo, and people ask, "What's she trying to prove?"

Too bad about people who don't really know, for there is no pretense about Shelley. When she makes up her mind about something she blurts out her enthusiasm.

One afternoon a buddy of hers found her floating in a swimming pool shouting happily. "Today's my birthday. Today I'm thirty. Yeee-hooo!" Any other girl who's just thirty is almost a cinch to back up and call herself twenty-five. Not Shelley.

THAT night she had a date with Bill O'Brien and because it was a special occasion she wanted to go to one of the glittering night spots, like the Mocambo.

Still, she didn't know whether Bill would like the idea. She and a friend worked out a plot. Shelley was to get a date for Bill's friend and this date was to suggest, nonchalantly, that they stop at Mocambo, and Shelley was to toss off a remark about how much she hated night clubs, "But, if it will make her happy let's go."

The thing to remember is that Shelley is not one of those charming, scheming wenches who contrives to go to the glamor spots night after night at the expense of some chump's pocketbook.

The fact is, she is the extreme opposite. Only recently she went on a beach date with a young man who, noting that his gasoline gauge read "empty," pulled into a filling station. "Fillerup," he ordered.

"Fill it up?" Shelley almost screamed. "Where do you think we're going? Five gallons will get us to Malibu and back ten times."

"What's the difference?" her date asked. "I'll have to buy it sooner or later."

"Yeah," Shelley replied, "but a buck-twenty sounds better to me than four and a half."

Kick that thought around and you'll find yourself understanding what makes the girl tick. That's more than some of her co-workers can do. They think of her as "hard-shelled Shelley," failing to realize that her bursts of so-called temperament are merely an attempt to protect her individuality.

While *South Sea Sinner* was being filmed, another rash of those SHELLEY WINTERS AGAIN BATTLING WITH DIRECTOR paragraphs began showing up in the columns. The reason was that the director

LIKE SHELLEY SAYS

When Shelley read that Cary Grant was shipping his car to England, she said, "I guess he's given up the idea of driving over."

When someone questioned her about her proposed trip to Paris she replied airily, "I cancelled it and went to Romanoff's instead."

A couple of days after the Liz Taylor wedding, a friend was telling her how deliriously happy the couple was. "Yeah," Shelley agreed, "and they said it would never last!"

found himself unhappy with the way Shelley was doing a singing scene. He tried to explain what he wanted. So did Shelley.

"I feel too much like Betty Grable."

"Well," the director replied, "that's about what I want."

"But I'm not a singer or a dancer," Shelley declared. "I'm a dramatic actress. I'll do my best. Even so it will turn out not Grable. Only Shelley Winters."

The heat of this small argument generated from person to person until it became magnified out of all proportion. Who's to blame? Nobody, really, except that Shelley in trying to explain her position sometimes overshoots the target. If she could relax, more of the public would grow to love her as one of Hollywood's few really sound, sane and witty girls.

NOW she's been saddled with a hard-to-handle reputation. Now she's learning that the privilege of occupying the limelight exacts its toll.

Real love is now harder to achieve than if she had remained just a minor actress. People are more difficult to meet and really know. For instance, Shelley must be more than usually cautious about accepting dates for fear of being on the receiving end of gossip barbs.

She stays home a great deal of the time. Home and Schwab's Drug Store. Drop in there sometime and you'll probably find her holding down a stool at the soda fountain, thumbing through magazines and looking at pictures of the glamorous, much sought after Shelley Winters wearing a beautiful mink stole flung casually over her shoulders as she steps out of a limousine on première night on the arm of Farley Granger.

Then you'll see Shelley put the magazine back in the rack and settle down to the soda placed in front of her, a thoughtful look in her eyes. And you'll know that she's thinking, not about her old friend, Farley, but about Bill O'Brien or his counterpart, the sort of guy she really wants to fall completely, permanently in love with *if* he can just have the patience to learn to understand her.

When that happens, the guy will never have it so good. THE E

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he's not the man i married

(*Continued from page 59*) had left. And I came to the conclusion that, in a way, he was right. Although Alan and I have never had any trouble talking. (As a matter of fact, we have trouble not talking.) When I first knew Alan I guess he did have difficulty meeting strangers, particularly on interviews, because he always has been very modest and reticent about himself. He didn't feel that he was interesting enough.

I thought he had a lot to talk about because, after all, he had been a track athlete in school and had been a west coast diving champion, and he had had a series of interesting jobs. He sold cash registers and was promoted to head salesman of his district; he started as a reporter on a newspaper and was promoted to editor of his department; he worked at a hamburger stand and eventually owned one; he started as an extra hand on the set and wound up a grip; he went into radio as a bit player and eventually wound up as one of the Richfield Reporters and did leading roles. He seemed unsuccessful to himself because he had given up one job after another, because he had a burning ambition to become a successful actor. He was insecure, and therefore, shy.

TEN years have passed since the day I met Alan. I should have been aware of what was happening to him in relation to other people, but it took our Minneapolis friend to really wake me up.

Not long ago we came back from Douglas, Arizona, where we had been for some time on location for Alan's latest Paramount picture, *Branded*. Two incidents of our stay there, a party and an illness, stick in my mind. One evening after work quite a few members of the cast and crew dropped by our hotel room to combat homesickness. With an ease of manner that made everyone feel comfortable, Alan just took over. He seemed to find so much to talk about and he was really so entertaining that in a short while the spirit of everyone changed. I got a big kick out of watching him and realizing what a warm, good host he had become, and by being such a good host he made a pleasant evening out of one that could have been a complete bust.

When I first married Alan I thought my life with him would be very quiet and uneventful because he would want it that way, but I didn't realize what a great sense of humor he had and how much fun he had in him. Life with Alan is anything but dull because, although he protests and says how he loves peace and quiet, the minute it is quiet he dreams up something to make it exciting. However, I won't give Alan full credit for this because exciting situations always seem to seek him out, consequently our lives are anything but monotonous.

At the time that Alan had worked trying to become a successful actor, he often went hungry and as a result became very susceptible to colds. However, while on location a nasty virus flu suddenly invaded the troupe. Everyone started coming down with it. It took the average victim a week to get back on his feet and one giant of a prop man had to be sent back from location by special car. Well, Alan caught the germ one Saturday night. I was worried because I was still clinging to an old conception that he would have a difficult time throwing the germ off, overlooking the fact that he hadn't been seriously ill for years. Sunday, he was quite sick and I bustled around trying to do things for him. After a

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while he insisted I quit, so I did, as he seemed quite cheerful even though his fever was high and his bones aching. Four o'clock Monday morning I was horrified on awakening to find him dressing.

"Where do you think you're going?" I asked.

"On the set, of course. There's an early call," he replied.

"But you're sick!" I cried.

He laughed. "Who, me? That was yesterday."

His voice was firm, he looked chipper as a nut as he left. I lay there and marveled. The old Alan used to catch cold by as little as a five degree drop in temperature, and really have it stick for weeks. Well, he isn't that way now. He's the opposite. He gets rid of a cold today by just clearing his throat; or at least that is the way he feels about it.

A person who doesn't change doesn't grow. But when it happens to your own husband, and when it happens like it is happening to Alan, it gives one a sense of pride and satisfaction.

Alan has always been interested in the other fellow's problem, but there was a time when he couldn't do anything about it. Today one of his greatest pleasures is in trying to help other people.

ONE day one of his friends asked him, "Don't you take too much responsibility on your shoulders watching over all these men? It's nice of you, but is it wise? You're just one man and you're not giving yourself a chance to enjoy your own success."

He laughed. "Maybe you're right. I'll forget about all that now. Now what should I do first to enjoy my success? Should I just sit back and relax? After all, through great luck and good fortune my family is comfortably situated and I have more than I need. Therefore, when I try to help someone and am successful, just a little bit of their happiness rubs off on me and I don't know any other way in the world to achieve the same results." His sympathetic understanding of not only the children and me, but of our friends, is demonstrated almost daily.

We have a friend who is in radio in a middle-western city. Alan is as close to the progress of his career as he is to his own. One day he proposed to the studio that his friend be used for a part in a forthcoming picture. It wasn't a very important part and I pointed this out to Alan.

"Why don't you wait until something bigger comes along?" I asked. "Why have him come all the way out for just this?"

Alan answered thoughtfully. "The part isn't big," he admitted. "It won't mean a thing as far as picture work is concerned. And maybe, some day, there will be a better spot. But in the meanwhile, what effect will it have on his hometown radio contacts when they know he has been summoned to Hollywood for picture work? Won't his stock go up? Won't there be an immediate benefit?"

I understood. Then I found out more. Things were slow in radio and he had heard that producer calls for his friend had fallen off. The Hollywood trip would not only fill a gap gracefully but create a new demand for him. It worked out this way perfectly.

Alan's helping hand has done as much for other friends, dozens of them, almost, whose lives he follows. Some come to him for help, some get it before they even have a chance to ask because Alan has kept tabs on their situations and has seen a chance to help.

Among the people Alan does nice things for is his wife—very nice things. I don't just mean giving me a present, even if his last present to me, on my birthday, is one I won't forget for the rest of my life. (It was a dresser set with each piece bearing a picture of one of the children, and one piece, of course, with his own picture on it.) It is more than that. He does the sort of things that give an inner satisfaction which no material gift can match.

He said something about me one day while talking to a group of men and it got back to my ears via a friend. The men were discussing a new Paramount picture and one of the heads of the company declared that while it would be a success in the larger cities he didn't think it would go as well in the smaller communities. At that Alan is reported to have said, "Isn't that funny? Sue said the same thing just a few weeks ago. It seems to me that every time she expresses an opinion on a picture it is verified by one of the industry's top leaders sooner or later."

Now the point is not that I said such a thing. Maybe I did. I seem to remember that it was Alan who said it originally. Other incidents like this have happened. Some time ago he got into a hassle with me about something I didn't think he had noticed, and when he won this argument he replaced a growing disquietude in me with a feeling of solid happiness.

AFTER working closely with him on his career for a couple of years I became a little sensitive about always being with him at the studio. I got to thinking that people would talk about my tagging along all the time and I didn't like the idea at all. So little by little I tried to stop. I would invent excuses for not going with him when he went to work, or, at least, not showing up on the set if I did go. Eventually I had an excellent excuse; we started building our Holmby Hills house and I could claim that I was busy working with the painters.

That was exactly what I did tell him when I would pick him up after work nights and we drove home. And out of this came one of our rare quarrels one evening. He seemed resentful and finally came out with what he was thinking. If the new house was going to interfere with our lives that much, he declared, if it was going to keep me from the studio and meant the end of our lunching and working together as we had always done for years, why . . . he just didn't want the house. Well . . . ! Need I say that I managed to scuttle right back into the old routine without too much sacrifice on my part? When your husband makes you feel that good you can live in a lean-to with him and be happy. Which reminds me, we now spend part of our time in a lean-to on our ranch in the valley.

WHEN we bought the place it was a lot of scrubland with a cement reservoir and a long open shed where the previous owner had parked everything from his car and tools to some chicken roosts. The house, itself, had burned down to the ground.

answers to bert parks quiz on page 90

1. *Tom Conway*
2. *Barry Fitzgerald*
3. *Olivia DeHavilland, Joan Fontaine*
4. *Lawrence Tierney*
5. *Susan Hayward*
6. *Bill Williams*

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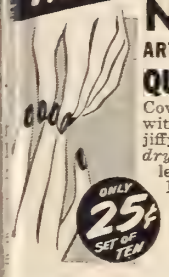
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"We'll have to build," I said. "You're busy at the studio so I'll talk to some contractors about putting up a little house."

"What's the matter with that?" said Alan, pointing to the shed.

"Live there?" I asked, not believing my ears.

"Sure . . . after we put up another wall to go with the back walls," he continued, as if it were the easiest thing in the world.

So that was how I discovered that Alan was architecturally inclined. He drew up a sketch of how the shed could be converted into a home, gave it to a carpenter, and when the job was finished we had as colorful a rustic retreat as anyone could possibly want—and a comfortable one, too.

Incidentally, that reservoir had to be dug deeper and when Alan hired some men to do the job they declared they needed a derrick to remove the debris. That put us in a fix because the ranch is hilly and no such contraption could be driven onto the property safely.

We were faced with this impasse and the men were standing around doing nothing for the money we had contracted to pay them.

"Sorry, the bank account won't stand for this," Alan remarked. "I'll have to think of something."

He did. He went to the telephone and soon a small truck loaded with pneumatic drills and equipped with an auxiliary motor to power the drills arrived. Alan took a drill, had the motor started up, and attacked the cement. It pounded through immediately. He didn't have to say a word. The men walked over to the truck, got out the other drills and went to work and broke the cement in such small pieces it could be easily removed in wheelbarrows, which they did, with Alan nonchalantly leading the parade of laborers.

"How did you happen to think of that?" I asked. He looked at me and just smiled. Then I remembered. Alan Ladd the actor was also Alan Ladd the ditch-digger once, also Alan Ladd, cash register salesman, advertising salesman, studio laborer and what not. (And he has changed a lot since then as the man from Minneapolis and I have both found out.)

But perhaps the best proof is something I had to do about this new man myself not long ago. Once I was his agent and used to help guide his career. I would go to the studios and discuss him and the sort of pictures he should get. Today I don't do this at all. Alan does it for himself. I stepped down voluntarily and against his protest, but I had a good reason. An agent should know more about the movie business than his or her client, and I felt I knew more than Alan did and could talk better than he could . . . once. But the new Alan . . . well, he knows far more than I, and can put it a lot better.

So one day I told him that he was not only not the man I had married, he was also not the original man I had agreed to represent. For this reason I declared our contract null and void. Our agency contract only, you understand. The other is for keeps.

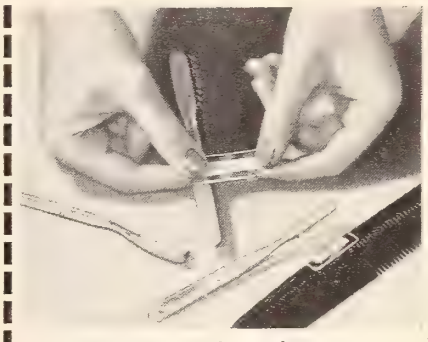
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SEE PAGE 74

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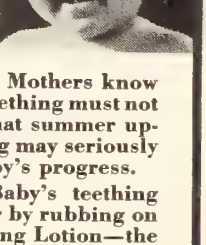
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i was afraid to be happy

(*Continued from page 38*) And along with all this panic about the things life might do to us, many of us are raised with fear of the things that will happen to us after death.

Like so many youngsters, I was brought up on the idea of punishment if I did wrong, of hellfire and damnation.

Most of us were raised to believe these things. We were brought up to believe in a God who punishes, a God whom we are told to love but taught to fear.

When I grew up and matured, I had to unlearn all the things I had been taught. I found that I had to dig out all these old ideas on which I had been raised before I could put new ones into my mind.

How did I get rid of them? Through philosophy and through religion. To me philosophies are religions. Religion is the cornerstone of my philosophy.

THE only time a lot of us become religious is when we're unhappy, forgetting that we really need religion every day.

I read the Bible half an hour every morning before I start working. It's so important to get the day set right, and my reading of the Bible helps a great deal. I always read the 23rd Psalm, the 91st and the 121st. I get something new out of them every day.

The 23rd Psalm is perhaps the best known of these. Remember the famous lines, "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me." What a world of comfort and serenity is expressed in them.

God is not only a person to me—He's a belief, an ideal. He is omnipotent and I don't think He's ever failed me in anything that was right for me. He teaches me very gentle lessons and sometimes very harsh ones. I speak of God as "He" yet very often there's a comforting influence in the power of God that can only be a motherly thing, too. He combines the qualities of a wonderful father and mother.

I believe in an after life but not in heaven, hell or purgatory. We go on and have to learn whether in this life or the next. I'm so busy worrying about this one—trying to make this a good, full and happy one—I don't think much about what happens afterwards. But I don't believe in a God of vengeance and punishment. God isn't cruel. He's good and kind. Do you think He'll say, "You did this. I'll strike you down for it." No—those would be the thoughts of an angry child, not of an omnipotent, benevolent God.

I believe in immortality—not in spiritualistic meetings and seances—but in the survival of good. You won't find me holding hands under a table with the idea of summoning up the spirits of the departed. If I hold hands under the table, it will be with people who are vital and alive, for altogether different reasons. But I do believe that all good lives forever, regardless of whether we carry it around in our bodies or it lives after us.

I DON'T feel for one minute that Norbert Lusk, the magazine editor who was a very good friend of mine, is dead. There were so many good things about him, and those are the only things I can remember. It's the good that lives with every person that's passed on. Good, I think, can never die.

I correspond all the time with people who were friends of Norbie's. There are three whom I have never met, but who wrote me after his death. If ever we do meet, it won't be like meeting stranger because we all knew Norbie, there warmth and friendship among us—an that's life.

Norbert Lusk was so wonderful tha everyone whose life he touched was th better for it. When he lost his job on magazine, I wrote him that it was th magazine's loss, and wished him grea success in whatever he did. Up to tha time he had disliked me as a person. H had been disappointed in me because was not like the girl he'd seen on th screen in *Our Dancing Daughters.* Bu after I wrote to him wishing him happines and success, we became the closest c friends.

I know how he must have felt when h lost his job on the magazine. I know wha it means to be in trouble and have ha the people you've known walk away fro you. At times like that, I found comfor through my faith in God.

I pray every day. I pray as I think. Be cause I study my Bible in the mornin before I start the day, the thoughts I nee and the help I need come to me durin the day when I need them. I pray con stantly during the day. Each new inciden is met by prayer.

GOD, I know, guides me into the experi ences I should face. Whenever I hav learned enough to face a new experience I experience it. Sometimes I run awa from it, but it comes after me. Now I'v reached the point where walking into nev experiences is fun. I still break out in cold sweat now and then, but usually say, "I bet I can," and regard new prob lems as a happy challenge.

Lots of people, I know, who are ver religious, never go to church, never seem ingly pray. But they have powerful phi losophies formed through their study o nature or through poetry, for most grea poets are philosophers.

However, for myself, I gain great com fort from going to church. When I wall into church and see hundreds of peopl there, I am warmed by the feeling tha like myself, they must have had difficult getting there. Perhaps they worked lat the day before or had children to take car of that morning. But knowing the inspira tion they would find in the church o their choosing, they came. When I se them, I realize the need of religion fo everyone in the world. I see them com out with their faces alive. I send my chil dren to Sunday school for the same kin of inspiration.

At home, I teach my children about th privilege of giving and sharing—not jus material things, but the giving of time, o oneself, of a happy face. At night, if on of the children is pouting, I say, "Anyon who hasn't a happy face can go to hi room till he feels better."

A happy face is giving. It's the giving o joy.

When the children and I walk down street, we count the happy faces. W count the unhappy faces, too. I say to th children, "Watch their bodies, too. Watc the way they walk. When you're happy you look it; you live it; your happiness i in every motion of your body." The wa some people slump down the streets is dead giveaway. It's a great pity, too. Go meant us to be happy. We were created to create and to give.

ALL giving is really selfish in a sense because the giver derives so much happiness from it. I remember how much happiness I got when I gave Jeanne Lei ber, my hairdresser and loyal friend, French poodle she had wanted for years When Pierre, the French teacher at Chris tina's school, had five puppies to dispos



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of, I bought a French poodle for Jeanne. I called her several times that day, but was unable to reach her. I sent her three telegrams, which said, "Come and get it." There was no answer. I couldn't understand. Finally I reached her through Mary Benny. She had moved that very day.

When she called me I said gaily, "Come and get it."

"Come and get what?" she asked.

"Your dog is here. Your French poodle. Didn't you get my telegrams?"

She hadn't. She was so excited, she dropped her dinner dishes.

When she came to get her dog, she cuddled it in her arms. She cried with happiness. So did I.

I have found that it is fun to try to do things for others, to try to follow the Golden Rule. It's a toughie, too. What wonderful people we would be if we all followed it and lived up to our faith in God and God's faith in us.

As hard as I try, I never live up to half of my religious beliefs. I shall never stop trying as long as I live. THE END

tragic triangle

(*Continued from page 80*) luck,' and she left, and then, he tried to do it, but at the last moment Hank Sanicola rushed in and wrested the gun out of his grasp, and then the doctors came and gave him sleeping sedatives."

Anyone who knows Sinatra even slightly knows how fantastic that story is. From time to time The Voice may suffer from melancholia and feelings of persecution, but to take his life because of a girl—this borders on the ridiculous and completely disregards the existence of Frank's sizable ego. The only one he would ever commit suicide for is himself.

He is not the kind of lover who pursues a girl merely for the sport. He does not believe in throwing his ardor away. His love must be returned, and it is safe to assume that Ava has returned it.

WHY else would a man renounce $5,000 a week from MGM? Why else would a man disobey his doctor's orders and fly from Florida to Spain (accompanied by Jimmy Van Heusen) to see his girl? Why else would a man leave his wife and three children, endanger his career, jeopardize his future, alienate his fans? Not merely for the masochistic pleasure of having a beautiful brunette rebuff him. No, sir.

You can rest assured that Ava Gardner loves Frank Sinatra as much as he does her.

All this idiotic talk about Ava loving Mario Cabre, a Spanish actor and part-time bullfighter, is so much hogwash. Cabre may be madly in love with Ava—so are a thousand other guys—but Ava knows that all these impassioned confessions of love make excellent publicity.

When Sinatra was in Spain dining with Ava, and she had a few days away from *Pandora and the Flying Dutchman*—(that's the name of her picture), he never even mentioned Cabre. He looked into Ava's eyes, and he knew the answer. She was still very much in love with him. Later Ava explained about Mario. "It's just one of those publicity gags framed to help his career and our picture. Personally I think it's a shame to involve him in that sort of a story. He's a nice guy."

AFTER Frank left Spain and went to Paris and then to New York and then to Hollywood—Ava denied most emphatically the rumors which had her retiring from the screen for a period of nine months.

Here again, the ridiculous rumor-spread-

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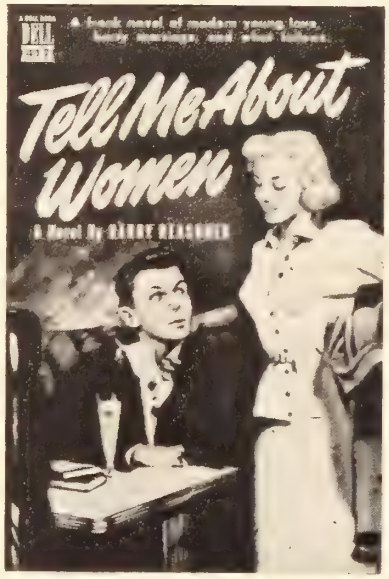
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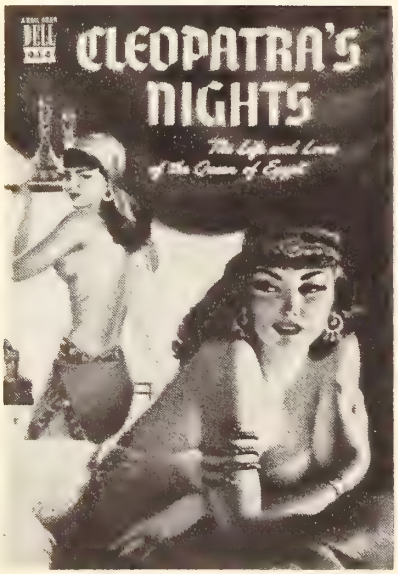
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ers in California went about saying that Frankie would get a divorce under any circumstance, no matter what demands Nancy made on him, that he and Ava would then marry, take an apartment in Paris, raise a child or two, and then they would both resume their careers.

As a matter of fact, the rumor received such wide circulation that Howard Strickling, MGM publicity director, phoned Ava long distance. She was alternately angry and amused. "I'm not planning to take an apartment in Paris or anywhere else," she said. "I'm coming home as soon as the picture is finished. I'm terribly homesick. All those vicious rumors about Frank and me are wrong. The only reason he came here was to recuperate from his throat illness."

Just what is the fundamental attraction between Ava Gardner and Frank Sinatra?

This is the question so many people have asked over and over again. Ava knows men. In her years on the Pacific Coast, she's dated all the eligibles. Experience has taught her to read men like the top line of an optometrist's chart.

Prior to Sinatra, she made it a strict point never to "date" or go out with married men—and she must have had some *a priori* assurance that all was not well between Frank and Nancy Sinatra, and that they were on the verge of a legal separation, before she would give Frank her companionship.

SINATRA can be the most charming man on earth. He has a soft, ingenuous way about him. He can start out with a hostile audience and inside of fifteen minutes have that audience rooting for him. Night after night at the Copacabana in New York he proved this. Many of the people who came to see him were decidedly antagonistic. Some of them wanted to be in "on his vocal funeral." He not only fooled them—he captivated them.

This, in a sense, is what he did to Ava. She won't talk about it publicly, but she finds in Frank a man who's generous, ardent, intelligent, and, above all, an equal.

This last is most important. For many years Ava has suffered from an inferiority complex, an inferiority born of the knowledge that her fame was originally founded not upon talent but merely upon the possession of a beautiful face and figure.

In Frankie, Ava's found a man who not only is willing but actually treats her as an equal. He respects her opinions. He caters to her whims. He indulges her fancies. He seeks her companionship.

Whether this love and affection is transitory no man knows.

Frank himself, when asked how come he'd been completely smitten by Ava, told a friend, "She's a million laughs." In Sinatra's book, that's the highest compli-

she's sensational

There was a craze for the kind of photography that had made Hedy Lamarr the rage in Algiers—*big, dreamy, softly lit closeups. That was the treatment the MGM representative gave Ava. Placed before a camera, she was told, "Now look up . . . Look down . . . Now smile . . . Pick up a vase of flowers." Hollywood legend has it that when her silent test arrived MGM's brass reached for their telephones and yelled, "She can't act; she can't talk; she's sensational. Get her out here!"*—Pete Martin, from Hollywood Without Makeup.

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ment a girl can earn.

Sinatra wants a divorce. In the past five years, he's had so many quarrels, disputes, and separations from Nancy that a divorce seems best.

Nancy, however, won't give Frank a divorce—at least at this writing. Some ultra-high-pressure salestalk by Sinatra may do the trick—but Nancy has been against divorce from the very beginning. A devout Catholic, she feels that divorce is opposed by her religion, and she won't countenance it.

Frank can have a legal separation which is what he has now, but he can't have freedom to marry again, not so long as Nancy holds out.

THIS is where Ava might get hurt, and she knows it. She may go around for years with Frank, hoping always to become his wife. Frank may want her as his life-mate, may want her now. In a year or two, he may not. Ava will then have wasted that much time.

Lots of girls say that Nancy should give Frank up immediately. "Who wants a man when he doesn't want you?" That's easily asked. It's not easily answered. Nancy married Frank when he didn't have a dime. She's the mother of his three children, as fine a mother as there is. She has seen Frank through countless escapades. If she and Frank were divorced, who would want to marry her with three children? These are the questions she's asked herself time after time.

She knows Frank a good deal better than Ava does. There's nothing, absolutely nothing he's ever done in the past ten years, that she doesn't know about. She has friends all over the entertainment business who keep her informed.

She has proved herself tolerant, understanding, and faithful. Moreover, she still loves Frank, and that's the apex of the triangle. Deep in her heart Nancy's convinced that Frank will come home again, home to stay. It may take years. His voice may then be gone, his unique charm and hair with it. He may be broke, disillusioned, penniless, his talent dissipated, his friends forsaken, but he'll come home.

Instead of regarding Ava as he does—as the grand passion, the bright flame, the guiding star in his life—Nancy regards Ava without bitterness or rancor, as the strange interlude. Frank has strayed before and Frank will stray again, but there must always be some place and someone to whom he can return.

Nancy feels that that someone is she.

"When no one else wants him," she says, "I'll take him back. I've always loved him."

THE END

ava's budget

Even on a salary of approximately $50,000, Ava must still live with comparative frugality. What with her manager-lawyer's fee and her agent's 10 per cent cut, plus state and federal income taxes, about 71 per cent of her pay is gone before she gets her hands on it. Her manager-lawyer allows her only $176 a week as expense money. Out of this she must pay her rent and maid's salary, as well as her clothing, food, lighting, auto upkeep, cleaning and drug bills. The rental for her two-bedroom, living room, kitchen and dinette apartment is $200 a month. The portion of her gross earnings that remains—goes into savings.—(Pete Martin, from Hollywood Without Makeup)

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ECIAL REPORT

MORALS IN HOLLYWOOD

modern screen

DELL

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Bridal portrait by Bruno of Hollywood

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Camay, the soap of beautiful women

AUG 10 1-0



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JULY Reader's Digest

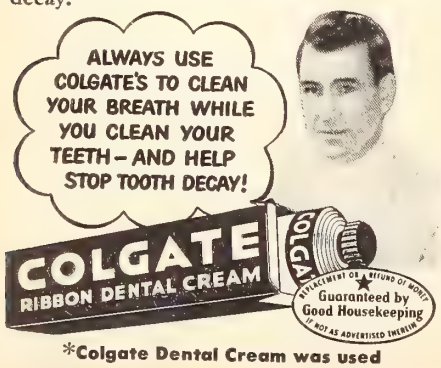
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*Colgate Dental Cream was used exclusively in this scientific research.

SEPTEMBER, 1950

modern screen

MODERN SCREEN SPECIAL REPORT: Morals in Hollywood

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Here's the truth about the stars—as you asked for it. Want to spike more rumors? Want more facts? Write to THE INSIDE STORY, Modern Screen, 1046 N. Carol Drive, Hollywood, Cal.

Q. Can you either confirm or deny the rumor that Barbara Stanwyck is very unhappy in her personal life, that her marriage to Bob Taylor has been a farce for years, and that she loves him too much to divorce him despite his aberrations? —J. B., Weston, Mass.

A. *Bob Taylor has many hobbies and pursuits which his wife does not share, but to say that their marriage is a farce is a complete falsehood. The Taylors have established a marital way of life which allows them both a maximum amount of personal freedom. Lately, they've been separated a good deal, because Bob has been making pictures in Europe while Barbara has been at work in Hollywood.*

Q. Why is it that I never read anything in your magazine or in other fan magazines about Katharine Hepburn? Is she on the blacklist or something? —V. O., Columbus, Ohio

A. *For years, Miss Hepburn has been uncooperative as regards interviews. She steadfastly refuses to share one iota of her private life with the public. She considers this unnecessary and an infringement on her freedom.*



Nicky's Liz

Q. Do movie stars ever take snapshots of each other, or do they get fed up with cameras? Did Nicky Hilton take snapshots of Liz on their honeymoon?—R. E., N. Y. C.

A. *Many stars keep amateur photo albums. Here's one of Nicky's snapshots of Liz taken during their honeymoon.*

Q. Does Shirley Temple live with her parents now that she's divorced? —D. R., Omaha, Neb.

A. *Shirley's home is on the same estate as her parents'. She lives with her daughter in a separate house.*

Q. Does Howard Duff have any plans for marriage in the near future? If so, to whom? How many times has he been engaged?—T. W., Boston, Mass.

A. *Duff says he has no immediate plans for marriage in the near future. His name in the past has been linked with Ava Gardner, Yvonne DeCarlo, and Ida Lupino. He's been engaged twice.*

Q. Why does Gene Kelly's wife call herself Betsy Blair? Where did she get the name, anyway? —U. F., Baton Rouge, La.

A. *When she was 14, Betsy had a schoolgirl crush on a boy who attended Blair Academy. When she entered show business a year later, she thought the thing to do was to take a stage name. She chose Blair in honor of the boyfriend. All this, of course, was before she met Gene.*

Q. Is it true that the studio executives have gotten together and banned Frank Sinatra from pictures because of his conduct? —P. Y., Hoboken, N. J.

A. *There is no truth to that rumor. Stars with box office appeal are very rarely banned from anything. That Sinatra still retains much of that appeal is evidenced by the crowds he continues to draw to night clubs, video performances, and stage shows.*

Q. After seeing *The Jolson Story* and *Jolson Sings Again,* I was under the impression that Jolson had been married twice. I understand he's had four wives. If so, who are they? —M. C., Erie, Pa.

A. *Henrietta Keller (1906) Alma Osborne (1922) Ruby Keeler (1928) Earl Galbraith (1946).*

Q. How many times has Roy Rogers been married?—R. X., Emporia, Kan.

A. *Three times.*

Q. Is Peter Lawford a Catholic? A friend of mine in Hollywood says he always wears a St. Christopher medal. —B. D., Freeport, N. Y.

A. *Lawford is a Protestant but wears a St. Christopher medal as a good luck charm. Supposedly, it was given to him by a girl some years ago.*

Q. Now that he's divorced from Jane Wyman, is Ronald Reagan dating any other girl steadily? —B. S., Enid, Okla.

A. *Reagan says he's playing the field.*

Q. I wonder if you'd settle an argument. Who is older, Alan Ladd or his wife? —C. R., Rochester, N. Y

A. *His wife.*


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Screenplay by Edmund Hartmann and Robert O'Brien
Based on a Story by Harry Leon Wilson



LOUELLA PARSONS'

Good news



At the West Hill Hunt Trials, Dan Dailey puts his mount over a barrier. Dan and his wife, Liz, helped found the club after the war; it now has over a hundred members. They use hounds as in fox-hunting—but the hounds follow a scent instead of a fox.



Two of Hollywood's happiest couples, newlyweds Polly and Jerome Courtland and their pals Barbara and Marshall Thompson, attend the private preview of Paramount's new drama *Sunset Boulevard*, starring Gloria Swanson, Bill Holden.

YES, I'm in love with that wonderful guy, too! Can't think of anyone I'd rather spend an enchanted evening with more than that 56-year-old charmer, Ezio Pinza, who has completely taken Hollywood by storm.

The arrival of the singing star of *South Pacific* is the GOOD News of the month—and he hadn't anymore than brushed the dust off his suit from motoring across the country—than I grabbed him for an interview on my radio show.

Did he live up to all I had expected after seeing him on Broadway? DID he? That stage presence, let me say right out loud, is nothing compared to the charm the real Ezio exudes.

When he came into the broadcasting room, I thought my radio secretary was going to swoon. And I admit, I teetered a bit myself!

He looked even more attractive in his gray suit and deep blue shirt than as the French planter he played so long on the stage with Mary Martin.

The first thing to impress me was his wonderful suntan contrasting with his gray hair. The next most colorful thing about him is a little trick he has in talking: He actually *booms* everything he says to the point of sounding a little gruff—and then, suddenly, comes that ingratiating grin, like a small boy, conveying, "I was only fooling."

He is vastly amused when asked what he thinks about Hollywood—as though this were his first visit here. "I lived here for years," he rolls out with that fascinating accent which I shall not try to copy. "Everything looks much as I left it—except for one thing. When I was here before—I was unemployed."

That wicked smile of his flashed brilliantly. "Now I am Lana Turner's co-star."

Yes, he had met Lana. His wife had met her. And so had his dog. "We all found her delightful," he explained, "even the dog purred like a kitten."

He swears his favorite screen actor is Jimmy Durante—but whether he was spoofing, I do not know. That "not knowing" quality is one of the most fascinating things about him.

He went through the radio rehearsal and

BOULEVARD . . . IRENE DUNNE TAKES TEA WITH THE QUEEN . . . THE DUCHESS OF WINDSOR ENTERTAINS THE NICKY HILTONS.



Liz Dailey awards Dan one of the many ribbons he won that day, while Dan's horse nuzzles his appreciation. Liz is a fine horsewoman, too, and spends many hours daily, riding in the hills near their Valley home.



Ronald Reagan, who used to be a sportscaster in Iowa, announces the events for the hunt club. Reagan didn't ride that day but he's a member of the "horsey" set. The club has frequent meets—for fun and sportsmanship.



Jane Powell and Geary Steffen confer with Roddy McDowall in the lobby of the Paramount studios. As is usual at screenings, guests at the *Sunset Boulevard* preview were given cards and asked for their reactions.



Making a handsome foursome, Arlene Dahl with Lex Barker, and Adele Mara with Forrest Tucker fill out their preview cards. They all agreed that the movie was superb—the best they'd seen for a long, long time.

the recording with such ease I could hardly believe he had a script before him. Ah, yes, this man who put sex-appeal into mature love does everything with such ease and charm he fractures us gals.

But don't call him "Essio" for Ezio. It's pronounced "Eightzio."

My heart aches for Judy Garland. In all the tragedies of Hollywood, there is no sadder story than this of the little singing, dancing girl who has lost her way.

As a newspaperwoman, I am supposed to be used to the dramas of this industry. But I have seldom been more shaken than I was writing the news story that Judy (just a little girl such a few years ago) had tried to take her life by cutting her throat with a broken glass!

When her shattered nerves and distraught emotional state brought on her second suspension within a year at MGM (she was taken off *Annie Get Your Gun* and *Royal Wedding*) Judy went all to pieces.

During a business conference at her home between her husband, Vince Minnelli and her agent, Carlton Alsop, she had dashed hysterically from the room, locked herself in the bathroom and attempted suicide.

But her devoted Vince got to her in time—and as she cried in his arms, Judy said, "I'm sorry—so very sorry."

Physically, Judy will recover. But what damage is done to the spirit by an act like hers—only God can know.

No one has deeper sympathy than I for the actress, who took to sleeping pills and stronger sedatives to calm her shattered nerves—and I think, over the years, I have proved my feeling for her. But I can't stand by and see maudlin sympathy built up for Judy at the expense of her studio.

I know this to be a fact—Louis B. Mayer, the head of MGM, is deeply devoted to Judy, the little girl he discovered when she was a child and built into one of the greatest stars of the business.

Many times, after her illness, he has been

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New finer Mum more effective longer!



NOW CONTAINS AMAZING NEW INGREDIENT M-3—THAT PROTECTS AGAINST ODOR-CAUSING BACTERIA

New Protection! Let the magic of new Mum protect you—*better, longer*. For today's Mum, with wonder-working M-3, safely protects against bacteria that *cause* underarm perspiration odor. Mum never merely "masks" odor—simply doesn't give it a chance to start.

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Mum's protection grows and GROWS! Thanks to its new ingredient, M-3, Mum not only stops growth of odor-causing bacteria—but keeps down *future* bacteria growth. You actually *build up* protection with regular exclusive use of new Mum!

Now at your cosmetic counter!

New **MUM** *cream deodorant*

A PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS

LOUELLA PARSONS' good news

awakened in the middle of the night, when she was particularly distraught, and gone to her house and sat by her bedside, comforting her and telling her, like a father, that everything would be all right.

He has insisted on giving her chance after chance—sometimes when his staunch support has meant arguments with other studio executives. I have heard L.B. frequently say of Judy, "She is like my own little girl"—and his heart has ached for her.

And it isn't true that the studio insisted that she return to work in *Summer Stock* soon after she came back from the Boston hospital early in the year.

It was Judy who begged to go back to work. "I've worked all my life. I am restless and unhappy being idle. Please, give me a picture to do. That will make me well faster than anything."

But, we can't believe that any more, Judy. You must go away and rest, rest, rest for a long time until you are completely well. (*For "The Brutal Truth About Judy Garland," see page 56.—Ed.*)

IRONICALLY, the girl who replaced Judy in *Annie Get Your Gun* is the happiest girl in our town. Betty Hutton actually glows these days. If you ever saw a happy girl, it's the "Huttontot"—as she calls herself. (*For another viewpoint about Betty turn to page 44.—Ed.*)

Betty is in every Charleston contest and she has beaux for every mood. She sings and dances around her home, with her little blonde daughters in her wake, just like she does on the screen.

Betty, like Judy, has worked ever since she was a child—in fact, if anything, Betty's childhood was much grimmer than Judy's. Where Judy traveled in an act with her sisters and got "headliner" treatment—Betty danced on the streets outside Lansing, Michigan, saloons for the dimes and quarters tossed to her and her sister.

Yes, they came up much the same way But what a difference in what success has meant to them!

Don't think bouncing, bombastic Betty isn't mindful of her blessings.

"Every night when the children say their prayers, I kneel with them and thank God for my wonderful life," Betty told me.

SHELLEY Winters may be temperamental—but she's one of the most honest belles I know. When she was asked if she and Farley Granger would marry when they meet in Europe later this year, said snappy Shelley:

"If we married now—we'd probably kill each other in six months. We are both so wrapped up in our careers. We both have such a long way to go.

"But who knows? Maybe, we might go crazy and get married. But, if we keep our right minds—we'll wait awhile."

ALL those members of Parliament who were "shocked" out of their wits when "an American," Irene Dunne, was cast as Queen Victoria in *The Mudlark* may have been amazed when the King and Queen of England met Irene at a "family tea party."

The red faces in Parliament must have been very embarrassing.

But all Hollywood felt a glow of pride when

JAMES CAGNEY MAKES LOVE TO DANGER IN "KISS TOMORROW GOODBYE"



PRESENTED BY **WARNER BROS.**

Awake or asleep–FILM is gluing acid to your teeth!



Pepsodent removes FILM– helps stop tooth decay!

Tooth decay is caused by acid that film holds against your teeth—acid formed by the action of mouth bacteria on many foods you eat. When you use Pepsodent Tooth Paste right after eating, it helps keep acid from forming. What's more, Pepsodent removes dulling stains and "bad breath" germs that collect in film.

FILM NEVER LETS UP! It's forming night and day on everyone's teeth. Don't neglect it. Always brush with film-removing Pepsodent right after eating and before retiring. No other tooth paste can duplicate Pepsodent's film-removing formula. No other tooth paste contains Irium* or Pepsodent's gentle polishing agent.

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*Irium is Pepsodent's Registered Trade-Mark for Purified Alkyl Sulfate.

LOUELLA PARSONS' good news

word came that Their Majesties had met Irene at an intimate tea given by Lord and Lady Carisbrook at Kings Cottage, Kew, just outside London. The Carisbrooks are relatives of the Royal couple.

The party was strictly private—the only guest other than Irene and her husband, Dr. Francis Griffin, being ex-queen Ena, of Spain, a granddaughter of Queen Victoria.

What gave us home folks such a kick is that Irene is said to be the first American star to meet the King and Queen so privately. Many others, of course, have been received at public functions.

Reports are that the King talked to Irene with great interest about *The Mudlark* and the role of Queen Victoria which she is playing. Well, I should think that the King, who is a great-grandson of Queen Victoria, would be interested in this movie.

Irene said afterward that she told His Majesty the picture was being made as faithfully as possible and described to him scenes shot in the dining room of Windsor Castle—one of the many castles called "home" by King George and Queen Elizabeth.

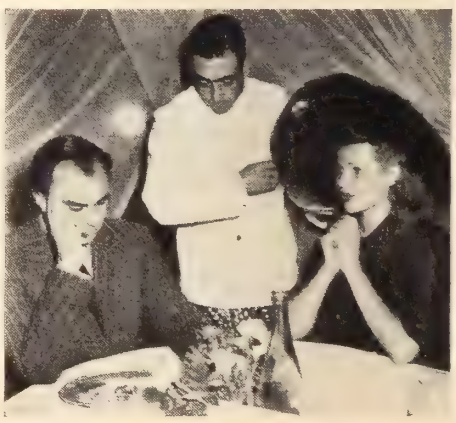
NEVER had any more fun in my life than I did on a bus ride with a lot of stars to a church social fiesta in Pomona. The idea was to help raise money for Father Thomas English's church and school—and I invited some of your favorites to go along—hardly dreaming so many would be free to accept.

We started out in a Tanner bus from my house about six o'clock in the evening—and here are the stars who went along: Joan Fontaine, Eleanor Parker, Mercedes McCambridge, Robert Young, Maureen O'Hara, Dinah Shore, George Montgomery, Freddie Brisson (Roz Russell's husband) and Tom Lewis (Loretta Young's spouse).

Never was there such a fancy bus—inside and out. To make the hour-trip pleasant, box lunches had been packed for us—fried chicken, sandwiches, pickles, hardboiled eggs and the rest of the trimmings.

The back of the bus was equipped with a bar serving beer, soft drinks, and yes, even cocktails for those who wished one.

All the way down to the little college town—and back—we "sang" all the old songs—led by Dinah Shore, natch—and what we



Lunching at the swank George V Hotel in Paris, Prince Aly Khan and his wife of a year, Rita Hayworth scan the menu for something tasty.



MAN-BAIT!

Trouble never came in a more desirable package!

The rare and racy adventures of a female savage in a jungle of intrigue!

JOAN FONTAINE
ROBERT RYAN · ZACHARY SCOTT
in
"Born to be Bad"
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RKO RADIO PICTURES

Produced by Robert Sparks • Directed by Nicholas Ray • Screenplay by Edith Sommer



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tell it to joan

by joan evans



You a teen-ager? Then read this—a monthly feature especially for you.

FROM the letters I've read it seems that boys aren't the only problems in this world. In fact, I didn't know there *were* so many problems—or so many kids!

I guess I'd like to thank you right now for feeling that you can talk to me about them. Before I get gooey with sentiment, though, I'll dig right into the burning question of the month. It's the relationship between you and your parents. Many of your letters said—"Gee, you're lucky to have such understanding parents. My mother never lets me do anything I want to," or, "My father never lets me take the car when I have a date with a girl," or, "My mother won't let me use lipstick even though my friends do."

Every kid who thinks he is the only one so bothered is wrong. Before I go any further I want to say that we're all in the same boat. I've had troubles, too. There was a time when I thought nobody, but nobody understood me.

I was crazy about a boy and my parents didn't approve of him. They told me he wasn't right for me. I thought he was perfect, and I was sure that I was the only girl who'd ever been in love, and that my parents had forgotten what love was.

Well, I was wrong, and I learned a lesson. The other day, my mother said to me, "I didn't know how to get through to you, Joan, because when I talked to you a curtain would seem to come down over your mind."

That's a point I'd like to make. When you learn not to let that curtain fall, when you can honestly talk about important things to your parents, without prejudice and without letting emotion get in the way of your reasoning—then you'll have nothing to worry about. You and your parents will be friends.

I think one of the reasons we sometimes have trouble with our parents is that we're just beginning to grow up, to assert ourselves, and our egos get in the way. Everything is so new to us that we think we are the only ones who know this fact or that emotion

I WAS about nine years old when we had Greek mythology in school. It was all new to me and I loved it. Very proud of myself I asked my mother one day, "Do you know who Diana is?"

Right away she answered, "She's the Goddess of the chase."

I was amazed and angry, "How do *you* know that?" I asked her.

She laughed. "Well, you see, Joan, I went to school, too."

I honestly believe that if we could remember that our parents "went to school, too," we would be a lot better off. I'm not talking about grade school and high school but—if you won't think me too corny—the school of life.

When I was a little kid I was always asking why. "Why do I have to do it?" My mother tried to be reasonable, but once she lost patience with me and said, "You have to do it because I say so." This didn't seem right to me until she explained. "Suppose we're walking in the woods and I see a snake in the path and you don't see it. And if I say, 'Stop' and you ask me 'Why?' it might be too late. The snake may have struck you."

Wise parents can often see the dangers that lie in our path before we do. They have had more experience.

But don't get me wrong. There are two sides to everything and parents can be wrong, too. For example, here's a typical letter. "All the girls my age are wearing high heels but my mother doesn't approve. I feel like a silly baby wearing flats at a party. How can I make my mother understand this?"

Now I really think that this mother is wrong. Since all the other girls are wearing high heels, her daughter feels like an outcast in low heels. And that's not a good feeling. So you should explain. You should tell your mother just how you feel. You might even ask her to consult with the other mothers—those who let their daughters wear heels—and see if she won't change her mind. You should make her realize how important it is to you.

I think that too many parents live in the past. They want everything to be just the same as it was "when I was a girl" or "when I was a boy." But times have changed and nobody should judge a person of one generation by the standards of another generation.

Also, I know that there are some parents who are so unduly strict that it almost amounts to a neurosis and this kind of treatment can wreck a young person's whole life. If this is the case, don't be afraid to seek outside help. If you're really being made absolutely miserable by your parents then you should not hesitate to go to your teacher—if she is nice and kind and sensible—and tell her your problems. Or go to your minister or to your family doctor. So many times teen-agers bottle up everything inside themselves and are afraid to seek help from older people. Well, don't be afraid of that. Because the very worst thing you can do is to bottle up bitterness and resentment.

In our family we believe that everything can be solved by "talking it out."

For example, I've been criticized for calling my parents by their first names. I've always done it, since I was an only child and didn't hear anybody else saying, "Mother" and "Dad." Now I like to call them by their first names. I feel that this makes for a greater intimacy—as if we were friends as well as parents and child. Some people might not approve of this—and that's all right. But if my parents approve—then I can't see why anyone else should interfere.

The business of growing up is painful—believe me, I know, because I'm trying very hard to be an adult. But here's something I've learned. The day you say, and say with conviction, "I was wrong. I made a mistake. I am sorry and will try not to make the same mistake again"—on that day you have taken the first step toward becoming an adult.

All of us teen-agers should stop trying to assert our own individualities so much. We should wait until we have more individuality to assert, and we should try to put ourselves in the other person's place, to understand why he believes what he does. If families could just sit down together and, quietly, calmly and sanely, air their troubles and their problems and try to reach a solution that is best for all concerned—well, we certainly wouldn't have any more family fights. And, for that matter, if we carry this thought a little further, it just might be possible that we wouldn't have any more wars.

I hope I've been helpful. Keep on writing to me, please. And thanks for reading.

Editor's note: Do you have a teen-ager problem? If so, tell it to Joan. Write to Joan Evans, Box 93, Beverly Hills, Calif.

"Soaping" dulls hair— Halo glorifies it!





Not a soap, not a cream— Halo cannot leave dulling, dirt-catching soap film!

Gives fragrant "soft-water" lather —needs no special rinse!



Removes embarrassing dandruff from both hair and scalp!



Halo leaves hair soft, manageable— shining with colorful natural highlights!



Yes, "soaping" your hair with even finest liquid or oily cream shampoos leaves dulling, dirt-catching film. Halo, made with a new patented ingredient, contains no soap, no sticky oils. Thus Halo *glorifies* your hair the very first time you use it. Ask for Halo—*America's favorite shampoo*—at any drug or cosmetic counter!



Halo reveals the hidden beauty of your hair!



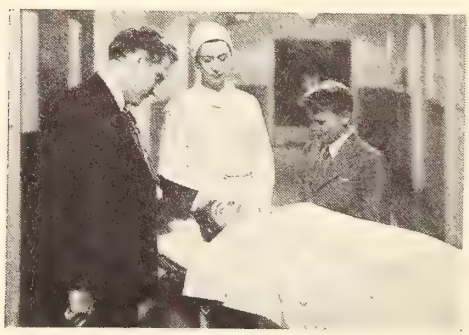
James Whitmore, an ordinary man, tunes in the radio one night, and is astonished to hear the voice of God.



He tells his family that the voice is a hoax.



His growing belief takes the form of fear.



The birth of his baby brings hope and peace.

Picture of the Month

MOVIE REVIEWS

by Christopher Kane

THE NEXT VOICE YOU HEAR . . .

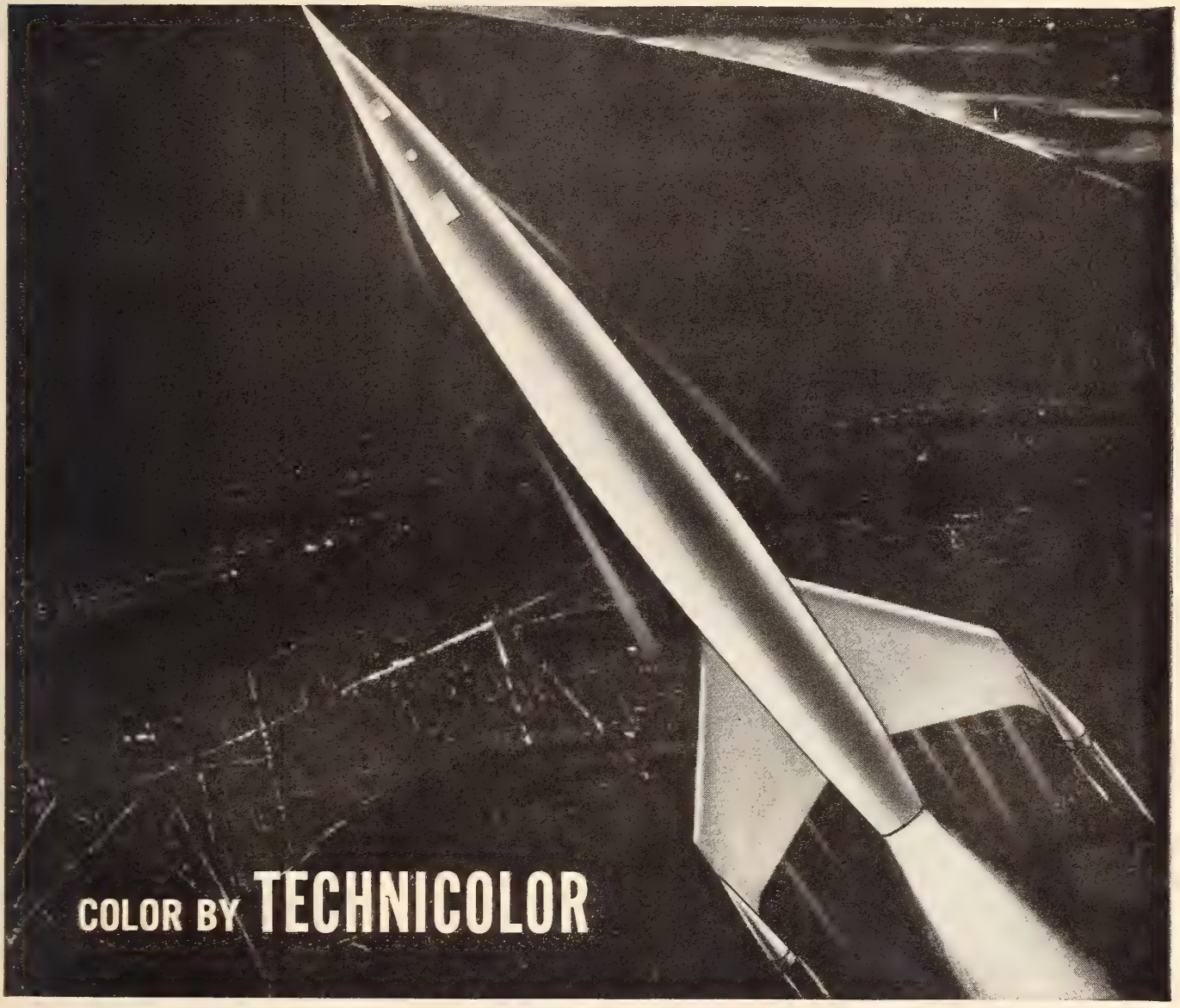
■ How would you feel if the next voice you heard were the voice of God? What do you think would happen if on one weekday after dinner, people in every part of the world turned on the radio at the same time and heard the same voice in every language? MGM's Dore Schary has taken this provocative idea and developed it into one of the most disquieting and unusual films ever produced. The story is chiefly concerned with the effect of this miracle on a typical family, James Whitmore, a California aircraft mechanic, Nancy Davis, his pregnant wife, and their young son. As they hear the voice each night at the same time for six nights, their reactions change from disbelief, to fear, and, finally to a reawakening of the meaning of God. Whitmore makes a highly difficult assignment believable and Nancy Davis brings warmth to a fantasy that is at once farcical and dramatic.

Editor's Note: We think that this is a picture you ought to see. We think that you will be moved by its message—whether you go in humility, in sophisticated indifference, or simply because you want to be entertained. It is a story you will remember and talk about for a long time to come.

reviews continue on page 18



Would you let Your Man take the first flight to the Moon?



IT'S CLOSER THAN YOU THINK! Rocket experts say that in our lifetime the moon-trip will be made exactly as you see it in this tense, believable picture! Will you have to say woman's most heart-breaking good-bye? Will your man take off on man's adventure into tomorrow? *(2 years in the making—the picture you've been reading about.)*

DESTINATION MOON

Produced by GEORGE PAL. Directed by IRVING PICHEL. Screenplay by RIP VAN RONKEL, ROBERT HEINLEIN and JAMES O'HANLON

FREE 49¢ JAR

WHEN YOU BUY 79¢ SIZE



Special offer to introduce

amazing Shasta Shampoo guaranteed not to rob hair of natural oils

needed for naturally soft, shiny, healthy hair

HERE'S WHY YOU SHOULD ACCEPT THIS SENSATIONAL MONEY-SAVING OFFER!

Just go to your dealer and buy a 79¢ jar of new, improved Shasta. You'll get a 49¢ jar free when you do. This is a $1.28 value for only 79¢. It's a money-saver! New, improved Shasta is guaranteed not to rob hair of the natural oils needed for naturally soft, shiny, healthy hair. Even dull, dry, unruly hair looks unbelievably softer, shinier, beautifully groomed under Shasta's magic-like touch. Shasta leaves your hair looking its loveliest.

Your dealer has a limited supply of this money-saving offer. So don't delay a moment. Go to your dealer today. Get a free 49¢ jar of Shasta when you buy a 79¢ jar.

PROCTER & GAMBLE'S GUARANTEE

Shasta does not rob hair of its natural oils. Leaves hair looking its loveliest. Procter & Gamble guarantees this or your money back. So you can accept this money-saving offer with full confidence. Use 49¢ jar first: If not overjoyed with the results, return 79¢ jar and get your money back in full.



MY FRIEND IRMA GOES WEST

Irma (Marie Wilson) Peterson, whose lovely head covers an atomic brain (it's the size of an atom) is still trying to make boyfriend Al (John Lund) marry her, and Al is still collecting his unemployment checks and acting like "work" is a rare Tibetan cuss word. Jane (Diana Lynn) is still in love with singer Dean Martin. Dean is still loyally dragging Jerry Lewis everywhere he goes. That's how we left them in *My Friend Irma*, so it's a good place for a sequel to begin. Sequel concerns the whole gang's heading for Hollywood, after Dean's been signed up by a producer. Producer turns out to be an escaped lunatic: a French actress (Corinne Calvet) develops a yen for Dean and nearly wrecks his wedding plans, Irma is kidnapped by a couple of thugs who regret this act immediately thereafter because she talks so much she gives them a headache, and Jerry Lewis, the monkey-faced boy-man, walks away with the picture.

Cast: John Lund, Marie Wilson, Diana Lynn, Dean Martin, Jerry Lewis, Corinne Calvet. Paramount.



THE HAPPY YEARS

If ever there was a picture more delightful than *The Happy Years*, I missed it. It's got so much charm and gayety, it's so continually and surprisingly and wholesomely comical, it's a real American masterpiece. Not that it isn't a work of art in the universal sense, but it's as peculiarly American as "Oklahoma!" It goes back to the horse-and-buggy days, and the peaceful life of the upper middle class then, and the trials and errors of a small man named John Humperdink Stover, who's a candidate for a reformatory, really. Expelled from school after school, he returns home unregenerate and while his father and mother are worrying themselves sick, John Humperdink goes next door and performs some such feat as painting the neighbor's prize white horse green. "Same color as the grass," he defends himself. "Now the flies won't be able to see him, and bother him." Sent to a school called Law-

renceville, Dink (that's his nickname) finally meets his match. He's put in a house where the other boys are just as tough as he is, and even prouder of it. But I can't explain the flavor of these kids, and their escapades. The skinny little one who breaks a pancake-eating record, and insures free pancakes for the whole school. The little demon with two black eyes who rings the church bell on Sundays by leaping at it and swinging on it with snarling zest, like a character out of a Charles Addams cartoon. The lessons, the fights, the games, the way the boys call on young ladies. Every minute of this picture is pure pleasure. The kids' acting is magnificent, so are the adults—Leo Carroll plays Lawrenceville's wise Latin master—and the Technicolor is lovely.

Cast: Dean Stockwell, Darryl Hickman, Scotty Beckett, Leo Carroll. MGM.



COPPER CANYON

Here we have Ray Milland, a dashing Confederate ex-colonel who tries to make Nevada safe for Southerners after the Civil War. A mining community called Coppertown is treating the rebels rough. The crux of the matter is copper, logically enough, and the ins and outs of all the robbery and murder and politics that go on can't be told here. I'll just give you the bare bones. First off, Ray runs up against Hedy Lamarr (whose bones aren't bare a bit, but simply beautiful). Hedy works for a crooked northern mining syndicate, in close cahoots with a crooked sheriff and a crookeder deputy (Macdonald Carey), until she (Hedy) falls for Ray. Then she tries to make amends for her disgraceful actions. Mona Freeman is a southern belle at the end of her rope. Her father is a southern gentleman at the end of his rope. Now that I look this over, I find it doesn't seem to hang together so, as Benjamin Franklin once said, it will just have to hang separately.

Cast: Ray Milland, Hedy Lamarr, Macdonald Carey, Mona Freeman. Paramount.



PANIC IN THE STREETS

An Armenian smuggled into the U. S. is murdered, and his body found in the river. A morgue attendant, discovering frightening evidence, calls in specialist Richard Widmark,



Are you always Lovely to Love?

Suddenly, breathtakingly, you'll be embraced . . . held . . . kissed. Perhaps tonight.

Be sure that you are always lovely to love; charming and alluring. Your deodorant may make the difference. That's why so many lovely girls depend on FRESH Cream Deodorant. Test FRESH against any other deodorant—*see* which stops perspiration . . . prevents odor better! FRESH is different from any deodorant you have ever tried—creamier, more luxurious, and really effective!





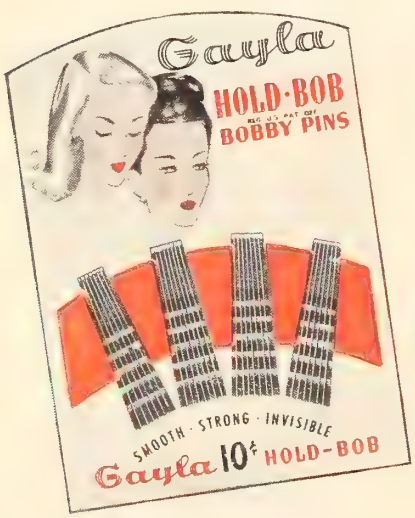
For head-to-toe protection, use new FRESH Deodorant Bath Soap. Used regularly, it is 20 times as effective as other type soap in preventing body perspiration odor, yet mild and gentle.

have a "party hair-do" all day long



with Gayla HOLD-BOB* bobby pins

Lovely hair-do . . . lovely dress—of course you feel glamorous when you're ready for a party! Now keep that "party look" all day long with Gayla HOLD-BOB bobby pins! So easy to open. *Hold better!* Gayla HOLD-BOB sets curls beautifully, keeps hair-dos lovely. There is no finer bobby pin.



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and has his fears confirmed. The murdered man has had pneumonic plague. Now it's up to Widmark, and the police. Plague can kill off a city in no time, so they have to find everyone who's come in contact with the Armenian. They can't let the news out, for fear of starting a panic. If people flee the city, infection will spread to other cities through the country. Widmark's task seems hopeless. The identity of the corpse (which has to be burned) is unknown, the people who've had contact with him are equally unknown, and since some of them are murderers, they're anxious to keep it that way. *Panic in the Streets* is half-way fascinating, though not entirely satisfactory. You feel so strongly the terror that must accompany a ghastly epidemic that you're not nearly as optimistic as the city officials at the end of the picture. They believe catching the murderers will help them discover everybody who's been exposed to the disease. Me, I'm still haunted by the thought of all the restaurants the dead man ate in, and all the bartenders he gave change to, and all the hundreds of citizens whose clothes brushed against his clothes in the street.

Cast: Richard Widmark, Paul Douglas, Barbara Bel Geddes. 20th Century-Fox.



LOVE THAT BRUTE

This one is very Damon Runyon-ish. It tells about Chicago in the 20's, and the feud between Big Ed Hanley (Paul Douglas) and a boy called Pretty Willie (Cesar Romero), both racketeers. The feud's interwoven with a love story. Jean Peters, lovely clean-limbed American girl is the object of both these bums' affections, but she can't be bought. She can't even be borrowed. Throws a mink coat right back in Big Ed's face. (He's hired her to take care of a juvenile delinquent he claims is his son.) Jean doesn't really want to be a nurse anyhow. She wants to throw her heart (and quite a bit of the rest of her body) into night-club singing. Somehow, getting a load of her in bugle beads torching away, you start wondering if she's a split personality—half the time shocked, and the other half—shocking. Still, Big Ed is smitten, Pretty Willie is smitten, there's a terrible mess of trouble when all the men Big Ed's supposed to have murdered escape from his cellar (where they've been living in luxury because Ed's too kindhearted to rub anyone out) and the ending's happy. It's reminiscent, but fun. Also, a gay Rodgers and Hart tune called "You Took Advantage of Me" runs through the whole picture. Since Fox doesn't credit Rodgers and Hart, I'd like to.

Cast: Paul Douglas, Jean Peters, Cesar Romero, Keenan Wynn. 20th Century-Fox.



WINCHESTER '73

It seems that once in a dog's age, there's a rifle turned out, perfect in every detail. It even shocks the manufacturers. Such a gun can't be bought; it's priceless. Jimmy Stewart wins one (a "One of One Thousand" 1873 model Winchester) in a Dodge City contest (in 1873) after out-shooting a man called Dutch Henry Brown. (Other fancy names in this picture include High Spade Johnny Wilson, and Waco Johnny Dean.) Dutch Henry beats up Jimmy, steals the prize gun, loses it to an Indian trader who's murdered for it, etc. As we follow the Winchester's progress back into the hands of its rightful owner, we pass lightly through a piece of the war with the Indians, witness the plotting of a bank robbery, see assorted killings, and meet Shelley Winters, whose cowardly boyfriend tries to desert her when the heat is on. Natch, Shelley starts yearning after Jimmy, who'd never let a girl down. (He'd never look at a girl long enough to let her anything.) Jimmy gets his gun, Shelley gets her man, and Dutch Henry and Dan Duryea (he's Waco Johnny) gets their just desserts. There's a surprise ending, but as it was stolen straight out of Eagle-Lion's *The Sundowners*, you won't be surprised unless you missed that excellent western. This coincidence notwithstanding, *Winchester '73's* a good rough and ready western with fine acting.

Cast: James Stewart, Shelley Winters, Dan Duryea, Stephen McNally. Universal-International.



TREASURE ISLAND

Walt Disney's all-color, all-alive production (not a cartoon in the carload) of the Robert Louis Stevenson children's classic about pirates and buried treasure and adventure. Bobby Driscoll is fine as Jim Hawkins, the little boy who goes on the long voyage to Treasure Island, and Robert Newton has a field day playing Long John Silver, that crafty, mutinous split personality of a pirate who makes a buddy of "young 'orkins." You'll

meet all the old familiar characters—Squire Trelawney, Doctor Livesey, Captain Smollett, Ben Gunn. The movie sticks passionately close to the book, which is as it should be.

Cast: Bobby Driscoll, Robert Newton, Basil Sydney, Walter Fitzgerald, Denis O'Dea. Disney-RKO.



PEGGY

Some motion picture companies can make a nice, light-hearted Technicolored comedy. Universal isn't one of them. *Peggy's* not as boring as *Yes Sir, That's My Baby,* but it comes close. Story concerns retired professor Charles Coburn. His daughters, Diana Lynn and Barbara Lawrence, go to Pasadena City College, so they're both forced to enter the Rose Queen competition. (You never heard of a rose queen? That's the most thing they have in Pasadena!) Diana's secretly married to a football hero, and married women can't be rose queens, but if she drops out of the contest, her pop will find out she's married, and he hates football players, and he'll annul the young couple quicker than you can say "she's a minor." Then we have widowed Charlotte Greenwood pursuing Coburn whom she wishes to marry for reasons known only to herself and God. You never saw a crabbier old daddy in your life. And so it develops. Will everything go good? Yes, but who cares.

Cast: Diana Lynn, Charles Coburn, Charlotte Greenwood. Universal-International.



THE FLAME AND THE ARROW

Burt Lancaster's an Italian version of Robin Hood, back in the days when portions of Lombardy were under the yoke of the Germans. Man named Ulrich of Hesse is the villain who soaks the poor Italians of tax money. Besides taxes, he collects women, once took Burt's wife away. Burt doesn't care because he's still got his little son, and his merry men. Eventually, little son is kidnapped, there's a showdown between invaders and invaded, Burt winds up with Virginia Mayo (Ulrich's niece), and you see an acrobatic exhibition by Burt and his real-life old carnival partner, Nick Cravat, which is just as good as the ones in any circus. Besides the evil Ulrich, there's a two-faced no-good-nick named Allessandro, played by Robert Douglas, and just in case I've never mentioned it before, I'd like to mention it now. He has the sneeriest face—or the sneeriest two faces—in motion pictures.

Cast: Burt Lancaster, Virginia Mayo, Robert Douglas, Aline MacMahon. Warners.

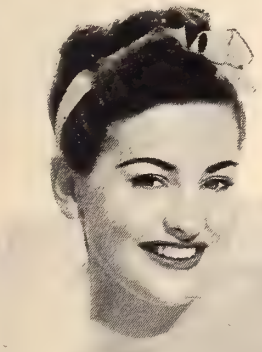


THREE LITTLE WORDS

The giants of popular music having been accounted for (there've already been movies about Rodgers and Hart, Jerome Kern, etc.), MGM's reduced to telling the story of a couple of song-writers named Bert Kalmar and Harry Ruby. This duo wrote such numbers as *"So-long, OO-long," "Sunny Tennessee,"* and, of course, *"Three Little Words."* Astaire plays Kalmar, the vaudeville dancer who injures his knee and goes in for lyric manufacture (he

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glowing with a warm blush
of fragrant loveliness, enjoy a Beauty Bath
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And its delicate, exciting scent leaves the merest hint of perfume on your skin—a delightful invitation to romance. Get Bath Size Palmolive today—for Palmolive's marvelous beauty lather means you, too, may have a lovelier complexion all over.

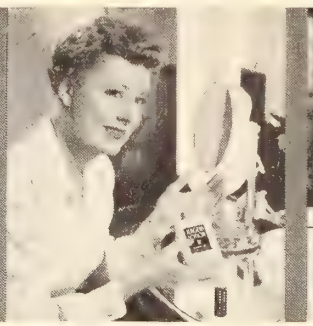
"This mud-pack was no beauty treatment!"



We spent 5 hours rehearsing and retaking this scene in "Come Share My Love." The cold, wet mud left my hands taut and rough . . .



A dust storm sandpapered my hands and face . . .



But Jergens Lotion kept my skin smooth and soft . . .



So it was lovely in close-ups with Fred MacMurray.



Being a liquid, Jergens is absorbed by thirsty skin.

CAN YOUR LOTION OR HAND CREAM PASS THIS FILM TEST?

To soften, a lotion or cream should be absorbed by the upper layers of the skin. Water won't "bead" on hand smoothed with Jergens Lotion (left hand). It contains quickly-absorbed ingredients doctors recommend, no heavy oils that merely coat skin with oily film (right hand).

Prove it with this simple test described above . . .



You'll see why Jergens Lotion is my beauty secret.

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does magic tricks on the side), while Red Skelton enacts Harry Ruby, the tune maker who'd rather hit baseballs. Their wives are, respectively, Vera-Ellen (she dances wonderful, but she can't act much) and Arlene Dahl (she looks gorgeous but she can't act much). Technicolor and pleasant, but not up to the level of MGM's best musicals, like *Words and Music*, for instance.

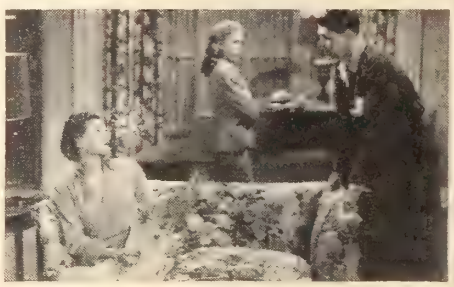
Cast: Fred Astaire, Red Skelton, Vera-Ellen, Arlene Dahl. MGM.



THREE HUSBANDS

Emlyn Williams, a corpse with a sense of humor, arranges for letters to be delivered (after his demise) to his three best male friends, informing them that he's had love affairs with their wives. Then, because Mr. Williams is the star of the picture, and no good to us dead, the flashbacks begin. His association with Shepperd Strudwick's wife. (Ruth Warrick. He took her to symphony concerts.) His association with Robert Karnes' wife. (Vanessa Brown. She was his nurse.) His association with Howard Da Silva's wife. (Eve Arden, and her he taught French, among other things.) Whether the three girls were really bad girls, I leave it to you. Picture's amusing, and there's a particularly funny bit by Louise Erickson as a serious-minded menace who's got her eye on Strudwick.

Cast: Emlyn Williams, Eve Arden, Howard Da Silva, Shepperd Strudwick. United Artists.



LOUISA

When Louisa (Spring Byington), Ronald Reagan's widowed mother, moves in on Ronald and his family, there are complications. Louisa has time on her hands, so she interferes in the affairs of the household. "Get some interests, mother," the desperate family suggests. They mean knitting, bridge, ladies aid. Packing spam for hungry slobbovians. Well, Louisa gets an interest—but it's *men*. Pretty soon she has two old codgers fighting for her; one of them's a grocer, and the other's Ronnie's wealthy boss. To Ronnie and the family, none of this seems dignified. A grandmother holding hands in the movies! Next

she'll be climbing trees and playing on a softball team. There's the problem. Picture's simple, kind-hearted. These are virtues. Picture's pretty dull. This is a vice.

Cast: Ronald Reagan, Piper Laurie, Ruth Hussey, Edmund Gwenn. Universal-International.



WHERE THE SIDEWALK ENDS

Dana Andrews as a taciturn detective who'd rather beat up a crook than eat a good meal. That's why he's so lean, and all the crooks hate him. Reason for his ways: his father was a criminal, and Dana's escaping his heritage. "Detectives should *find* evil-doers, not *punish* them," the police department tells him gently, but to Dana, a sock on the spot is worth two in the bush. When he accidentally kills an ex-war hero and then tries to cover up his deed, and then runs afoul of a gambling syndicate, and then falls in love with model Gene Tierney, the ex-war hero's ex-wife, he's got himself a case Mr. Anthony wouldn't touch. Special acting medal should go to old-timer Ruth Donnelly who plays a restaurant keeper with comedy and tenderness.

Cast: Dana Andrews, Gene Tierney, Gary Merrill, Bert Freed. 20th Century-Fox.



SPY HUNT

Apparently, there is nothing more ferocious than a panther. Oh, them deadlly killers. Penniless Howard Duff is escorting two caged panthers home to America and a circus, in return for his own passage, when en route to Milan, Italy, he gets mixed up with Marta Toren who hides some microfilm in one of the panther's collars (first she dopes the beast) and first thing you know, you're in the middle of a spy story. At an inn in the Alps, we meet several suspicious characters, all supposedly out for the panther hunt (I forgot to tell you the panthers escape from the train when it's sabotaged). A few of these characters, however, are really out for the microfilm. Which twin is a secret agent? Which twin has the tommy-gun, and on whom will he use it? Very nice adventure stuff.

Cast: Howard Duff, Marta Toren, Robert Douglas. Universal-International.

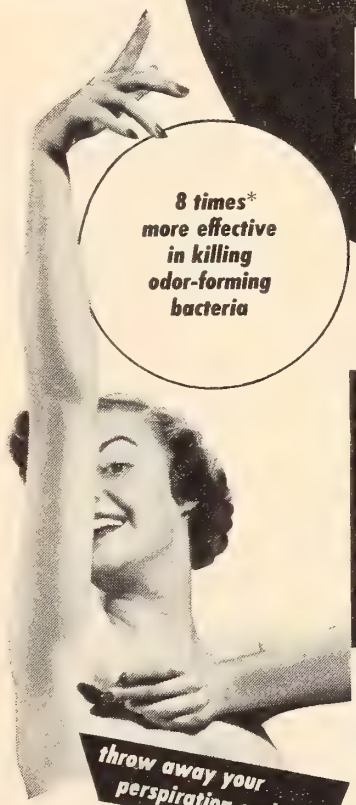
5-day pads

new miracle pad deodorant WIPES AWAY ODOR-FORMING BACTERIA

that other types of deodorants leave under your arms!

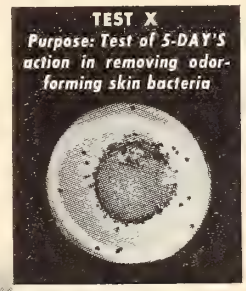
Contains twice as much active anti-perspirant . . . yet milder*

8 times more effective in killing odor-forming bacteria*

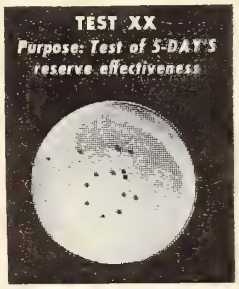


throw away your perspiration and odor

Laboratory Proof



This microscopic photo proves that when you throw away your 5-Day Pad you throw away with it hundreds of thousands of odor-forming bacteria that other types of deodorants leave under your arms.



This laboratory photo was taken hours after application of a 5-Day Pad. Note the amazing difference. This is because 5-Day's exclusive formula prevents the growth of odor-forming skin bacteria and keeps you safe from underarm odor longer.

5-day

deodorant pads

Easier! Each pad contains right amount. No guessing! Even smooth penetration instantly.

Faster! Goes into action instantly. Dries in seconds.

Cooling, Refreshing! No clammy, sticky feeling. Cooling, refreshing sensation.



No other deodorant is as effective in checking perspiration and stopping odor!

The miracle is in the pad! 5-Day Pads are circlets of fabric saturated with refreshing, mild yet very effective deodorant. 5-Day's exclusive formula checks perspiration—stops odor longer.

Safely checks perspiration more effectively, too! Contains twice* as much active anti-perspirant than an average of leading brands tested. Yet, laboratory pH tests prove 5-Day milder—harmless to skin and clothes.

Greater reserve protection! Laboratory tests show that hours after application 5-Day's exclusive formula is 8 times* more effective in keeping you safe from underarm odor than an average of leading brands tested. No other deodorant or deodorant soap can keep you so safe from underarm odor—so long.

DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK—if not completely satisfied.

*All comparative figures mentioned in this ad are based on the average of laboratory tests of leading deodorants.

the FUNNIEST thing that ever happened to a family!



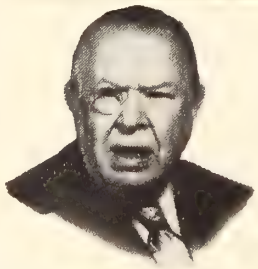
POP lost his vice-presidency!



MOM lost her peace of mind!



The GROCER lost his heart!



The TYCOON lost his shirt!



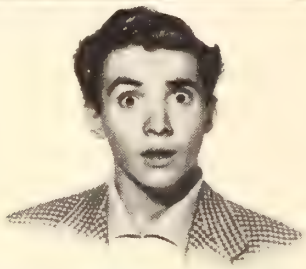
SISTER lost her boy friend!



GRANDMA lost her manners!



SONNY lost his appetite!



The BOY FRIEND lost his voice!



The MAID lost her patience!

all because of

Louisa

A UNIVERSAL-INTERNATIONAL PICTURE

From the Company that gave you such comedy hits as "THE EGG AND I," "FAMILY HONEYMOON," and "FRANCIS."

"THE WHOLE FAMILY'S NUTS!"



Starring

Ronald REAGAN · Charles COBURN · Ruth HUSSEY · Edmund GWENN · Spring BYINGTON

with

Piper LAURIE · Scotty BECKETT

Story and Screenplay by STANLEY ROBERTS • Directed by ALEXANDER HALL • Produced by ROBERT ARTHUR

how about hollywood morals?

■ Ever since the first actress blinked into a movie camera and bared her lovely legs, the morals of Hollywood citizens have been subject to attack and condemnation. Hollywood's reputation as a sin-loving, pleasure-seeking mecca spread throughout the world.

In an effort to counteract this, Hollywood created a self-censoring organization in 1930 under Will Hays. (Now Eric Johnston is the director.)

Still Hollywood's reputation grew. The Bergman adventure, Rita Hayworth's royal and racy romance, Errol Flynn's eternal escapades provide ample material for Sunday sermons —and even congressional inquiries.

When Mr. Jackson, at the request of Senator Johnson, came to Hollywood to study its morals, he did not expect to go back to Washington empty-handed. Nevertheless, he did. At the moment when Hollywood could at last step forward and take its place on a level with cities everywhere, Judy Garland attempted to commit suicide, and the chorus of condemnation was heard again.

What really is going on?—MODERN SCREEN editors asked themselves. Exactly how did Hollywood get its reputation? What are the facts and what is the fantasy?

We decided to find out, and print the truth —without bias or censorship. Is Hollywood really as bad as they say or is it no worse—and no better—than any other American community? Do Rita, Ingrid, Errol and Judy typify the stars, or are they only the occasional expressions of the most glamorous, and at the same time, the most emotionally-consuming industry in the history of the world?

We think you will find the answers in our report on Hollywood morals. It starts on page 54.

Charles D Saxon

EDITOR



Beautiful but
dumb is an expression
they ought
to bury, for there
are girls like Lana,
who know everything
that books can't
teach, and whose hearts
know even more.

BY JANE WILKIE

Thou swell

• People who don't know Lana Turner have peculiar ideas about her. They think she's five-feet-three of whipped cream. They think she's dumb. They think she is haughty, flighty and shallow. Magazine editors assigning stories about her usually ask their reporters, "What does she —can she—read?"

This story is a defense of Lana Turner—not that she wants one, or really needs one. She stands very well on those beautiful legs of hers. But somewhere along the line too many people began to assume that a woman who is blonde, or eye-stopping, or possessed of any amount of sex-appeal, is bereft of brain power.

The assumption has no logical basis, but it's continually strengthened by a lot of less attractive women who say to themselves, "Well, she may be prettier than I am, but I'll bet I'm more intelligent."

Nothing could be farther from the truth. Lana, as her friends will tell you, is a clear, logical thinker. She is one of the best-read women in Hollywood, and has a great awareness of the world outside Hollywood.

She is an animated conversationalist with a magnificent sense of humor. The first day she reported for work in one of her pictures, others in the cast warned her that the director had an annoying habit of working until seven or eight at night. Lana thanked them for the hint, and that evening, at six o'clock, the momentary quiet of the set was shattered by the pealing of a bell. Around the corner of a prop living room came Lana, swinging a huge cow bell (*Continued on page 81*)

ALLYSON



WONDERLAND

by June Allyson

I have an absent-minded husband and an addle-pated dog and a darling baby daughter who shop-lifts. Oh, I've got a lovely bunch of characters— so come on in, I'll introduce you to the folks who make it fun to be at home.



■ I always wanted a family of my own in a big house—the kind where the cookie jar is never empty, where someone's always sitting in your favorite chair, and the sunlight streams through the windows.

Well, now I have a family, and a house that I hate to leave in the morning—or any other time. At first glance, my family's small. There's Richard, Pamela and myself. But there are a lot of other people whom I like to include in our clan. Some of them live with us; some don't, but that doesn't matter, it's because of them that the house deserves to be called a home.

To explain what I mean, I'll present all of us to you one by one in a sort of play that doesn't really need a plot. First, there's the cast of characters:

(Resident)

Richard Ewing Powell: Actor, husband, head of the house. A disturbing man with deep blue eyes and sensational eyelashes.

Pamela Allyson Powell: Small ham, two years old but not cured. Twinkling eyes, wrinkling nose, 16 teeth.

Frances Olson: Nurse, called Olie. Patient, full of humor, busy 24 hours a day trying to cure the ham.

Marian: Cook, Scottish with brogue. Worries about me.

Frank: House man. Fights for his dignity. (A losing battle.)

Pat: French poodle, grey, birdbrain.

(Non-Resident)

Pat Grenier: Secretary. Knows all, tells nothing, can't ever find me.

Mr. Eggart: Gardener. No first name. Speaks eight syllable words only.

Act I: Breakfast. Mr. Powell and Me. At least, I *think* it's Mr. Powell. He's behind a newspaper.

ME: Good morning!

RICHARD: (*Two eyes appear briefly above paper*) Hi!

ME: (*I walk around the table, kiss the top of his head, get no reaction, sit down.*) Nice party last night, wasn't it?

Silence.

ME: I'm glad we came home early, aren't you?

Silence.

ME: What are you going to do today?

RICHARD: What?

ME: (slight edge) What are you going to do today?

RICHARD: Oh. Couple of meetings. Radio.

ME: I'm going to play golf this afternoon with Helen.

Silence.

RICHARD: (*from behind paper*) Eat your prunes, wife.

(*Enter Frank, bearing eggs.*)

ME: Frank, can you see me? Am I here—in this room?

FRANK: (*startled*) Why, yes, Mrs. Powell. I (*Continued on page 97*)


MODIGLIANI

He's not ready to settle down yet, so be patient, ladies. There's a lot of living he has to do— a lot of questions he has to answer . . .

BY JANE MARNER

the private affairs of FARLEY GRANGER

■ The ladies will have to wait—the five hundred beautiful ladies at the Barbizon Model Agency who voted him the Most Eligible Bachelor of 1950, and the thousands of other ladies who never got to vote, and the ladies who call him up all the time and say, "Mr. Granger, I would be happy to marry you"—they'll all have to wait.

Mr. Granger lives alone. He makes his own breakfast, and sometimes, his own lunch. He washes his own socks, and he plays tennis on Sundays. When he stops to think it's about his work, and perhaps about the day just recently when Sam Goldwyn called him into his office, and he went there in fear and apprehension.

He'd just finished work on *Edge of Doom*. It was a demanding, dramatic role which required him to kill a priest and then to wrestle with his awful conscience. He thought that he'd failed, and when Mr. Goldwyn looked at him quizzically and waved him to a chair, he was sure that he'd failed.

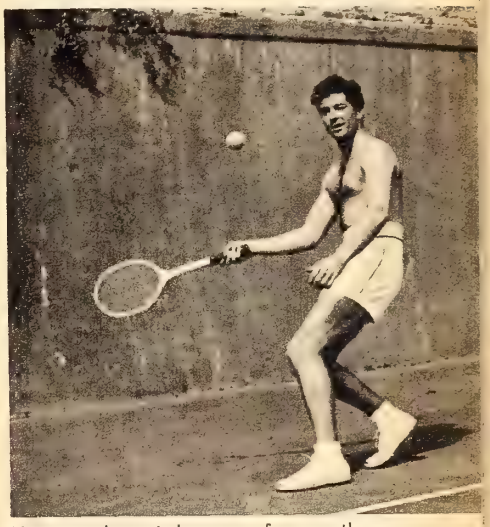
"I know you're tired," Mr. Goldwyn began. "I know you need a vacation. You can start today. But first—you know this picture is the thing I've been wanting to put you in for a long time, don't you—but didn't dare?"

Farley nodded. Here it came.

"I want to say to you that all the expectations and hopes I've had for you have been realized. I want to say that I'm very proud of this picture and of you. It's taken seven years, but it's been worth it. Together, you and I have made the greatest thing you can make in Hollywood. Together, Farley, we've made a new star." *(Continued on page 68)*



Farley lives alone and loves it. He's only a stone's throw from his parents' home, close enough to get some good meals.



He started tennis lessons a few months ago and whenever he's not working—he's on Bill Wyler's court, practicing his drives.



His apartment has a small, well-used sundeck. Farley is still adding art books and paintings to his already fine collection.

the BIG SPLASH

Keeping cool was no problem at Tony Curtis' swimming pool party. His warm guests simply immersed themselves for the whole afternoon.



Joyce MacKenzie looked much too comfortable floating lazily down the Santa Ynez pool, so Tony Curtis, Roddy McDowall and Marshall Thompson decided to upset her rubber raft. "Help!" she shouts. "I'm drowning!"



Throwing caution to the winds, the girls climbed on those manly shoulders and tried pushing each other off. Barbara Thompson on Marshall and Amanda Blake on Roddy give Joyce (on Jack Beutel) the old heave-ho.

SWIMMING POOL PARTIES? "AW, THEY'RE ALL WET!" SAYS YOUR UNDERWATER REPORTER. by Beverly Ott

IT WAS one of those lazy summer Fridays when a working girl hates her typewriter, or any other excuse for lifting a finger. I'm a member of that species, and I wasn't wasting time glaring at my Remington. I was busy staring out the window—watching the sun shine on everything in sight.

The phone rang. *"Martyred Screen,"* I answered, and tried to keep the bitterness out of my voice.

"It's Tony Curtis," said Tony Curtis. "What're you doing?"

"Slaving over a hot story," I lied, hoping to make a fine, upstanding impression.

Mental telepathy never had it so good. "Come slave over a cool one," he invited. "We're going swimming at the Santa Ynez pool." Naturally, I played hard-to-get.

"Who?" I asked.

"Well, I'm not exactly sure who's coming," Tony said. "Most of the people I called are busy. But I thought I'd launch Harvey anyway."

I had to think that one over. Poor boy. The heat had gone to his head. "Tony," I replied gently. "Rabbits don't swim. Not even invisible rabbits."

He laughed. His assurance that this rabbit would float was all I needed. Right away I recognized my duty. If Tony Curtis had a sunstroke, I should be writing a story about it beside a swimming pool—beside the Pacific ocean, if necessary. And preferably, under a beach umbrella.

Of course, when I made the announcement, everyone in the office thought I was the one with the bothered brain. But I have faced these insinuations before. So instead of being fazed, I went home to get my bathing suit and fountain pen and headed for the Santa Ynez Inn.

The pool, I found, is a body of water surrounded by a building. No wind. A sky full of sun. And beach chairs galore—two of which held Marshall and Barbara Thompson.

"Day off?" I inquired.

I got an indignant look for my curiosity. "I'm studying a script," Marsh said.

I didn't see any script. Later on, I noticed that he'd been sitting on it. Suddenly Roddy McDowall and Amanda Blake came up out of the pool for air. "Office closed?" asked Roddy.

"I'm doing underwater interviews," I told him and produced my fountain pen. "I thought *you* couldn't come. Don't you have a radio show this afternoon?"

He seemed slightly sheepish. "Today I'm transcribed," he said, mopping his brow.

Amanda disappeared for a minute. She returned with an armload of towels. "Let me help," I volunteered, grabbing a handful and scattering them around the cement.

"Hey, wait a second—they go over me, not under me," she grinned. Then she stretched out and covered up. Amanda's a gorgeous redhead, who looks like Greer Garson, and could probably accumulate a mass of freckles by sitting near an electric bulb. But the weather had proved too good to resist so she'd joined our happy group of truants.

Joyce MacKenzie showed up next. "I shouldn't be here," were her first words. "I just moved into a new apartment and I ought to be getting it straightened." *(Continued on next page)*



Joyce decides to get even by sinking all the men. Armed with an inner tube, she paddled over to Jack Beutel, yelling "Prepare to submerge! Prepare to submerge!" Jack blithely ignored her—and she promptly sank him.



Barbara stretches out on the diving board while Marshall and Amanda apply the suntan oil. Amanda was next and they really coated her—she doesn't even need the sun to get freckles.



Joyce MacKenzie takes over chef's duties at the Santa Ynez pool, while host Tony Curtis hopes for the best.



There's nothing like a swim to rouse those appetites—and hamburgers and salad go down in record-breaking time.



As the sun sinks slowly in the west, the gang collapses on the water's edge while Harvey, the rabbit, keeps watch.

the big splash continued

She went in and put on her bathing suit instead.

Jack Beutel was the worst offender. "I had an appointment with the dentist," he admitted. "But maybe it'll be cloudy tomorrow and I can make another one."

Finally we caught sight of Tony. He was carefree. He was so carefree that he'd forgotten his bathing suit. But he remembered Harvey. Harvey was a rubber rabbit. He took to the water as if he'd been floating all his inflated life. And Tony, who managed to borrow a suit, followed.

A small voice in the back of my head told me I should be working. "Come down and say a few words," I told Roddy. Then I held my nose and headed for the bottom of the pool. Might as well make this authentic.

Roddy joined me. "Blub," he said.

We surfaced and saw Joyce drifting up and down on the raft. After a short conference, Roddy and the rest of the fellows maneuvered a surprise attack. "Now Joyce will say a few words," he yelled as they tossed her overboard.

"Blub," said Joyce.

Next came what is known in polite swimming circles as a water battle. Barbara climbed on Marsh's shoulders, Joyce on Jack's and Roddy carried Amanda. The idea was for one of the girls to get dunked. Tony, who refereed, declared that the large splash signified Joyce had lost the fight. I think she spent more time underwater than anybody—except me. And I was there on business.

Joyce took her revenge out on Jack. Under he went. I guess I don't have to tell you what he said. He came up in time to just miss getting hit on the head by Marshall, who was jumping, feet first, through the water ring.

I was sitting by the pool soaking my feet when I heard a couple of familiar snickers. I turned around to see a couple of much too familiar faces. Bob Beerman and Bert Parry, MODERN SCREEN's ace photographers, were leering down at me. "Underwater interviews, floating rabbits. You're all wet," they snickered.

"What're you doing here?" I wanted to know.

"We thought we'd try out our waterproof cameras," they retorted. And then they went away. I thought their tone a little cold for such a warm day, so I slipped back into the pool and went under two and a half times.

Food brought all of us back to dry land. The chef carted out a grill and began to whip up some hamburgers and trimmings. "My specialty," Joyce murmured.

Tony seemed skeptical. But the chef was more than willing to help the lady in distress. He loaned her his cap and handed her the spatula. Tony's pretended scorn spurred her on to a *(Continued on page 89)*



Can June Haver LOVE again?

When is tragedy forgotten, when can love grow? For June, the time is now.

by Cynthia Miller

■ She was sitting in the commissary at 20th Century-Fox, poking away at a fruit salad. A friend sat with her but they didn't talk much, there was too much noise swirling around and the incessant clattering of dishes made them tired. Now and then someone waved to her and June would smile and wave back, but there was no gaiety in her gesture.

Suddenly June looked up and found herself staring into the eyes of a stranger sitting a few tables away. For a second which seemed like an hour they sat gazing at each other and then, almost blushing, June jabbed her fork into the cottage cheese once more.

"Who is that man?" she asked her friend, motioning in his general direction.

Her friend looked startled. For months June hadn't shown the slightest interest in anyone remotely resembling a male, but her friend obediently replied, "That's Sy Bartlett."

"Sy Bartlett? The man who wrote *Twelve O'Clock High?*"

"The very one."

"You know," June sighed. "I'd like to meet him."

That was the moment when June Haver came alive again. Not long after, her friends began to wonder if June Haver was in love again. They hope so; they think so. But sometimes they can't help worrying. . . .

Love means different things to many women. Some measure it by the diamonds in their jewel box; some treat it like an accessory to their winter wardrobe and discard it with each new season. But there are other women whose hearts can be reached by a sudden smile, whose *(Continued on page 101)*

Not far from the lights and cameras is a magic town, where stars are only twinkling props.

I discovered San

by Jane Wyman



Jane gets a thrilling view of San Francisco as Barry McCarthy shows her the city's points of interest. *Below:* She and friend Betsy Kaplan ride up and down the hills in one of San Francisco's old cable cars.

■ I had nothing to do—not a thing, for forty-eight hours. I was getting a little nervous about it when Al Schwabacher Jr., an old friend of mine, called.

"Why don't you come to San Francisco?" he said.

I called up Betsy Kaplan, another old friend, and I said, "Why don't we go to San Francisco?"

And we went just like that.

We took The Lark out of Los Angeles on Thursday night, feeling as gay as a couple of schoolgirls on their way to a fraternity dance.

"This was a wonderful idea," said Betsy.

"Oh," I said, loftily, "there was nothing to it." Of course, there was. Al is a member of The Guardsmen—a group of young San Francisco businessmen who organized a few years ago to combat juvenile delinquency. After the war, The Guardsmen decided to finance a summer camp for under-privileged children. *(Continued on page 38)*



rancisco



ne was fascinated by the colorful, exotic shops in San Francisco's China-
wn and shopped for fine porcelain dishes. She almost bought a dried sea
rse for her son but the proprietor insisted they were for eating—not playing.





On Fisherman's Wharf, Jane and Betsy inspect part of the day's haul—some giant crabs. *Below:* they pose prettily for a wharf cameraman—Price 25 cents and all work guaranteed.



Dinner with Betsy and a friend at India House is a never-to-be-forgotten affair. It's one of San Francisco's most fabulous restaurants, serving authentic dishes in lovely surroundings.

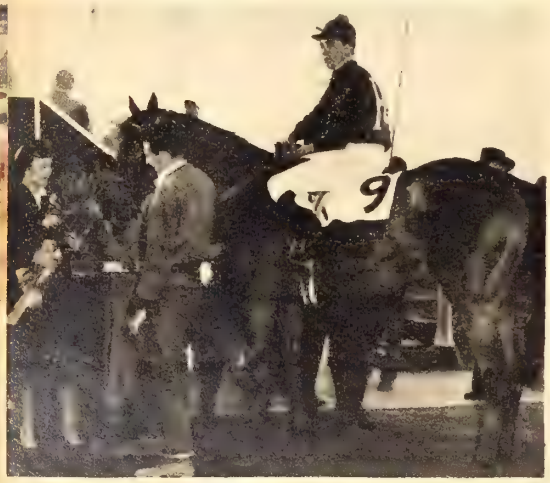




At the Mark Hopkins hotel, Jane Wyman pours coffee for San Francisco Mayor Leo Halley.



The Junior Press Club comprised of outstanding young journalism students interviews Jane.



The winner of The Guardsmen Race gets a floral tribute and *below* it's time to say goodbye.



I discovered San Francisco continued

This weekend they wanted me to be their guest at The Guardsmen Race, whose proceeds would go toward the camp.

On Friday morning we were standing in the corridor of the train, looking out at Oakland's Bay, a thin wisp of fog away from San Francisco. The Golden Gate Bridge stood in the early light like a giant sentinel. Oh, San Francisco, I thought, how I love you—the sights, the sounds, the smells . . . I was lost in my rhapsodic musings when a voice behind me boomed, "That San Francisco! The worst earthquake couldn't spoil it. The big fire couldn't destroy it. And it's a cinch you can never forget it!"

The voice belonged to a tall, grey-haired man with a military moustache who looked as if he'd done a lot of traveling. If he can feel this way about San Francisco, I said to myself, I guess the lump in my throat is understandable.

I've been to San Francisco before. We staged camp shows there during the war, and some of my friends live there. But it's a funny thing. Every time I get off the train I feel like an explorer. I feel lost in all the excitement. I feel that this is one place in the world where no matter who you are or how much you've seen there's still so much more to learn and experience.

We had quite an experience almost as soon as The Lark glided to a stop. There were no frenzied mobs to greet us—just a few nice children with flowers, and some friendly reporters who took our arrival down for the record. MODERN SCREEN's photographer, Sprague Talbot, waved a greeting. A couple of The Guardsmen welcomed us officially, and then we met Milton Miskel and Bill Williams, two motorcycle policemen. Milt and Bill were very nice, I discovered, but Milt and Bill are also very speed-crazy.

Betsy and I were shown into a shiny convertible with the top down, and as soon as the door was closed behind us, sirens rent the air. I felt like sliding to the bottom of the car, but after all, it was an open car and someone would have noticed. As it was, traffic had stopped and everyone started staring.

"What is it?" I said to Betsy. "What's the matter?"

She smiled at me weakly. "I guess it's us," she said.

It was Milt and Bill, and suddenly I was too busy hanging on to my head to even ask why they needed sirens to take us at seven-thousand miles an hour to the Mark Hopkins Hotel.

When we got to the hotel we saw a big group of men standing out in front, apparently waiting for someone.

"Why, isn't that sweet," I thought. "All those nice men have come just to greet us."

As it happened all those men had come to stage a drawing of ten names for The Guardsmen Race which was to be held at the Tanforan Track. Each name was to be assigned to a horse in the race and prizes would be given out accordingly to the winners.

Thousands of tickets had been sold for the event, and it was my honor to select the ten names.

After the drawing, Betsy and I attended a welcome luncheon, and I was interviewed by motion picture editors of San Francisco papers. I must have answered dozens of adroitly put questions, and I don't think I can be accused of apple-polishing if I say there's a distinctive, rugged quality to San Francisco newspapers that is typical of the city itself.

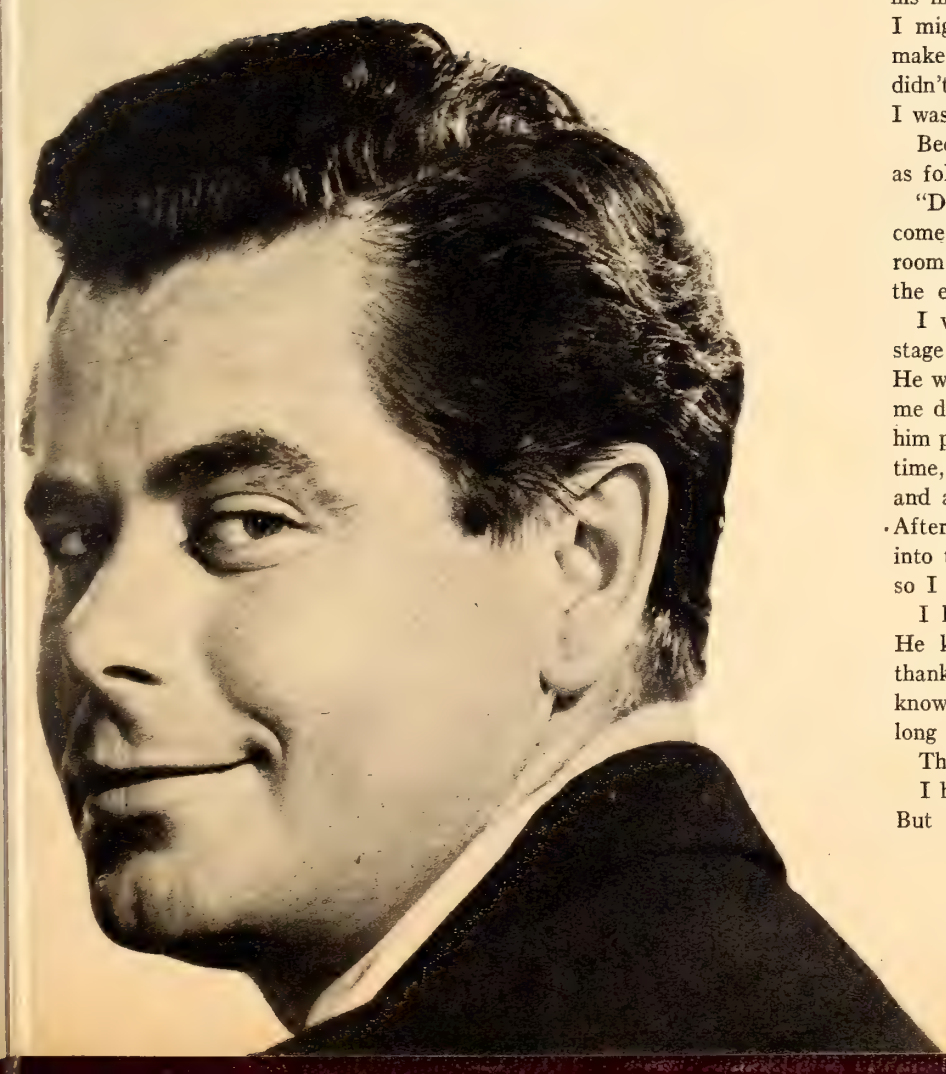
The press conference was followed by sightseeing. We wanted to see everything—and anything. We went down to Fisherman's Wharf and wandered around. Sprague Talbot came with us to take pictures—but he had competition. There was a little (*Continued on page 84*)

in a series | *what the stars believe*

I remember when

by Glenn Ford

. . . I measured a man by the size of his reputation. But then I learned that people are only as big as their hearts . . .



■ When I was 19 and getting nowhere in the acting business I wrote a fan letter to two stars. The first star I won't mention by name. I asked him for an autographed photograph. He neither sent it nor acknowledged my letter in any other way. My request to the second star was not so simple. He was Henry Hull whom I had just seen on the stage as Jeeter Lester in *Tobacco Road*. I was fascinated by his makeup and actually asked him if I might see him personally with the makeup on. *That* was the letter I didn't think would be answered. But I was wrong.

Because back came a reply reading as follows:

"Dear Mr. Ford, you are most welcome to come backstage to my dressing room anytime after seven o'clock in the evening."

I went. He had left word at the stage door and I was taken to his room. He was without his makeup but he set me down on a chair and let me watch him put it on. He talked to me all the time, explained the technique he used and answered every question I asked. Afterwards he had someone take me into the theater and put me in a seat so I could watch the show again.

I have never seen Mr. Hull since. He knows I was grateful because I thanked him that night. But he doesn't know what went on in my mind for long afterwards.

This was it:

I had always liked him as an actor. But now, *(Continued on page 73)*

love me, love my house



Deceptively small when viewed from the road in Mandeville Canyon, Diana Lynn and John Lindsay's modernistic home is rambling and sunny. Behind that stone exterior are three big bedrooms, a den, three bathrooms, a dining-living room, and a deluxe kitchen. John, an architect, designed the house, fitting it into its natural setting without moving a tree. He brought nature inside, too—via an indoor garde

THEY GET THE SUN IN THE MORNING AND THE MOON AT NIGHT IN THE MODERN HOUSE THAT JOHN BUILT. AND EVE

■ This was their third date. They'd seen a ball game and gone dancing and held hands through a double feature; and now they were sitting in a Beverly Hills restaurant.

First, she was chatty, then she was witty, then she was attentive, waiting for him to talk. But John Lindsay, the young architect, wouldn't. He sat there in his best Brooks Brothers suit, polite and smiling, his thoughts obviously elsewhere.

"Strange guy," Diana Lynn mused.

Suddenly, John sprang to his feet. "Let's get out of here," he said urgently. Diana gulped her coffee and they got out of here.

They hopped into his car and started for the ocean highway. Most Hollywood couples drive there on warm, August nights. A mile from the Pacific, John swung his car onto one of the winding, woody canyon roads that branch off from Sunset Boulevard and disappear into the hills.

"This guy is getting a little corny," thought Diana. "If he comes up with some thing like running out of gas, I'll simp laugh in his face."

John pulled up beside a grove of syc mores, turned off the motor, and reach out. Diana retreated. He laughed. "I just looking for a flashlight," he explain "I want to show you something."

Before Diana could blush, he was out the car, sweeping a beam of light back a forth across a partly-constructed house.



n the back of one of their wool-covered couches, Diana looks toward dining table and candelabra designed by John. The far wall is s Verdes stone—the same stone used on the house's exterior.



A "cook's view" of the living room (through the sliding section between kitchen and dining area) shows the spectacular fireplace. Built into one wall, it's their favorite corner for entertaining.



ether or not Diana's expecting company for dinner, she always dines candlelight. Drawstring curtains conceal the picture-frame windows; r to the kitchen is visible next to shelves on the wall at right.



The service bar between kitchen and dining-living area enables Diana to chat with John and guests while fixing a snack of Royal Crown Cola. Here's a glimpse of her sparkling kitchen.

OUGH DIANA LYNN FEELS LIKE NATURE GIRL—SHE LIVES HERE JUST LIKE A QUEEN. by Marva Peterson

o Diana's untrained eyes, the house two stone walls and some upright rds. "Isn't this nice," she said, helpfully. ut John was gazing rapturously into the i-darkness, as a mother might gaze at only child. He wore on his face the , lost expression that people in love are posed to wear. His eyes were peeled the orderly arrangement of lumber and e. "Yah," he mumbled after awhile. re is. Come on, I'll explain it to you."

He helped Diana rip her nylons as she gaily jumped over the foundations. "See how this house nestles up against the hill?" he asked excitedly. "I've hardly had to disturb a tree to fit it in. When all the plastering and painting are done, I think I'll plant some fool-proof shrubs like cyclamen and fuchsia and begonia. A month after the house is completed, you won't know it's new. There won't be any of that raw, new look about this place. I've designed it so that it would merge with the natural background. Get the picture?"

Diana, who could barely see two feet in front of her, smiled wanly. "It's just fascinating," she said.

"And from here to here," he continued, "There'll be 25 feet of glass panels reaching from floor to ceiling. I'm all for a combined dining and living room. What's the point of having a separate dining room? I think I'll work *(Continued on next page)*



The Lindsays' living room looks into the garden through an almost solid pane of glass. But there's nothing like the real outdoors for playing with their lively dog.



As she looks over some new plans with architect John, Diana nostalgically remembers the days when her house was a mere framework. He calls this den his junk shop.



One whole corner is devoted to Diana's impressive record collection and big Philco radio-phonograph. Out of the camera's range are her music cabinet and piano.

out some sort of interior planting. There's nothing like having a garden inside your house as well as outside."

"That will be real nice," said Diana.

"And another thing," John ran on, "these stone walls that you see. Well, I'm going to make them a structural part of the house. I'm not going to cover the stone with paint or plaster. It's much too beautiful for that. I'm going to let it show. This wall will be part of the den and this one with the fireplace in the middle, completes one end of the living room."

Diana felt it her duty to be interested, intrigued, enraptured, so at this point, she decided it was the propitious time for an intelligent question. She pointed to the floor areas where pipes were zig-zagging all over the place. "Are these the bathrooms?" she asked.

Lindsay's laughter shattered the night air. "All this a bathroom?" he howled. "Why, no, honey, hardly. These pipes are for what is called radiant heating. They're built under the floor. When you turn the heating on, the heat comes up from the bottom, through the floor, and heats the house without causing any drafts. What's more, it's very economical."

"Is that right?" Diana said, ready to cry. "Economical, and no drafts. Right up from the floor . . ."

"And that's not all, either," her date continued. "This house is jammed with the latest economical system. Take the electrical system. All the light outlets are on a bell cord and the current runs at a low frequency rate which can be stepped up by a transformer when it's needed. This house has an awful lot of wiring, but the bills will be cut in half by this low frequency system."

"Oh, brother," Diana thought, "what is he talking about?" Finally, she took a deep breath, and plunged. "John," she said, "how many rooms has this house got?"

"Three bedrooms, three baths and a den," he explained. "It sounds large but a young couple could live in it very reasonably. The kitchen is small and compact. A girl could do all her work by just pushing buttons. All she'd have to do is put the children out on the patio and watch them through the large window." And then, just as suddenly as he'd begun his lecture, John Lindsay stopped. "It's late," he said. "I'd better be taking you home."

In the months that followed, John and Diana had other dates, only they were of a more conventional nature. She invited him to buffet suppers at her bachelorette apartment where they ate and talked about each other. She introduced him to her family, and he presented her to his. They didn't say any more about the house.

Very cleverly and in easy stages, Diana let John find out what sort of life a young actress leads: the tight schedules, the demands of the publicity departments, the confabs with agents, directors, and studio executives. She mixed this up with a little piano-playing; and exactly four months from the day they met, the inevitable happened. On December 18th, 1948, in the Healy Chapel at the University of Southern California, Diana Loehr (that's her real name) became Mrs. John Lindsay.

A three-week honeymoon in New York followed and then they went back to Beverly Hills where they rented a cute little cottage at an astronomical rent. Diana tried to be a patient and efficient housewife, but in those cramped quarters, it was tough. Her gowns and his (*Continued on page 92*)



Diana has put her wedding silver behind sliding glass panels in the dining area. It's always on display here, yet remains untarnished and ready for immediate use.



When John's busy in his studio, Diana can still talk to him from the living room via the two-way Webster electric telephone speaker system linking all rooms.

The master bedroom is a triumph of beauty over economy—drapes are sailcloth, bed merely box springs on legs.

Betty steps out

Anything you can do, she can do more of—the dancing, the singing, the dissolving in tears. That's Hutton—the hoyden, the fiery angel.

BY JIM HENAGHAN

■ A handsome actor, who would rather keep his name to himself, took Betty Hutton out on a simple date a few years ago. He appeared at his studio the next morning obviously shaken from the experience. When quizzed for details of the evening's fun, he said warily, "I'd rather not discuss it. There is one thing, though. Along about eleven o'clock the situation becomes tense, and you're not quite sure whether she's going to marry you right on the spot, dissolve into a mist of tears, or just plain explode and get all over everybody."

Try to pin an appropriate label on this girl and your choice is as good as anyone's. Take all the fancy phrases ever used, hook any one of them on Hutton and it'll fit—Blonde Bombshell, Bouncing Beauty, Sad Sandra, Moody Myrtle, Bitter Betty, Marvelous Mama. To make up a brand new word, Betty Hutton is an enigma.

Hollywood was introduced to Betty at the Paramount studios via a musical called *The Fleet's In.* The set was a studio designer's idea of a battleship and there was a large stage on which a hundred or so performers were just about ready to burst into song and dance in a producer's idea of the gay life in the United States Navy. Half a dozen cameras were set up at strategic positions ready to capture the action. The director was absent at the moment as none of the principals were involved in the scene, and the shot was in the hands of an assistant director. He turned to *his* assistant and said:

"Where's that new girl? What's her name—Button?"

"I think *(Continued on page 46)*



Recently in New York, Betty planned on doing the town—came down with a virus instead. She spent most of her time in her Plaza suite with Lindsay and Candy.



Betty steps out continued

it's Mutton—and here she comes now," the second assistant whispered.

Betty Hutton, her head down, a suspicious, doleful expression on her face, came into the set and took a pre-determined position at the front of the stage. The man with the megaphone shouted a few last minute instructions and ordered the action to get underway.

The music started, the sailors began to sing and dance and it seemed as though somebody had whacked the new girl across the backside with the carving edge of a sabre. Howling at the top of her lungs, she began to leap high in the air and from one side of the stage to the other like a spring fly that had just made an emergency landing on a pancake griddle. There was a moment of uncertainty during which all of the assistant directors exchanged puzzled glances. Finally, one gathered his wits.

"HOLD IT! HOLD IT!" he howled. "What the devil is going on up there?"

THE action simmered down and the head man walked to Betty.

"Is there something the matter with you?" he asked.

"Certainly not," said Betty. "I feel fine."

"You're supposed to be a singer," said the director. "What's all that jumping around?"

"That's how I sing," said Betty belligerently.

"Well, try and keep it down," said the director, "so we can get you in the picture."

Eleven hundred dollars worth of film later five jibbering cameramen held a meeting and called Buddy De Sylva, the studio production head. Somebody was out to get them was their complaint. A total of a hundred and nine years service in Hollywood they had, and they couldn't get a clear shot of a silly stage full of sailors. Every time the music started, some girl began to leap like a dervish and the whole thing became blurred.

"That would be Hutton," said De Sylva. "Tell you what to do. Just keep all of the cameras on her. Don't pay any attention to anybody else. We might as well realize right now that nobody is going to ignore Betty."

And that's practically the way it has been ever since.

There is an emotional instinct in Betty Hutton that rules her life, passes beyond normalcy and makes of her a thing removed from lesser mortals. It inspires her work, forbids ordinary friendship—with her it's either complete love or bitter hatred—and fouls up her romantic life completely. She has been pictured many times as a simple housewife, tolerantly capable in the domestic scene, and apt at stoking a man's pipe and carrying his slippers. Hogwash! Pipes and slippers, phooey! If her home isn't a madhouse she's sick. If she likes a guy, she'll settle for nothing less than washing his hair, doing his laundry, filling his teeth and making him an overcoat. If she doesn't like him, he'd better keep his door locked, for she is likely to conk him, cut him up in little pieces and feed him to some cats.

VICTOR MATURE could tell you about the maudlin Hutton. Betty, Victor will tell you, has a heart closer to the surface than anyone he has ever met. On his first date with her a few years ago, they dined with another couple at a Hollywood restaurant. At the end of dinner, it was decided that they would all go to Vic's new house for a nightcap. They set out in separate cars. Vic arrived last and shut off the car lights in the driveway. A soft flow of music came from the speaker of the radio and Betty and Vic sat for a moment to hear the tune through. A speck of dust flew in Vic's eye and he rubbed it. A half hour later they went inside, both of them sniffling and red-eyed.

Afraid that something terrible had happened, Vic's friend pulled him aside into another room.

"What's the matter with you?" he asked. "What have you two been crying about?"

"I don't know," said Mature. "Some dust flew in my eye and I guess I rubbed it too hard. When I turned to Betty, she saw it and said, 'Why, honey, you're crying.' She burst into tears, then I did, and we've both been sitting out there ever since weeping like a couple of lost kids. I don't know what came over me."

Most of the guys who meet Betty Hutton have no idea what comes over *them*, either. One chap described it as, "It's sort of like being engulfed—if there is such a word. She's the sweetest thing you ever met. Wants to go dutch at dinner and things like that. And when you dance with her, you feel as though she needs you. Then somebody hits a hot lick on a trumpet and you have to hang on or go flying off into space. And on the way home, you're not sure whether to call a cab—or go swinging off through the tree tops. She's just, well, different, *(Continued on page 83)*

back to school fashions

by connie bartel, fashion edit

■ There is really no thrill like the ve special excitement of the re-opening school. There's a hint of all sorts unknown kicks to come—new guys and g to meet, new after-class shindigs, the n football team and its chances.

To get the mosta and the besta out of these *new's*—you must, natch, have n clothes. And new clothes we've corral for you—whether you're off to junior hi high, or college.

We begin with the green gabardine houette dress worn by Cecile Aubrey opp site—a natural for class, with zing, y On page 48, sculptured wool when you a yen for sophistication—and a plaid shi maker, jazzed up with velvet. The bigg news of all is our two low-pocket dres on page 49—proof positive that you real cool on fashion.

Suits we've got, naturally. On page take your choice between a fitted versi or a nice easy boxy one. Page 51, look Faith Domergue demonstrating two kin of classics—the one with the extra touch for fun—or the one that's pure simplici to add your own fun to.

Need we mention sweaters and skirt Would school be school without the Pages 52-53—some beauties, all mixab matchable, and wonderful. Ready? Reme ber, roll call right after Labor Day.

Cecile Aubry wears college campus side-buttoned gabardine

■ Cecile Aubry, who plays title role in 20th Century-Fo *The Black Rose*, opposite Tyr Power—makes like pedalling off school in green gabardine. Butt streak diagonally across the bod then angled down one side— pockets are thrice draped, thr buttoned—the total effect is terr for class—and why not a d afterward?

In Burlington's crease-resist rayon whippet gabardine. Also wi butterscotch, peacock, and be Sizes 10-20, and—important!—a half-sizes 14½-22½.

By Eve Carver—$7.95.

All featured back-to-school fashi in this issue at The Hecht Co pany, Washington, D. C.



BACK TO SCHOOL

....in slim sculptured wools

1. The slim wool, dark or bright—practically an entrance requirement. This one has a jewelry or scarf neckline; four pockets on a slant; new-for-winter short sleeves; and sculptured lines to show your figure. Right for class, but datable, too. 100% sheer wool crepe. Black, red or green. Sizes 10-18. $17.95.

2. Checked wool collared in velvet, the 1950-51 version of your pet shirtwaist dress. It buttons down the front for quick climbing into; sophisticated trouser-pleats round your hips and pare your waist; the long sleeves are buttoned once, for that finished look. All wool, in brown, red, navy or green. Sizes 12-20. $17.95.

3. If you've got your eye on the most-fashionable-girl-on-campus title—wear your pockets halfway to your knees. The lower your pockets, the higher your rating for the low-down on clothes. As smart as corduroy can be—with zip-front, winter-short sleeves, a collar for your gadgets. Red, grey, green, brown. 10-18. $14.95.

4. More low pockets—this time on a fuzzy mohair skirt, topped by a knitted wool worsted jersey—as fashionable, and comfortable, as you can get! The skirt guarantees an audience; the dropped shoulder blouse cuts a figure; the studded belt sparks the works. Grey skirt; red yellow, rust or green top. Sizes 10-16. $22.95.



ALL DRESSES BY HENRY ROSENFELD

BOTH PAGES OF MODERN SCREEN FASHIONS AT THE HECHT CO., WASH., D. C.
FOR HOW TO BUY IN PERSON OR BY MAIL, SEE PAGE 69

..in low pockets for high fashion



3

4

phony Scarves
ew Necklace
eydebs Shoes
can Bags
erican Knit Gloves

BACK TO SCHOOL

—in flannels and plaids

Who can think of college without one good, good suit, cut from superb menswear fabric, finished with the finesse only expert man-tailoring can achieve? Herewith, two absolutely gilt-edged investments!

Right: Good grey flannel, favorite of guys *and* gals—cut for the girl with a figure in a five-button jacket with three slash pockets, to top a slim skirt. In fine yarn-dyed menswear flannel. Sizes 10-20; also petite sizes 10-20.
BY ROSENBLUM OF CALIFORNIA —$39.95.

Far right: Box jacket suit, right any school, any semester, and so easy to wear. Beautifully turned lapels, flap pockets, and a skirt with a good hang. All-wool shadow plaid, in muted blue or pumpkin. Sizes 10-20.
BY ROSENBLUM OF CALIFORNIA —$39.95.



BOTH PAGES OF MODERN SCREEN FASHIONS AT THE HECHT CO., WASH., D. C. FOR HOW TO BUY IN PERSON OR BY MAIL, SEE PAGE 69

In corduroys and gabardines

Faith Domergue, Howard Hughes' new dramatic discovery you're currently seeing in RKO's *Where Danger Lives,* demonstrates that there's no bigger blessing to you college girls than the basic dress. Moreover, she proves you can take your basics spiced, as left, or straight, as below. But basics you must have.



Above: Corduroy's loved on every campus—especially pin-wale—especially with gilt eyelets climbing to a stand-up collar, and a big-pocketed twirling skirt. Red, green, rust, beige. Sizes 9-15.
BY PAM ROGERS. $14.95.



Right: Classic for classrooms—fly-front Action-aire dress with bi-swing back, action armhole, front zipper. Green, wine, butterscotch, peacock, beige.
Burlington's crease-resistant whippet gabardine. Sizes 10-20; 14½-22½.
BY EVE CARVER. $7.95.

Shoes by Honey Debs

THE MODERN SCREEN FASHIONS ON BOTH PAGES AT THE HECHT CO., WASH., D. C. FOR HOW TO BUY IN PERSON OR BY MAIL, SEE PAGE 69



1.



2.

1. *The Sweaters:* Semi-box wool pullover $3.98; with matching cardigan, $4.98. Grey, navy, brown, green, wine, rust, black.
The Skirt: The wonderful whirling 20-gore roller skirt that never has to be pressed—just hang it over a steaming tub. Fitted at hips, flared. Wool zephyr doeskin flannel. Sizes 12-18; jr. sizes 9-15. $8.98.

2. *The Sweaters:* Short-sleeved wool pullover, Sanforlan treated so it won't shrink out of shape, $3.98; matching cardigan, $5.98. Grey, wine, green, rust, purple, natural, navy, royal, black, brown.
The Skirt: Artfully cut on the bias, to fit at the hips and achieve a gay and graceful swing. Topped with self-belt. In smooth wool zephyr doeskin flannel. $5.98.

ALL SKIRTS BY COLLEGE-TOWN

All skirts, in menswear grey, hunter green, raspberry wine, rust, brown, black.

BACK TO SCHOOL

in mixable separates



3. *The Sweaters:* Terrific team—all wool dolman-sleeved pullover, topped with vest. Pullover in grey, green, black, brown, wine, $5.98. Vest in wine, rust, gold, beige, grey, $3.98. *The Skirt*: Turnabout skirt with kick pleat, big pockets. Wear pleat in front, pockets on hips, or vice versa. Wool zephyr doeskin flannel, $7.98.

4. *The Sweater:* Bright striped zephyr wool pullover—with vivid contrast edging the round neck, the fitted waistband, and the short sleeves, $4.98. Black and wine, brown and beige, grey and gold, green and rust, wine and grey. *The Skirt:* Kick-pleated slimmer with two slash side pockets, gripper waistband. In wool zephyr doeskin flannel. $5.98.

3. 4.

ALL SWEATERS BY LITTLE MISS ENGLISH



how sinfu

"Sin sells tickets" was the producers' motto in the 1920's. They went overboard trying to eate an exotic world of illusion. This produc

Sin: hollywood's 15 year record

10 out of 15,000 actors in major scandals
2 murders
6 prostitution cases
60 times more crime in Kansas City
55 times more crime in Chicago
84 times more sex offenses in New York City

Nowadays it's more sinned against than sinni

■ Every Tuesday and Thursday for the past thirty ye Hollywood's motion picture stars have been accused of ev crime in the book—adultery, seduction, bigamy, dope-addict political subversiveness, and just plain immoral behavior. decades the feeling has persisted that movie stars are n sinful than any group anywhere.

The picture above, a still from a 1926 creation called *Sorrows of Satan,* is one of the reasons Hollywood has ea its disreputable name. Exotic, lascivious, conscienceless, movies and attitudes of yesterday have firmly left their influ in the mind of the 1950 public.



are movie stars?

of *The Sorrows of Satan* with Mary Astor, Ricardo Cortez and Adolphe Menjou displayed sex, depravity and opium in equal quantities.

by Lloyd Shearer

but Hollywood has itself to blame for a reputation that the public refuses to forget.

What the public fails to realize is that Hollywood has changed, and so have the people in it. (*The next six pages are devoted to an analysis of morals in Hollywood.*)

Senator Edwin C. Johnson of Colorado let loose with one of the most recent blasts against the screen colony. Having been shockingly hurt by Ingrid Bergman's conduct, the senator announced that Hollywood was turning out Communist propaganda in return for free dope which Chinese Reds were supplying. He also urged that all screen stars be thoroughly investigated and licensed.

This prompted Georgie Jessel, the unofficial toastmaster-general of the motion picture industry, to utter these pithy words: "Here is a man who says that because a Swedish girl and an Italian man have fallen violently in love—Ethel Barrymore should stand in line to apply for a license to act."

In his forcible comment, Jessel pointed up the gross unfairness in seeking to punish all movie stars for the transgressions of a reckless few.

Probably the most honest evaluation of screen personalities ever made is contained in the dialogue of a forthcoming motion picture, *All About Eve*. Joseph Mankiewicz, an outstanding writer-director who wrote the play, has *(Continued on page 91)*



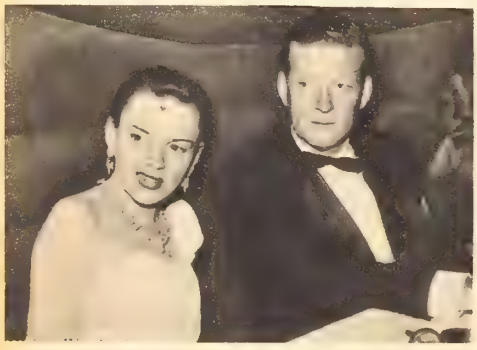
This is about Judy—a little girl whose ambition came too soon, grew too fast, a woman paying for too much fame . . .

BY JIM BURTON

the brutal truth about judy garland



Judy married Vincente Minnelli (here with baby Liza) in 1945. There were many rumors of separation, but he remains loyal.



Carleton Alsop, Judy's agent, stuck by her side when she went to Brigham hospital after suffering a nervous collapse.

■ By this time everyone has read of the night in June when Judy Garland broke a glass tumbler and jabbed it into her throat. The action was met with many responses—shock, sympathy, horror, contempt. The sympathetic wondered how a 29-year-old woman who was acclaimed by many critics as perhaps the most talented actress in Hollywood could so hit the depth of tragedy. The contemptuous sneered, "it was just a put-up job for publicity's sake." An MGM official stated that Judy had "pretended suicide on at least ten other previous occasions." And her own doctor, Francis Ballard, called the incident an "impulsive act to attract attention."

Whatever the cause, whatever the intent of that act, it became obvious that Judy Garland is an extremely confused and troubled woman.

Only a year ago, Katharine Hepburn, her good friend, said, "Judy, if you don't quit this wild kick you're going to wind up a suicide."

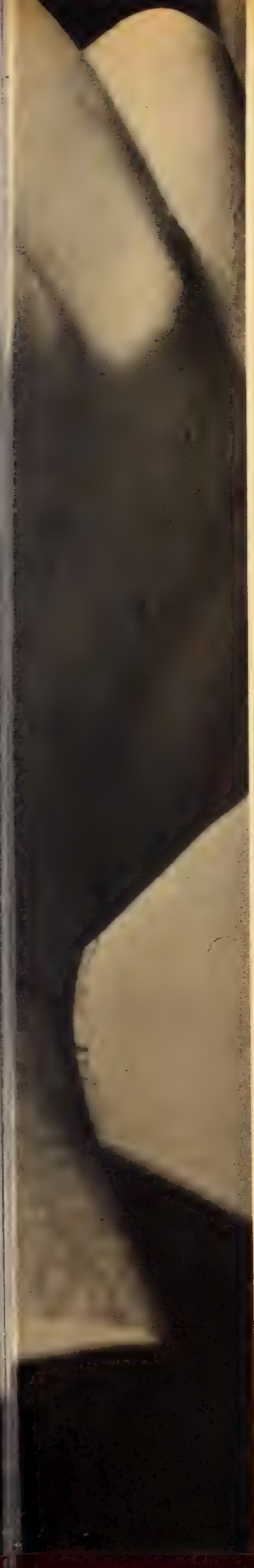
What wild kick? Why suicide? What are the problems of Judy's life that make her unable to cope with the present and to face the future?

The cause goes back through many years and many stories. You can even say it started when she was three years old and was plunged into the erratic, exacting and public life of the vaudeville performer. But if you want to start a little later you can go back to the time when she was a plump teenager and it was said that she was madly in love with a producer, a married man. He regarded her as a sweet, precocious child and his attitude was distinctly paternal. Judy, however, was supposedly lost in passion, and she wore her heart on her Sloppy Joe sweater for all the world to smile at.

The world did smile, and the stories began and made the rounds. Each time a different producer's name was used, and each time the story got back to Judy. The first crush, the first heartbreak wasn't allowed to be forgotten. There are some who say that this unrequited love led to a sleeping pill-benzedrine cycle and marital and professional discord. There are others who deny this; these others say that the cause for Judy's (*Continued on page 70*)







the story robert mitchum never told

He never looked for breaks; he never got them. He grew up like a lot of other kids—with fate laughing at him. He grew up trying to escape a world he hadn't made . . .

BY STEVE CRONIN

■ It happened in Chicago several months ago. Robert Mitchum ambled into a night club discreetly followed by his bodyguard, a bulk of muscle named Kemp Niver.

Patrons looked up, caught sight of Mitchum, and began whispering to their neighbors. An ominous air of expectancy filled the room.

Mitchum sat down at a table. He took in the room with a glance like a lasso. In a minute he knew why people were talking.

Less than five tables away from him sat Lila Leeds; she was dressed in a gown that fit like a sunburn. With her was her fiance, young Gus Arvey, son of the Chicago political boss, Jake Arvey.

Mitchum hadn't laid eyes on Lila for months, since that fateful day when they'd both been sentenced to serve ninety days in the Los Angeles County jail for possessing marijuana cigarettes.

The patrons tried not to stare. They just couldn't resist the temptation. What was going to happen? Would Bob go over to Lila's table? Would she come to his? Would they even acknowledge each other? Their eyes focussed first on Mitchum, then on Lila.

Suddenly, a thin, sallow-faced man with dull, flat eyes edged up to Mitchum's bodyguard. He spoke softly and with menacing deliberation.

"The boys and I," he said, "want a grand."

Mitchum's bodyguard played dumb. "A grand for what?" he asked. He moved away, and the racketeer followed.

When they reached the lobby, the sallow-faced man explained the setup. "A lot of the boys are in the joint tonight. Your boy's on pro (Mitchum was placed on probation for two years at the time of his sentence). He can't afford a scene. We start a fight, and he may wind up pulling a stretch at San Quentin. Let's have a grand, and everything is very peaceful."

Kemp Niver is a shrewd man. A former private detective, he knows how to handle himself in the clinches.

"Look," he said, "I don't carry that kind of dough on me. (*Continued on page 86*)



Most of Hollywood's stars deserve good conduct medals, but there are a few who'll never learn to behave. No one knows why—except maybe Hedda Hopper who gives them the once over—and not so lightly.

why they get in

by hedda hopper

■ Not too long ago, I collared a startled young man at Ciro's in Hollywood and gave him a piece of my mind. Married and a father, he was chasing around with Hollywood's glamor girls and making a fool of himself and I told him so. "If you know what's good for you, you'll go back to Nancy as fast as you can and beg her forgiveness," I told him. "Why, nobody's ever talked to me like that before," gasped Frank Sinatra. "You're right, Hedda. I'll call home right now." And he did.

Yet, just a few weeks ago, back from Spain, and this time in world headlines for that same kind of irresponsible philandering, Frankie called me up, as he always does when he's in some trouble or other.

"Why do people take cracks at me all the time?" he complained petulantly. "What have I done wrong anyway?"

"Come, come now, Frankie," I sighed. "Certainly you can't be that dumb!" Patiently I pointed out what should be obvious to a schoolboy: that when a married man with a family, celebrity or not, involves himself publicly in international scandal, gives his lady love kisses, and diamonds with money that should go to his wife and kids, he's asking for trouble in a very loud voice.

One day about four years ago, I put in a long distance call from Hollywood to the Waldorf-Astoria in New York and asked for Bing Crosby who was there on a vacation without Dixie. "He won't answer his phone and the door's locked," I was told by the hotel publicity man.

"Go up to that door," I told him, "and knock as loud as you can and say that Hedda Hopper sent you. Tell Bing I say to get home fast to his wife or he won't have a home or a wife either."

Bing wrote a six page letter thanking me for that. And on his next trip, a few months later, he took Dixie along. I called



'rouble

m in New York, got Dixie on the wire. "Gosh," I told her,
n so glad to see you and Bing having fun together again!
l me all about it."

I'm leaving tomorrow," replied Dixie in a flat voice. "I
think I'm going to sit around this hotel and stare at foui
ls, you're crazy. I've hardly seen Bing since we've beer
e." Since then Bing had taken all his fun jaunts without
wife. And so when he flitted off to Europe a few month
without her, she got sick and tired of the neglect at last—
there was trouble, serious trouble, in the Crosby household
fter eighteen years of married life.

ran into another star another night—couple of years ago—
Romanoff's. Bob Mitchum's wife was back East with the
dren and Bob was on the loose, running around. That
it he was sitting there with a bunch of pals whooping it up.
alled him over. "If you've got *(Continued on page 95)*

goodbye mr. fancy



Bob Stack's starring role in *Torero* may be the turning point of his career. He practices for hours before a mirror with a toreador's cape.

Society boy, rich man's son— that's how they tagged Bob Stack. The label stuck hard, but Bob worked it off, and he's nobody's playboy now!

BY TOM CARLILE

WHEN Bob Stack first started working in motion pictures in 1939, he was a modest, handsome young man with a nice personality and a big, boyish grin. He was just 20 years old when he made *First Love* opposite Deanna Durbin, but already, the record of his other accomplishments read like a chapter out of the Sports Almanac. He wasn't offensive about it, but it was pretty obvious that all his life he'd had a burning desire to excel in everything he undertook.

At 12, with his brother Jim, he'd won the International Motor Championship at Venice, Italy. At 16, he was an All-American Skeet champion and a crack pistol shot. At 17, he played brilliant, hard-driving polo for the U.S.C. polo team, and gave up the sport only after breaking his mallet wrist for the third time. His house was overflowing with cups and trophies which he'd won in his speed-boat.

Bob tackled a movie career with the same sort of intensity. Immediately after *First Love* was released everyone in Hollywood took notice. "Who *is* this guy Stack?" they asked.

The people who answered that question were cynical sharpshooters who made a business of knocking everyone.

"Oh, he's a society boy," they said. "Son and heir of J. Langford Stack, the advertising man." Then they'd add knowingly, "You know the type, a rich man's son—shoots skeet all day long."

People naturally swallowed the idea that he was a playboy, in movies for the fun of it. One story even got around that he was in the business just to meet some pretty girls.

Even though he didn't flaunt his money, or leave it in nightclubs, even though he was pleasant and friendly with everyone he knew on the set, the playboy label stuck to him like rubber cement.

Of course, Bob's tremendous preoccupation with outdoor (*Continued on page 89*)





Hollywood's way to immortality—footprints in cement at Grauman's Theater.

new faces



It's a hamster to Dennis—a mouse to Sally.



Mom lends a hand in the dressmaking division.



She likes to shop in Farmer's Market.

Sally Forrest chases her dream—a star on her dressing room door, her name in glittering lights.

■ Sally Forrest was once fired by MGM to save expenses. MGM didn't know it but that was like tearing up a certified check. Sally joined an independent company, and was a hit in *Not Wanted*. Right away MGM wanted her back. Sally didn't say, "I told you so." She smiled and sailed into *Mother of a Champion*. She lives with her folks, and a brother who enjoys scaring her with his pet hamster.



Nancy and the nylons—a girl's best friend.



She knits—while the toast burns.



Nancy's a rising young star.

A thousand nights in summer stock are finally paying dividends to ambitious Nancy Davis.

■ Nancy Davis was one of those kids who wouldn't walk unless it was on a stage. She went through Smith College with her mind on Broadway. Every summer she'd go into stock and sweep the theater. After a while she got lines. Winters she invaded producers' offices like a bill collector. The day came when an MGM scout came across. He took her to Hollywood, for *The Next Voice You Hear*.

Success turned their heads—toward each other. And what they saw, they liked. Now Betty and Larry Parks are building their future together . . .

BY SANDRA SUE DRESKER

future perfect



Larry and Betty beam as Garry, born on Jan. 26, 1950, surveys himself calmly in the mirror.

■ This is a sort of love story and succe story combined. If there were music would be very nice, although it might ma it corny when it isn't corny at all. This the story of Betty Garrett and Larry Par who came out of small towns in the midd west about five years ago, with their hea full of dreams and their pockets full emptiness. In five years they filled tho pockets. In five years they fell in love, g married, had a son, saw their names spell out in blazing lights.

It doesn't happen to many people th way. The kids who come from Kans usually go back to Kansas, or the ones w hit the big-time let the big-time throw the for a loss—they end up in divorce cour they end up on the scandal sheets, they e up with electric gates around their hous and barbed wire fences around their hear

Not Betty. Not Larry. Their past w taken care of, now they have their futu planned. They're putting all their savin into a picture called *The Stakeout,* in whi they'll star together. Not many peo think it's a good idea—look at the risk, th say, look at all the offers they've turn down—for what? Just so they can wo together, because they like to work togeth

Not many people know that when Ju Garland became ill, Betty was offered t starring role in *Annie Get Your Gun.* S would have hit the biggest jackpot ov night, but she turned it down. They'd fered her a lot of money, but attached the check was a long-term contract.

"Not for me," she said. "I'll never s Larry any more."

Both of them had to turn down so ma offers to do pictures, plays, personal appe ances and radio *(Continued on page 10*



BETTY GRABLE as she plays opposite DAN DAILEY in the 20th Century-Fox Production "MY BLUE HEAVEN" COLOR BY TECHNICOLOR

"I'm a Lux Girl"

says BETTY GRABLE

BETTY GRABLE is more sparkling, more irresistible than ever in her latest singing and dancing role. You'll thrill to the beauty of her Lux Complexion in the close-ups.

"I've been a Lux Girl for years," says lovely Betty, "never skip my active-lather facials a single day."

Try this gentle care Betty Grable uses for her million-dollar complexion. See what fresh new loveliness it gives *your* skin!



HOLLYWOOD'S ACTIVE-LATHER FACIAL:



"When a gorgeous star like Betty Grable gives a beauty tip I listen! And believe me, these facials really *work!* I smooth the *active* lather well in—



"I love the creamy lather Lux Soap gives—even in hardest water. So rich and abundant! I rinse with warm water, then splash on cold—



"Then I pat my face gently with a soft towel to dry. This quick easy care does wonders for the skin—gets me lots of *compliments,* too!"

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap



IN THE Henry Rosenfeld MANNER

A two-piece dress . . . charming and swankly fallish. With that expensive-looking Henry Rosenfeld air you love. The skirt deftly slimming, of 100% novelty wool. The top in flattering worsted jersey. Black, rust, brown. Sizes 10-18 . . . 17.95. At RUSSEK'S, New York . . . THE HECHT CO., Washington.

the private affairs of farley granger

(*Continued from page 31*) It took more than seven years. It took 25 years of dreams and restless yearnings. It took a boy like Farley Granger . . .

From the outside he doesn't look unusual—except that he's taller than most (6 feet 2) and handsomer than most. He has an intense way of looking at you when you talk, a way that makes it very easy for you to feel that you two were meant for each other. . . . But there is something very unusual about Farley Granger. It's the way he set himself a goal when he was just a high school kid, and the way he stuck to that goal. He wanted to be an actor, and nothing else would satisfy him or take its place.

When you start getting romantic about him, when you start pairing him off with Shelley Winters, or Joan Evans or anyone else you have to contend first with this—his wild and soaring imagination, his overwhelming ambition that's always far ahead of him, an ambition that only a very rare woman can run fast enough to beat.

His mother had joked about him before he was born. She was thirty when he came along, after thirteen years of marriage and no babies. The girls kidded her about it on the golf course where she was a near champ.

"An athlete like you," they teased. "And at your age. Well—too bad—you'll never break eighty now!"

"That's all right," she grinned. "You can have your golf. I'll have a genius."

Maybe he didn't turn out to be a genius. Maybe he turned out to be just a lively kid with black ringlets and doe eyes. But before long he began to feel that everything in the world had to be touched and known and possessed by him.

He attended a private school and when he was six he was in a Christmas play. He had only a couple of lines to say, but he knew everybody else's part, and he substituted for two boys who got sick.

"He's an amazing little actor," his teacher said.

Actor? His mother suddenly remembered that she'd always longed to act when she was a girl, and she wondered if it were possible that in San Jose where they lived, where acting was hardly ever mentioned, her son could pick up a dream that had been buried, and shape it to himself. . . .

His mother helped him. She let him swipe her old velvet dresses and make costumes for the puppets he kept in the garage. She helped him even more. As the years went on, she let him go his own way. She let him take his disappointments on the chin without rushing for band-aid. When he was old enough to want to live alone, she picked out an apartment.

Girls always liked him. But when he was in his teens it was the older women he admired—from a distance. A bunch of guys from high school used to load into an old jalopy on Saturdays and breeze off, puffing forbidden cigars, on their way to Main Street in Los Angeles. They'd take in the popular burlesque beauties at the Follies Theater. They'd whistle and clap, and it was plain to see that they were men of the world. Unless someone from home happened to spy them. . . .

Young girls had a funny effect on him. They paralyzed him. He worshipped one little blonde in junior high who caused him particular anguish. She was pretty, shy and sweet. When he gathered up enough nerve—and cash—he took her to the movies, but he was always afraid to hold her hand. The minute this shy flower got to high school and met older boys she went wild. "Turned into the jazziest babe in school," Farley recalls. "It was a terrific shock to me."

When he was in *North Star* he met Jane Withers. He was 18 and she was his ideal. They went dancing at the Palladium; they went crazy together over the big name bands. But everytime they got to talking, it was about acting only.

He met June Haver next, while working in *The Purple Heart*. They used to go to her house and raid the ice-box. Then the war came along, and when he was stationed in Honolulu he sent her a hula skirt. Once, he wrote, "Get out the highest platform shoes you own because we're going dancing as soon as I get home." They went dancing, but that was all. . . .

Cathy O'Donnell was his co-star in *They Live By Night*, and they looked so good together on the screen, people thought they should be together off screen, too, but Farley and Cathy didn't think so.

Besides, important things happened to Farley after *They Live By Night*. The movie won artistic raves wherever it played. The Encyclopedia Britannica Yearbook named him the most promising new star of 1949, along with Montgomery Clift. Alfred Hitchcock wanted him for *Rope*. Since then Farley hasn't had much time on his hands.

Anyway, he took his first trip to New York. He'd never been east of Palm Springs before. The first week he was too excited to sleep. He walked all over Manhattan, stood in Times Square and let the crowds swirl around him. He took in every tourist trip, ferried around the Island, saw the Statue of Liberty, Radio City. He stepped from matinees to buy his evening performance ticket, and all alone, he saw every play on and off Broadway. He discovered the Museum of Modern Art, the opera, the ballet, Carnegie Hall, Greenwich Village and Greenwich, Connecticut. He stayed two months, and it affected him profoundly. He brought home a new idea of the world he lived in.

Then he was back East again to make *Side Street*, exploring the rest of the city he hadn't had time to see. After that, he flew to Mexico City, Taxco, Cuernavaca, Acapulco for as long as he could stay before *Our Very Own*.

In *Our Very Own*, there was Joan Evans. And Farley treated her like a younger sister. When they went out together he took over—the time, the place, the evening. When *Our Very Own* was finished he sent her the largest bouquet of all. Once, after another movie they did together, the director threw a party at a restaurant across the street from the studio, and everyone rushed over—except Joan. She waited on the set for Farley, and they went together. And for people who like to speculate about romance, there are these two who aren't saying anything—or who may not have anything to say, because after *Edge of Doom*, Farley rushed to New York again to see his city friends—Betty Comden, George Coulouris, Judy Holliday, Leonard Bernstein, Adolph Green. He wanted to go on to Europe but he didn't have time.

Today Farley has well-worn symphony records on the crowded shelves which stretch around the room of his smart, modern Hollywood apartment. He has reproductions on his walls of his favorite Manhattan views, an original by Diego Rivera of a Taxco boy's head, mobile sculpture from the Museum of Modern

Art. He has well-thumbed collections of art books and classic literature. And he has Shelley Winters for his girl.

They met at a party. Shelley was being the life of it, and Farley was sitting in a corner. "He looked just the way I felt," she said later. "He looked very shy and very scared."

On one of their first dates they went to The Players, and Shelley, who knew all the waiters, took things into her own hands and ordered the meal. Farley relaxed. He always relaxes with her.

"She's wonderful for me," he admits. "She wakes me up and makes me laugh. She's an extrovert—I'm not. We're interested in exactly the same things—music, art and acting. We both love acting. Shelley's a very bright girl and fascinating. We can talk for hours on end."

He likes to talk—although not in crowds. Once, Shelley was attending a party and left word at home for Farley to call her there. The hostess answered the phone and invited him over. He declined, and asked her to tell Shelley that he'd come by for her.

"Fine," said the hostess. "Then you can drop in for a minute."

"Well, no," said Farley. "I'll just stop out front and honk the horn."

He stopped out front, and honked, but Shelley didn't want to leave the party, so Farley just drove home and read a book and went to bed.

When he's in the mood, though, Shelley spins him around Hollywood on gay evenings, and fun with his friends, most of them older than Farley—like Gene and Betsy Kelly. "They can teach me things I don't know," he explains.

So with Shelley he learns about the world, and now he's looking for a house. "But not because I'm getting married, at least, not for a while," he hurries to explain. "I'm not ready to settle down, not nearly. I haven't been a bachelor long enough. I've got so many things to see and places to go. I've got to travel. I want to make a picture and then get out of town. Not because I don't like Hollywood, but—well—I didn't go to college and the world's got to be my college. I've got to find out everything there is to know that I've missed. And I can't get it second-hand."

The ladies may have to wait, because there is this feeling in him which can't be denied—the same feeling which made him a star, and which makes the ladies pine. . . .

THE END

where you can buy modern screen fashions

All the Back-to-School *fashions on pages 47-53 are currently being featured at:*

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the brutal truth about judy

(*Continued from page 57*) highly nervous state was a certain Hollywood personality (not her husband) who browbeat her professionally.

But whatever the truth may have been the stories never let up in their ferocity.

Recently a rumor was circulated that Judy is still carrying a torch for her first husband, the composer David Rose.

One of Judy's friends even went so far as to say, "I think that secretly Judy would still like to be married to David . . . Her memories of him, after she got her divorce grew warmer and richer as time went on, and, eventually, she remembered only the good things about their life together. She began to want him back, but it was too late, the divorce had been secured, and she was going with Vincente.

"She'd tried to fall in love with care, slowly and gently, but she has an ardent nature, and so has Minnelli; and they got married very quickly. I think it was a week after Judy's divorce from Dave became final. They hardly had time to know each other well."

JUDY still talks of her first husband with affection, but it's hard to believe that she's still in love with him. David's been married three times. He's nervous, taut, and temperamental. So is Judy, and that's why they couldn't get along.

But, as so many divorcees do, Judy chose a second husband who was very much like her first.

Ben Vincente Minnelli is basically an artist, with the volatile temperament of a perfectionist. Judy fell in love with him on the set of *Meet Me in St. Louis*. It was he who helped her make the difficult transition from child to adult roles.

It is difficult now to tell whether Judy was attracted by the man or the director. She and Minnelli were constantly together on the set. He was instructing her and she was taken by his knowledge, his understanding, his gentleness. One night when she was out with her sisters, she tried to explain him, but all she could do was squeal ecstatically. "Vincente is just wonderful. He understands everything I do and just how I should do it."

The sisters wanted to know more. Where did he come from? Was he kind? Did the two of them have much in common?

Judy told them all she knew. He was older, maybe ten years older than she, but he knew the sort of life she had lived, because he'd been through it himself. His folks like hers, had been show people. As a boy, Vincente had toured with a tent show. Later, he became art director for the Radio City Music Hall in New York. After that, he came to Hollywood.

Judy's sisters were impressed. "I've never seen her any happier," one of them recalled, "than on the night she was telling us about Vincente. The Sunday after that, she was married at mother's house."

Nine months later, Judy gave birth to her daughter, Liza, an appealing baby with her dad's high forehead and her mother's facial contour.

It was after the arrival of the child that Judy's mental, physical, and marital troubles became apparent.

AT first, the doctors thought it was a normal but delayed reaction to childbirth. Judy began to lose weight, body tone, her natural exuberance. Her eyes, once bright, became dull and sad. Her voice, extremely powerful, took on a trembling quality. And, she began to worry about everything, the baby, Vincente, her house, her career. One day she went over to see her sister Jimmie.

"I'm petrified," she told Jimmie, seriously.

"About what?"

"About Fred Astaire. I'm working with him in *Easter Parade.*"

"That's nothing to be scared about," Jimmie said.

"Yes, it is," Judy answered. "He's a perfectionist. He really is. They tell me that if you sit down for a few minutes he hates you, that he picks you up and makes you keep dancing."

Judy was genuinely worried. She needn't have been. Astaire is one of the most considerate actors in the motion picture business. During the making of *Easter Parade* he showed Judy every possible courtesy, let her take all the rest she wanted, and told newspapermen that she was the equal of any dancing partner he had ever had.

During the making of the film, however, Judy continued to worry. She couldn't sleep at nights. Her husband became distraught. This, in turn, made her more anxious, more fretful, more sleepless. She began to think that she couldn't please Astaire, she couldn't please Vincente, she couldn't please herself.

At this point, a Hollywood scandal sheet began running a series of sensation columns on Judy and seconal pills, the implication being that Judy was addicted to them. This was sheer nonsense. The only thing Judy's ever been addicted to has been her career.

When the stories broke about Judy and her sleeping pills, she was enraged. "I can't understand it," she stormed. "I've never even seen the man who's been writing that stuff. I've never seen him in my whole life. My health is fine. Really it is. You just call my doctor, and ask him what sort of condition I'm in."

The doctor was circumspect and smooth. "Miss Garland is in fine health," he said. "In fact, she weighs more than she has in years. True, she's been nervous. True, she's taken a sleeping pill or two. But her physical condition is excellent."

A few weeks later, just after her studio publicity department had told reporters that Judy was in the pink of condition, the announcement was made that Ginger Rogers would replace her in *The Barkleys of Broadway,* and Walter Winchell broadcast that Judy was en route to a sanitarium in Boston.

Judy's explanation was, "I stayed out of *The Barkleys of Broadway* at the request of L. B. Mayer. Mr. Mayer knows I've done three tough musicals in a row, and he suggested that I take a vacation."

At MGM it's been Mayer's policy to treat stars with kid gloves. At a time when the publicity boys were vociferously denying Judy's ill health, Mayer was talking to Judy in his office. He recognized at once that she wasn't a well girl, but he didn't bawl her out. He is too much of a gentleman for that. He's always regarded Judy as he would his own niece, and he's bent over backwards to give her every break. Mayer had told her to take a rest, not to worry, that she had earned his respect and support, that he was interested only in her health, that as soon as she recovered, she would be starred again.

Judy was thrilled. She was going to rid herself of all those unnecessary fears. To her, such medications as dexedrine and seconal would be academic items.

Judy took a vacation. In a few months she came back to Hollywood and heatedly denied that she and her husband were separating. One week before she started working on *Annie Get Your Gun,* though, she changed her mind, "I'm sorry to say it, but Vincente and I have come to the realization that we're happier apart. We've separated. We both tried very hard to conquer the difficulties of incompatibility. But it just didn't work out." Judy moved out of Vincente's house and rented a place of her own in Beverly Hills.

She then began work on *Annie Get Your Gun,* a film she wanted to make more than any other. During the making of this picture, she went completely to pieces. She took a stimulant or two. It buoyed her up. At the same time, it made sleep difficult. She took a sedative or two for relaxation. The medications acted against each other. She began to lose more weight.

At the studio, she snubbed people, people she had known all her life. She was late for fittings, late for rehearsals, she kept entire crews waiting. Arthur Freed, her producer who's loved her as a daughter for more than a dozen years, was kind, and tolerant.

But Judy didn't improve. She got steadily worse. When they took her off the picture, she was on the verge of a complete nervous breakdown, and she weighed less than ninety pounds.

Once again, L. B. Mayer came to her aid. It was he who insisted that the studio pay all of Judy's expenses to the Peter Bent Brigham Hospital in Boston. He was interested solely in Judy's health. He said nothing about the fact that her illness would cost MGM thousands of dollars, that everything would have to be scrapped, and a successor found for Judy's part. (The successor as you all know was Betty Hutton.) According to the records, Judy weighed 88 pounds when she arrived at the Peter Bent Brigham Hospital for a complete checkup. Dr. Augustus Rose who took care of Judy, will of course, reveal nothing of her illness or treatment.

She was checked into the hospital and after a few days of preliminary tests, permitted to come and go as she pleased between the hospital and the Hotel Ritz Carlton.

Carleton Alsop, her agent and an old friend, used to call for her each afternoon and take her to the ball game or to Lexington to see the Revolutionary War memorials or down to the Cape. He made certain that she was in bed, back at the hospital, by eleven.

Gradually, Judy began to add weight. As a youngster, she was always on the plumpish side, and once again she reverted to type. She began to fill out. In two months, she was back to 109 pounds and in fine spirits.

"I want to get back to work," she told her doctors.

The doctors advised her not to make a picture for fifteen months. But Judy wouldn't listen. She was sure that her mental and physical health was superb.

Back she came to Hollywood. She and Vincente effected a reconciliation. They gave up their old house and rented a new one on Sunset Boulevard. She shouldn't have, but Judy insisted upon playing the lead in *Summer Stock* opposite Gene Kelly. She wanted to show everyone that she was the Judy Garland of old, the same bouncing, bubbling, effervescent kid from Minnesota.

When she reported to the studio for work, she proved herself to be a game trouper. The prop men and electricians, the gaffers and girls up at wardrobe said they'd never seen her in better shape.

For a month of actual shooting, Judy was great, and then suddenly that former neurosis of hers began to plague her. A director would ask her to go through a scene, and she would begin to cry. Black circles started to appear beneath her eyes. She became sick again, and *Summer Stock* became a nightmare.

During the last week of shooting, she was beside herself with worry. She knew she was cracking and at the same time,



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she tried to control herself. "Cripes," she said to her director, "let's make this one a take before they come and throw the net over me." She was joking, of course, but she felt her strength ebbing.

She finished *Summer Stock* and suffered a relapse. But then she took a new hold on herself.

When Judy found out that June Allyson was pregnant and couldn't play opposite Fred Astaire in *Royal Wedding*, she asked to be given the part. "I'm in wonderful shape," she told her bosses, "and I want you to let me prove it."

Arthur Freed, who's produced so many of Judy's musicals in the past, was only too happy to give her the chance.

A FEW weeks before the movie was to start, Judy and her husband's physician, Dr. Ballard, drove up to Monterey so that Judy could accumulate energy.

When she came back it seemed that everything would be fine. Judy went through rehearsals gaily. It's said that whenever she met anyone on the lot or in the commissary she'd shout. "I'm back at work . . . I'm back at work!"

Then a song rehearsal was called for 10 o'clock Saturday morning. The rehearsal was to last an hour. Judy didn't show up. She was promptly suspended; her $5,500 a week salary was cancelled.

Judy was hurt beyond belief. That weekend she brooded over the incident until she reached the bleakest depression. On Monday night, her agent, Alsop came over, and with him and her husband Judy discussed her career. Suddenly, Judy got up and dashed out of the room. She went into the bathroom and stood before the mirror and only she knows the tortured thoughts that raced through her mind—the thought that perhaps her career was finished, that she was a failure.

Sensing danger, Minnelli left the living room and called Judy. She didn't answer. He called again; he knocked on the bathroom door, he pleaded with Judy to open it. She unlocked the door and it opened slightly. Minnelli rushed in and found Judy bleeding from the throat. He picked her up, carried her to the bedroom and called the doctor.

Dr. Ballard announced that the wound was superficial and declared it the result of melancholy and mild hysteria.

Now that the incident is over, judgments are being made. They say that Judy should never have attempted to work; they say that the studio was too harsh.

MGM defended itself by issuing a 600-word statement. "We did everything we could to make her comfortable and keep her happy," the statement said in part. It is estimated that the studio has spent more than $100,000 on doctors, hospitals and various types of treatment to improve Judy's health.

"Several times, against our better judgment, at her insistence, we have started films with her, and her consequent illness has caused us embarrassment, delay, inconvenience and loss of morale to coworkers. . . ." The statement also emphasized that her suspension from *Royal Wedding* was "not a hasty move, prompted by pique or irritation," but was "arrived at with greatest regret."

Few outsiders are qualified to draw conclusions about the affair, or to predict Judy's future. While she made movies for MGM, her movies always made money, and she was one of their most valuable properties.

Only time will tell whether she will work for them or for anyone else again. Meanwhile, a great talent is being submerged in a sea of illness and despair.

THE END



well, what do you know?

■ Study this photograph carefully—and see how many questions you can answer about the movie it's from. It was very popular just after the outbreak of World War II. You'll find the answers on page 93: see if you can get at least four out of five correct.

1. *The title of the movie is*.....
2. *The actor receiving the French decoration is*.....
3. *He played the role of* ..... *in the film.*
4. *Why is he being decorated?*
5. *He also received an Academy Award for his performance in 19..*

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remember when

(Continued from page 39) sitting in the eater after our meeting, I knew him also a man. And how much bigger he oked to me now, how much more stature e had! Why? I puzzled about it . . . d then it came to me.

The amount of *man* in a man is the most portant thing about him. The star who dn't bothered to answer me was simply dazzled by himself. A little fame, a tle money, had done the trick. To be bedazzled is nothing more than kidding urself. There is no sillier looking, no ore foolish human than one who is ilty of this, and the whole world even a child instinctively knows it and ows that such pomposity is absurd. Mr. ull was somebody *before* as well as *after* me. To me, to all who know him, he ill always be somebody. He looked big ecause he *was* big.

DON'T often give myself a headache trying to puzzle things out—not often ough, anyway. But I have never forgot- n this little analysis of human values. ow and then it gets me in a sort of a mess. ut I can't get it out of my mind and I do y to live by it.

I wonder if I am making myself clear. am not only the man I am today, but I n also the fellow I was yesterday. I am ot only Glenn Ford of Hollywood but also wylln Ford who barely used to earn ffee and cake in shows that flopped om San Francisco to New York and many town in between. When I sit down to ast beef these nights I can't forget the llow who spent his last 15 cents on pump- n pie à la mode in a New York automat a Christmas Eve 1938 . . . then walked ty blocks south to Greenwich Village here some friends had kindly provided a ee bed. When I see somebody getting cked around today it's as if the fellow used to be is getting kicked, too.

Not long ago there was a story about me a fan magazine that began something ke this: "What's happened to Glenn Ford? e got into a row with one of the police- en over at MGM studios. Is he get- ng too big for his boots? Et cetera and cetera . . ."

Well, it was the same old thing again. did get into a row with the policeman. ut the motivation behind my actions was mething no one bothered to ask about.

I was stopped at the gate because I dn't have a pass. I asked if I could one my producer for an okay. I knew e gate policeman hadn't recognized me t in such a position you don't always el like identifying yourself. You can agine saying, "I'm Glenn Ford. I'm arring in the picture on stage six," and u can hear the gateman replying, "Yeah? what? You still need a pass!" See hat I mean?

Up to that moment everything was rmal. We were just talking and I wasn't tting anywhere in particular, at least t getting inside that gate, when another udio policeman walked up who did recog- ze me. He told his fellow officer who epped aside and waved me inside. And en it happened. As I walked by this ap who hadn't known me he said, "I'm rry, Mr. Ford. I thought you were just ne of the extras."

THAT did it. I stopped short. What a thing to say! What a slur on a group people without whom there couldn't en be a picture industry! Or, aside om that, what a condemnation about ybody, to refer to them as "just a some- dy or other!" Well, no use going into tails about the fracas. I set forth my ideas on the subject, probably in not too polite language, and it was quite a mess. But, as I say, I get into these things regularly. I just feel that first and foremost a man is a man, a person is a person. On that basis he or she must be primarily recognized and respected. Whether he's a star, an extra, or has three-and-a-half eyes, is a secondary consideration and only a technical one.

Yes, it gets me into messes. It even happened to me in the Marines. During my twelve weeks of "boot" training as a private, a very unpleasant and arduous little period in which you mostly wish you were already dead instead of having to die muscle by muscle, I was awakened one night in the barracks by a lieutenant. He called me outside to talk.

"We just heard who you were," he began. "We want to invite you to make full use of the officers' quarters for anything you like."

"I don't understand," I said. "I'm just a private and . . ."

"Yes, I know," he cut in. "But you're also Glenn Ford. We, the other officers and myself, thought it must be tough for you, living in a Quonset hut, isolated, and all that. Come on up anytime you feel like it."

I was a little staggered but I nodded. "I'll be glad to . . ." I began, "provided I can bring the other fellows of the platoon with me."

He was shocked. "That's impossible!" he retorted. "They're just enlisted men."

I nodded. "Me too," I said. "Just that. Nothing more."

He studied me a moment and then, asking me to forget all about the invitation, walked away. As I turned to go back inside I realized there were three chocolate bars in my hand and that he had given them to me when I first came out. For a second I had an impulse to chase after him but I changed my mind. I stuffed them into my mouth one by one. Eating them served a good purpose, kept me from feeling too noble about what had just happened.

You know, I don't want to sound overly modest. Nobody in Hollywood (no producer or studio head anyway) has ever heard me complain that my salary was too big. But there are times when I do feel I am overpaid, uncomfortably so, and this is whenever special privileges fall my way because I am a star.

For instance something else happened when I was a marine. I hit San Diego with a 48-hour pass one weekend and decided I would start out by getting a good meal. I went to a top hotel in Coronado where most of the navy and marine officers live with their families when ashore. I sat down in the main dining room, just a hungry GI, and for two hours not a waiter came near me. Then one of them felt sorry for me and stopped for just a few seconds.

"I wouldn't wait any longer, leatherneck," he said. "We don't serve enlisted men here."

"Why not?" I asked. "I've got the money. I can pay."

He shrugged. "Do yourself a favor and check out," he said.

I did . . . sore, disappointed and awfully hungry. A few years later I was out of the marines and back in Hollywood. The California première of *Gallant Journey* was held in San Diego and I went down to make a personal appearance. When I got to my room in the hotel there was a big bottle of champagne sitting in a basket of fruit. Attached to it was a note from the manager of that hotel in Coronado stating that he would be proud to have me as his guest for dinner anytime. I

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couldn't help snorting bitterly. Two year before I could have used that meal. Now Well, you won't blame me if I say I didn go. If I had I would have felt like traitor to that marine I used to be.

LITTLE things made me very happy whe I had nothing—happier, perhaps, tha seemingly important things today. As lon as I live I will never forget two lines o type which ended a long San Francisc newspaper review of the play, *The Chil dren's Hour,* in which I made a fleetin appearance as the grocery boy in the thir act. These two lines were written b Claude La Belle, a noted theater critic They read as follows:

"A bit by Gwylln Ford in the third ac was a knockout."

Oh, man, I needed that! Because thos days, and especially before I was twenty

Where Have I Heard That Line Before

(or—lines of dialogue you'll never forget—because the script writers won't let you.)

"But mummy, if daddy loves you, why does he make you cry?"

"Wal, stranger, I ain't a-lookin' fur trouble, but ef trouble comes a-lookin' fur me, wal, I guess I won't be too hard to find."

"What are you trying to do—break up the act?"

"That's why I went away—to see how much you cared."

"Why are you, a stranger, doing this for me?"

"What do you care for your wife, eh? Fifi she love you, too. Come, geev Fifi beeg kiss."

"This is madness—you never should have come here."

"Say, Chuck, there's a little girl in the chorus that can play that part!"

"Me Tarzan; you Jane."

"Stop Marion, you don't realize what you're saying."

By NUNNALLY JOHNSON

I was as gawky and shy a kid as anyon ever saw. At the studios in Hollywoo the kindest thing ever said to me b casting directors was, "You're certainl no pretty boy, are you?"

I must have looked far from good be cause when Tom Moore (the famous silen picture star and then talent scout at Fox tried to get me a job he almost lost hi own.

"But the kid can act," protested Tom.

"He's horrible," came the flat verdic "We want leading men. Good looking lead ing men."

It seemed impossible that I would eve make good. What happened? Was sheer artistry? No. It was the same i my case as I think in the successes o others. I worked hard, I never quit tryin but that would never have put me over I hadn't had luck.

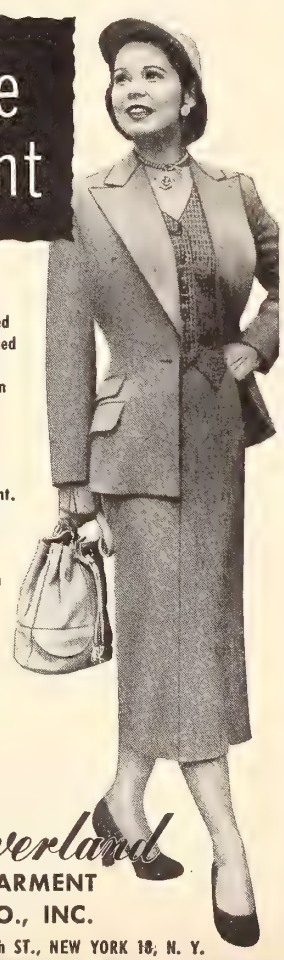
Not long ago, after I completed *Th White Tower,* I was asked to make a tal before stageminded students in Sant Monica where I grew up. I didn't want t do it because I know I am no fountain o wisdom. Yet I couldn't refuse the invita tion of old friends, some of them the sam teachers who had taught me as a kid.

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I didn't go into the technique of acting much. I talked about the students' decision to become actors. I suggested that they think it over. I suggested that they go home, go into a dark room where nothing could distract them, and *think* it all the way through. If they decided that there was any other vocation in life that they might like . . . nursing, law, business, anything, I told them to forget the stage at once. But if they were convinced that it *must* be acting, acting or nothing, then to plunge in for all they were worth, stay with it, and not let anything or anyone dissuade them.

My idea in trying to frighten them off, that's what you want to call it, is that think breaking into pictures or top stage work is ninety percent luck and only ten percent ability. After you are in, you had best develop the ability part of it to reverse this percentage somewhat. You still will need luck to stay on top but you do get a chance to demonstrate ability if you can work some up.

That's what I'm busy at now. But in any case I never can forget the part luck played in my life. Every time I get close to posing as a genius, the old Ford starts jeering at me.

"Remember when you belonged to seven little theater movements at one time and the closest you could get to the stage was helping to build the sets? Remember when you sat outside a manager's office for five months and finally got an $8 a week walk-on? Remember when he would address you as 'The great Welsh actor from Santa Monica' and everyone would laugh? Remember when you would thumb a ride over to the studios in the valley, say at least fifty times, and nobody would even look at you? Remember when you stood close to a leaky steam pipe connection in New York on a cold winter night and opened up your thin topcoat so the warm air would float up around your body? Remember when. . . .?"

"Yes, I remember," I have to reply to myself. And I do.

Now let's go back for a moment to the star who was too busy to remember what he had been. I mean the star who was too important to bother about sending me an autographed picture. He doesn't know (he's not a star now, by the way), but I automatically found myself comparing him to many big men since that day and he always came out looking very small and unimportant.

There was the time I couldn't help comparing him with a certain man whose birthday I attended in Washington some years later because it was a national fund-raising event. By this time I was in pictures myself and part of a group of Hollywood stars who attended.

"I'm very happy you were able to come, Mr. Ford," he told me. "Is there anything I can do for you?"

I'm still a fan at heart so I couldn't help saying, "Nothing special, sir, but, perhaps, if you would autograph one of your pictures for me . . ."

"You shall have it," he assured me.

A week later when I was back in Hollywood and quite convinced that this gentleman, who was *really* a busy man, would never get around to sending the photograph, it came. Across it was written, "To Glenn Ford—with my very best wishes, Franklin D. Roosevelt."

I know now that the really big man is the really human man. That's why some of the biggest men I know today are not stars, but extras. And some of the smallest men I know are not just extras—but stars—in wisdom and quality.

That's my guide and philosophy.

THE END



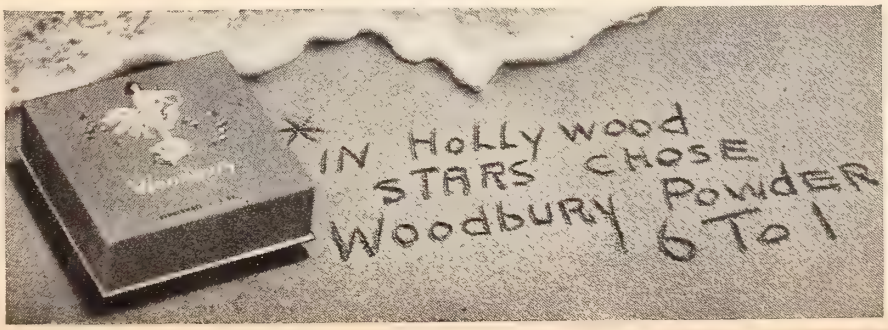
Don't look now...

You're at Malibu Beach, near Hollywood, when your eyes stumble on a beauty to rival Esther Williams! It *is* Esther Williams with Ben Gage! Lucky her head is turned. You can see she's as beautiful as Technicolor insists. Psst, Esther knows you're staring! Her complexion is glowingly groomed with Coquette, exciting new golden rachel shade of satiny Woodbury Powder.



there's Esther Williams...

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Call it the wrong side of the tracks, if you like—but I know better. A guy can grow up in my town and bring it honor . . . and make it proud.

My Home Town

by Mario Lanza



Mario is "horsey" to baby daughter Colleen, while his wife Betty, and Grandma give her pointers.



In the June issue of MODERN SCREEN *there was a story about Mario Lanza which seemed to antagonize many citizens of Philadelphia. Disturbed by their reaction, Mr. Lanza asked permission to write his own version of his life and times in that city. We are pleased to present it here.—The Editors*

■ I shouldn't be writing this at all. I'm a singer, an actor maybe, and putting a lot of words together on paper in a manner to make sense and express adequately what I have to say is hard for me. But, because of a situation brought about a few months ago in MODERN SCREEN when a story about me set many of the people of Philadelphia against me, I've got to try to write this. Actually, time heals the gravest wounds; and what was written a few months ago is probably forgotten. But it hasn't been forgotten by me because Philadelphia is my home town.

Home town. It has a great sound, doesn't it? You can lose a good friend, get fired from a good job, have your favorite girl chase you off her porch swing for keeps, but you can't lose your home town. It's like a birthmark, or a cowlick or six toes on each foot if you've got them—your home town stays with you as long as you're alive, and when you're dead, they mention it in your obituary. That's why you can't take any chances with alienating it from you. You belong to it, and if it ever abandons you, you're doomed to be a very lonely man for the rest of your life.

My neighborhood was South Philadelphia, a district sometimes referred to as the other side of the tracks. It's not quite that, however. It's not the Main Line. There are a lot of poor people there, minorities, working men, tired housewives and kids, lots of kids; but no matter where you figure the tracks, South Philadelphia is really on the right side.

No neighborhood in the United States is like South Philadelphia. Does that sound like maudlin pride?

Maybe it is. Maybe it's in the remembering. But South Philadelphia is the sort of

merican neighborhood that the authors rite about when they say the big cities of his country are melting pots where the eople of the world come to live and be- ome Americans. It's the kind of neigh- orhood the song writers write about when ney get sentimental or patriotic. You can ve a life in that neighborhood, start as oor as a man can be and become great nd famous and live in the finest house. And ou never have to leave South Phila- elphia for a minute.

BARNEY SAMUEL did it. He wants to be called Barney, the same as they used o call him when he went to school in that eighborhood. The president of the United tates and some of the biggest people in ne country call him the Honorable Bernard amuel, Mayor of the City of Philadelphia, ut to South Philadelphia, he's Barney. He ever moved away, never for a day, and e's all a man could wish to be in the way f success and fame.

When the circus comes to Philadelphia, citizen of the city rounds up a couple f thousand orphans and treats them to ne best seats—and all the peanuts and pop ney can consume. His name is Frank alumbo, born, raised and became rich nd famous in South Philadelphia. He ill lives there. When an important per- on visits Philadelphia and ought to have parade, Palumbo arranges it and prob- bly pays for it. When the zoo needs an nimal it can't afford, Palumbo buys it nd gives it to the town.

There's Earl Denny. If you're not from hiladelphia you may never have heard bout Earl Denny. He used to live near ne on Mercy Street. My mother and ther, like most of the Italian-American eople in Mercy Street, opened the door ith a key when they moved into the ouse and then threw the key away. here was no further use for it, because was an open house from that minute on- ard. Earl Denny used to drop around all hours of the day and night, when- ver he felt like talking. We used to unge around the kitchen or living room nd talk about music. Any sort of success emed a long way off, and real recogni- on seemed unobtainable and as far away s the moon.

Earl liked to talk about his orchestra, aybe like Paul Whiteman, maybe like ne of the Dorseys, but anyway, he was oing to have a fine band and all of South hiladelphia was going to dance to his usic. Well, Earl is now the most popular ociety band leader in town. He makes a t of money—and he didn't have to leave hiladelphia to do it.

BUT if you do leave your town something can happen at almost any hour of the ay to put you back in that neighbor- ood. Like what happened to me when I ent back to Philadelphia not too long ago r the première of my first movie, *That idnight Kiss.*

I had left Philadelphia a nothing, off to y my luck at singing, and nobody but ny family saw me go. But here I was back gain a few years later riding in a parade own the main street with Kathryn Gray- on and Johnny Johnston. I was sitting up n top of the seat of a convertible and ead of my car a half dozen motorcycle olicemen cleared the way and kept cross reet traffic from halting our progress. My ame was a foot high on a banner tied to ne car. Suddenly a coal truck drove into ne street directly in front of the car and wo of the grimiest guys I've ever seen aped out of the front seat.

"Freddie!" they howled and we fell upon ne another in the street, pounding backs nd laughing while the parade came to a andstill. They were two fellows I went

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to school with who had gone into the coal business and were out on a delivery when they spotted me in the parade. I went on with the parade, but for a few minutes that day I was back fifteen years and my hands were black with coal dust to prove it.

MY HOME town was pretty much like your home town I suppose. There were the neighborhood celebrities like the Palumbos and Barney Samuel. There were the rough guys and the softies. And there were the friends who, without actually knowing what they were doing, helped me to become a singer.

Opera was sissy stuff to most of the kids in my neighborhood. However, we were predominantly Italian, with the native Italian feeling for opera. The other kids the Irish, English and such couldn't see it for sour apples. So, naturally, a group of the Italo-American kids got together to do some converting. Opera became a fighting word for us. There were Frank Guarerra, Vincent Bartolomeo and Eddie Lucente and others who were willing to stand with our backs against a wall of the school yard and spill blood (some of it ours) for dear old classical music. Frank is now a leading baritone with the Metropolitan Opera Company, Vince is a fine tenor, still studying in Philadelphia and Eddie is a doctor, specializing in pediatrics, with a growing practice in South Philadelphia.

I was a fanatic on the subject, and, as a matter of fact, considered, even at ten or eleven years of age, something of an authority. This earned me an edge in the war for opera, as one of my teachers, Mr. Maioriello, used to let me take his class for one period a week and drum some of the lore of the opera into my classmates' unwilling heads. They probably wanted to kill me for it, but the man or boy, with the long ruler at the head of the class was boss—so they listened to my childish prattlings.

One of my buddies in those days was Joe Siciliano. Joe and I were known as the laziest kids in the neighborhood. We used to sit on the curb and think about a thousand things we were going to do when we grew up. Joe loved music, too. I remember so well the times we'd go trottin off to Wildwood, New Jersey, take possession of a section of the boardwalk and with Joe playing a guitar, give an open-air concert for whatever profit our amused audiences deemed proper. When a man in a blue uniform approached, we'd take off like gazelles for another concert in a safer sector. It may have been illegal, but it didn't hurt anybody and the few brushes with the law we had were a very steadying influence on Joe. He grew up and became one of the best, and best-liked cops in Philadelphia.

My father's house in South Philadelphia was a gathering place for a lot of prominent people, prominent in the neighborhood, that is. But it never held a more inspiring visitor than Barney Samuels, the day of the parade. When we had passed through the main streets, Barney got in my car and asked me if he could go out and say hello to my folks with me. I was very pleased and, with a police escort, we drove to Mercy Street. The official occasion was over, so it became just a visit. Barney and I went inside the house and then the neighbors began piling in. Soon the living room and kitchen were full and the traffic through the front door was like a subway at rush hour.

I sat across the room and saw Barney greet my friends and it gave me a thrill I'll never forget. The Mayor of the third largest city in the land, lounging around our home and chatting with my friends

WE MADE another call that day, too, but it wasn't as cheering. There was a kid I used to play with who always seemed a little better at anything he tried than any of the rest of us. His name was Subby Ciani. He was very popular and quite an athlete. When I left the neighborhood, Subby went off to college and made a reputation for himself in sports at Villanova. Then the war came, interrupting his studies, and Subby went off with the army. He never came back. And it was with a heavy heart that I paid a visit to the Subby Ciani American Legion Post and looked at the citations of valor Subby had earned before he made the supreme sacrifice. Subby, I guess, made a bigger success than any of us.

There was another man from South Philadelphia who gave me an assist without actually knowing he was doing it. I was always interested in Italian. I wanted to know the language thoroughly in all its beauty. I met a man named Mario Pelizzon, a man born in Italy who had come here as an immigrant. He was, and is today, a scholar and has a splendid reputation as a good citizen in his adopted city. As a matter of fact, during the war when many foreign-born Italians were restricted by the government, Mr. Pelizzon was a member of the FBI.

When he found that I liked pure Italian, he took me under his wing and tutored me in the language until I became very proficient. Many of my Italian associates in operatic circles still insist I must have been born in the old country to have acquired such a true accent. Learning a language may not seem too important, but to a student of opera who plans to become a singer it is invaluable. Most students must go to Italy for this phase of their training, but I found it right at home in South Philly.

When I left South Philadelphia in 1942 to try my luck in the musical world, I went to the famous Berkshire Music Festival at Tanglewood, Massachusetts. It was a great opportunity for me, but it frightened me a lot. It was the first time I had been thrown among strangers and, coming from a neighborhood that is as clannish as the Yokums, I dreaded the thought of having to make new friends and acquaintances. But the first man I saw changed everything and dispelled all my fears. It was Al Cascarino, from home, and he was there for the same reason as me, to further his musical education. We had a fine summer and today Al is one of the most promising young composers in America.

In restrospect, a home town takes on a color that no other place on earth can have for a man. The summers seem gayer than they probably were. The winters longer. The springs more beautiful. And the friends warmer. There is no way to tell, really about any of these things but the friends. If they were closer than they are now, we must have been saccharin.

(*Continued on next page*)

PHOTO CREDITS

Below you will find credited page by page the photos which appear in this issue. 6-7 Bert Parry—10 George Konig, Keystone—12 Acme—28 MGM—30-31 Bob Beerman—32-34 Bob Beerman—35 20th Century-Fox—36-38 Sprague Talbot—39 Columbia—40-43 Bert Parry—44-45 Nelson Morris—54 Culver—56 MGM—57 *T.* Walt Davis, *B.* Bob Beerman—58 RKO—62-63 Walt Davis—64-65 Bob Beerman—66 Bob Beerman—76 Bob Beerman—88 Wide World.

Abbreviations: B., Bottom; T., Top.

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But I've never been closer to any men than I was on the occasion of my first radio appearance in Philadelphia upon my return home after *That Midnight Kiss*.

I was being interviewed in one of the large broadcast rooms of WCAU, and reminiscing, trying to recall the faces and the nicknames of the kids I'd grown up with, and trying to find out what had happened to them all. Of course, they were a rag-tag bunch in my memory, reluctant to wash behind the ears as I was, dressed in the torn and rumpled uniform of the small boy. They paraded before my mind's eye one by one—and then the door to the broadcast room opened and a number of very fine gentlemen marched in. And in each of those men I saw a boy I used to know.

There were the Capones. Dick, now an eye specialist and rather formal in manner, his brother Eddie, very proper and handsome. The Graziano boys, now big business men, owners of the King Laundry. Vince Bartolomeo, Dr. Eddie Lucente, the kindly baby doctor, Tony Di Simone and a lot of others. One by one we shook hands, men now, all of us, and we grinned in memory of the pranks we played and the mischief we shared.

Each hand was warm with welcome and friendship, and no words have been more musical to my ears than the "Hello, Freddie" I got from each of them. Gone were the years between as we grinned at one another, a little self-consciously at first, and later during the bull session we indulged in and told each other everything that had happened to us since last we'd met. We finished up in South Philadelphia, treading the same streets we'd raced on many years ago.

No boyhood in this country is complete without sand lot baseball. We had ours, but because the city streets were a little too confining for our energetic type of playing, we used to go to Wildwood, New Jersey and carry on our contests on the beach. My chums were great ball players, but the champions of our little group were the young Graziano twins, Carmen and Tony.

They were whizzes, so good in fact that they were continually getting us into hock and hot water with their prowess as sluggers. The baseball story I remember most vividly is the one we played against another neighborhood team on the beach at Wildwood. The score, of course, was tied and, of course, there were two of our men on base and, of course, Carmen Graziano came to bat. Naturally, with two strikes against him, Carmen belted a ball into what seemed like the next county. It was hit so far that he didn't even start to run and with the rest of us he watched the beautiful flight of that ball. It curved into the sky beautifully, then began its drop, still going for distance. Suddenly our grins turned to panic as the ball headed for a nice old man sitting in the sun reading a paper. To our horror, it struck him right between the eyes, a lot of its power gone to be sure, but with still enough force to shatter his eyeglasses into a thousand pieces.

Well, we took off like frightened deer in every direction, finally meeting half a mile away where we were sure we could still hear the old man's angry roars. We held a council of war. Keep running, or go back and face the music. One of the lads pointed out that maybe the man was poor and couldn't buy another pair of glasses. That decided it. Back we went and stood like a row of saucy puppies taking a scolding while the man told us what he thought of us individually and collectively. He calmed down somewhat when he learned that we intended to pay for the damage we'd done. And, although the odd jobs we had to perform to earn the money practically ruined us as a ball-playing organization that summer, we bought the man the best pair of fancy eyeglasses his oculist could dig up.

It's the things like that, the team we were, the fraternity, the little lessons in life we learned together and the comradeship we developed that anchors a man's home town to his heart.

And, if a man's lucky, the good things that come to him in life will build up to one big moment in his home town, too. Acting in motion pictures brings a lot of personal adulation to a man, maybe more than he deserves. An entertainer eventually becomes rather used to being in the public eye and, while the honors that are bestowed on him never become boring, they do become somewhat commonplace.

But no matter what ever happens to me in my life, no matter if I ever do become a really good singer or a big star in motion pictures and people beat my door down to shake my hand, I will never have a bigger thrill than I got in my home town during the American Legion convention last year. I was not the guest of honor at the banquet at the Bellevue-Stratford Hotel, but I had been asked to attend and sing. The guest of honor was a big man, the biggest. I was excited and anxious to sing and impress everyone, particularly him. But something happened to the programming. The Guest of Honor was to make a nation-wide radio address, and the entertainment ran so long that it was soon obvious that I wasn't going to be called on to sing. Somewhere a technician signalled the guest he was to go on the air in a minute or so. He stood up and the whole room became quiet. He looked at me, saw, maybe, that I was disappointed, and spoke.

The President of the United States looked at me, now Mario Lanza, once Freddie Cocozza, and in my home town, before all my friends he said, "I want to apologize to Mario Lanza for asking him here and then not allowing enough time for him to sing."

That happened to me in Philadelphia. Maybe, as they say, South Philadelphia is on the wrong side of the tracks. But the President apologized to a kid from over there, so there can't be too much wrong with it. But no matter what, good, bad, great or unimportant, it's my neighborhood and my home town. I hope we love one another forever. THE END

I KNEW HIM WHEN . . .



During the summer of 1946 I went to a small co-ed camp in New Jersey. All the girls used to drool over a dramatic counselor there named Bernie Schwartz. Rumors went around the camp that he was going to Hollywood, but nobody thought it would happen. But when I saw Criss Cross *in 1948, I thought I saw Bernie in a scene. He had such a small part that I couldn't tell for sure. Then, about a year later, I saw* City Across the River. *I was then positive it was he. His name now is Anthony Curtis.*

Edward Tager
Brooklyn, New York

hou swell

(Continued from page 27) with all her night. "Time to stop!" she shouted. Everybody go home!"

A few years ago when the celebrated uthor James Cain interviewed Lana for a agazine, he got the surprise of his life. "The girl absolutely sparkles!" he said. Why—she used four syllable words and ll in the right places." He grinned sheepshly. "I must confess I was expecting a ad time of it—and I haven't had such an njoyable conversation in a long time!"

Mr. Cain didn't let it go at that. It was is opinion that Lana has great sensitivity nd talent. Because she was to star in he screen version of his book, "The Postman Rings Twice," he had been shown a creening at the studio of *Ziegfeld Girl*, ade in 1941. Lana was 21 at the time, nd in the picture gave perhaps the greatst dramatic performance of her life. A few years later she proved her talent t comedy, the stumbling block of many ctresses, when she gave an hilarious performance in *Slightly Dangerous*. As a atter of fact, it can truthfully be said hat she's never given a bad performance.

MUSIC rates high on the list of her many interests. All kinds of music. he is seen at the large majority of oncerts given in the Hollywood Bowl or nywhere else in Los Angeles, and Claude hornhill and Lenny Hayden will tell ou that they admire her not only as a erson, but as a girl who really knows usic. An etching of the composer and ianist Rachmaninoff hangs in the den of er home. Now this is nothing unusual. Millions of people enjoy good music, but o one suspects that Lana Turner does, too.

You might say, of course, that she's utting on an act, that she's pretending o be a highbrow. But Lana is too honest or that. Many stars who reach the top eel that an ersatz dignity is called for, nd they gradually develop deep throated Bostonain accents and begin to drop their s. Not Lana Turner. She speaks in the ame way she has all her life, and her oice retains that little girl quality.

She isn't afraid to state her likes and islikes. She'll tell you that she knows othing about flowers and doesn't enjoy ardening. "I'm happy they're there," she ays. "They're pretty and I like to look at hem, but that's all." Other people seem to hink it's necessary to pretend they love lowers, that it's coarse to be uninterested.

WHEN Bob Topping presented Lana with an original Rembrandt for their ew home, she didn't like it and said so. There is nothing in the world that compels person to like a certain painting; it's a atter of personal taste, but most people re afraid to admit it.

Lana is a kind person, and a generous ne. It is said that in her single days she as always broke, because she'd give the orld with a fence around it to anyone he loved and sometimes to people she idn't even know. She gave her standn a mink coat. The girl who was her ecretary for years was always beautiully dressed and admitted with candor hat her dress, her shoes, her suit, had een given her by Lana. Innumerable haritable organizations, and notably the Children's Hospital in Los Angeles, freuently received large and unsolicited mounts of money from Lana.

"It's a funny thing, but I hate to see a ickel go over the counter," she'll tell you, ut MGM's designer Helen Rose will tell ou different. Lana had been in Miss ose's office with a group of people who

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were talking about a certain starlet. It was such a shame, they said. The girl badly needed an operation but had no money to pay for it. Lana had never met the actress under discussion, but seemed interested and left after a few moments. When Helen Rose went back to her desk she found a check for several hundred dollars, signed by Lana, and a note beside it which read, "Would you do me a favor and see that this gets to Miss ——?"

ONE night during the war Lana was at the Mocambo. So was a young sailor who had just come home on leave from Central America. Spotting Lana, the boy told his friends that he'd give his right arm to do a rhumba with Lana Turner. Word of his wish got to the owner of the Mocambo who, knowing Lana's good nature, went to her table and told her about it. Now Lana didn't know the Seaman 2/c from a bag of beans. She didn't even know if he could dance. But she immediately sent word that she'd be delighted to dance with him. It turned out that the kid could rhumba better than anyone this side of Fred Astaire. The expression on the sailor's face, as he whirled Lana around the room, was something to write home about.

Lana is discriminating in her friendships. She has to be, for she gives so readily that she is often hurt and unable to understand why others will only take and never give. And she is loyal. While her business manager, George Cole, was in uniform, she managed her own affairs, and re-hired him on the spot when he was discharged. When Lana was dropped from the Warner roster years ago, her stand-in also came under the axe, but as soon as MGM saw the value of Miss Turner and handed her a contract, they were asked to employ her stand-in, too.

Lana's home is unlike others in Hollywood. Many of them look, literally, like model homes, as though no one lived in them. The cushions are plumped as though no one ever dared sit down and the books lining the shelves look unread and untouched. Lana's home has warmth and signs of gracious living. You're likely to find one of Cheryl's dolls sprawled on a window seat, the bookshelves have a cluttered look, and an album of Brahms may be lying on the floor in front of the radio. Lana *lives* in her home, and usually she wears slacks and moccasins there, although she can dress like a duchess when the occasion calls for it.

THE carpenters and grips and electricians love to work with Lana. She is regarded by them as one of the least temperamental stars in town, and certainly the least demanding. When she started *A Life of Her Own*, it was the first picture she had made in two years, and the crew on the set were delighted to have her back. They remembered, in fact, that she is fond of "Peg Of My Heart" and arranged for a group of musicians to play it as she came onto the set for the first time. Tributes such as this are rare in the industry, and it is said that Lana was misty-eyed when she heard the song.

James Cain wasn't wrong when he observed that Lana is a sensitive person. You have only to watch her face when her daughter Cheryl comes into the room. Any mother loves her children, certainly, but it is a particularly pleasant experience to watch Lana with her child. Seeing them together you know that there is a great bond between them.

Lana loves children, everyone's children. More than anything else in the world she wants more of her own, and has the courage to try. Courage is the word for two reasons. One is because Lana was told after Cheryl's birth that if she had any more babies, her life would be in considerable danger. Ignoring the warning she became pregnant in the first year of her marriage to Bob Topping, and the resultant miscarriage cost her more emotionally than she would ever admit. She is still undaunted. In fact, Lana is expecting another child in January. Fortunately, a new serum which helps to battle the Rh factor will help make it easier for her.

It is a fact that for three months before Cheryl was born, Lana was totally blind. No one knew it at the time, not even her studio, because despite the misery that Lana must have suffered, she preferred to keep the knowledge from others to save them worry. It is possible that Lana will be unhappy that this has appeared in print, but it is time that people should know it, because it proves better than anything else the magnificent pluck of the girl. And her kindness, her thoughtfulness, at a time when she must have been frightened to the core was a display of courage with a capital C.

HAVING been the victim for years of exaggerated press reports, Lana understandably tries to keep to herself the things that are closest to her. She has the type of sensational beauty that is associated with sensational news. In the days when she was publicized as the Nightclub queen, Lana said, "If I dated all the men I'm reported to have dated, I wouldn't have time to eat, sleep or make pictures."

Like other stars, she is defenseless against this type of journalism. Long ago, before they learned a lesson, the stars asked for a retraction in the paper of the following day. But they soon found this method worked only more harm, since millions of people who missed the original item read the retraction, and the gossip became more widely circulated.

The untrue words that have been printed about Lana Turner, if put end to end, would stretch from Nome to Nagasaki. The latest tempest in a teapot is the report of a few months ago that Lana and her husband had an argument. Many columnists took up the hue and cry, dreamily filling space about knock-down, drag-out fights between Lana and Bob. By now some may have definitely stated that there'll be a divorce. To this situation Lana responds, "I'm living a quiet life and there isn't anything to say about me, so they have to dream it up. Of course, it would be pretty silly to say that Bob and I never argue. It's a rare married couple that doesn't. But as for *fights!* Well, what can I do? We're grown people, and we settle our differences by discussing them quietly until we come to a satisfactory understanding."

This story is no attempt to paint Lana Turner as an angel. She is a human being, and undoubtedly has the faults that go along with being one. She may even have a bad temper, or a jealous nature. She may not. But the very least that can be said for Lana is that to have been a kid of 16 on a soda-fountain stool, and a famous actress and millionairess in the same life is quite a trick. Lana turned that trick and withal she has managed to remain a very real and warm and well-balanced person.

THE END

Paid Notice

ARE YOU *lovely*...
OR LONELY?
SEE PAGE 19

betty steps out

(*Continued from page 46*) you might say."

But somewhere in Betty Hutton there is a tremendous capacity for sanity. Somewhere inside of her there is a passion for staid living, in a home, with a man and children. It has been her most often expressed wish as long as Hollywood has known her. Unrequited love to her is like an open wound and can be just as deadly to a woman of her temperament.

THE FIRST time that Hollywood knew that Betty Hutton was really in love was shortly after Paramount had elevated her to stardom. The man worked at the studio, his office within peering distance of her dressing room. When Betty was certain that nothing would ever come of her love, the world tumbled in on that dressing room, and sadness and all its kin came there to live with her. For months, she sat by the window alone and tearful, her eyes never leaving the doorstep of her man's office, waiting for hours just to get a glimpse of him once or twice a day as he entered or left. She knew it was a fruitless vigil, but she had to keep it or die.

There were several bitter years for Betty after that. When she finally emerged from her melancholy she looked as bright as ever. Hoyden Hutton, she seemed. Go to a party every night and sing and dance like a murderer. If a fellow got two dates in a row, it was a mistake in her bookkeeping. But those gay lads in that mad circle are not the substantial type as a rule, and Betty found herself getting farther and farther away from the little white cottage with the red roses 'round the door.

"What I want in a man," Betty is reported to have confided to a friend one day, "is the feeling that he will be able to take care of me and the kids if anything happens."

It wasn't the money. Betty had that. But she wanted more than anything the self-respect that went with a marriage in which the head of the house paid the butcher. Ted Briskin was that kind of a fellow—and that, some of Betty's friends say, is why she married him.

Briskin didn't have a chance. Betty Hutton took one look at him, asked a couple of pertinent questions and then descended on him. When it came time to talk of marriage, she brought it up. When it came time to clarify their situation for their friends and the press, she announced the engagement. And there are those who swear that when they entered their home for the first time as Mr. and Mrs., she carried *him* over the threshold. Her friends can believe this, for it is certain she is capable of both getting the idea and heisting Mr. Briskin onto a sleek shoulder.

WHAT BROKE up this marriage is anybody's guess. There were all sorts of rumors of battles in the Briskin home, most of them no doubt true, because Betty has been fighting since she was born. There were reports that Betty had attacks of "nerves" and was too tired to play house when she finished work. That is hard to believe. In all her life, Betty Hutton has never been too tired to fell a hundred-foot tree with a dull ax before going to bed. She's been bored, but never tired. As for nerves, she just hasn't got the ordinary kind. Nothing ever stays bottled up inside her to the point of frustration.

Maybe Briskin was bored. Maybe *he* got tired. Maybe she slugged him. Anything but the pat excuses given to the press. At any rate, Betty Hutton didn't toss her marriage away on a sudden whim. She was obviously and sincerely, deeply

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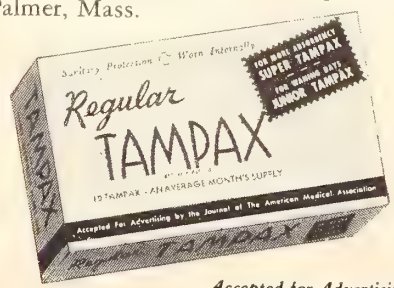
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unhappy for a long time before their first separation. And when she agreed to try again, she really tried—and Hutton knows how to try to keep a guy happy.

Ted Briskin, to give the man his due, tried too. But eventually he was moved to say that he "couldn't stand a bossy woman." A mild description of his life with the bombastic Betty.

There is no doubt at all that Betty Hutton will make the greatest mother ever. Even without a man around the house, she'll manage to see that her kids have the best upbringing possible. She'll probably protect them with handcuffs and haymakers, as the occasion calls for, and then, when they are old enough to make it alone, give them boxing lessons and ten dollars and send them out into the world to take it from there.

Right now, despite all the recent happenings, Betty Hutton is at the peak of her career as both an actress and a woman. With *Annie Get Your Gun* she is back, professionally, where she always belonged and out of the cinematic doldrums several dull movies plunged her into. She is wiser, as a woman and as a screen star, than she has ever been. She has learned about scripts, directors and what people want to see and hear her do. She'll make no compromises with this knowledge in the future, not ever.

Socially, she is also once again the life of the party and no piano or man is safe with her if the mood to sing a song or chuck a lad under the chin comes upon her. A magazine editor asked her some time ago what she thought would happen to her love life now that her heart had been broken.

"Where are those guys?" she answered typically Hutton style. "Bring 'em on!"

SHE confessed that she was looking forward to her recent trip to New York, and that she fully intended to take the town apart and dance the rubber heels off any man who got within shagging distance. However, a small virus got hold of her somewhere on the trip east and, as she couldn't get at it with a skillet, the virus kept her off her nimble feet during her entire stay. New York missed a great deal.

Take a look at Betty Hutton almost any night now. At Mocambo, the new home of the Charleston, she will more than likely be at a ringside table, yaking it up with them that can take it, reviving steps the Castles used to stumble through and laughing louder than the guy who owns the joint. There'll be a fellow on hand somewhere, hoping that the moon will be out on the way home, and that he can hold out that long.

Or, on another night, she'll be sitting alone in the living room of her house with the lights turned low and a sad singer of slow songs active on the phonograph, indolent as a caterpillar, wishing the door would open and some kind of a Valentino would walk in and punch her in the nose and kiss her. Or that the doorbell would ring and a masterful type would walk in and take over the management of the place—flinging his check book at her so she can get off some of the bills while he goes in and whispers the babies to sleep.

Oh, that Hutton is an enigma all right. She'd send her right eye over in a tea cup if you were kind to her and she thought you could use it. She'll weep at the sight of a tear in anyone else's eye. She'll stand up and slug it out man to man with Joe Louis if he thinks he's tough. And she'll get so stubborn she'll hold her breath until the top of her head comes off if it will win an important point.

There is no way to figure it. She's just Betty Hutton. And the terrifying and beautiful part of it is that she probably always will be. You've got to love her, and if you know her, you'll always love her—and keep your eyes open and your pistol cocked.

And what does Hutton think of Hutton? Not so much.

She was at a night club one evening recently talking to a friend when a gorgeous star came into the room. Betty ogled her and sighed.

"She's so beautiful," she said. "Why can't I be that beautiful—everyone'd love me."

They sat on opposite sides of the room for an hour or more. Nobody stopped to say hello to "gorgeous"—but every man and woman who walked into that club stopped for a moment to say a word—any kind of a word—to Betty Hutton.

THE END

i discovered san francisco

(*Continued from page 38*) man with a box camera who'd set up business at 25c a shot. He looked a little disdainfully at Sprague and his fancy equipment and wherever Sprague told us to pose, the little man would say, "No, I think over there would be better, don't you?" Usually, Sprague didn't think so, but the little man was good-natured, and he took pains with us when we posed for him.

Then Betsy and I took a ride on the cable car, an old San Francisco institution. When we reached the end of the line the conductor got out. Then the motorman got out.

"Hey," Betsy said to me. "I think we're being deserted."

"Ah," I said. "Adventure, at last." Actually, I knew that this was the point where the car had to be turned around, and there was no one to turn it but the motorman and the conductor.

A visit to San Francisco isn't complete for me without a shopping spree in Ransohoff's department store. I still wear shoes that I bought there five years ago. I was trying on a pair when I heard someone say, "This pair won't do."

I looked up to see Mr. Ransohoff, himself. "Let me help," he volunteered.

Forty or fifty pairs and several conferences later, we decided on five. I couldn't begin to thank Mr. Ransohoff and I walked out knowing that several years later I'd most likely return wearing a pair of the shoes I'd bought that day!

Back in our hotel room, Betsy and I relaxed on the couch and talked. One thing was certain. No matter where anyone came from, after a few hours in San Francisco, one felt as though he had been admitted to automatic citizenship with the right to be utterly proud of the city.

THAT NIGHT, we had dinner with the Schwabachers. I'll confess that I'm not what folks call a "big eater." But the town always does something strange to my appetite. A stevedore couldn't pack away any more. After dinner, we took a tour of the clubs. There was Charlie Low's Forbidden City Cafe. And there was still another place I shall never forget. It wasn't much larger than a small living room—and the customers must have numbered 300. Al became engaged in a serious discussion with the head waiter. "It's Miss Wyman's only evening in town," he said desperately.

The waiter nodded. Then he led us to a tiny space on the floor. Another waiter appeared carrying orange crates. Empty, of course—and for us to sit on. We had a

wonderful time; one we'll never forget.

Saturday morning, the Junior Press Club conference was held in the St. Francis Hotel. High school editors and the cub reporters took over the situation. I felt almost like a teacher, standing there. I couldn't help thinking, "There isn't anything they can ask me that I won't have an answer for . . . and if there is, I'd better get out of the picture business!"

A girl's hand went up.

"Yes?" I said and waited.

There was a pause. And then: "Miss Wyman, are you *really* a *Lux* girl?"

I was still smiling as we continued our lengthy sightseeing tour in Chinatown, where I did some shopping for Maureen and Mike. And even as we proceeded to Jacques'—a hundred-year-old restaurant where the tradition is as rich as the food.

Milt and Bill were waiting for us in front of Jacques'.

They seemed to be in a hurry. The sirens started going full blast, and we tore

---

A great actor is a good actor with an accent—*Sir Cedric Hardwicke*

---

through the worst traffic in San Francisco. Betsy and I were in the front seat. My hair was flying but I knew nothing would save us—or stop us. Betsy was holding on to her large picture hat and looking very unruffled. I turned around. Al Schwabacher was in the back seat, very unconcerned. And Max Burkett, the Warners representative, was—of all things—reading a newspaper.

Barry McCarthy, who's West Coast public relations director for Ford and should know how much a car can take, laughed at my fears, but he didn't take his eyes off the road. I nodded toward our friends on the motorcycles. "What happens if they have to make a sudden stop?"

"Why, we pull back and fly right over," said the cheerful Mr. McCarthy.

Twelve minutes after leaving Jacques', we arrived at the race track. "My, but that was a quick trip," I said.

"Sure was!" replied Max. "At normal speed it takes forty-five minutes."

Perhaps that's the way to go to the races though. The results were fine. I came out with a thirty-dollar profit. And The Guardsmen? They raised something like $50,000—that's a lot of vacations.

Then we headed back into town.

It was hard saying goodbye to San Francisco. The people—the city, itself. The city where you can climb to the hills and look for hours at the harbor which is unsurpassed for beauty. Below, the mighty Golden Gate Bridge, Cliff House, Seal Rocks—and at your feet the 1,000-acre Golden Gate Park. Far in the distance is Muir National Monument, four hundred acres of forest in which the giant redwoods are as much as fifteen centuries old. And when night comes, you want to climb again to the heights. This time perhaps Twin Peaks . . . from there you can see a vast sweep of lights reflected in the Pacific Ocean.

But, too soon, we were aboard The Lark, still glowing with the warmth and graciousness spread around us by the people of San Francisco. And I, for one, think there ought to be a law. Sooner or later, everyone should have to visit this fabulous city. Everyone, I'm sure, would come away as I always do, sighing, "San Francisco. I love you!" The End

(Jane Wyman's latest MGM movie is Three Guys Named Mike.)



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the story robert mitchum never told

(*Continued from page 59*) Give me a few minutes to raise it."

The blackmailer smiled, a wan smile of assent. He ambled back to his table and nodded at some of his boys. The gunmen came and joined him, just waiting for the big boss to give his word.

MITCHUM'S bodyguard knew full well what could happen. One of these thugs might walk up to Bob and without saying a word, slug him. Mitchum who is handy with his dukes, would strike back. Within a few minutes, the night club would become a shambles, and Bob Mitchum's name would be smeared again.

Niver thought quickly. He raced over to the pretty blonde employed by the night club to shoot photos of the customers. He squeezed a hundred-dollar bill into her palm. "See all those characters sitting around the ringside tables?" he asked. The girl said yes.

"Well, just as fast as you can," Niver ordered, "you start shooting pictures of them. And don't let them stop you, either."

The cute little blonde followed orders. She took her Speed Graphic and flash bulbs and began shooting. "Beat it, sister," one of the racketeers muttered. But the little girl wouldn't. Hundred-dollar bills didn't grow on trees. She kept her shutter clicking and her flash bulbs popping, and as she did, the gunmen began to turn away. Soon, the big boy himself got up and walked out. The lesser fry followed. Most of them had criminal records. If anything broke, those photographs could surely identify them.

When the last of the hoodlums had left, Niver got hold of Mitchum, and together they kissed Chicago farewell.

THE history of Hollywood is replete with blackmail and at the moment Bob is a set-up for any hoodlum thus inclined.

Mitchum can't *breathe* near trouble until January 1951. That's when his two years of probation expire. If he gets involved in the slightest jam, if his probation officer becomes convinced that he isn't living a respectable life—then Bob has to sit in jail for a year and nine months, the balance of his sentence.

That's an awful weight for a man to carry around. Few people realize the mental strain involved. Bob has always been a carefree character. These restraints—the inability to leave town without the probation officer's okay, the checking in every month, the being watched and followed—is doubly hard on a man of his temperament.

But he's taking it in stride. He gives the same flip, devil-may-care impression that he's always given. He asks everyone to call him Doll—his favorite name for himself and everyone else—but deep down inside, he knows that he's the man who's returned from Hell and will never go back.

THE truth of the matter is that Robert Mitchum needn't have gone to jail. If he had wanted to plead not guilty, if he had wanted to ask for a trial by jury—the chances are that he might have been acquitted.

The story Mitchum never told is the story of two girls, Vicki Evans and Lila Leeds, of how they were being shadowed by the police, and of how he had to drop in on them on the one night when the police had decided to pull a raid.

Many people would have you believe that Mitchum fell for a trap, that the trap was sprung by a girl in the employ of the police. It isn't so. What actually happened was this: back in 1948 when Bob was temporarily separated from his wife, Dorothy—he took up with a character of sorts, named Robin Ford. Supposedly a real estate agent, Ford was a nondescript fellow who hung around joints, making friendships with a strange variety of people.

Through Ford, Mitchum met Lila Leeds, a young, reckless actress who'd won a minimum of screen fame after starting out in life as a waitress.

What Mitchum never knew was that Lila Leeds was being tailed by the narcotics squad. She herself had no idea that she was being followed. Had she known of the "shadow" thrown on her movements, she certainly wouldn't have endangered Mitchum's welfare. She liked him too much.

AS things turned out, Lila's place was scheduled for a raid on August 31st, 1948. When Mitchum and Robin Ford walked in, the two narcotics agents waiting outside were absolutely amazed.

This is what Mitchum told the Los Angeles County Probation Officer about his affair with Lila: He and Ford were invited to see the new cottage she had rented in Laurel Canyon. "I reluctantly consented to stop in for a minute," Bob explained. "We were met at the door by Miss Leeds and another girl who was introduced as Vicki Evans. Miss Leeds handed me a cigarette and upon accepting it, I looked up and saw what I believed to be a face at the window.

"At that moment there was a loud crash, and two men burst into the room holding Miss Evans as a shield. Without bothering to drop the cigarette, I crouched to throw the small table before me at the men, thinking it was a holdup, but one of them shouted, 'Police officers.'

"Sergeant Barr retrieved the cigarette. I observed a package of cigarettes in a crumpled Philip Morris wrapper on the table . . . and Officer McKinnon attempted to thrust the package into my hands, and said, 'These are yours.'

"I replied that they were not. He said, 'Look, don't give me the business and we'll get along fine.'

"I did not have any marijuana when I entered the house, nor did I know or believe anyone else there would have any."

Mitchum was indicted on two counts, possession of marijuana and conspiracy to possess marijuana. Before the trial got under way, his attorney, Jerry Geisler, asked for a severance of counts, and the



HOW TIME FLIES!

■ Judy Garland is dating Grace Hayes' son Peter . . . Jackie Cooper is still taking Pat Stewart to nightclubs and previews . . . Lew Ayres is quite smitten with the charms of Helen Gilbert . . . Olivia De Havilland seems to be concentrating on Howard Hughes . . . There are those who say that Anatole Litvak and Ann Sheridan are really serious about their romance.—*January, 1940—Modern Screen.*

State agreed to try the actor on the second. He was found guilty and sentenced to two years in the state penitentiary, the sentence to be held in abeyance, upon Mitchum's serving ninety days in the county jail.

If Bob had wanted to, he could have taken the witness stand in front of a jury. He could have told the story of his life. It would have been a long, sad, tear-provoking autobiography. But Bob wouldn't tell his story to the public, although he did tell it, in private, to the probation officer.

Here is the official statement of Robert Charles Mitchum, born in Bridgeport, Connecticut, August 6th, 1917:

"My mother was born in Christiana, Norway, and arrived in this country with her mother, sister, and brother at age 9, to join her father, a steamer captain.

"My father, James Mitchum, a native South Carolinian, was killed in a railroad accident in Charleston, S. C. in 1919.

"In 1927, my mother remarried. Her husband was Hugh Cunningham-Morris, then feature editor of the Bridgeport Telegram . . .

"In 1928 my mother joined us on the Delaware farm where my half-sister was born, my step-father remaining at his desk.

"My sister applied for and received a permit to work, and at 14 deserted her junior term in high school for the stage, becoming source of family support.

"During my own fourteenth year, I spent the summer as deckhand on a salvage ship, the Sayomore out of Fall River, Mass. In 1931, the family moved to Philadelphia, and later that year to New York.

"These moves I supplemented with occasional excursions of my own, one of which in 1933, ended in the Chatham County Camp in Savannah, Georgia. Riding freight trains in the company of other boys, I was convicted of what I recall was a technical charge of vagrancy and released approximately a week later . . .

"Returning to Delaware, I learned that my mother had rented a house. But it appeared that our family was in most desperate circumstances.

"Accordingly, I left school and went to work as a garage mechanic, determined that my younger brother's education should be uninterrupted.

"That same autumn I met the girl I was later to marry, Dorothy Spence . . .

"Joining the CCC, I worked on the Tideland Reclamation Project until July 1934, when with what little money I had saved, I set out for California.

"Arriving with my brother in Long Beach, we were joined by the rest of the family . . . My brother was enrolled in Long Beach's Polytechnic High School and I began a series of odd jobs which included dish-washing, truck-loading, stevedoring and building-maintenance and repair.

"In September 1935, through the efforts of a friend, I was employed in Toledo, Ohio . . . The job over, I visited my girl in Delaware, and in May, 1936, returned to California . . .

"My sister having assumed an active interest in a civic theater project, I was urged by my mother to join an act which began one of the most enjoyable and satisfying encounters of my life.

"For the first time I was privileged to make the acquaintance of young people of my own age who shared my ideas and reflections, and though most of us were thread-bare poor, we forgot our fears of the future.

"Throughout that and the next year I acted, directed, and wrote children's plays with some local success . . .

"In 1938, approached by a friend to edit the lectures of an astrologer, Mr. Carroll

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Righter, I was sufficiently intrigued by the novelty to accept, and began a tour of women's clubs and resort hotels which took us to New England in 1939 and in early 1940 to Palm Beach, Florida.

"Proximity hastened the season, for in March, I left Palm Beach for Philadelphia, stated a formal proposal, and in Dover, Delaware, for better or for worse, Dorothy Spence became Mrs. Robert Mitchum.

"RETURNING to California with my wife, I dissolved my agreement with Mr. Righter and returned to the haphazard pursuit of specialized writing until early 1941 when the prospects of parenthood suggested more reliable employment.

"In April, the Lockheed Aircraft Corporation accepted me for employment and a month later, my first son was born.

"Dorothy and I were living with my mother, my small earnings serving to partially support that household, an arrangement which became increasingly uncomfortable, in the light of my mother's and sister's accusative conviction that my wife was somehow responsible for what they regarded as 'my enforced labor.'

"Therefore, determined to re-establish direction, I expended my sleepless hours in little theater productions, which association brought me to the attention of one Paul Wilkins, an artist-manager, who suggested that should it be my intent to commercialize my talent, I first contact him.

"In April, my company's medical supervisor advised my severance in the best interest of health, and prescribed that I seek expression in the work I loved.

"MR. Wilkins, to whom I announced my plan, began to cart me around on interviews, while generous friends loaned me a presentable wardrobe. This resulted in my employment in May by producer Harry Sherman . . .

"Encouraged by my progress, Dorothy, Josh, and I moved from a $32.50 rental to a $50 rental, and in October, 1943, my second son was born. In March 1944, I accompanied a motion picture location company to Florida . . . Home again, I received notice to report for Army induction

"Upon reporting, I was excused until the next quota call, during which interim a regulation exempting fathers postponed my induction."

Bob was later drafted but when he got out of the Army, Bert Allenberg took him on as a client. In less than two years after that, Bob Mitchum was earning $3,000 a week.

The money went to his head. Why shouldn't it have? He had never known any wealth in his entire life. The reaction was completely normal. He and his wife began to quarrel, and eventually they agreed on a temporary separation. Dorothy and the two boys went back East, and Bob began playing around with Robin Ford and met Lila Leeds.

That's Bob Mitchum's whole story. As you read it over, as you look back on his shabby, pitiful youth, as you glean his fine Victorian literary style, his self-education, the relatively few moments of happiness he's enjoyed in life—can you believe that a jury, presented with all the facts, would have found him guilty?

BOB Mitchum took a bum rap . . . and yet, not once, has he ever complained.

He lives today with Dorothy and the two boys in a new, sprawling ranch house in Mandeville Canyon. Whatever spare time he has, he spends with his family.

There are those who still point to Mitchum as the personification of Hollywood's immorality. Mitchum, however, has shown himself to have more honor and fortitude of spirit than any of his detractors.

When it comes to the case study of this man, currently a moral credit to his community, no concluding statement is more apt than this quotation from the Bible:

"He that is without sin among you: let him cast the first stone." THE END



Lila Leeds, who was convicted last year with Bob Mitchum on a narcotics charge, is now a nightclub singer. She announced her engagement recently to Erwin Arvey, the son of a Chicago politico.

e big splash

ontinued from page 34) culinary victory. had hamburgers à la MacKenzie and a soul had indigestion.

Naturally, the conversation was picture-se. Marshall had just finished a picture Metro called *The Violent Hour*. And rbara, of course, knew the script by art because she'd helped him memorize lines. Amanda "I don't look a bit like eer Garson" Blake was winding up her e in *Grounds For Marriage* at MGM and n planning to travel to Columbia for a ntract at that studio. For a newcomer, yce really has a flock of films. Her first rt was in *Twelve O'Clock High* and she's llowed it with hits like *Ticket to Toma-wk* and *Broken Arrow*.

Roddy acquired a brand new name—rson, Jr." we called him. Mainly be-use he's an associate producer and the r of *Tall Timber*, and has a disc jockey ogram in his spare time.

As for Tony and Jack, they talked over tlaw days. Tony's a *Kansas Raider* in e picture of the same name, only plural. nong them, Tony, Dick Long, Scott ady and Audie Murphy get to shoot the old west, compliments of Univer--International. However, Jack claimed got there first. He was Billy the Kid in *e Outlaw*.

For a while the industrious conversa-n seemed to have carried us away—en it started getting cool and we de-led to leave under our own power. On e way to the car, I glanced over my oulder toward the pool. Bert and Bob, r flashbulb fiends, were drifting away to the sunset. Harvey was with them. I got back to the office feeling cool and lm and collected.

"Well," said my good boss, glancing at s watch, "what have you to say for urself?"

"Blub," I told him in my brand new aterlogged voice. Translated, it means at more people should have sunstrokes hot summer days. THE END

oodbye mr. fancy

Continued from page 62) sports didn't lp much to change that impression. Be-use he spent most of his time with his d friends from college, some people eamed up the idea that he was a snob well as a playboy. Nothing could have en farther from the truth. He was mply shy, and very young.

WHEN the war came along, Bob was one of the first in Hollywood to go into e service. At the Naval Academy at nsacola, he graduated at the top of his ass. For nearly five years, he was one the best aerial gunnery officers in the avy. He ended up as a full lieutenant, d, like most guys in uniform, came me looking for fundamentals.

But even before he'd been released om the navy, practically every studio in wn offered him a contract. Twentieth entury-Fox offered him a starting salary $3,500 a week. Bob was amazed.

"Why in the world are they offering me at kind of dough?" he asked his agent. ve been out of pictures for five years."

"Maybe so," the agent replied. "But e fans didn't forget you."

It's hard to pick a ripe plum out of a asketful; and Bob has been kicking him-lf ever since the one he chose turned ur. Like a lot of people in Hollywood, e had great respect for the Capra-Bris-

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Joan Lansing

kin-Wyler combination that made up Liberty Films, Inc. He signed with them for much less than Twentieth's grandiose offer, and was really disappointed when their company dissolved.

He had another excellent reason for gloom when a peculiar South Pacific virus called mononucleosis belatedly attacked his insides and he had to quit right in the middle of his first independent film, *The Other Love*. Bob didn't get back in shape for work until 1948, when he played his first screen role in six years in *Date with Judy*. It was a light juvenile part, but it was, finally, a start.

Since then, Bob Stack has not exactly been setting the film world on fire. But now, with *Torero*, he is in a very real sense at the turning point of his career.

FOR this film he had to go down to Mexico and learn about bullfighting. He spent a lot of time at the Xajay bull farm, watching the amateurs of the neighborhood worry the "toritos" in the arena.

Actually a bull never sees a cape until the day he fights for his life in the ring. The "toritos" at the farm were young cows as deadly and as brave and as fierce as the bulls they breed.

"Look at that black one!" shouted the foreman on a day that Bob was there. "Already she fears nothing on two legs."

"She does look tough," said Bob. "Do you mind if I try one of the gentler ones?"

Before the foreman could protest, Bob had picked up a cape and walked out toward the center of the ring where a peaceful looking animal stood waiting.

"Be careful, señor," the foreman shouted. "She is little, but she is also very mean."

Bob discovered that for himself in just a second. The "torito" snorted, lowered her broad head, and charged. Bob barely had time to jump out of the way.

On the next charge Bob was prepared. He stood easily with his cape gracefully draped by his side, looking for all the world like an expert. But the "torito" wasn't impressed. She had the fixed idea of trampling Bob into the dust, and she almost did.

As a rule, people in their right minds do not enter a ring with 900 pounds of porterhouse on the hoof. It's like standing too close to a speeding freight train. But Bob wanted *Torero* to look authentic in every detail.

A few weeks later, he was back at the studio, practicing the intricate foot work and flowing cape movements of a torero. Because he's a natural athlete it came easy to him, and a Hollywood columnist who watched him practice wrote that he looked professional enough to do the actual fighting scenes in the film.

"Are you kidding?" Bob asked. "*Me* get in the ring with a big mad bull? Why, I'd rather go six rounds with Joe Louis!"

"What's the matter," the columnist joked, "losing your nerve?"

"Have you ever *seen* a bullfight?" Bob asked. "Those bulls play for keeps!"

"That wouldn't have stopped you a few years ago," the columnist said.

"A few years ago," Bob reminded him, "I was a lot younger. And even then, I never did anything as reckless as that."

"Oh, no?" the columnist queried. "What about the time you tried to make that speed boat fly up at Lake Merced?"

"*That* was an accident," Bob confessed, with a self-conscious smile. "And I'm not racing my boat anymore."

THE columnist was referring to the time Bob cracked up his high-powered speed boat, the Thunderbird, while leading the field in a big race at Lake Merced. He swung into a turn with the throttle wide open, hit a bad wave, and barrel-rolled the boat 15 feet into the air. Bob landed on his head fifty feet away, and woke up in the hospital six hours later.

"And what about that motorcycle spill you had just before the war?"

"I hit some loose gravel in the road," Bob admitted. "It shouldn't have happened. But I'm not riding motorcycles anymore, either." (That spill almost injured him permanently.)

"Ten years ago, I wouldn't have been at all surprised to hear that Bob had taken up bullfighting seriously," says one of his friends. "In those days, Bob would tackle anything new. And believe me, he wouldn't have stopped until he was one of the best bullfighters in the world—or flat on his back."

Happily, this time around, there's none of the "playboy" nonsense dogging his every step. Probably this is true because he's forsaken most of the madcap sports which made it possible for snap-judgers to pin that label on him. Also, Bob is a much wiser, more mature young man than he used to be.

Actors who have recently worked with him are genuine in their praise of his ability. But Bob is still a little wary of their exuberance.

"People will come up and say, 'Gee, Bob, you were terrific in that take' like they had expected me to have two heads and smell," Bob says. "But I believe that most of Hollywood is beginning to be convinced that I am serious about acting."

WHEN Bob's father, J. Langford Stack, died in 1929, he left a gross estate of nearly $5,000,000 in property to Bob, his mother, and his brother, Jim. It is a certainty that Bob will never be troubled by economic insecurity as long as he lives. It is only natural that this happy condition has created some unconscious resentment in Hollywood.

Movie actors wear dark glasses to funerals, to conceal the fact that their eyes are not red from weeping.—*Nunnally Johnson*

"It has never occurred to Bob that money is an advantage," a close friend of the Stack family says. "If anything, it provides a constant challenge for him to make good on his own."

Bob's tremendous admiration for his father has influenced everything he has ever done in his life. Jim Stack was a big, lusty man who began subjecting his two sons to outdoor life almost before they could talk. Bob was only 8 years old when his father first took him duck-hunting. When they got out in the blind, he handed Bob a 12-gauge shotgun to try. Bob shot it and it knocked him flat.

"I guess I'll have to get you a lighter gun," his father commented.

HE is so dead serious about acting that he has postponed all plans of marriage until he gets his career in full stride. He has been seeing a lot of Evelyn Keyes and Claudette Thornton. But neither one has wrung a proposal from him.

"I have the problem of being in love with my work," Bob says. "And until I have my profession under control, it wouldn't be fair to any woman to have a distraction like that in her life."

The past three years have been a period of restlessness and marking time for Bob Stack, waiting for that one part which would give him a chance to prove his real ability. It may be that *Torero* is it. But no matter how *Torero* turns out, Stack is on the way—and even a wild bull couldn't stop him. THE END

love me, love my house

(*Continued from page 42*) sports coats became enemies in the closet. There was no place for her records and his drafting boards. Finally she turned to John one evening and said, "What ever became of that stone and glass house in Mandeville Canyon?"

"It's still standing. Why?"

"Oh, nothing," she said casually. "Only, why don't we live in it?"

John was speechless for a moment. Then he grinned. "You mean you really want to live in a modern house?"

"If it's one of yours."

"It's one of mine," said John, "but maybe you won't like it. Maybe it's not your type. Maybe . . ."

"Maybe we ought to go look at it," she suggested.

So they went.

JOHN opened the heavy front door of the modern house, and he let Diana wander through it herself. He has a theory that you can't argue people into liking contemporary style architecture. You have to let them live in a contemporary home for a few weeks. If they don't like it after experiencing the freedom of uncluttered rooms and large expanses of sunlight, no eloquent flood of words will change them.

In a few minutes, Diana came looking for her husband. Her eyes were shining. "John, it's perfect for us! I think we should decorate our bedroom in rose-beige and chocolate brown and maybe have a splashy, figured wallpaper in one bathroom and something more masculine in the other. We can have red in the kitchen, and gray. And, of course, we'll eat by candlelight. Candlelight in the mountains . . . and all those windows. . . ."

Today, Diana is a confirmed modernist who specializes in giving dinner parties for ten or twelve friends, including one pair of house-hunting newlyweds. Just let anyone profess the smallest interest in her house, and she'll take them on a tour pointing out the wonderful conveniences which are hidden all over the place.

For example, there's a ventilator fan in the stall shower that draws all the steam and humidity out through a vent in the roof. Every room has a two-way speaker system which saves a lot of unnecessary walking in an otherwise narrow elongated house. All the light switches are located at convenient hip height instead of being at the old conventional shoulder level. This saves having to reach up every time you want to turn on a light. In addition, there is one black button on every light panel that ties into a master switch. A flip of this switch from anywhere in the house will turn on all the lights in the place. This simple gadget serves as a sure safety device. Should the Lindsays ever hear a prowler, they need only move a finger to flood their home with light.

IN THE Lindsay kitchen, you will find the greatest collection of up-to-the-minute conveniences for the housewife. There's a Westinghouse stove and refrigerator, a Frigidaire automatic laundry, and a Kitchenaid mixer that all operate on the low electric rate. The fireman-red counters and black splash are made of linoleum treated with a plastic bar varnish which won't stain or burn.

The house furnishings are equally as smart and economical, too. The floor to ceiling draperies throughout the entire residence are made of ordinary sailcloth. As a hanging fabric, sailcloth is wonderfully practical. It sheds dirt and doesn't need any lining to make it opaque. You can buy sailcloth at practically any department store.

The floors—and this, too, is a swell tip—are covered with Caliwool which is not a rug at all but a carpet liner. It costs $2.00 a square yard as compared to the cheapest broadloom at $8.00. Caliwool is wearable and comes in soft beautiful colors. It's ideal for the young home-maker. Someday, when the Lindsays' budget permits, they plan to lay wall to wall carpeting on top of their liner, but right now Caliwool is superb for their purposes.

The furniture in the Lindsay house is custom designed. A friend of John's, Newton Lichter, designed the pieces out of tough, inexpensive material. The two living room couches, for example, have wrought iron frames, while the cushions are ordinary bed mattresses and large bolsters, covered by a coarse green wool.

After Diana's friends make the grand tour of her house they usually tell her, "Dolly, you're so lucky being settled in a place designed especially for you."

Her reply is always the same. "When you're married to a car dealer," she says, "you run around in the latest model car. When you're married to an architect, you run around in the latest model house. With my John, it's a case of 'Love me, love my house!' . . . And believe me, I do!"

THE END

Diana Lynn's latest movie for Hal Wallis-Paramount is My Friend Irma Goes West.

how sinful are movie stars?

(*Continued from page 55*) one of his characters, a movie critic, say: "Every now and then some elder statesman of the theater or cinema assures the public that actors and actresses are just plain folks, ignoring the fact that their greatest attraction to the public is their complete lack of resemblance to normal human beings . . . By and large we are concentrated gatherings of neurotics. egomaniacs, emotional misfits and precocious children."

Let's look at these "precocious children."

In general, the motion picture industry has attracted a motley, talented group of people from the most flamboyant segments of show business, and from the most varied avenues of life. Many of them, particularly the comedians, have been reared in poverty-stricken areas. Others, like Betty Hutton, Loretta Young, Lana Turner and Doris Day, have been raised without fathers. George Raft was a prize fighter. Frank Sinatra was a shipyard worker. Dorothy Lamour was an elevator operator.

To each of these, the word "sin" has a different meaning.

George Raft, for example, has frequently been singled out as an acquaintance of underworld characters. He has been seen and photographed with Frank Costello, Bugsy Siegel, and others with criminal records; but one must not forget that Raft was brought up on New York's tough East Side, that many of the children he played with as a boy later developed into well-known racketeers.

Whenever these men hit Hollywood, they drop in on Raft for old times' sake. He has never once snubbed any of them. In his moral code, such blatant snobbery

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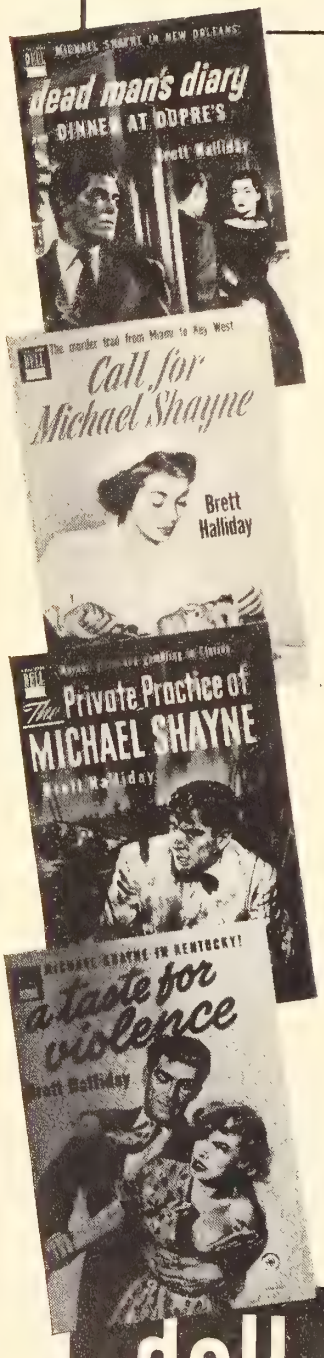
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would constitute a sin of the worst kind.

Frank Sinatra is another product of the slums. Some of the boys who attended school with him in Hoboken are currently serving time. In Sinatra's code, loyalty is paramount. Only a few years ago, he resigned from the swank Lakeside Country Club in North Hollywood because certain members didn't approve of his guests.

SIN has another meaning to actresses like Ginger Rogers, Joan Crawford, Greer Garson and Gloria Swanson, to name a few. They feel no guilt in having been married three or four times. For the most part, these are domineering women whose lives are meaningless without love. In many cases they have sacrificed husbands for careers, but they see no reason why this sacrifice should be perpetual. In their search for happiness, they are willing to take repeated risks with a free conscience.

Stories to the effect that Hollywood actresses and actors indulge periodically in orgiastic parties simply are not true. If anything there is probably less sexual activity among actors and actresses as a group than many others, for as the Kinsey Report revealed, there is infinitely more promiscuous sex activity among the unskilled, lower income occupational groups.

Screen stars aren't saints. Furthermore, they make no attempts to set themselves up as paragons of virtue. Most of them consider their work a livelihood and simply want to be left alone to enjoy their free time. Only after they've been in Hollywood for years do they realize how greatly they've sacrificed privacy for adulation.

Movie fans elevate actors to stardom. From time to time they will adopt a personality and deify him—as they did Van Johnson and Frank Sinatra. In return, fans demand that the stars lead their private lives in public, and woe to the star's career if the public disapproves.

Yet the lure of Hollywood never fails. For years it has attracted the talented, the poor but ambitious, because it rewards popularity with great wealth, and it places no premium on background. Its own background has not been a credit to its name.

In fact, it is Hollywood's past history which is most responsible for associating sin with stars in the public mind. Compared to the screen colony of the 1920's, Hollywood, today, is as pure as Eden before the snake walked in, and its actors and actresses are unfairly libeled by the immoral behavior of their predecessors.

To realize what relatively wholesome lives most screen stars currently lead, one has merely to refer to the front page of any leading 1920 newspaper.

IN that year, Olive Thomas, one of Flo Ziegfeld's most beautiful discoveries committed suicide in Paris. When the tragic news of her death reached New York, the lights all over Broadway were turned off as a mark of respect and love. Investigation by the French Surete General later revealed that cocaine had played more than a passing part in the actress' death.

A few months later, Wallace Reid, the handsome idol of millions, disappeared from Hollywood. His employers attributed his disappearance to "overwork," but everyone in the film colony knew otherwise. Wallace Reid was a morphine addict. In seven years, he had starred in 52 pictures, all of them box office successes. To maintain this killing schedule, he had succumbed to morphine.

For three long years, blackmailers bled him for loot. Reid had a wife and two children. He loved them deeply. He knew what the dope was doing to him, and he tried to rid himself of the habit. He succeeded for two whole months, but the en-

rced abstinence proved too great a rain. One day, he collapsed on the set. is wife took him to a mountain retreat here after a month of delirium, he died. His death set in motion a wave of ounting antagonism against Hollywood hich reached its peak on September 5, 921, when Fatty Arbuckle was accused f sexually violating a 23-year-old girl, nd thereby causing her death.

Arbuckle had first met Virginia Rappe t the old Keystone Studios and had taken n immediate liking to her. On one oc- asion he had even tried to "borrow" a ey to her dressing room from the night atchman, but with no success.

Years later, however, when Arbuckle as staying at the St. Francis Hotel in an Francisco, he learned that Virginia as in town and invited her over. She rrived with several of her friends. There as a good deal of drinking, and subse- uently Virginia and Fatty were paired off. resently, they strolled into an adjoining edroom where Arbuckle locked the door.

Twenty minutes later, Virginia's terri- ied screams reverberated throughout the uite. "I'm dying!" she cried. "I'm dying!" Her friends rushed to the bedroom door nd tried to kick it in. A very drunk Arbuckle opened the door.

Oddly enough, no one seemed to take he dying actress very seriously. The hotel hysician arrived and with the manager carried Virginia out of the suite, and the arty continued along its merry way.

Four days later, Virginia Rappe died in he hospital, and a coroner's jury found Roscoe Fatty Arbuckle guilty of causing her death. He was tried three times. Two trials ended in hung juries. On the third, Fatty won an acquittal, but by then, all his pictures had been banned from the screen, no one would hire him, and the anxious eyes of the nation were being focused on still another Hollywood scandal, the murder of William Desmond Taylor, one of the great directors at Lasky Studios.

TAYLOR, in his late fifties, had been shot in the back with a .32 calibre automatic while seated at his desk. Investigation of the murder revealed that the handsome director had been loved by two famous actresses, Mabel Normand and Mary Miles Minter. Since Miss Normand had been paying a narcotics gang approximately $2,000 a month for both drugs and blackmail, and Mary Miles Minter had written Taylor some exceedingly tempestuous love letters—Taylor's studio, according to one reporter, "did more to hamper the investigation of this murder than to help it."

As a result of it, however, the Hollywood producers were compelled to police the industry. For the job, they chose Will Hays, former Postmaster General in the cabinet of President Warren G. Harding.

Although Hays and his 1945 successor, Eric Johnston, still have many detractors, the fact is that under their supervision Hollywood movie stars have pretty much toed the moral line.

In the past 28 years, approximately 15,000 players have been under contract to the major studios. Less than ten of these have been involved in full-fledged scandals. No other industry dealing primarily in extrovertive, ego-ridden, publicity-hounded personalities can approach this record.

Today, Beverly Hills, where most of the screen stars reside, is one of the most law-abiding cities in the land. According to Chief Clinton Anderson, in charge of the local police, "We've had only two murders in this town, Pauly Gibbons and Bugsy Siegel, and in fifteen years, less than half a dozen prostitution cases. As a group, the movie colony consists of decent, law-abiding citizens. Once in a while, a young kid will be picked up for drunken driving, but that can happen in any community.

"Out here, we treat every resident alike. We show no partiality to movie stars. If they do anything wrong, we take them in. The fact that we haven't booked many of them is proof of their good behavior."

Stars are particularly sensitive to public opinion, and they will go to incredible lengths to prevent the circulation of unfavorable publicity. They know that they are constantly exposed to all sorts of sensational attacks.

IN 1943, a Mrs. Barbara Jean Thompson of Long Beach, California, accused Henry Fonda of fathering her child. At that time, Fonda was on duty with the U. S. Navy in the Pacific; when he heard the news, he quickly denied it, claiming that he had no recollection of the woman.

Mrs. Thompson, however, was insistent. She demanded several thousands for herhelf, her lawyer, her hospital bills.

Fonda's lawyers went to work. They quickly discovered that the plaintiff had previously been arrested in a Long Beach hotel on a morals charge. She had a police record, an extensive history of divorce and annulment, and had in addition employed many aliases. Fonda's attorney described her as "a very lewd and lascivious person." When the facts were made known, the case quietly evaporated, and Fonda emerged from the sordid mess with his reputation intact.

Ordinarily, this is not the result of most paternity suits. Regardless of the final decision, it is always the star who gets hurt. Certainly, this was true in paternity suits involving Wallace Beery, Charlie Chaplin, and the late William S. Hart, the Hopalong Cassidy of the 1920's. As a matter of fact, it was the paternity scandal of 1923 that ruined Hart's meteoric career.

In that year, Elizabeth MacCaullay, a Massachusetts school teacher, asserted that William S. Hart was the father of her 5-year-old boy. Hart denied it. Miss MacCaullay insisted the story was true.

When she took the witness stand, she gave her imagination full sweep. "Bill," she testified, "was so wonderful that I was blinded by my love for him. I succumbed to his wiles and whisperings. He may deny this all he pleases, but in his heart he will always remember the little woman from the East who gave all."

Unfortunately, the public didn't believe Hart, for too much scandalous activity had been going on in Hollywood. They stayed away from his pictures. His name on a theater marquee soon became poison. Eventually, the Massachusetts school teacher recanted her fanciful tale. By then William S. Hart's career was over.

THE same thing almost happened to Charlie Chaplin. Born in London in 1889, he's been the moral *enfant terrible* of the film industry for the past three decades. His father died when he was three years old, and his mother placed him in an almshouse. He never knew any kindness as a child, and when after three years in motion pictures, he began earning $10,000 a week, his conduct, his search for love, his attempts to buy happiness were typical manifestations of the rags-to-riches saga.

ANSWERS TO QUIZ ON PAGE 72

1. *Sergeant York*
2. *Gary Cooper*
3. *Sergeant York*
4. *For single-handedly capturing over 200 enemy troops.*
5. *1941*



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His first wife was Mildred Harris, a woman who described him as "an equal mixture of intellectual and sensualist." In 1924, favoring his sensual side, he married a 16-year-old actress named Lita Grey. She had two children by him and then sued for divorce demanding a cash settlement of a cool million dollars. She filed a petition which so graphically recounted Chaplin's many amours that copies were surreptitiously mimeographed and sold around Hollywood. The hue and cry were so great that for a short time it seemed very probable that Chaplin would follow Arbuckle and Hart into exile, but fortunately, he met most of his wife's demands, and the case was settled.

Years later, Chaplin was asked by movie mogul Joseph Schenck to take a trip on his yacht. Chaplin accepted and on the yacht he met an ex-chorus girl named Paulette Goddard. Chaplin cast her opposite him in *Modern Times*, married her in 1936, divorced her in 1942.

With Paulette gone, the middle-aged genius looked about for a new protegée. He found her in the form of Joan Barry, a beautiful teen-aged red-head. He placed her under contract.

One evening, eighteen months later, he suddenly cancelled her contract. He barred her from the premises. Joan refused to stay away. The police picked her up and jailed her. Chaplin finally gave her $100 and a railroad ticket to New York, and she was released from jail on her promise to leave the city. Instead, she called on a Hollywood columnist, one of Chaplin's known enemies. "I'm going to bear Charlie Chaplin's child," she announced.

Chaplin was indicted by a Federal grand jury on four separate counts. He was accused of violating the Mann Act, transporting a girl across the state lines for immoral purposes, and of having conspired to deny Joan Barry her civil rights. The Mann Act count was dismissed, and Chaplin was acquitted on the others.

Miss Barry then instituted a paternity suit. Blood tests conclusively established that Chaplin was not the father of her unborn child, but the court later compelled the comedian to pay a monthly allowance for the support of the baby. At a time when it looked very much as if he might be deported—Chaplin is not a U. S. citizen—when he was being smeared left and right, and the whole world was seemingly against him, he fell in love again, this time with Oona O'Neill, the daughter of playwright Eugene O'Neill. After his acquittal of the Federal charges, Chaplin married her. When Joan Barry was told the news, she supposedly burst into tears of rage.

There is no doubt that Chaplin's amorous adventures have reflected adversely on Hollywood moral standards. There is little doubt that several other stars have been tinted by the brush used to smear him.

Stars are always being accused of some crime or other. These charges always make the headlines, true or false. The cumulative effect upon the public is the mistaken belief that the natural state of actors and actresses is trouble. Many fans aren't aware of the number of crackpots who make trouble for celebrities.

Take Betty Grable. Ever since she achieved stardom she has been the target of countless extortionists. On January 5th, 1941, she received a threatening letter, demanding that she send $2,000 to a Betty Westlake of Washington. The letter was written by an 18-year-old fan.

Ninety days later, Betty, under the threat of death, received a letter demanding $8,500. The FBI picked up its author, James Thompson, in a Birmingham cafe and sent him to jail for a year and a day.

Last year, her life was again threatened "unless you leave $5,000 to the man who will be leaning against a wall on Gower between Melrose and Santa Monica." The FBI was called in again. This time a policewoman disguised as the actress was sent walking along Gower Street with a dummy package of bills. She dropped the package, and a young man picked it up. He was arrested and confessed that he wanted $5,000 "to tour Hollywood and see the film stars."

Another prominent female target for extortion was Clara Bow. In the early 1930's, Clara was earning $6,000 a week.

She was alternately described as the "It" girl, "the Brooklyn Bonfire," the "hottest dame this side of the Atlantic." She knew droves of men and she was supposedly, in a term of thirty months, engaged to Bela Lugosi, Harry Richman, Victor Fleming, Gilbert Roland, and Gary Cooper.

She lived the kind of life most people think Hollywood actresses live, wild, reckless, man-filled. She spent her money so lavishly that gambling croupiers below the border called her "Clara Dough-Blow."

Unfortunately, she had a penchant for saving love letters. Her private secretary, Daisy De Voe, stole "the hottest" of these and threatened to turn them over to the newspapers unless Clara gave her $125,000.

Clara refused. Daisy was arrested and sent to the women's penitentiary, but the scandal she had engendered finished Clara Bow as a screen attraction. Clara married Rex Bell and retired from the screen.

For years the publicity mills have been grinding out truckloads of material on the private lives of the stars. In Hollywood, no man and woman ever go out for simple fun. It is always passion that spins the plot. Sometimes, as in the Hayworth and Bergman instances, the publicity boys are right in their assumption that something is "cooking." Frequently, however, they're wrong, in fact so wrong, that Dore Schary, chief of production at MGM recently said: "Hollywood is a good example of how misunderstood a place can get.

"The mental picture of Hollywood is that it is the capital of screwballism, full of actors either chasing other actors' wives or divorcing their own, of maniac directors and writers surveying their swimming pools and muttering about Art.

"Though the picture is wrong, it is partly Hollywood's own fault that it exists. In the beginning, many years ago, we made it exist because we thought it was good showmanship. We displayed the roaring tigers and the girl with three heads on Main Street, just as the small circus does today. It sold tickets."

Nowadays, sin still sells tickets. If anything, it tends to temporarily enhance a star's fame and box office popularity, but few stars will traffic with it, because vice, debauchery, and drunkenness leave telltale lines about the face.

Ambition, common sense, business acumen, and the searching light of publicity keep actors in line. These factors combine to make them less sinful, on the whole, than the general public.

If you doubt this, look at Hollywood's record in recent years, and then take an honest look into the police files or into the form and number of immoral actions in any city of our land. THE END

Paid Notice

Are you as lovely as you can be?

See page 19

(*Continued from page 61*) half the sense I think you have," I suggested. "You'll clear out of here right now, go get Dorothy and bring her back. This kind of thing spells bad news for you and yours."

Bob's face sobered down. "You're absolutely right, Hedda," he agreed. "And I promise you—I'll go back and get her."

Three days later I read the headlines. Three days later the police had Bob Mitchum in jail and in trouble.

THERE'S nothing unique about trouble, Heaven knows. It's about as exclusive as the measles. I have troubles every day—so, I'll bet, do you. Trouble is living and life, as the smartie said, "is just one damn thing after another." But the Good Lord gave most of us the natural caution to dodge as much public trouble as we can and the good sense to realize that our reputations are the best assets we'll ever have. Yet, in a spotlighted town where good names are money in the bank and where, you'd think, the stars would do everything in their powers to keep them white as the snow—what do we see?

Rita Hayworth wants to marry a prince. Well, that's fine. But does she have to travel over half the world with him first in a flagrant flouting of all accepted conventions, knowing that her fame will make every step public property? If Ingrid Bergman wants to change husbands and start another family, okay—that seems to be done in the best of circles. But can't she pick a more discreet setting for her romance than a ballyhooed picture location and can't she ring out the old before she rings in the new—like everybody else?

"Every time I begin to emote, I look up and there is a horse—stealing my scene."—*Maria Montez*

Sometimes it seems the stars go out of their way to court headlines via disaster. Sometimes it seems that Hollywood is indeed a school for scandal. But it's not. Only recently a government investigator sent out from Washington to uncover the wicked goings on of Horrible Hollywood went right back and with an empty briefcase. Hollywood, by and large, he discovered, is just as respectable as any other city you can name. What then, cooks up all this trouble you read about?

A quick answer is: Through too much fame, too much flattery, too much money, too much concentrated work with too much empty leisure in between. "Idle hands are the devil's playthings," they used to tell me back in Altoona, Pa., and I still believe it. And, as another wise man once observed, "Stars can stand anything but success." But what's missing in that answer is the human element. Stars are people, believe it or not. They're all different, from different backgrounds, and they each react very differently when bowled over by the whirlwinds of fame.

TAKE Frankie Sinatra—and America certainly did. Maybe that was the trouble. They took Frankie to their hearts too fast and he thought he was somebody out of this world, with no obligations whatever. For a kid from across the tracks his great good fortune was to be grabbed greedily and the result was a spoiled, swell-headed young man. Frank's trail up and down the ladder is spotted with ingratitudes. His greatest ingratitude, of course, has been to Nancy, who anchored him, gave him the home he'd never known as a kid, wonderful children and her loyal love. Everybody loved Frankie—but he didn't love back. And that's the root of his trouble tree, and always will be until he learns that love is a two-way word.

On the other hand, have a look at Bob Mitchum, a big irresponsible guy who loves everybody and the world in general, not wisely but too well. And that amiable weakness is as dangerous for Bob as Frankie's selfishness is for him.

Victor Mature is another one of the most ingratiating fellows I know. But thrice married Vic is a born bachelor at heart. He still can't see why he isn't free as the air though married. A while back I ran across Vic and Dorothy in Las Vegas, huddled in a gaming club. It was very late and dead-tired Dorothy forced a wan smile. "I came up here for a rest," she said, "and look! We haven't been to bed before five o'clock for three straight nights." She didn't say it happily either and Vic's troubles brew because he still never knows, or cares, what time it is.

I WATCH stars every day, men and women both, going on being the light hearted, self-indulgent kids they once were. 'way back when they started on this rosy Hollywood road to success, so pleasant and nice, as long as you keep it straight and narrow. It always amazes me, though, as the years go by, that they never learn the simple fact that they can't do just as they please, that they've got to grow up, that the sides of that road are glass and that people are going to look, and too often find them wanting in one way or another.

One day, before he sailed away to find Princess Ghica, I drove up to Errol Flynn's house for an interview. He had to ask a blonde to please leave before we could get down to business.

It didn't surprise me because I know Errol. I know he is a man who—in all truth—women just won't leave alone. But I also know that Errol doesn't particularly want them to. It's perfectly okay with me for Errol to keep an accent on youth, and if he can stay fatally fascinating to the ladies in his mid-years and get by with it—power to him. All the world loves a lover—even a fortyish lover—until he shows up in a jam.

Trouble with Errol is, he's about as discreet as a pussycat. He never learned to pay for his fun until it was too late, when he paid plenty. I've always thought that five dollars' worth of roses to Nora Eddington at the right time would have saved Errol a lot of trouble and some important money, too. But I don't expect him ever to learn.

Nor do I expect to see the day when another perpetual Peter Pan named Sonny Tufts snaps out of adolescence and acts his years. Sonny was a legend in his college campus cutup days—and I suppose it was cute then. He was the life of every party when he first came to Hollywood. But what used to earn him cheers just brings him hangover headaches today, the real kind and the career kind, too.

Are the miseries of movieland all just a case of grown-ups still wearing rompers on their psyches? Not exactly. On the contrary, growing up too fast under the million-dollar pressure of a precocious career has wreaked even more havoc.

Since she was thirteen Judy Garland has made thirty-odd full length pictures for MGM. She never was a little girl. She never had time to be. She was a grown up star—and a wife and mother, too—before she could call herself a woman. She paid the price of ignoring that delicate transition period in snapped nerves, a physical

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breakdown, and trouble which may haunt her for a long time to come.

You can trace the beginnings of too many adult star troubles to the high gear growing up which is the price of concentrated kiddie careers. Who was more talented, beautiful and blooming than Deanna Durbin—and who turned into a more trouble-tormented disappointment? Betty Hutton has worked practically since the day she was born, worked hard, to the limit of her terrific talent. Learning the rugged ropes of show business in her growing years, how did Betty have a chance to learn the true values of living at the time every girl and boy must?

When Betty called me one day last year to say she was leaving her husband, Ted Briskin, I gasped, "Betty, how can you? You'll never find another man as sweet as that. Think it over."

Well, Betty did and she went back to Ted. But the next time she didn't call me—the time she filed for divorce. I wish she had, although I'm not sure it would have done any permanent good. Betty is still giving her heart and soul to making pictures and those pictures are making her a bigger and bigger star. But will she ever know what she really wants? Won't the theme song of show business—off-with-the-old-and-on-with-the-new be the same for Betty's real life? Those are the wrong values for happiness.

I CAN sympathize with Betty Hutton, but it's very hard indeed for me to squeeze out crocodile tears for Ava Gardner, another girl who picked up wrong values—and I do mean wrong—right here in Hollywood. As a result, Ava is flouting conventions right and left and heading for trouble as sure as shooting. She may think—as I suspect she does—that working up an international scandal is hot stuff for her screen siren reputation. But she's playing with fire. How she's changed!

When I first saw Ava Gardner she was a pretty little girl from North Carolina, innocent and sweet as a peach. I remember an MGM publicity man took her on a studio tour when she first arrived, led her onto a Mickey Rooney set. "I hope you're satisfied," he said. "You've actually met Mickey Rooney now!" That plunged Ava into tears because she was mortified that anyone should think she'd be that ga-ga over a movie star. Today, Ava out-movie stars most movie stars herself. In fact, some scandal more sensational than her toreador trouble was about to trap Ava in very unsavory Hollywood headlines if she hadn't sailed off to Spain when she did. Maybe she makes a better siren off the screen than she does on, anyway—and that's another reason why you'll find some of our best stars sticking their custom-shod feet regularly in muddle puddles: They get to believe the parts they play.

"The trouble with you, Bogie," I heard Prince Mike Romanoff say once, "is that you think you're Humphrey Bogart." Mike had noted the uncounted instances when Bogie, in Romanoff's and elsewhere, needled people menacingly as he does before a camera. The important difference is: it works before a camera—nowhere else.

Bette Davis is another night and day star who's played a supercharged neurotic so long, that she's one herself. She's dominated everyone opposite her on the screen so long that now she has to dominate everybody in sight—in the studio and out—or she's miserable.

I don't know which is worse, frankly—to be wrapped up in your roles like that or to be unhappily scornful of the parts you play, as was Ingrid Bergman. A lot of Ingrid's miseries sprang from her phony, untouchable legend and from her unconsidered impulsiveness, too. An impulsive

coming attractions!
ava gardner
on the
october
cover of
modern screen
on sale
september 8

telephone call to Leo McCarey that I suggested, got her that wonderful nun role in *The Bells of St. Mary's* but a letter to Roberto Rossellini, which was definitely her own idea, got her *Stromboli*, and everything that came after. But the well-spring of her woes lay in her conviction that Hollywood wasn't doing right by her.

LAST summer in Rome, in the drab hidden little apartment where I interviewed her, Ingrid replied when I asked how she ever wrote that fatal letter anyway, "I had to get away. I couldn't play any more of those run-of-the-mill parts."

"Was the nun in *The Bells of St. Mary's* a run-of-the-mill part?" I asked her. "Was *Joan of Arc* one, too?"

"You don't understand," said Ingrid. Well, maybe I don't. There are a lot of things I don't understand about other people's troubles and what they'll lead to.

I've given advice until my tongue sagged, because I'm still sucker enough to try to help people who can't or won't help themselves. Sometimes I have the satisfaction of seeing it heeded. I called Lana Turner once, for instance, and got results. She was back in Connecticut with Bob Topping defying MGM's plea to come home and make a picture. I'd heard top echelon talk and I knew she was set to be MGM's whipping girl if she acted up.

"They're going to lower the boom on you, Lana," I warned. "If you still want your job, you'd better make that picture."

"But it's a lousy part," she argued.

"I don't care if it's the lousiest part ever written." I said, "Get out here." Most of Lana Turner's multiple troubles have stemmed from her trusting habit of taking the last advice given her—and usually that's been bad. Luckily, I was the last one she talked to before she boarded a plane west, and mine was good. She did *Three Musketeers* and saved her career.

HOLLYWOOD stars live by being unreal. Yet this world's a very real place which they seem to forget. When they make movies, if they're any good, they give everything. They're squeezed dry. There's nothing left for a husband, a child, a home, or even a problem, half the time. The other half of the time—boom—suddenly they're pacing around with nothing to do. No wonder they act, too often, like puppies let out of a pen—racing around foolishly making noise and winding up with yowls.

I know a star who deliberately leaves Hollywood after every movie he finishes.



"OH DAD, and just the right kind, too!"

aturally, Janie's happy! Like most en-age girls, she has pretty definite references in stockings. She knows at to get the kind she prefers, she has look at the label and see the brand ame. (That's the name the manufacrer gives the clothing he makes so at folks can tell it from others.)

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He goes to some little town where nobody knows him, locks himself in a hotel room and has a quiet one-man relaxing spree. I know another who checks into a hospital. And I know one who sometimes just gets in his car and drives and drives. Once he drove clear to Texas before he thought to call home. His name was Dan Dailey, and that drive got him in trouble.

But who's to say what is one star's meat or another's poison? Who's to play nursemaid? When you're all grown up, free and past twenty-one, you're supposed to stand on your own two feet, aren't you? There are certain standards and conventions we all must learn and live by, in Hollywood, California, or Iuka, Illinois. There's good taste and there's bad. And when you break the rules you pay. That's what plenty of free-wheeling stars are doing in Hollywood today, whether they know it or not.

What always makes me shake my wooly head in awe is that so few of them do know it, even when it's written in headlines. Which reminds me of the funniest piece of advice a star ever sought from me.

She was warm-hearted and impulsive, to put it mildly, and one summer she gaily toured all over Europe with her boy friend, another big star.

Coming back home to Hollywood she called me up. "Hedda," she asked me, "do you think I ought to marry him?"

"Honey," I told her, "if you don't know the answer to that by now, I guess you never will!"

That's more or less the way I'm beginning to feel about these Hollywood naughty boy beautifuls and girls gorgeous, who get caught in the jam pot of some trouble or another. If they don't know how to behave themselves by now, what makes anyone think they ever will? THE END

allyson wonderland

(*Continued from page 29*) see you.

ME: Can you hear me all right?

FRANK: (*desperately eyeing door*) Yes, Mrs. Powell.

ME: Thank you, Frank. You've made me very happy. By the way, would you please see that we get two copies of the morning paper from now on?

FRANK: (*light dawning in his eyes*) Of course, Mrs. Powell.

Scene II: Next morning. Me at breakfast table, reading newspaper. Enter Richard.

RICHARD: 'Morning, doll.

ME: You say you're here already? Tell you what I'm gonna do. I'm gonna let you have the paper. (*I hand it to him.*)

RICHARD: Holy Cow! It'll take me twenty minutes to sort this thing!

ME: (*I giggle, walk around the table, kiss the top of his head, get reaction.*)

RICHARD: A nice gesture, wife. Why don't you do it more often?

ME: (*restraining me*) I had a wonderful golf game yesterday.

RICHARD: (*sorting paper*) You did? I didn't know you were going to play golf. Who'd you play with?

ME: Helen.

RICHARD: Helen? Why didn't you tell me you were going to see her? I wanted to talk to her about a show.

ME: (*airily*) I thought of mentioning it but I just didn't want to disturb you. (*Enter Frank, bearing fruit juice and morning paper.*) I'll take that second paper, please, Frank.

RICHARD: (*still sorting his copy, looks up in surprise*) What goes on here?

ME: Just a small idea I had. It'll keep us married for at least another five years.

RICHARD: (*leans over and kisses me on*



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the nose) You're a wicked woman, but I love you. (*Frank exits hurriedly.*)

ACT II: The Nursery. (This is where Olie spins tales of her childhood for Pamela and me, a childhood that must have been wonderful. She had seven brothers and sisters and they lived in a big house in Vancouver and there was a cherry tree outside her bedroom window. This is the kind of childhood I want Pamela to have. Olie is a genius at disciplining Pamela—as this scene will show.) Pam and I are alone in the nursery and Pam has just taken a picture from a table.

ME: Put it back, darling.

PAM: (*smiles coyly and grasps the picture tighter*) Love you, mama.

ME: I love you, too, but you must put the picture back on the table.

PAM: (*remains motionless*) Love you six.

ME: (*disregarding charm*) Pamela, the picture is not yours, and you must put it back. (*Enter Olie.*)

OLIE: Put that picture back, small fry.

PAM: Yes, yes. Hurry, hurry. (*Runs to table and replaces picture.*)

Act III: Doctor's office. (This requires a little explanation . . . Olie can never understand why I complain about going on trips. She even gets delirious about a trip to our mailbox, and so it is that I usually invite her to come with me on my shopping trips and visits to doctors. The latter have had disastrous results for Olie. In this scene we are in the office of a doctor who is to remove a small mole from my neck.)

ME: (*suddenly struck with a thought*) Olie, don't you have a mole on your arm?

OLIE: Well, yes, but it doesn't matter.

ME: Let the doctor look at it.

(*Olie surrenders and the doctor examines it carefully.*)

DOCTOR: (*straightening up*) Miss Olson, I'd advise that you have this removed at once. There's a possibility of it becoming malignant.

Scene II: Another doctor's office. This time Olie accompanies me to an eye, nose and throat specialist, who is going to check my sinus condition, which is very slight.

ME: Hey, Olie!

OLIE: No you don't. (*Makes movement toward door.*)

ME: Oh, just let him look. You don't have any sinus condition, but maybe he should check you.

OLIE: (*resignedly sitting in chair*) This is silly.

DOCTOR: (*after examination*) Miss Olson, you have two polyps in your nostrils. They're large and should be removed.

OLIE: (*wide-eyed*) Honest?

DOCTOR: I don't know how you've been breathing with these obstructions.

ME: (*gleefully*) See? I told you so.

Scene III: The Nursery. Olie is recovering from surgery.

ME: I'm going out. Want to come along?

OLIE: Where to?

ME: I'm going to see my obstetrician.

OLIE: NO!

INTERMISSION: Even before I knew I was going to have a baby my family worried because I wouldn't eat. Now they are practically frantic. So I'm just going to omit all the scenes where Richard keeps phoning from his office to ask if I've had my lunch. Olie insists I drink some concoction that tastes like pulverized motorman's gloves, and Marian gets into arguments with the vegetable man because he doesn't have the food she thinks I should eat. Frank is responsible for my iron, calcium, and etcetera pills intake. The pill battles go on all day. I don't mind them, it's just that Frank can never find me.

Pat Grenier, my secretary, also cannot locate me. Every time she mentions letter-writing I think of tennis. Anyway, she calls about business, I always t I'm busy. Then she calls Olie. Ol her to come over. Of course, Pat com we get down to work and then I'm g

Act IV: The Patio. I am readin Eggart of the green thumb approa

MR. EGGART: I wanted to ask you the gypsophila.

ME: Hmmm?

MR. EGGART: Would you like them corner, or would you prefer them the north wall?

ME: (*stalling for time*) Well now else is along the north wall?

MR. EGGART: I put in some gloxin anemone, and some salpiglossis.

ME: You don't say. How are the coming along? (I *know* what a ros rose is a rose.)

MR. EGGART: Just fine, Mrs. Po mulched them yesterday. What abo gypsophila?

ME: (*cornered*) I guess the nort would be nice.

MR. EGGART: All right. Did you s cistus cuttings I planted? They're the cherimoya tree. And we're go have ceanothus over the front wall.

ME: Do we have any daisies?

MR. EGGART: (*with pained expre* Did you want daisies, Mrs. Powell?

ME: (*weakly*) Well, I always t they were nice. Springy, you know

MR. EGGART: Maybe I could put down below the rose garden. In b that line of shrubbery.

ME: I understand, Mr. Eggart. Y right ahead. The garden looks love

ACT V: Several months ago, Pamel more than a year old, is brough my bedroom and left with me to am building blocks for her when su I feel her little hand on my chee look down to see her gazing at m an expression of both perplexity an covery. Then as she continues patti cheek she says, very distinctly, "M I gather her up and start to cry. Olie in and gathers me up and laughs wit in her eyes.

Act VI—or another part of Pame are in a bookstore.

PAM: (*with three books under he* Please, mama.

ME: They're very pretty books, but you have many at home th haven't yet read.

PAM: Please, mama, books.

ME: Yes, darling. They're very Perhaps we'll get them next time.

(*And on the way home.*)

PAM: Please, mama, books.

ME: All right, we'll buy them nex

PAM: Ha-ha. (*she takes the three*

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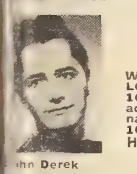
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out from under her coat.) Ha-ha.

Act. VII: Richard and Pam and I are driving home from Palm Springs, and it is approaching Pam's dinner hour.

PAM: Pam hungry.

ME: All right, dear, we'll stop soon.

RICHARD: From what I remember of this road, Junie, it's going to be some time before we reach a place where we can have dinner. You'd better humor her.

ME: What do you want for dinner, Pam?

PAM: Pears. And meat.

ME: That's fine. Pears and meat.

PAM: Cus-nerd.

ME: And Custard. All right, you just wait a while and we'll have that fine dinner. (*Almost an hour passes, during which Pam is completely quiet. Suddenly she breaks the silence with a low moan.*)

ME: What's the trouble, darling?

PAM: Oh, Oh, Pears—all gone. Meat—all gone. Cus-nerd—a-a-all go-o-ne. Oh, Oh.

ACT VIII: Sightseeing time. (Explanation: It sometimes happens that sightseers wander into our grounds, and when Marian first came to us she wanted to invite everyone in and serve them tea and cake. This would be all right with Richard and me, if it didn't get too busy and we didn't turn into a tea shop, but Olie who is major-domo, would have none of it.)

"You'll have to cut this short," she told Marian, "or everybody and his uncle who's visiting California will be stopping in to see the Powells."

"But what can I tell these people?" Marian asked.

"Oh, tell 'em they're out. Tell them they're out of town and won't be back for two weeks. Be polite, but firm."

And the next day when a group of strangers wandered up the driveway, they were met in a loving fashion by Pat, the poodle, the birdbrain—the only time he barks is when Richard and I come home from a trip and then he's determined not to allow us into the house.

STRANGERS: Is anybody home?

MARIAN: Well, *I'm* home, but Mr. and Mrs. Powell aren't.

STRANGERS: When will they be back?

MARIAN: (*with an effort*) Oh, I'd say in about two weeks. They've gone to Hawaii.

ME: (*dressed in blue jeans and barging around a corner of the house*) Hey, Marian, where's the hose?

MARIAN (*blanches*) Won't you all come in for a cup of tea?

Scene II: More sightseers. I am in the garden, inspecting the oleanders, and am dressed in my perennial blue jeans. Marian is nearby, clipping some herbs for the kitchen. Suddenly, not ten feet away, the bus which carries tourists on trips to the stars' homes screeches to a stop.

DRIVER: (*in clarion tones*) On your right is the residence of Dick Powell and June Allyson. (*Twenty heads crane out of the windows and I feel trapped.*)

PASSENGER: (*pointing at me*) Who's she?

DRIVER: Search me. Must be the maid.

MARIAN: (*rigid with rage*) Well! I never! (*I go into hysterics, forcibly restraining Marian from punching the bus driver.*)

Curtain speech:

If my baby is a girl, I want to name her Patricia, but I'm getting a lot of resistance from my family. You see, there's Pat the secretary, and Pat Wright, our relief nurse, and Pat the poodle, and then there's Pam, too, and I guess everybody figures we have enough confusion around here already. Maybe we do, but I bet I name my daughter Pat, anyway. It'll mean more confusion, certainly, but then I figure the more the merrier. And the new baby will be a welcome addition to the lovable cast of characters around here—I do mean characters, I do mean lovable, too. THE END



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future perfect

(*Continued from page 66*) shows together because they were under contract to different studios that Betty called a stop. MGM was understanding, they let her refuse *Annie Get Your Gun,* and they released her from her old contract which was to run till 1953.

Larry, himself, arranged to make only one picture a year at Columbia. This year it's *That Bedside Manner,* but after that, no more paychecks until 1951.

No money for mink coats, no money for swimming pools—for a while. "You're crazy!" say the people in the hand-painted ties. They don't know the Parks, they don't know the way they like to live.

They like to pitch in and have plain fun with their friends. Recently when Lloyd Bridges (he's in *The White Tower* now) and his wife Dorothy built a beach house, the Parks were up to their knees in sand and cement, helping.

The Bridges had bought four walls from a housebreaker and the rest was in anybody's hands. Larry and Lloyd put more nails through their fingers than in the house, but it was built.

Then, when it was all finished, Lloyd invited the gang over to dinner—the Lewis Milestones, the Jeff Coreys, the Phil Browns. . . . There was a grunion run that week (grunions are tiny fish peculiar to the Pacific Coast who come onto the beach in waves, burrow in the sand to spawn and then are washed out to sea again).

The gang caught 500 grunions, and after the last grunion had been cleaned, the argument started.

"Let's cook them in grease," said Larry, "to preserve their tender, natural, delectable flavor."

"Grease!" shouted Lloyd. "You clod. Grease is for peasants! Let's dip them in butter, let's wash them in sherry."

"I say grease," said Larry. "Who says grease?"

No one said anything. So they drew a line down the barbecue, and blindfolded the guests. Lloyd used sherry, Larry used grease, and the guests used forks. The 500 grunion were consumed, and a couple of weeks later, Lloyd shook Larry's hand. "You've saved me $50 in butter, old soak, you're a gentleman and a scholar."

LLOYD also built a barbecue. Larry saved him almost four hundred dollars. It was simple. Larry made a rule. "Anytime anyone goes near the ocean he has to bring back a rock." By the time they were ready to build the barbecue, there were enough rocks for another house. The labor was free, the cement was $1.50. An ordinary barbecue usually costs from $350 to $400.

Betty likes to save money, too. When she and Larry got ready for their personal

Who's On First

Occasionally, even to admirers of Mike Curtiz's offbeat diction, he is almost incomprehensible. "I want," he said during a visit to Canada, "to see quintaloupes."

"Where is that?" asked his friend.

"Not a where—a what," replied Mike testily.

"All right, what what?"

"Quintaloupes."

His friend said, "I don't get you, Mike."

"You know, those five twins," he replied patiently.

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appearance tour in London's Palladium, and in Glasgow, Betty didn't call up Hattie Carnegie and order from a list. She went to her closet and hauled out the clothes—her favorite quilted skirts were shortened, and new blouses and petticoats were made.

"I guess you think you saved a million," said Larry, looking at the dressmaker's bill.

"Well, maybe I didn't save *much,* but think how clever I was. Anyway, look at how much I saved on these knitted dresses. Four knitted dresses for forty dollars!"

"How much did you save?" asked Larry.

Betty waved her arms. "Untold amounts. If I'd bought them somewhere else, it might have cost a hundred dollars."

"That means you saved sixty."

"Exactly."

"Give me the sixty," said Larry, laughing. She playfully gave him the back of her hand.

Betty saves on turkeys, though. Her market gives merchandising stamps as premiums, and she keeps them. Every Thanksgiving and Christmas she walks into the market, hands over her stamps, and gets a twenty-pound turkey.

"Little genius," says Larry.

"Big turkey," says Betty—and he eats her words.

Their plans for going to Europe were fun. It was like a holiday—the first they've had with each other in a long time. Friends were always calling to wish them well, friends were always coming over for lunch, for talk, or to play with the baby.

Garry's bassinet, quilted in yellow, would be wheeled out into the wide archway between the living and dining room, and Garry would lie there cooing.

"Honey," Betty said one day. "I don't want to go."

"But you have to go," said Larry. "You promised. Besides, you're going."

"I don't want to leave the baby. What will Paris be like without the baby?"

"My mother's going to take care of the baby," said Larry, "and there'll be Mrs. Currie, and look at that baby, he's fast asleep. What would he do in Paris?"

So they're leaving the baby home, but the Parks will spend only one week in Paris. Garry weighs 15 pounds now, and they want to be back by the time he weighs 20.

They want to be back to make more plans together—for a play to take to Broadway, for a television show, for anything that sounds too good to let go by.

A couple of weeks ago, the two of them cut a platter over at MGM. They'd made some novelty hits together—like "Go To Sleep, Go To Sleep," and "Can I Come In For a Second?" But this time the record was different. It was slow and sentimental. It was "Side By Side."

They don't have a theme song, they don't need one. But if they ever do, "Side By Side" would come pretty close to home.

THE END

can june haver love again?

(*Continued from page 35*) hearts can be broken—women like June.

When she was 15 the man with the smile was Jimmy Zito. He was 17, he led a band, and no matter what the music was it came out I love you. He had dark wavy hair and a small moustache and every time she looked at him she got a little dizzy.

Careers interrupted their romance. Time passed between them, but the memory of a first love is a sweet and funny thing. It grows with age and takes on a meaning that it never really had. When Jimmy and June met again, the memory seemed too beautiful to destroy, so they got married—and it destroyed itself.

The marriage was a nightmare, but when June awoke from it the world seemed clearer. It was as if she had stepped out of a thick fog into the sunshine, and waiting there to lead her by the hand was Dr. John Duzik.

He'd been waiting a long time. He'd watched June in her confusion; he'd let her marry someone else, and now he let her come back to him. He was older than June, but he was young, unknowing, softer than he might have been toward her. Now that she needed him, he was grateful.

Gradually he healed the hurt in June—with music and literature and quiet talk they kept to themselves. Instead of going out to meet the world together, they let the world come close, but no closer. And in a way they built a wall around themselves, a wall that collapsed when John Duzik died.

FRIENDS worried then about June. How many tragedies could a young girl take, especially a girl whose thoughts always turned inward? She had no shoulders to weep on but her own, and her own were small. For months she kept to herself, and it was an incongruous and pathetic sight to see this petite, lovely blonde withdrawing from the young, pleasure-filled existence that should have been hers.

Sy Bartlett arrived at the moment he was needed. In all of her 24 years June had not yet found a man who had the strength for which she'd always yearned. Even at a superficial glance he is a man of the world—writer, producer, Air Force colonel, polo player, friend of President and cab driver—there is little outside the realm of his experience.

He and June were attracted to each other even before they were introduced. Later, with typical directness he set about bringing June out of herself. Intensely alive and sure of himself, she could not resist sharing his enthusiasm for life.

Her vitality came back, her smiles became frequent, the lilt returned to her voice. More and more she fell under the spell of his charm.

Where Jimmy Zito was jealous, Sy was generous. He liked to show her off to other people. He gave a dinner party shortly after they started dating. He had invited from his vast collection of friends only a chosen few he wanted June to meet. Most of the guests had gathered on the terrace overlooking Los Angeles when June arrived. The pride in his voice when he introduced her was apparent, but even he was amazed at the rapidity with which June won the admiration of the group. He knew they would like her, but he was unprepared for the poise she displayed, not knowing that he was in part responsible for her self-assurance.

During this early period they were seen together in the gay, crowded places. They'd dance all night at Mocambo, and they'd exchange long glances at a corner table. Everybody began to talk about their budding romance but they were too wrapped up in each other to notice.

Two of June's close friends were lunching together at Romanoff's one afternoon when she walked in with Sy.

"Hey," one said. "Is that June?"

"It sure is," the other replied. "But she isn't the same girl we played Canasta with a few weeks ago."

It certainly wasn't. June hadn't been spending many afternoons with the girls since Sy came along. There she stood,

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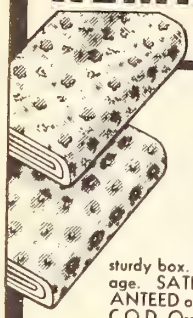
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poised and impeccable, from the chic perfection of blue velvet Toni cloche and taffeta suit, to the tip of her shell sandals.

When she sat down, June waved a gay greeting to her friends. For the rest of their luncheon they sat and wondered at the change in her. The June Haver they'd come to know was shy and restrained, given to wearing flat shoes and cotton dresses. What they didn't stop to figure out was that the trials in June's life were no incentive to preening her feathers. Now there was a reason to make the effort—and Sy was a most appreciative audience.

She found in him a thoughtfulness that is so often lacking in younger men. Experience has taught him that real happiness lies in doing things for others, and it delights him to be able to help June with any of her problems, great or small.

She called him one day in tears to tell him that she had just received a telegram that her grandmother, to whom she was very close, was seriously ill and had been taken to the hospital. Her grandmother was in Las Vegas, but this was no problem to Sy Bartlett. He reassured her, told her he would take care of everything and within five minutes he had arranged for a plane to fly her and her sister to Las Vegas. Just to make doubly sure that everything went right, he cancelled whatever appointments he had and accompanied them. When they arrived he took over the business of checking them into the hotel while they went immediately to the hospital.

Later that evening, while they were having their after-dinner coffee in the dining room of the Flamingo Hotel, a columnist approached their table. Sy was very careful to explain that they were there to visit June's grandmother, and asked him not to say anything about their being in Las Vegas together. For June's sake he didn't want the news to get into the papers because it was bound to set off a great chain reaction of rumors about impending marriage.

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QUESTIONNAIRE

Which stories did you enjoy most in our September issue? WRITE THE NUMBERS 1, 2, and 3 at the right of your first, second and third choices.

Louella Parsons' Good News ☐
The Inside Story ☐
Christopher Kane's Movie Reviews ☐
Tell It to Joan ☐
Thou Swell (Lana Turner) ☐
Allyson Wonderland ☐
The Private Affairs of Farley Granger ☐
The Big Splash (Tony Curtis, Roddy McDowall, Marshall Thompson) ☐
Can June Haver Love Again? ☐
I Discovered San Francisco (Jane Wyman) ☐
I Remember When (Glenn Ford) ☐
Love Me, Love My House (Diana Lynn) ☐
Betty Steps Out (Betty Hutton) ☐
The Brutal Truth About Judy Garland ☐
How Sinful Are Movie Stars? ☐
The Story Robert Mitchum Never Told ☐
Why They Get In Trouble (Bergman, Sinatra, Flynn) by Hedda Hopper ☐
Goodbye Mr. Fancy (Robert Stack) ☐
New Faces (Nancy Davis, Sally Forrest) ☐
Future Perfect (Larry Parks) ☐
My Home Town by Mario Lanza ☐
Modern Screen Fashions ☐

Which of the above did you like LEAST?.....

What 3 MALE stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them 1, 2, 3, in order of preference.....

.....

What 3 FEMALE stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them, 1, 2, 3, in order of preference.....

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Nothing was printed. The Bartlett charm had again carried the day. And the light in June's eyes gave mute testimony of her growing affection for this man.

The role of "protector," on the other hand, appeals mightily to the dominant Sy. His former wife, Ellen Drew, is a very self-reliant young woman who demands order in her life. She would prepare dinner for two, and more than likely Sy would choose that night to invite six guys home with him. Regimentation is not for Sy. He refuses to have his life run on a timetable. When Ellen discovered she could not put him on a "schedule" they parted.

It is possible that neither June nor Sy were aware of the reason for their strong attraction. When romance blossoms one doesn't stop to analyze the why and wherefore. The warmth of companionship and mutual satisfaction needs no analysis. Their romance was moving along faster than either of them realized.

If they weren't in love they were giving a great imitation. Neither one stopped to consider the obstacles which had existed from the first. However, in every relationship there comes a time when the problems must be faced and mastered, or the dream of love must cease to exist. June and Sy have at last arrived at that point.

The religious angle is a high hurdle. June is deeply devoted to her faith, and though it would not be the first time love has moved mountains, it would be presumptuous to assume that she could give up the "faith of her fathers" without pondering the decision at length.

When June was taken to the hospital for observation a few weeks ago, Sy was there day and night. They were drawn even closer together, and when he bought her an exquisite pearl necklace it looked as though they would announce their engagement as soon as she was well enough to be taken home. So it came as a distinct shock when a commentator announced over the radio that June Haver and Sy Bartlett had decided not to see each other any more. A spat? A lovers' quarrel? No. There was cold reasoning behind the decision. They were faced with the alternative of either getting married or breaking up. Their feeling for each other had become too serious to continue as a light romance.

The Sunday night that June was taken home from the hospital was her birthday, but there was no feeling of elation for June. Sy was not there. The birthday, coming home . . . this should have been a gay occasion. The tears in June's eyes contrasted strangely with the glow that had been there only a short while ago when they sat by Sy's pool planning a celebration. She had said, "Darling, I'm happier than I've ever been in my life," and she didn't care who heard it.

And where was Sy that Sunday? Up in Las Vegas, at a table in the Flamingo dining room, the same table where he had sat with June. But he was alone this time; listening to the music to which they had danced, wondering if she was as unhappy as he was.

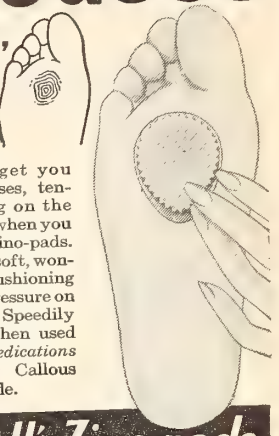
What will happen when these two come face to face again, as eventually they must? Will that same attraction be there? Will they be able to stick by the decision they have made? It is doubtful. Love goes where it is sent, and simply deciding to shut it out of your life doesn't destroy it. Others have tried it—unsuccessfully—and June and Sy will discover this before long.

It is their friends' prediction and their friends' hope that these two will find each other again, and soon. For now at last, it is June Haver's turn to be happy.

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No rubber bands! Grip, spin, lock with the flick of the finger! Get regular size or Midget SPIN Curlers in combination with Toni Home Permanent.

On matching lips and fingertips

COLOR *makes the fabulous difference*

REVLON *makes the fabulous colors*

(42 colors for matching lips and fingertips! Shown: "Sunny Side Up," Revlon's newest color)

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color. And the wonder is, its be
lasts! For Revlon is a true enan
...not an ordinary polish or
lacquer. And what can match th
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Tests prove, too, that Revlon lip
is blessed with incredible stay o
For ever-better quality, never-
equalled wear, there's nothing i
all the world like Revlon!



X OR BABIES: which does Hollywood want?

oct. 15c

modern screen

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Ava Gardner

Look lovelier with Solitair



Gown by Ceil Chapman

Yours in *seconds*—a flawless, poreless-looking complexion! Solitair goes on easier, quicker. Its soft, smooth loveliness clings longer—without retouching. Introductory compact only 29¢. Larger sizes, 60¢—1.00. No finer quality at any price!

★ You'll find new, exciting loveliness in this *different*, feather-weight cake make-up. Solitair creates flawless complexion beauty—*quickly*. Goes on easily without streaking. Takes only seconds to apply! Hides each little blemish—yet never looks artificial or "mask-like." Stays fresh and lovely hour after hour without retouching. It's a complete make-up combining creamy foundation and "wind-blown" powder.

Solitair
cake make-up

Seven glamorous complexion-flattering shades



New beauty for your lips!

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Contains Lanolin

SKIN-SAFE SOLITAIR! Protects against dryness. Only clinically tested make-up which leading skin specialists confirm WILL NOT CLOG PORES! Safe to use!

*U. S. Pat. No. 2162584

SEP 12 1950



Here are three girls who never met before. They are brought together by a strange quirk of fate. Each in her past hid the one reckless mis-step that seals a girl's reputation. Here in one of the most heart-arresting pictures in the long history of Warner Bros. are three girls whose pasts cannot be judged until you know their

Three Secrets

STARRING ELEANOR PARKER *The girl of* **CAGED**

PATRICIA NEAL *The girl of* **THE BREAKING POINT**

RUTH ROMAN *The girl of* **COLT 45**

WITH FRANK LOVEJOY • LEIF ERICKSON • WRITTEN BY MARTIN RACKIN AND GINA KAUS • DIRECTED BY ROBERT WISE

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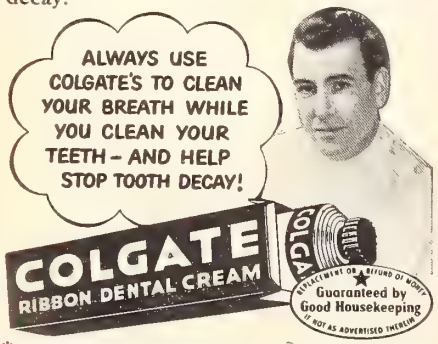
July
READER'S DIGEST*
reports the same research which proves that brushing teeth right after eating with
COLGATE DENTAL CREAM STOPS TOOTH DECAY BEST

Better Than Any Other Way of Preventing Tooth Decay According to Published Reports!

Reader's Digest for July reports on one of the most extensive experiments in dental history! And remember these additional facts: The toothpaste used *exclusively* in this research was Colgate Dental Cream. Two years' research showed brushing teeth right after eating with Colgate Dental Cream stopped tooth decay *best!* Better than any other home method of oral hygiene! The Colgate way stopped *more* decay for *more* people than ever reported in all dentifrice history!

No Other Toothpaste or Powder Ammoniated or Not Offers Proof of Such Results!

Even more important, there were no new cavities whatever for more than 1 out of 3 who used Colgate Dental Cream correctly! Think of it! Not even *one* new cavity in two full years! No other dentifrice has proof of such results! No dentifrice can stop *all* tooth decay, or help cavities already started. But the Colgate way is the most effective way yet known to help your dentist prevent decay.



*YOU SHOULD KNOW! Colgate Dental Cream, while not mentioned by name, was used exclusively in the research reported in Reader's Digest.

OCTOBER, 1950

modern screen

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The story of Lily James... the girl from Kansas.. who took New York by storm..... ...became a famous, fascinating model and really lived A Life Of Her Own.....!



There were many men in her life . . . but with him she knew love— and its heartbreak!...

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LANA TURNER

RAY MILLAND

in

"A Life Of Her Own"

TOM EWELL • LOUIS CALHERN
ANN DVORAK • BARRY SULLIVAN
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JEAN HAGEN

Written by ISOBEL LENNART

Directed by GEORGE CUKOR • Produced by VOLDEMAR VETLUGUIN

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

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in your hair



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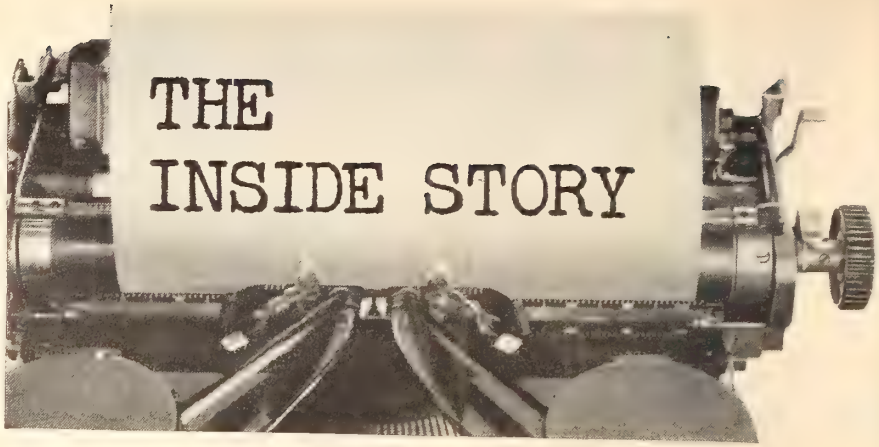
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THE INSIDE STORY

Here's the truth about the stars—as you asked for it. Want to spike more rumors? Want more facts? Write to THE INSIDE STORY, Modern Screen, 1046 N. Carol Drive, Hollywood, Cal.

Q. There is a rumor that the Narcotics Bureau of the U. S. Treasury Department was called in to investigate Judy Garland's suicide attempt a few months ago. True or false?
—F. F., Los Angeles, Cal.

A. *False. No Government or police officers of any sort were called in on the case. Two days after she jabbed her throat with a piece of glass, Judy removed the bandaid which covered the entire wound. It was healed completely.*



Q. Is Frank Sinatra more popular than ever because of his love affair with Ava Gardner?
—R. T., Thomasville, N. C.

A. *Certainly not in Hollywood. Frank, however, boasts an extremely loyal group of followers who will be happy to learn that their hero's future, at least for the next three years, is financially assured. Frank has signed a 3-year contract with CBS for radio and video shows that will pay him $250,000 per year.*

Q. How come there has been no news of Robert Walker out of Hollywood lately?
—L. Y., Salt Lake City

A. *Walker has been living quietly and has done nothing "newsworthy."*

Q. Which Hollywood stars are permitted to appear on television?
—N. Y., Montgomery, Ala.

A. *All stars not under contract to a studio are permitted to appear on television, also such contract players as Doris Day, Bing Crosby, Milton Berle, Bob Hope, and Jimmy Durante. The list is increasing daily.*

Q. Is it true that there is a lot of intermarriage in Hollywood between the white and colored races?
—R. L., Pawtucket, R. I.

A. *The only intermarriage on record is the one between Lena Horne, the beautiful Negro singer, and Lennie Hayton, her musical arranger. The marriage took place in Paris three years ago. It was the second marriage for both and revealed only because Lena is expecting a child*

Q. What is the marriage status of Richard Greene these days?
—T. U., Miami, Fla.

A. *He is in the process of being divorced from Patricia Medina and is currently going around with Nancy Oakes De Marigny whose first husband was acquitted on the charge of murdering her very wealthy father.*

Q. Who is the hottest young actor in Hollywood today?
—R. M., Detroit, Mich.

A. *It is generally agreed that David Wayne is the newest personality headed for stardom. Since his arrival in Hollywood a year ago, Wayne has starred in* Adam's Rib, The Reformer and the Redhead, My Blue Heaven, Stella *and* M. *He is constantly in demand by all the major studios.*

Q. Why is Joseph Cotten keeping secret the fact that he is a grandfather? How old is he, anyway?
—D. D., Danvers, Mass.

A. *Mr. Cotten is not keeping the fact a secret. He became a grandpa on June 19th, 1950, when his daughter, Mrs. James Young, gave birth to a child in Santa Monica. He is 45 and not an avid publicity seeker which is why his private life is not particularly well-known to the public.*



Q. I've been told that Bing Crosby when he was young spent some time in jail. Is this true or another one of those vicious rumors?
—L. G., Chicago, Ill.

A. *Bing was once jailed for a traffic violation, the kind of accident that could happen to anyone. Throughout his entire life, however, he has never been guilty of the slightest off-color action.*

UNION STATION



...Where hundreds of thousands of people pass through every day...

...AND THIS DAY... ONE OF THEM WAS A DANGEROUS KILLER!



A Paramount Picture starring

WILLIAM HOLDEN
Nancy Olson
Barry Fitzgerald

with

LYLE BETTGER
JAN STERLING

Produced by JULES SCHERMER · Directed by RUDOLPH MATÉ

Screenplay by Sydney Boehm



JAN STERLING... That Blonde Dynamite you can't forget!

Straight from the pages of the "Saturday Evening Post," and best-selling novel, "Nightmare in Manhattan," acclaimed by millions of readers... comes a story of suspense!



LOUELLA PARSONS'

Good news



Mickey Rooney congratulates Vic Damone on his new MGM contract. Scene's the Mocambo where Joe Pasternack (center) threw a party in Vic's honor. Later Vic treated several patiently-waiting fans to Cokes.



Diamonds aren't Ann Sheridan's best friend—but she knows how to wear them. Ann, now starring in 20th Century-Fox's *Stella*, and her escort, sat in on the Mocambo festivities welcoming Damone to MGM stardom.

MR. SOUTH PACIFIC (THAT'S EZIO) COMES TO MY PARTY . . . DID YOU KNOW THAT VIC DAMONE CAN COOK, TOO? . . . THE TRUTH

BROTHER AND SISTER—was Bette Davis sizzling when she heard that her ex, William Grant Sherry, was marrying 23-year-old Marion Richards, nurse to their little daughter, Barbara!

Bette felt it was a personal insult because she had taken the pretty nurse into her home, befriended her, and sent her with Barbara to see Sherry. Even before the Sherrys were separated, Marion was caring for the child and never once did Bette suspect there was a romance in full bloom between the nurse and her "ex". In fact, Bette thought Marion was on her side.

La Davis couldn't take it, and three days after Sherry came out and spoke of the beautiful, spiritual relationship he and Marion had found, and how happy they expected to be, Bette took off for the New England coast.

The thing that burned her up most was that the newlyweds intend to make their home in the Laguna Beach house which Bette gave her artist husband as part of their property settlement.

As amusing as this mix-up may be to outsiders—Bette doesn't consider it at all funny!

I guess it does take quite a sense of humor for a woman to think it's a howl when her ex-husband marries her child's nurse and they settle down in a home she bought!

Of course, Bette has a new husband of her own now—Gary Merrill.

But before they were married Gary told me that Bette was so upset over all the publicity about Sherry's new love that she left town as quickly as possible. And was I surprised when she ended up in Juarez, Mexico, saying "I do." Gary's from New England, by the way. That's Bette's home. Well, I certainly hope Bette has better luck this time.

"WHO is trying to fool who about Maria Elena Marques (the girl who got the lead with Clark Gable) being an 'unknown'?" asks a snippy letter writer from Mexico. "She has played opposite some of our most prominent stars in Mexican pictures. This is what makes us real amateurs mad about these so-called contests to find new talent."

Well, true or false, Maria Elena is brand new to American fans and to Hollywood. And she turns up with a wonderful sense of humor.

Ever since she arrived in town, before taking off with the *Across The Wide Missouri* company on location, she's been busy boning up on Indian sign language—all she uses in the movie.

Now, for the laughs, she won't talk any other way! You should see the wolves trying to get her telephone number and getting it back in sign language!



The Geary Steffens and the Marshall Thompsons join a square dance at the Catalina Guest Ranch. They came to the island on C. B. Hilton's yacht (Nicky's brother). *See page 52 for more Catalina activities.*



Onlookers claimed that Jane Powell's and her husband Geary's square-dancing looked professional. Jane's sporting a new short hair-do for her role in *Royal Wedding*—a role that insiders say will bring her new fame.



First thing Marshall Thompson did when he landed in Catalina was to grab his paddle-board and make for the surf. Here, the athletic Thompsons play badminton on the grounds of the Catalina Guest Ranch.



Determined to play till they drop, Marsh and his wife try their skill at baseball. Barbara strikes out—but Marsh doesn't care. He's catcher for the opposing team. Anyway, Barbara trimmed him at badminton!

BEHIND LINDA DARNELL'S DIVORCE . . . IS NICKY HILTON SCREEN-STRUCK? . . . WANDA HENDRIX IS A TORCH-BEARER NOW . . .

She has an unusual face. When she isn't smiling, she has a wistful, almost spiritual expression. But when she laughs, she looks like a pixie. Plumb fascinatin'.

Saw June Allyson in Beverly Hills the other day getting fitted for two "cocktail" maternity gowns. "Good heavens," I said. "I didn't know they made them so fancy."

One was beige lace with a cute stiff taffeta coat. The other was bronze net and both are made so June can just "relax" the waist band and wear them after the birth of the baby.

"If you think these are something," Junie laughed, "you should see my *sports* maternity outfits for golf." These young mothers-to-be—aren't they something? (*For more on mother-to-be Allyson turn to page 34.*—Ed.)

I gave a garden party for some friends from Ireland, Mr. and Mrs. Louis Elliman—and if I do say so myself, practically every star in town came to meet my guests, making their eyes gleam with excitement and making me very happy.

It was the first party the Ezio Pinzas attended in Hollywood and they seemed just as eager to meet the movie stars as the stars were to meet them.

One of the first to arrive was Shirley Temple, looking very chic and tailored in a suit and close fitting hat. When I asked her why she did not bring a boy friend, she said, "The only boy friend I go with is not here yet. He's flying down from San Francisco tonight and I'm going to the airport to meet him." Of course, she meant Charles Black—the one and only.

I had invited both Olivia De Havilland and Joan Fontaine—but luck must have been on my side. Both showed up—but at different times. Joan blew out—just as Olivia blew in with Marcus Goodrich. Livvy goes to so few parties, it was such a pleasure to have her. She wore a chartreuse green dress and a small matching hat.

Betty Hutton wore the largest white hat of the season—and Ginger Rogers the smallest black one.

When Pinza saw Betty, he tapped my arm and said, "Who is the girl in the big white hat?"

"Betty Hutton," I replied.

"Oh, yas!" he said, "Onnie Get Your Gun!"

He was embarrassed that he also failed to recognize lovely Marion Davies, Jane Wyman, Lauren Bacall or Mary Pickford.

"The faces on the screen," he explained, "are different from the faces face-to-face. Face-to-face they are lovelier," he added gallantly.

One of these Twins has a Toni, the other has a $20 permanent. Can you tell—*

WHICH TWIN HAS THE TONI?



Hair styles by Don Rito

Look closely! Compare the shining softness . . . the live, long-lasting "spring" . . . the lovely *natural* look of both permanents. Which is which? You can't tell! Not even experts can find any difference between the $1 Toni and the beauty shop wave. Because a Toni looks as natural, feels as soft—is actually *guaranteed* to be as beautiful and last as long – as a $20 wave (*including shampoo and set.) Your Toni has that natural look from the first day. There's *no frizz!* Even if your hair is baby-fine, bleached or tinted, Toni's gentle Creme Waving Lotion leaves your wave as satin-soft and easy to set as Nancy Fletcher's (at left.) You can be *sure* of this – for only Toni has given over 93 million natural-looking waves to *all* types of hair. Try a Toni—you'll love it!

Toni alone, of all home permanents—
looks so natural, feels so soft!
That's why more women choose Toni than all other home permanents combined.



Here's the reason! Toni contains an exclusive blend of the very same waving ingredients used in most expensive beauty shop lotions. Yet Toni costs . . . only $1

with SPIN curlers $2.29

Toni HOME PERMANENT

LOUELLA PARSONS' good news



In a surprise elopement on July 28, Bette Davis wed actor Gary Merrill (left) in Juarez, Mexico. Judge Raul Orozco (right) performed the rites.

Gregory Peck and his pretty Greta were very happy to be back in Hollywood again after three months in London while Greg was making *Captain Horatio Hornblower*. Greg is one of the nicest men in this business.

Kirk Douglas brought Irene Wrightsman, natch. She told me that when she was in Florida—she was very jealous reading about Kirk and me doing the Charleston together at the Mocambo! I bet she was!

LETTER FROM ROME: "We've been working for the past five weeks with a thermometer that plays between 105 and 115°," writes Mervyn Le Roy, who is directing *Quo Vadis*.

"In spite of the Italian food we eat, Bob Taylor has lost eight pounds and Deborah Kerr almost as much.

"But the other day—Bob got a break. He was supposed to be splashing around in a Roman bath—so Bob had big chunks of ice put in the bath—and had the time of his life splashing around in ice water!

"Everybody is getting a little homesick—but that will change when Barbara Stanwyck gets here to visit Bob and Tony Bartley joins Deborah."

THE "inside" on the Linda Darnell-Pev Marley rift isn't anything sensational. It's just what it has been from the start of their marriage seven years ago—too much difference in their ages.

Pev is 21 years older than Linda and, except in rare cases, this is too much difference. Their marriage has been straining at the matrimonial seams for years, so it was no surprise to Hollywood.

They have quarreled and parted a half dozen times—once coming to a definite break about three years ago. But each time they made up. Their close friends say Linda had sort of a "father complex" about Pev and he always treated her more like a spoiled daughter than as a wife.

Two years ago they tried to solidify their marriage by adopting a baby girl, Charlotte Mildred, and for awhile they were so happy with her everyone thought Linda and Pev had reached firm footing at last. They even talked about adopting another child.

But it is no go—again. And this time, the Marleys will reach the divorce court—or so Linda says.

"We never really had any organized home life," she explains. "Pev is such a good cameraman—he is always working, usually on location trips. (*Continued on page 10*)



New to Hollywood, but already part of the scenery, Ezio Pinza (of *Mr. Imperium*) and his wife attend Vic Damone's party at the Mocambo.

will be with her and Spencer Tracy in *Father's Little Dividend* (sequel to *Father of the Bride*). Nicky's turning actor is a lot of nonsense.

He is going to be too busy managing the Bel Air Hotel in which he bought the controlling interest before their marriage. Besides, Nicky has no yen to act.

START practicing up on your tango, kids. After you see Anthony Curtis and Eleanor Parker do the Valentino Tango in *The Valentino Story*, that s-e-x-y dance is coming back hotter than the Charleston revival—or so they say.

Of course, you don't have to do it as torridly as do Eleanor and Tony. Their version starts with Tony brushing his lips against Eleanor's temple and winds up with a kiss on her shoulder.

Wanda Hendrix still carries the torch for young Audie Murphy. She was heartsick when he announced from Texas that he would go back in the service just as soon as Uncle Sam said he needed him.

Although their marriage is all over, Wanda cried and cried. She had always felt that the break-up between them was caused by Audie's war nerves and the restlessness which has driven our most decorated hero ever since he got out of the service after World War II.

Cathy Downs was modeling some butcher boy pajamas for a fashion magazine. The photographer took one look at her and said, "My dear, the pajamas are supposed to be loose-fitting. You will have to . . . to . . . uh . . . remove some of your chest."

"That," said Cathy, blushing beet red, "will require a major operation!"

ONE enchanted evening, Clifton Webb gave a dinner party honoring that wonderful guy, Ezio Pinza, of course—and his charming wife. I sat at a table for four with Pinza, Cole Porter and Virginia Zanuck.

Pinza was terribly perturbed by the news that Mary Martin was ill in the hospital in New York. He said, "If you'll telephone me, I'll let you know just how she is feeling after I talk with her." He did just that. He's a most considerate person.

There is apparently a very strong bond between Pinza and his co-star of *South Pacific*. He spoke of her many times during our conversation.

Ezio, who continues to be Hollywood's most exciting new star, had a wonderful time at the party. He admired all the lovely women—and they surrounded him—but he

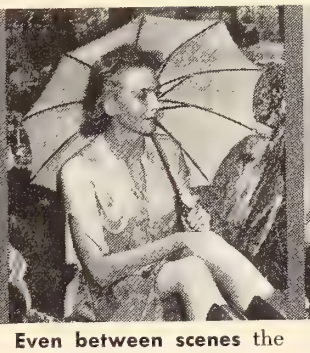
"I did a slow burn for 180 days!"



We trekked 6 months in Africa for "King Solomon's Mines." Sizzling heat parched me to the bone . . . made my skin unbearably dry!



Acting thirsty took no talent. Even my skin was thirsty!



Even between scenes the African sun seared me.



But Jergens kept my hands soft for romantic scenes.



Being a liquid, Jergens is absorbed by thirsty skin.

CAN YOUR LOTION OR HAND CREAM PASS THIS FILM TEST?

To soften, a lotion or cream should be absorbed by the upper layers of the skin. Water won't "bead" on hand smoothed with Jergens Lotion (left hand). It contains quickly-absorbed ingredients doctors recommend, no heavy oils that merely coat skin with oily film (right hand).

Prove it with this simple test described above . . .



You'll see why Jergens Lotion is my beauty secret

More women use Jergens Lotion than any other hand care in the world
Still 10¢ to $1.00 (plus tax)



Dumb is the Word for Dora

Away now to some Secluded Spot for a big, Romantic Evening with her new-found Romeo. That's what she Thinks!

Instead, She's going to be Dumped back on her own Doorstep in no time Flat. Two hours with her in the movies have Cooled this Casanova off for Keeps! She's off his List forever . . . and she won't know Why.

Dumb certainly is the word for Dora . . . and for thousands of other Women who take their Breath for Granted. Don't Be One of Them.

Nothing puts you in a worse light with a man than halitosis (bad breath). Unfortunately, you yourself, may not know when you have it, so why take chances of offending . . . *ever?*

It's so easy to put your breath on the agreeable side with Listerine Antiseptic . . . *not for seconds . . . not for minutes . . . but for hours, usually.*

Before any date where you want to be at your best, never omit this *extra-careful*, wholly delightful precaution against offending.

It's almost your passport to popularity.

While some cases of halitosis are of systemic origin, most cases, say some authorities, are due to the bacterial fermentation of tiny food particles clinging to mouth surfaces. Listerine Antiseptic quickly halts such fermentation, then overcomes the odors fermentation causes.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, *St. Louis, Missouri*

LOUELLA PARSONS' good news

never neglects his lovely wife, Doris, who has become just as popular as Mr. South Pacific.

Valentina Cortesa and Alida Vali greeted him in their native Italian.

I have never seen Lauren Bacall look so well. She said Bogey (Humphrey Bogart) was out boating. Since the arrival of their baby, she doesn't go yachting with him every weekend. She looked stunning in a white evening gown.

The two Joans were very attractive in their filmy frocks—Joan Bennett in black and white and Joan Fontaine in pale yellow.

Clifton Webb and his mother are such wonderful hosts, I hated to tear myself away so early—but with the radio show next day—my Cinderella slippers always fall off at 11:30 Saturday night.

OVER THE BACK FENCE: Hear Ginger Rogers and Joan Davis have been politely feuding—or should I say, impolitely—ever since they started work in *Illegal Bride*. . . . I wish Jane Wyman would let her very short hair cut grow just a little. She is such a pretty girl—but I just don't think these near "crew" cuts for ladies, making the most glamorous of them look like young sailors, is becoming. . . The rumbles are that the next big Hollywood divorce will break from Europe—a famous star and his wife, currently on the continent, are straining at the matrimonial seams. . . . The Johnston Office won't let them use the title, *Undercover Girl*—too suggestive. But haven't we had *Undercover Agent* and *Undercover Man* and Undercover about Everything Else? . . . Wish Audrey Totter would go back to her blonde hair. Hardly recognize her as a brunette. . . . Scott Brady and Dorothy Malone are very much in love. But Dorothy says she will never formally announce another "engagement" after calling off her marriage to Dr. Philip Montgomery, in Dallas, practically within sound of the Wedding March. Dorothy had had three "showers" and her bridesmaids' dinner when she suddenly decided to call everything off. Now she's superstitious about "announcing." . . . By the way I've just finished writing a magazine about the romances of these glamorous gals and guys of Hollywood. It's called "Louella Parsons' Hollywood Romances" and it'll be on your newsstands any day now. It has stories about sweethearts (like Frank and Ava), brides and grooms of this year, bachelors, torch



Doris Day and her fiancé Marty Melcher arrive at the première of *Three Secrets*. Her latest



Vera-Ellen and Cesar Romero try to collect their food ration books at Grosvenor Gardens, London. They're co-starred in *Happy Go Lovely.*

bearers, gay divorcees—it even includes a marriage chart covering 50-100 married stars. Well, how's that for self-advertising? But buy it, and I hope you like it!

I'M on my vacation down at Del Mar, and writing this GOOD NEWS for you kids this month is all the work I'm going to do.

I think more of our stars relax and have fun at this small resort spot than anywhere.

I'll tell you who I have seen so far, both at the track and around La Jola and Laguna:

Kirk Douglas and Irene Wrightsman McEvoy were guests at a houseparty at Laguna—and when they weren't at the races, they rode bicycles around the beautiful hill streets. I bet you a fat fortune these two will be married just as soon as Kirk's divorce is final.

Ezio Pinza came down one weekend to visit his press agent, Margaret Ettinger and her husband. Ezio brought along his bicycle. Did you know that early in his career, he was a professional bicycle racer?

Rosalind Russell and Freddie Brisson come down as often as they can (she is doing the news part of my show).

Mickey Rooney is another steady and I've seen Tony Martin several times.

YOUR LETTER BOX: Farley Granger is back as head man in your interest with June Allyson (still) topping the gals.

Lots of excitement over June Allyson's and Dick Powell's expected heir or heiress.

The very young kids ask questions about Johnny Sands' new pictures.

Well, guess that's all this month. See you next month.

PHOTO CREDITS

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Abbreviations: B., Bottom; T., Top; L., Left: C., Center; R., Right.

"I'm Enthusiastic" says Ann Sheridan



SLIM THE WAY THE STARS SLIM

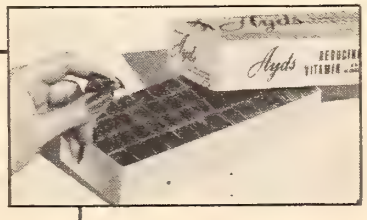
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The Loveliest Women in the World take AYDS

MOVIE REVIEWS

by Christopher Kane

Picture of the Month



Hoodlum Richard Widmark is brought to County Hospital with his brother after they've been shot in a holdup. Widmark's brother dies. Widmark accuses Dr. Sidney Poitier of murder, swears to get revenge.



To prove his innocence, Poitier wants an autopsy on Widmark's brother. With Dr. Stephen McNally, he visits widow Darnell. She refuses them.



In his attempts to get even, Widmark instigates a race riot and sets a trap for Poitier. Just as he's about to kill Poitier, Linda Darnell enters.



Linda turns off the lights, Widmark's shot goes wild. His former wound begins to bleed. "Don't cry, white boy," says Poitier. "You'll live."

NO WAY OUT

■ Everything Darryl Zanuck failed to do in *Pinky*—and I persist in thinking that that wasn't a very effective picture—he's made up for in *No Way Out*. Here is a film so brave, and uncompromising, and emotionally racking, they'll say it isn't "entertainment." According to one of the more romantic poets, "truth is beauty," but life isn't poetry, and sometimes truth stinks, and Mr. Zanuck has faced that fact squarely, and still told the truth. The story of *No Way Out* concerns a rabid young man (Richard Widmark), a small-time hoodlum, who's brought into a hospital after a holdup. He and his brother are supposed to be treated by a young colored doctor, but Widmark, who could give the Klan lessons in Negro-baiting, starts torturing the doctor (Sidney Poitier), and when his brother dies, Widmark blames the doctor, and swears to get even with him. There are many other characters involved. The white doctor (Stephen McNally) who's the colored boy's friend. The white girl (Linda Darnell) who once loved Widmark, and was married to his brother, and who's spent her whole life trying to get out of the slums. In part, the picture's a study of poverty, and the hatreds that spring from the bitter soil of poverty, and ignorance and fear. Its characters are living, breathing, three-dimensional people. Widmark is mean, vicious, contemptible, and yet, in the scene where he's wounded, and reliving his painful childhood, and he screams out about the colored doctor, "Why should I love him—who ever loved me?" you feel a terrible surge of pity for him because he is, after all, so tragically human. Technically, the picture's superb. There's a scene in a junk yard, for instance, of a gang of whites getting ready for a race riot, milling around, banging pieces of metal, stumbling and scrambling in the darkness, when suddenly the Negroes, who've found out about the oncoming attack, throw up a flare. For a couple of seconds, there's blinding light, and absolute silence. The scene has impact that many a pure suspense film could envy. There's so much to say about *No Way Out*. The flawless acting of the huge cast—Widmark's performance comes very close to sheer genius—the refusal of director and producer to pull punches. All the vile words are there—nigger, sambo, coon, boogie, and the ending isn't full of sweetness and light, either. It isn't even melodramatic. The colored doctor patches up Widmark, the mad dog who's tried to kill him, and all he says is, "Don't worry, white boy, you'll live." This is a picture which understands men and needs to be understood by them. This is a picture which hates nothing but hate. Frederick O'Neal, head of The American Negro Theatre, has said of it: "*No Way Out* should provide the greatest step forward in the fight against racial prejudice since the Civil War. It touches the heart. It reflects the conscience of the American people."



KISS TOMORROW GOODBYE

Little old Jimmy Cagney escapes from the state penal farm, and friends, is he nutty! He bumps off the boy who's escaping with him, and then jazzes on into town and starts making love to this same boy's sister. Sis is no rock of Gibraltar, either. She's killed a guard, trying to help her brother escape, but she still persists in regarding herself as Little Red Riding Hood. So innocent, so confused. If Jimmy's paranoic, Lady Jane is schizoid. She alternates tender, "You're all I've got now," with screeches of, "I told you you'd get us all killed, ruined, wrecked, bumped off," etc. Just can't stay on one side of the fence. Jimmy finds himself two crooked policemen, blackmails them with the help of a shady lawyer (Luther Adler), marries an heiress (another lady screwball—this one likes to drive 1,000 miles an hour, and she's crazy for masterful men) and meets his end in a spray of bullets. Two bullets, to be specific. Not quite a spray, more like a sprinkle. If this isn't a parody of a Jimmy Cagney picture, it will certainly do until one comes along. Still, it's fun to watch Luther Adler work, even if it's only for money.
Cast: James Cagney, Barbara Payton, Helena Carter, Ward Bond, Luther Adler.—Warners.



MY BLUE HEAVEN

Here I've been thinking "television" was a dirty word, out in Hollywood, and now Fox makes a picture about television entertainers. Honest to Pete. Betty Grable and Dan Dailey are the TV stars—they sing, they dance, and, most byootiful of all, they're married lovers. They want a baby. That's what the theme of *My Blue Heaven* is. First Dan and Betty lose their own unborn baby, then they lose an adopted baby, then they have a more or less casually adopted baby kidnapped from them, and, by the end of the movie, Betty herself is pregnant again, and the mother of a couple of other children. David Wayne and Jane Wyatt, who play our stars' script writers, have a family of six, and run around being generally witty—you know how writers act—and a girl named Mitzi Gaynor (Grable's

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understudy) tries to neck with Dailey, which Betty thinks is carrying the understudy business a little too far. It's Technicolored, and, Fox claims, "modern as tomorrow." Betty's come out from behind those bustles, so hold tight.

Cast: Betty Grable, Dan Dailey, David Wayne, Jane Wyatt.—20th Century-Fox.



RIGHT CROSS

Ricardo Montalban, a champion prizefighter, is owned by old, ailing, has-been promoter Lionel Barrymore, and is in love with Lionel's daughter, June Allyson. Ricardo's got a chip on his shoulder, though. Since he's Mexican, he keeps accusing June of thinking she's too good for him, and he finds insults in nearly everything said to him by nearly everybody. Slightly a persecution complex. He believes he's got to be rich, and stay champ, or he'll lose June, so he double-crosses her pop, and signs with a richer man. Of course he's wrong. June loves him for himself. Dick Powell also loves June, alas, in vain, but he is a newspaperman, so he handles his grief in a dashing manner. You get boxing scenes, a smattering of a racial problem, quite a bit of good, humorous dialogue, and some nice acting in this one.

Cast: June Allyson, Dick Powell, Ricardo Montalban.—MGM.



FANCY PANTS

Back in the days when the West was young —well, anyway, younger—the minute a family got rich, it started hating itself for its lack of culture. Here Lucille Ball's ma trots Lucy out of her levis, and into some ostrich plumes, and off to Europe they go. An impoverished English earl who wants to marry Lucille's millions hires a bunch of actors to help him impress the American visitors, and mama

visitor is so impressed she hires the butler (Bob Hope) and hauls him right back to the states with her. Little does she know he's really an out-of-work ham. Lucille hates him for his lah-de-dah ways, her father hates him because he (Bob) is supposed to bathe him (the father), and Bruce Cabot hates him because Bruce Cabot's a cowboy in love with Lucy. News gets around the little Western town that Bob is an earl, to make matters worse. It's not the funniest picture I've ever seen, but there are a couple of priceless moments, mostly centering around Eric Blore, as somebody named Sir Wimbley. Every time he opens his mouth, the most outrageous sounds pour forth, but you can't make words out of any of them; they're more like lava eruptions. And Bob is always cute, and Lucy simply flames in Technicolor.
Cast: Bob Hope, Lucille Ball, Bruce Cabot, Jack Kirkwood.—Paramount.

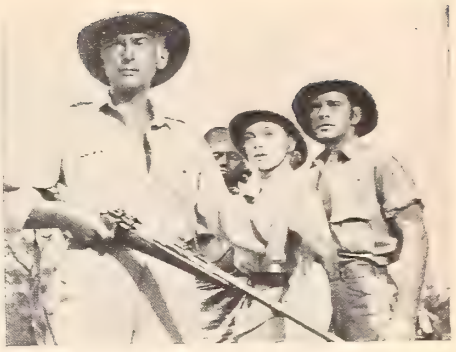


OUTRAGE

Ida Lupino, who likes to produce controversial pictures (she did one about unmarried mothers) has gone and went and dared to deal with rape. Unfortunately, daring isn't enough. This is a pretty awful picture, and after the horror which is built up during the promising first few minutes—as a madman tracks down a young girl in the dark of night—dissipates itself, you find yourself more bored than enraged. Hollywood has already proved you can make movies with a message—if you mix your message with entertainment. You want to make the public conscious of some social evil or danger, in the hope that education will breed progress? Well, help yourself. *Home of the Brave* did it, and *Gentlemen's Agreement*, and *All The King's Men*. But they were good movies, and *Outrage* is not. Even though the subject of degenerates roaming our streets may cry out for public attention, you can't hold an audience if you bore it to death. Miss Lupino presents two attractive new actors here—Mala Powers, as the assaulted girl, and Tod Andrews as the clergyman who helps her rebuild her life—but the movie's uninteresting. And when they're charging admission, that's a terrible fault.
Cast: Mala Powers, Tod Andrews, Robert Clarke.—RKO.

KING SOLOMON'S MINES

The story of *King Solomon's Mines* is just a feeble excuse; the picture's real thrill is in its fabulous photography. MGM has shot Africa in Technicolor, and you never saw anything like it before. Natives, animals, desert, all rare, gorgeous, spectacular. This splendor is draped from a plot concerning Deborah Kerr, who wants to go into unexplored African country, in search of her missing husband. She hires a guide, Stewart Granger, and he and she and her brother take to the trail. She and Stewart hate each other, so love can't be far behind. They finally come face to face with Deborah's hubby's skeleton, which clears the way for a legal romance, but it's the wonders they see en route to that pile of bones that make you gasp. Eggs that hatch into crocodiles, tarantulas as big as king crabs, native tribes with the features of ancient Egyptians, and natives whose faces are covered with brilliant, bizarre paint, and native dances which are primitive and exciting. It's kind of a travelogue, but it's an exceptionally fine one.
Cast: Stewart Granger, Deborah Kerr, Richard Carlson.—MGM.



WHERE DANGER LIVES

Possibly the bigget thing about this picture is that we're finally getting a look at Faith Domergue, the Howard Hughes' dis-



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covery we've been reading about for the last several years. She goes through the 84 minutes of *Where Danger Lives* with sweat on her face, so it's hard to tell if she's as gorgeous as Hughes' other protege, Jane Russell, but she's the same dark-haired, stormy-eyed type. Why she's got sweat on her face? Hmm. She's crazy. Doctor Robert Mitchum doesn't discover this until she's led him entirely astray. Because of her, he murders—or thinks he murders—her elderly husband (Claude Rains) and then he and she run off to Mexico. Bob's got a concussion in the confusion, and he explains, en route, what dire symptoms may ensue, so that the little lady won't be alarmed, but little lady's so looney a concussion symptom more or less won't unnerve *her*. You can bet ole Bob wishes he'd stayed home in the hospital with Nurse Maureen O'Sullivan, who loves him (and whose husband, John Farrow, directed the picture). Kind of draggy, for an adventure movie.

Cast: Robert Mitchum, Faith Domerque, Claude Rains, Maureen O'Sullivan.—RKO.



CRISIS

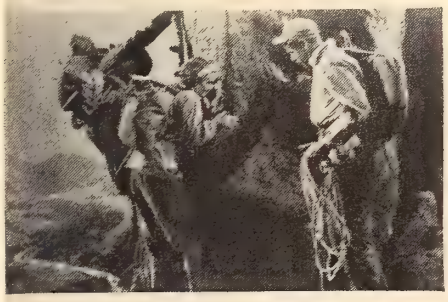
This is a study of an imaginary South American country, and its dictator (Jose Ferrer). Dictator's sick with a brain tumor, but his people hate him so much he doesn't dare leave his palace to go to a good hospital, so he has famous American surgeon Cary Grant, and Grant's wife, kidnapped by soldiers and brought to him. While Cary decides whether or not to operate, he and the dictator have philosophical arguments. The dictator claims his people have to be ruled by force, they're children, they wouldn't know how to govern themselves. "I know your country," he tells Grant. "If there's a sign in the street, no spitting, the people don't spit. Here they spit on the sign." Cary gets into even deeper trouble when the anti-government forces kidnap his wife and threaten to murder her if Cary saves the dictator's life. *Crisis* isn't great, but it occasionally captures the lunatic flavor of the world today, and the end is particularly effective. Cary saves the dictator who's killed later anyhow, and then the head of the anti-government forces instead of freeing his countrymen becomes dictator himself, and is himself shot. Dying, in the middle of a street which has

been the scene of carnage, he calls to Grant, "Save me, Doctor." "The age-old cry," Grant says. "Save me, doctor." Then he shakes his head and mutters, "Save me, anybody." Acting's all fine, and Signe Hasso, as Mrs. Dictator, is exceptionally beautiful.
Cast: Cary Grant, Jose Ferrer, Paula Raymond, Signe Hasso.—MGM.



UNION STATION

William Holden is the detective chief of a certain big city's Union Station. When a kidnap-and-possible-murder case suddenly starts developing in the middle of his beat, it upsets him. Case concerns the abduction of a young blind girl (Allene Roberts), daughter of a millionaire. An employee (Nancy Olson) of the millionaire sees two men with guns leaving a train, and that's Holden's first warning of trouble. The trouble mounts. Lyle Bettger, who plays the abductor, likes to smack the little blind girl till she hollers, and when his mistress—or moll, I guess—is shot trying to warn him about the cops, he shoves her out of his car onto the street, and drives away. In case you're worrying, he meets a bad end. And there's plenty of tension before that end, too.
Cast: William Holden, Nancy Olson, Barry Fitzgerald.—Paramount.



THE WHITE TOWER

Based on the best-selling novel, *The White Tower* concerns a whole group of people who want to get to the top of a man-killing mountain in Switzerland, each for reasons of his own. Climbers include Valli, whose father was killed climbing the very same mountain, Glenn Ford, who's an amiable American just going along for the ride, Oscar Homolka, a guide, Claude Rains, a Frenchman "weary of the world," Sir Cedric Hardwicke, a botanist, and Lloyd Bridges, an ex-Nazi who still doesn't smell too sweet. The climb is the most fearful thing you ever witnessed, and the scenery some of the most awe-inspiring. Poor Claude Rains is given lines so hammy you cringe for him, Homolka gives a most delightful performance, a couple of people are killed, and love comes to live with Glenn and Valli. What more can you demand in one picture? Don't ask me did anybody get to the top. I'm not telling.
Cast: Glenn Ford, Valli, Claude Rains, Oscar Homolka.—RKO.

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MSC 10-50

UNHAPPY ENDING

This is about a beautiful girl who married for love—but failed to find it. This is the story of Linda Darnell, who fought a losing battle.

BY LESLIE SNYDER



Friends claimed the big difference in their ages would be the downfall of Linda's marriage to Pev.

■ "Actress Linda Darnell to divorce Pev Marley!"

The words jumped out from morning paper headlines. All Hollywood knew that this marriage had been shaky almost from the start, but there was a disheartening finality about the announcement. All who are close to Linda hoped she and Pev would work out a solution to their difficulties. Now it was obvious that no such solution had been found.

There it was in black and white, Linda's statement that she'd done everything she could to hold the marriage together, but was finally faced with the fact that it would never work out.

"This time I mean it. We're through."

It's never easy to admit defeat. It was especially difficult for Linda Darnell to admit that her marriage was a failure. In the small community of Oak Cliff, Texas, where she grew up, people who got married stayed married. It was an "until death do us part" proposition. Linda always took a dim view of divorce. Marriage has always meant a partnership to her—a give-and-take arrangement founded on love and mutual respect.

During her seven years of marriage to Pev Marley, Linda had analyzed and re-analyzed their apparent incompatibility. This is not snap decision. What finally caused the break? Little things started it.

Big problems can be brought out into the open, discussed, and eventually solved. But petty annoyances wear on the nerves. Mention of a small grievance seems like manufacturing a fight, so nothing is said and the restlessness grows, and the breech is widened.

This is the case with Linda and Pev. They want to be together, but differences in temperament are constantly working to keep them apart.

Pev is high strung, sensitive—completely wrapped up in his job as a cameraman. He's a fine technician and an outstanding artist in his field. He expected too much of a 20-year-old girl who never had much of a chance to make up her own mind about things.

Friends could tell you about the night Linda came home from the studio dog-tired. (*Continued on page 22*)

Are you in the know?



What to do about "mousy" hair?

- ☐ *Keep it under your hat*
- ☐ *Try catnip tea*
- ☐ *Take a capsule*

If you're a Jeanie with dull, drab hair . . . you can spark up tired tresses with a color rinse (not a dye) that comes in capsules —washes out with the next shampoo. Harmless! Dreamy shades! Choose the one best for you—slightly lighter than your natural locks. To give you the *protection* best for you at "problem" time — Kotex comes in *3 absorbencies* (different sizes, for different days). Choose Regular, Junior or Super. Whichever suits your particular needs.



Which helps sidestep dry skin problems?

- ☐ *A creamy pillow*
- ☐ *A steamy shower*
- ☐ *Stay indoors*

For that "peaches" look, dry complexions need cream—(lanolin-rich). No call to smear Mom's best pillow cases. Instead, at curfew, slather your face and retreat to a steamy shower. Then blot off excess cream with Kleenex* tissues. Good grooming habit. Saves face. And at *calendar*-time, to save embarrassment, make it a habit to ask for Kotex—the napkin with the exclusive *safety center*. This special safeguard wards off worry; gives you Grade A confidence.



When asked where you'd like to go?

- ☐ *Have a plan or two*
- ☐ *Pick the town's top nitery*
- ☐ *Shrug your shoulders*

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unhappy ending

(*Continued from page 20*) She showered, slipped into a slack suit and moccasins and curled up on the living-room couch to wait for Pev. He arrived an hour later, gave her a quick peck on the cheek and said: "Honey, why aren't you dressed?"

"Dressed?" Linda was surprised. "I *am* dressed. We aren't going anywhere, and I'm bushed."

"You know we finished the picture today," Pev said, "and I've invited some of the bunch over after dinner."

KNOWING that the finish of a picture calls for a celebration, aware that her gregarious husband loved a crowd around, Linda trotted upstairs to change. Tired as she was, she was making the sacrifice to please him. Nevertheless, demands of this sort were eating away at the heart of their marriage.

Why should it upset Linda to get dressed up and spend an evening with friends? It seems like a small thing to ask, but it depends on the manner of the asking. If she hadn't been so tired, and Pev had been more considerate, it probably wouldn't have amounted to a thing.

But both of them were out of sorts all evening. Linda felt she was being imposed upon, and Pev thought she was only doing what was expected of her.

This is only one example of the trivialities that can destroy a marriage. They both found a number of little things getting under their skin. For instance, Linda's inclined to spill powder on the dressing table and leave her nylons draped over the chaise longue. It annoyed Pev. And his habit of leaving the washcloth in a damp wad on the basin annoyed her. When she found him one day practicing putting in the living room, using one of her Steuben vases as the hole, she blew a fuse.

It isn't that a few small grievances were too much for them. They didn't simply throw up their hands and surrender. They've both tried—perhaps too hard—to cling to the dream of happiness they shared at the beginning.

Pev is 21 years older than Linda. At the outset a number of well-meaning friends pointed out this vast difference in their ages, with warnings that it would be their undoing. Linda, however, set out to prove to the doubtful few that age was no barrier. And this was probably the least of their difficulties.

Linda's always been mature beyond her years in many ways, and her marriage to Pev Marley enlarged her understanding of people, and developed in her a sense of responsibility that's rare in one who attained tremendous success so early in life. And Pev has learned a sense of comradeship from Linda.

It's her eagerness to be friendly with everyone that impresses people most when they first meet Linda.

DURING the war, she made it a practice to visit various War Department offices and factories and talk with civilian workers. She did it without benefit of press agents or studio fanfare. She felt that these workers were doing a tremendous job, so she dropped in to spread a little cheer whenever she had a chance.

There's no pretense about Linda. She's real and down to earth. This sincerity has been the driving force behind her efforts to salvage her marriage.

When Linda and Pev first separated four years ago, a close friend ran into them one evening in a small, out-of-the-way Hollywood club. They'd gone there to talk and to avoid the usual crowds.

Linda was crying. Waiting long enough for her to dry her eyes, the friend approached the table.

"Darling," Linda bubbled, "you're just in time to hear the news. Pev and I are back together again and we are going to adopt a baby!"

There was no mistaking the genuine happiness shining from her eyes, and Pev looked as though he'd start passing out cigars any moment.

They had just gone through a trying period. Pev was under contract to Warners, and Linda was at Twentieth Century. By an unkind quirk of fate every time Linda finished a picture Pev was just starting one. It reached the point where they were two strangers, living in the same house and only occasionally passing each other in the hall or sharing a hurried meal. So they'd separated.

They were more miserable apart than together. Neither had any outside romantic interest, and when they dated, it was with each other. So the night Linda announced that they'd made up their differences and were going to adopt a child, all their friends hoped that this would give them a common enough interest to cement the marriage. It did—for a while. But as soon as the excitement of a new baby wore off, the bickering started again.

WHEN Linda left for New York alone last February, everyone immediately leaped to the conclusion that this was the final split. The truth is, Linda simply wanted to get away for a while. She was making a last effort to solve the greatest problem in her life—a marriage that was slowly disintegrating.

She took a drawing room on the train and kept to herself. She didn't check in at a hotel, but stayed with friends to avoid the confusion that accompanies a star's visit to Manhattan. She made no dates until the night of the *Twelve O'Clock High* première. That was a command performance. The studio asked her to attend with Mr. Skouras' party. Linda accepted, being the most co-operative person who ever drew breath.

On the surface Linda was at her best that night. She charmed everyone there with her gaiety and good nature. Later in the evening, however, when she was alone for a brief moment, her face looked tense and unhappy.

BACK to the Coast she went after that—and moved into a new Bel Air house with her daughter Lola. There was a nurse for little Lola, but both the little girl and her mother must have felt that something was lacking.

Where was Pev?

He was at the Pacific Palisades home, where he and Linda had lived for almost seven years. What went on there before they reached an agreement no one will ever know. But when the divorce proceedings start, there'll be no lurid publicity. Pev and Linda have nothing to hide.

There's no other romance in either of their lives. They are simply incompatible.

Linda missed most of the normal gaiety that goes with growing up. Before she had an opportunity to make up for this lack, she was married, facing the demanding routine of marriage combined with a career. This combination has been too much for more mature women than Linda. She's to be commended for her struggle to overcome all obstacles.

Linda's a more mature woman now. The heartache of the last few years will soon be a memory of the past. She's beautiful and intelligent. She has a brilliant future. And she's still young enough to enjoy the happiness that will ultimately be hers.

THE END



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report
from
the
editor:

hollywood's draft status



Audie Murphy becomes a captain of infantry in the Texas National Guard.

■ Unless the war in Korea should suddenly be called off, a lot of Hollywood actors, both young and not so young, may be wearing the uniforms of Uncle Sam by the time you read this, or very shortly after.

Tony Curtis, Rock Hudson, Dick Long, Bob Patten, Johnny Sands, Vic Damone, Carleton Carpenter, all the unmarrieds under the age of 26 are sure to be headed for the various training camps. They're 1A. Audie Murphy has already been sworn in as a captain of infantry in the Texas National Guard.

Nor will these boys mentioned be the first. Chances are that members of the various service Reserves of which Hollywood boasts plenty may get there before them.

Macdonald Carey, for example, who was a Marine Corps flyer for four-and-a-half years in World War II, received his standby notice in August.

So, too, did Robert Taylor, Gene Kelly, Kirk Douglas, Glenn Ford, Tyrone Power, and Gordon MacRae.

These men did yeoman service for the Navy and Marines in the last war, and their outfits would like to have them back for this one. Ditto Victor Mature of the Coast Guard Reserve.

The Army Air Forces have already notified Gene Autry and Bill Holden to keep in touch, and Dan Dailey as this article went to press, was telling people in the 20th Century-Fox commissary, "Next month this time, and I'll be driving a tank. I'm in the Army Reserves."

Jane Powell's husband, Geary Steffen is in the same position. Geary is a member of an Armored Division and will undoubtedly be training troops as you read this very line.

Married or not, most young men under 30 are almost certain to be drafted, regardless of previous military duty.

Nicky Hilton, 23, Elizabeth Taylor's young husband, may be called up even though he served in the Navy once before.

Montgomery Clift, 29, declared 4F because of a tropical disease he picked up in Mexico, will in all probability be no 4F this time.

John Derek who served with the airborne troops in the Pacific five years ago, is not yet 25, and if the war goes on for any length of time, he, too, is liable to be called even though he's the father of a baby.

Howard Duff is hitting 35 and even though he's single will probably remain at Universal rather than an Army camp for some time to come.

John Agar, legally single in another month and now in his late twenties, is another potential bit of draft bait.

The Selective Service rules change almost every few weeks as the war progresses, and it is virtually impossible to determine exactly who will be taken by the services and when.

Certainly all single Hollywood stars under the age of thirty will be called. (*Continued on page 96*)


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Darryl F. Zanuck presents **No Way Out**

starring: **Richard Widmark**
Linda Darnell
Stephen McNally

with: Sidney Poitier, Mildred Joanne Smith
Harry Bellaver, Stanley Ridges, Dots Johnson

produced by: **Darryl F. Zanuck**

directed by: **Joseph L. Mankiewicz**

Written by Joseph L. Mankiewicz and Lesser Samuels

20th CENTURY-FOX



the Champ's in love

■ Sometime early in 1950, Kirk Douglas dropped into a Hollywood florist shop and purchased ninety orchids which, properly carded, he ordered sent to ninety dames—the entire contingent of the Hollywood Women's Press Club. It created quite a sensation, even in this town where extravagant wackiness is as common as blue grass in Kentucky.

And then, a few days later, facing the dolls at a luncheon they gave him, he answered a question they put to him in a truly honest manner. "What about love?" they asked him. "Now that you are practically a single man, what are your plans on marriage and a mate?" Kirk Douglas just hung his head and grinned that shy, meaning grin and the dimples in his cheeks deepened and the cleft in his chin squirmed in a tantalizing manner—and all of the girls understood. Kirk Douglas was having himself a time, and (*Continued on page 81*)

KIRK DOUGLAS WON'T TALK, BUT OTHER PEOPLE WILL—AND THEY SAY HE'S BEEN HOOKED! by Steve Cronin

don't call me mister

by Jim Henaghan



Bill Holden chats with co-star Gloria Swanson, Louella Parsons and Billy Wilder at a party given for Gloria in honor of *Sunset Boulevard.*



Rugged Brian Donlevy is one of Bill's best friends. They met when they worked in *Remarkable Andrew.* Rt. The Holdens at home.



Sweet William is turning into Big Bad Bill—which may be news to you, but not to Holden who wants to be a bigger and better heel.

■ William Holden sat across the small dressing room in a newly-upholstered chair, a cigarette burning dangerously close to his pointing finger.

"So this actor," he snorted, "this guy about four years younger than me comes up to me at a guild meeting and says 'how do you do, *Mister* Holden?' That did it! *Mister* Holden! I should have punched him on the nose!"

William Holden ground the butt of his



cigarette in the closest ash tray.

"I was still mad the next morning, so I banged into the studio head's office and told him I was through playing substantial characters. It's ruining me, I told him. I'm too young to be a *Mister*. So the next thing you know, I'm working in *Sunset Boulevard*, playing the biggest heel since the housekeeper in *Rebecca*. It was wonderful." He grinned in happy recollection.

That was the turning of the worm. The reclamation of a personality that had rusted. The end of a substantial career playing bookkeepers who loved their wives and couldn't quite raise the money for a baby. Probably the introduction to movie fans of a Bill Holden very far removed from the one they know so well in pictures, but truer to life, as his friends know him.

Let's get one thing straight. In person, Bill Holden is no heel. But he is certainly not a namby-pamby character who frequents malt shops or pushes baby buggies or reads "Treasure Island" to the neighborhood kids every night after dinner. He is a young, virile, thoroughly normal married man with three kids. He rides a horse like Hopalong Cassidy, shoots a pistol like Roy Rogers, can hit a deer in the left nostril at any distance the rifle sights will work, can take a hot rod car apart and put it together without any parts left over, and he has the guts to (*Continued on page 89*)

JEANNE CRAIN'S a mother—and proud of it. "My career improves with each baby I have," she says. Jeanne had a third son in August

Can movie stars be good parents?

Are babies excess baggage for stars who only like to play? For the first time Modern Screen presents a revealing picture of Hollywood's most glamorous men and women in their biggest roles—as parents.



JOAN BENNETT'S a glamorous grandma. *Here,* with husband Wanger and daughters.

by Lloyd Shearer

SEX OR BABIES:

Which do the stars want?

■ It's an old story about Hollywood stars. No matter how subdued, serious or benevolent they seem, the public won't believe it. To them the stars are sexy; they're gorgeous animals running around in a frenzy because they can't find enough people to love. They may have a whole flock of kids (all their own) in the nursery, and they can stay up half the night fixing formulas, but the public insists it's just a front. The stars don't like babies; the stars are reckless and irresponsible.

Only a few weeks ago, John Wayne was taking a rare vacation in Mexico City. He was sitting out on the hotel patio, sipping a coke, when an attractive local belle minced up to him. "Oh, for the life of a movie star!" she exclaimed.

"What do you mean?" asked dashing Duke Wayne.

"Oh, Duke," the lady sighed. "How I envy you! You can do anything you want, go anywhere you like. No worries, no cares . . ."

"You must be kidding," said Duke. "Or else, you have me mixed up with some other guy."

The girl smiled. "You can't fool me," she said, with a gleam in her eye.

"Honey," Duke laughed," I wish I could! But I have to disillusion you. I'm the father of four kids."

Maybe this news came as a shock to the senorita. Hollywood children have a way of not being seen—or heard. But they're there, all right, with all the demands that children anywhere make on their hard-working parents.

Take the case of Don Ameche. This past summer, he was substituting for Don MacNeil on The Breakfast Club, one of radio's oldest morning programs.

"Why do you want to emcee a radio show like that?" one of his younger fans wrote him. "You're a famous movie star. Wait until Hollywood offers you a big picture."

"I'm very sorry," Don wrote back. "I can wait, but my six children can't."

These are only two examples of fathers who happen to be actors, and who live in a community that is more family-minded than any other community in America. Actually, there are fewer childless couples in Hollywood than in any other comparable town—but the fans don't want to believe it.

It's possible that Hollywood (*Continued on page 99*)



BING CROSBY'S wife, Dixie, retired from the movies when actress-mothers were taboo.



ALIDA VALLI had a husband and son when she came to Hollywood, but publicity men kept it a big secret.



GINGER ROGERS (here with Greg Bautzer) regrets being one of the childless stars.

June Allyson:

She feels so good, so happy—so important! And what girl doesn't, when she's having her first baby?

■ In years gone by, if you wanted to get June Allyson dewy-eyed, all you had to do was strike up a conversation about babies. Now that she's going to have one of her own, you haven't a chance at *any* conversation, because she does all the talking.

June is consumed by wonder, excitement, and most of all, curiosity. Her friends who have babies are called to the phone daily. "Hello, June," they say, as soon as they lift the receiver.

"How'd you know it was June?" the husbands want to know.

The wives smile. "It's always June. She has a new question every day."

"Why? You're not her doctor."

And the wives smile tolerantly. "I'm something better than that, in a way. I'm a woman who has had a baby, and to another woman, I'm an encyclopedia on the subject."

Small wonder that June is excited. For five years she and Dick have wanted this to happen. Every time a friend had a baby, June spilled over with enthusiasm, solicitude, and eventually envy, for it gave her the feeling of being incomplete. Occasionally she would see a picture in a newspaper of a man and wife and a parcel of children, and she would sigh as she put down the paper and stared off into space. Why couldn't it ever happen to her?

Susan Hayward:

"Life means nothing without my children, for through them, each day Jess and I discover new wonders . . ."

■ After I had my twins, Gregory and Timothy, friends would ask, "Well, don't you feel different now?" I didn't. I sensed what they meant, that when a girl becomes a mother a whole change is supposed to take place in her. But it hadn't for me. Soon I was back working at the studio, and when I came home each night things were the same except that we had two babies. There was a nurse who would bring them in to me. I would get a full report on their day. I would hold and cuddle them. Then they would be carried back to the nursery and I would sit back knowing that something was wrong.

Something was missing but I didn't know what. I tried my best to figure it out and couldn't. One night I almost got it. I was sitting with Jess after dinner. The babies had been in and were gone again, and that same feeling was on me. Only this time it was worse. Suddenly, without expecting to, I burst into tears.

"I'm not their mother!" I cried. "I'm no good around here!"

It was quite a little demonstration and after it was over we analyzed the outbreak very scientifically, and incorrectly. We concluded it was just a belated emotional effect of a pregnancy that had been rather an easy one. You know, things have to balance up one way or another; I was experiencing some of the

When it did happen, it came as a complete surprise. She had undergone a minor operation, and instead of recuperating as expected, she continued to feel tired and squeamish. Finally, she sat down and phoned her doctor.

"You're sure I'm all right? I mean—don't you think I should be feeling better than this? It's really a very strange feeling."

She flew back to Arkansas with Dick to publicize *The Reformer and The Redhead,* and she was violently ill on the plane.

"I'm sorry," she told Dick. "I thought I was getting over my fear of flying."

Five busy days were spent in Arkansas, and they were pure and simple murder for June, because the feeling she'd had on the plane stayed with her the entire time. When they returned home to Hollywood, she put down her share of luggage, tore to the phone and dialed her doctor's number.

"I'm home," she reported, "and you come right over and do something. I feel awful."

It was then that dawn broke over the doctor's head.

"Come down and see me this afternoon," he said, and nothing more.

The next day he phoned June at home. "My girl," he said, "you are going to become a mother."

June sat down with a (*Continued on page 102*)





unpleasant mental upsets that should have hit me before the babies were born.

What else could it be? The babies were here. Everything was fine. We were both working. And what was more, the babies were good babies. Such good babies they never even woke us nights. Only, I didn't feel any better after all this rationalizing, and, as I pointed out to Jess, how could the boys wake us? They were in a different part of the house with a nurse right by to attend their wants the moment they piped up.

A few evenings later, still dissatisfied, I got a daring idea, or so it seemed. I told Jess I was going to give the nurse the night off, *and* I wanted the babies' cribs to be moved into our bedroom for the remainder of the night.

The moment this was done, I felt a touch of something long overdue. I got ready for bed in a sort of glow; there we were, the whole family all together. The old empty feeling was disappearing and was being replaced by something that, well—the "something" I knew my friends meant when they asked me if I didn't feel "different."

There was my answer, of course. Having children does not make you a mother; only *mothering* does. I had been missing the infancy of my boys. I hadn't been *living* with them. (*Continued on page 95*)

families are in fashion

Hollywood's youngest generation:

they grow up happy



Betty Hutton's recent separation from Ted Briskin was hard to explain to four-year-old Lindsay and two-year-old Candy. But she's managing to fill a big void in their lives with plenty of affection and good times.
The two little girls are just as full of pep and

When Nora Eddington divorced Errol Flynn and married Dick Haymes, she received custody of little Deirdre and Rory Flynn. With care and gentleness Nora helped her two daughters to avoid the fear or confusion that might have resulted from her marital mix-up.





Some of them are divorcées, others adopted their babies, but if you think this makes them poor parents, you don't know Hollywood mothers. They weep when their kids have the measles, they save their baby's first tooth—and their children grow up in a secure little world of devotion.





June Allyson and Dick Powell waited almost four years before they adopted Pamela. Now they know she's brought them more happiness than they ever had without her. They planned to adopt another baby but postponed doing so when they discovered that June will soon have one herself.



Maybe it will come in February,
maybe April—maybe not for
years. But the world's expecting a
lovely baby—no matter what Liz says!

BY SHEILAH GRAHAM

baby for liz?



■They were standing together in their hotel suite at the Claridge, looking happy and wistful. Every once in a while, Liz would turn to Nicky and smile. He'd wink at her, just a little, so that no one else would notice.

The room was full of reporters, and if this was a bridal suite you couldn't tell it from the noise and the smoke and the casual way these reporters had taken over the place when they walked into it.

They asked the usual things—"How do you like London? Where have you visited? What are your plans for the next eight years?" Then, suddenly, there was a collective pause for breath. A silence. And a question was fired at these two kids which almost knocked them over.

"When are you going to have a baby?"

"Well," spluttered Elizabeth, blushing furiously, "Well . . ." She reached for Nicky's hand, and grabbed it.

Nicky took a deep breath. "Well," he said, and laughed self-consciously. "Well. Naturally we don't want to wait too long. I mean, my younger brother has two children with another on the way. I can't let him get too far ahead of me, you know. I mean— Can I" . . . his voice drifted off . . .

But he'd said enough.

Ever since that afternoon Liz has been denying that she expects a baby in February or even April, but no one listens. It seems so right for a beautiful girl like Liz to have a beautiful baby that the sooner the better, everyone says, and she can't tell them different.

And what a beautiful baby it would be—with dark, curly hair, and tremendous blue eyes and a complexion as white and softly tinged with pink as only an artist like Renoir could paint, and only a daughter of Liz could possess. At least, that's the way I picture her.

I don't know any better than you if Elizabeth *is* expecting a baby now, but I do know that Liz is unpredictable. She's made definite statements before, and then turned right around and done the opposite. Take the time she was so vehement about never being engaged again.

"Next time I'll just get married," she told me after her romantic friendship with Glenn Davis, and her slightly longer engagement with diamond ring to Bill Pauley, Jr. "And, furthermore," she added, "I'm not going to get married until I'm twenty-one."

So what happened? Six months later, Liz and her very charming mother announce her engagement to hotel heir, Nicky Hilton, and three months after her eighteenth birthday, Liz is saying, "I do," in a very wonderful marriage ceremony to the twenty-three-year-old Nicky.

On Mother's Day, when Liz (*Continued on page 104*)



Esther Williams: She learned that a childless marriage can mean an empty life

by Susan Tren



Benjie's expecting a brother or sister.

■ A day hasn't dawned that can knock the energy out of Esther Williams. To her, six hours in the MGM pool is a setting-up exercise. It also sets up MGM. They love her. She's never sending them telegrams from Mexico City saying, "Please, I have a cold. Can I take a two week vacation?" In fact, other career women are amateurs compared to Esther. Not only does she swim underwater, but she thinks there, too. Comes up with all sorts of ideas—like buying a filling station, buying a restaurant, making $60,000 in a deal with Cole bathing suits, organizing an investment company

You'd think that nothing else mattered to her, nothing but swimming and making money and getting to be so big a star they' name a planet after her. But one thing matters more. That's babies. Maybe it's har to figure. What good are babies in thi cockeyed town? Babies can't talk, the won't even sit still to have their picture taken. All they do is cry every few hour for a bottle of milk, and cry to be taken u in somebody's arms and sung to sleep again But babies are (*Continued on page 75*



Linda Christian: She lost two babies, but prays that the future will be kinder to her.

by Helen Walsh

■ Ask Ty Power about the two babies that Linda has lost in the past two years, and he quickly shifts the conversation or ends it right there and walks away.

More than anything else in life, he has wanted children, at least a son to carry on his name, one of the great names in the American theater. Three times he's been bitterly disappointed.

The first time was with sophisticated Suzanne Georgette Charpentier Sorre Murat, the French actress better known as Annabella. Ty's married life with her was childless. She had a daughter, now 20, whom he still supports, but she isn't his.

Perhaps the Fates knew that a divorce between them was their destiny.

Perhaps the marriage dissolved because there were no babies to make the marriage worthwhile.

Whatever happened, Ty Power, by the time he was 34 and free in 1948, was a man who desperately wanted a family.

He had been through a war, had seen death, had known the hollowness of fame, and he had come to realize that the only important thing in life was to produce more life.

When he met a girl, a great and good friend of Mexico's President Miguel Aleman, a girl named Blanca Rosa Welter, he quickly married her. She, too, felt as strongly about this concept as he. Linda Christian was willing to give up her career, small as it was, to become Mrs. Tyrone Power, and the mother of his children.

Perhaps Ty had given up Lana Turner because she would never give up her career, and he knew that (*Continued on page 84*)



This is the Kellys' home, and on these pages are the first pictures ever taken in it. *Below,* Betsy sets a clock in the early American den, which combines with the dining room.



The neutral walls and beige shag sofas in the living room strikingly set off the carnival painting above the mantel, and the vivid Indian figurines. All the furnishings are interchangeable. The coffee table was cut down from a dining room table.





"This is where Gene thinks with his feet," says Betsy, meaning he practices new dance routines on the uncarpeted floor of the barroom. Playbills and Kerry's art work are framed on the wall.



Interior decorators?
Don't need 'em.
Swimming pools?
No, thanks.
The Gene Kellys
have their own design
for living.

OPEN HOUSE OPEN HEARTS

by Merwa Peterson

■ The out-of-towners in the sight-seeing bus leaned forward expectantly. "Ladies and gentlemen," their guide was saying, "the next house on the right, the one with the red door and the bank of geraniums, belongs to that famous dancer, Gene Kelly, and his family."

"I don't believe it," whispered the Shriner's wife from Shreveport, La. "Why, it's no bigger than our own place back home."

Her husband grinned. "Half of what this guy says is baloney," he stated flatly.

Actually, the house *did* belong to Gene Kelly, and the busload of tourists were obviously disappointed at this "excuse" for a movie-star's home.

From the outside, the Kelly's two-story house is like that of many middle-class American families, living in good residential districts. It's within walking distance of the public schools, not too far from the movies, and only three blocks from a marketing center. The nearest swimming pool is a couple of houses away, and the car in the garage is a 1941 Ford.

There are two things, though, which distinguish this house from the others on the block. First, there are usually six to twelve cars parked in front of it. These cars belong to the friends who drop in regularly for talk and movies, and on Saturday nights, for charades. Sundays, the volleyball net strung across the back yard gets good use, and a path is beaten from there to the Kelvinator refrigerator in the den where cold drinks are stored.

No one ever rings the bell or knocks on the Kelly door.

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The Kelly house is near the market center, and Betsy does the shopping in her 1941 Ford. Her movie name is Betsy Blair. She's the dramatic Kelly—leaves all dancing to Gene.



The backyard boasts no formal gardens, not even a tennis court. There's plenty of space for the dog to romp in, and on Sunday afternoons the Kellys play volleyball with true professional zeal.



Kerry and her daddy go to church hand-in-hand every Sunday morning. Unlike many Hollywood children, she attends a public school, plays with the neighborhood kids.

People just walk right in. A butler would either be laughed out of the household or converted into a volleyball star.

A few weeks after she'd supposedly attempted suicide, Judy Garland dropped by and sang for three hours. "She was never prettier, never in better voice," says Betsy. A little while after Judy arrived, Leslie Caron, the French ballet dancer who'll star with Gene in *An American in Paris,* drove up and asked for a coke. She, in turn, was followed by Vera-Ellen, two writers, Vincente Minnelli and Katharine Hepburn.

The second distinguishing factor about the Kelly house is the telephone. It never stops ringing. In one fifteen minute period there are often as many as eight calls. Actors phone Gene for advice about little theater groups. The Veterans' Hospital asks Betsy to work an extra day. Little Kerry's friends invite her over for dinner. Press agents try to convince Gene that he needs a public relations man. The Kellys always answer the phone themselves and they never say, "Wrong number."

Superficially, Gene and Betsy appear to be an average young couple. Actually, they're too talented to be average. Yet they prefer a simple house in an unpretentious street. They have sound reasons for this choice.

While Gene was in the Navy, and stationed at a submarine base in New London, Conn., Betsy was searching California for a place he could come home to. She didn't have anything particular in mind, but she was sure of one (*Continued on page 92*)

Decorators say blue's too cold for a bedroom, but the Kellys find it restful, a relief from the heat outside.



Gene hired a carpenter to build this tall, shallow magazine stand. Betsy and Lois, Gene's secretary, keep current magazines up-to-date for him. The kitten's Kerry's.



Fondly known as the "Sports Palace," this back hall closet holds equipment for the Kellys' athletic friends, who seem to go for every sport—especially volleyball.

A girl can't be too



JANE WYMAN sacrificed a happy home and her husband Ronald Reagan for an Oscar.



JOAN EVANS became a star overnight when Cathy O'Donnell refused to make *Roseanna McCoy*.



SHIRLEY TEMPLE was the victim of mess gossip when she divorced John Agar last yea



BARBARA HALE is serious about her career— and gets help from husband Bill Williams.



MARIE WILSON has talent to burn, but she waited 18 long years before it was noticed by producers.



RUTH ROMAN, smart and aggressive, hold her own in Hollywood where others fai

Talent, ambition, good looks to spare—not enough, says Hedda! One thing a gir

careful



ANN BLYTH is lovely and loveless, sweet as sugar candy, and almost unbelievably above reproach by anyone.



SHELLEY WINTERS is on a temperamental, "I don't care", kick again; recently caused designer Orry Kelly to resign.

■ She was a pretty little thing—wide-eyed, innocent, and as steamed up as a plum pudding. She tripped into my office clutching a brand new studio contract and asking advice.

"Before I give you any of that," I told her, "I'd like to know something. What are you planning to do with that contract—use it as a ticket to night clubs, parties, and playboys, or make it a work slip for success and a worthwhile life?"

"Oh," she answered, "I'm not going near night clubs or parties, and playboys don't interest me now. I'm going to make a name for myself. You'll be seeing me in the newspapers soon," she promised. So I sat her down and warned her in no uncertain terms about what she'd be up against hunting real success in this town called Hollywood. I was only wasting my breath.

In three short weeks the studio, disgusted with her escapades, dropped her. A few weeks more and I saw her picture in the papers all right, but not quite as she had dreamed. The police had her. She was in bad company and she was in trouble.

That sad, silly little girl was steeped in all the wrong ideas about Hollywood and tragically unprepared—mentally, emotionaly, and morally, for the so-called "lucky break" which dropped her down in the toughest town a girl can tackle.

She was the victim of a most murderous myth—the Hollywood Cinderella fable. She never got to be a star, of course, and she never will. But even if she had, her cockeyed conception of a happy-ever-after life in Hollywood would have put the skids on her fame pronto. Hollywood is no bed of roses for a girl. On the contrary, it's a bed of booby traps. On every side of the red carpet you read about, are wicked rocks, just waiting to smash glass slippers to bits.

"Only one girl in a million makes it," Billy Grady, MGM's casting director, once told me, "and that's usually an accident." Bill was talking about movie success stories. I can say the same thing about life stories even when they're stars' lives.

I've watched more unhappy endings in my Hollywood days than ever a camera dared record. I've seen the pitfalls of Hollywood gather their toll. I've seen careers and happy lives wrecked at all stages of the game by the very things that bring girls here in the first place—ambition, and by the things they find when they get here—pressure, flattery, bad company, bad advice, false values, falser vows. I've watched girls make more mistakes than a raw rookie in the Hollywood circus parade.

I've seen them start the ticklish tightrope walk, ignorant and unprepared, with freak starts, and I've seen them step on the Hollywood highwire, trained and ready, only to stumble and fall. The late Lupe Velez got her start because a horse in a Doug Fairbanks picture stepped on her foot, and in a Latin rage she turned and bit that horse on the leg. Doug recognized the fire when he first saw it and made this "extra" his leading lady. She became a star, but she wound up a suicide.

It isn't only the shocking cases, like (*Continued on page 72*)

needs more in Hollywood—and that's just plain old horse sense. by hedda hopper

Hugh O'Brian, Scott Brady, John Bromfield, Rock Hudson and Tony Curtis sit on hot shelves of various temperatures at the Finlandia Baths.



Rock takes a close shave as Tony and John relax.

stag night at the steam room

THE HEAT'S ON AT FINLANDIA, THE ONLY PLACE WHERE A MAN'S PUT ON THE SHELF—AND LIKES IT!

by Jim Burton

■ Women have the monopoly on beauty treatments. Men generally take the faces that God gave them and do the best they can. Mud packs, permanent waves, facials—they're for the girls. Probably the biggest disadvantage of all this is that there are no beauty parlors where men can get together and gossip.

Imagine the male delight when 13 years ago a fellow name of Sam Amundsen opened a Finnish bathhouse—for men only. Here at last was a place where the boys could let off steam, and improve their physiques at the same time. It was a natural. Before long every Hollywood he-man worth his weight had made a habit of Finlandia, which is located in the basement of the Bing Crosby building. The Crosby brothers, Kirk Douglas, Humphrey Bogart, Cornel Wilde, Zachary Scott, Paul Douglas—they all drop in for the treatment, and the talk.

On this particular afternoon, MODERN SCREEN got a call from Scott Brady.

"How about joining us for a quick bake?" he said. Since it was only 90 degrees in the shade, photographers Bert Parry, Bob Beerman, and I were only too happy to go somewhere nice and warm. We hustled over to Finlandia and there found Scott, John Bromfield, Rock Hudson, Tony Curtis and Hugh O'Brian in various stages of undress.

The body-building equipment at Finlandia consists first of a hot room (temperature between 120 and 170 degrees). You go into the room, climb on a shelf, and let your pores relax. The higher the shelf, the higher the temperature, and the more relaxed you become. Sit there twenty minutes and you're so relaxed you can pass out. Finnish bathing, though, is not without a purpose. It's supposed to rid the body of poisons through perspiration. We all grabbed towels and took the bodies into the steam room.

"Well," said Scott, "I've had enough."

"You've only been here two minutes," said John Bromfield.

"Clock-watcher," sneered Scott, and sank back.

Bromfield looked very happy up there on the shelf. Every once in a while he'd yank a cord which dropped water on some steaming rocks in the corner. Every yank raised the heat 20 degrees. (*Continued on next page*)



"You should be in the gambling racket, son," Scott tells Tony, who is beating him soundly at gin rummy. Hugh kibitzes while Rock gets a salt rubdown in the next room, so he can go back to the steam room and sweat some more.



Chowtime at Finlandia is a special privilege. Sam Amundsen, owner of the Finnish baths, provides such a spread only for men who make a party of coming down to his establishment. The hungry mob wastes no times digging in.

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"Ah, this is wonderful!" sighs Hugh, as masseur Kaarlo gives him a vigorous alcohol rub, to close up his pores. John and Scott watch skeptically.



Scott shivers as Richard Wolfs, head masseur at Finlandia, dries him off after his alcohol rub by fanning him with a sheet. This helps the pore-closing process, but it's a shock right after a 170-degree bath.



Tony's getting an icy shower, whether he likes it or not. "Good for you," says Scott, holding him there—Brady's way of making up for the gin game.



Weighing-in time proves interesting—and slightly disconcerting. The boys are supposed to have lost weight after their steam baths, but Hugh claims he's gained! He doesn't see Scott's hand on the scales.

stag night at the steam room cont'd.

"Hey, cut that out!" said Tony Curtis, after the second yank.

"Can't take it, uh?" said John.

"Me? I love it," said Tony. "But the other guys—they're evaporating."

"It's not the heat," groaned Rock Hudson. "It's the humidity."

"I think I got rid of enough poison," said Scott, getting up. "The Red Cross could use me now—as a bandage."

Everyone followed Scott out of the room—except John. "He-men!" he laughed, and energetically yanked the cord.

"Listen, character," said Scott. "I hope you melt."

As he left the room, Tony jammed the door with a wet towel, and blithely stepped into a cold shower. Two minutes later, Bromfield was banging on the door. "Let me out of here!" he yelled. "For Pete's sake, boys, let me out!"

(Continued on page 83)

What the stars believe

sixth in a series

the faith my mother taught me



Because her, I fought pain, and found new strength in prayer . . . by Ann Blyth

■ Dusk had descended suddenly as it so often does in southern California. One moment the room in which I had been resting was filled with light; the next moment the shadows of twilight had fallen.

My mother, who had been working in the kitchen preparing dinner for us, came into the room, and turned on the lights. As she did so, my spirits soared. It was not merely because there was light in a room where before there had been darkness. It was mostly because there was something about my mother's very presence that always cheered me up.

I often think of that room, and of how it seemed to change when she walked into it. I think of how impatient I was when I was younger, and of how stunned I was at first, when my back was seriously injured in a tobogganing accident. We didn't realize at first how seriously I had been injured. The thought did come to me, as the doctors went about (*Continued on page 71*)

Hunting's fun on the isle of Catalina—ask Guy and me, who made like Frank Buck without



safari to catalina

by gail russell

gun—and also came back alive!

■ "Let's go hunting," Guy suggested one night at dinner.

"Rabbit?" (We'd been eating rabbit for a week as the result of another expedition.)

"Nope," my husband said mysteriously. The grin on his face could have stretched clear across the room if his ears hadn't been in the way.

I put my feet down. Firmly. The ducks we keep in the backyard were going to find the hole in the fence any day. "Guy, we can't go tomorrow. We have to mend the fence," I told him. And I meant it.

So we went hunting. We went to Catalina —a trip Guy has been planning since the last time he was there shortly before our marriage. "Catalina," he'd say periodically. "That's the place. Why there are hunting spots on that island that a lot of people don't even know exist!"

I held my breath as we walked into the elegance of the Catalina Guest Ranch. "Just what are we going to shoot?" I wanted to know. "Mink?"

"None of that," grinned our host, Julian King. "Your permit includes only goat and boar, and only bows and arrows."

The Ranch is the former and fabulous Toyon Bay resort, which was known for its grandeur. But there've been some changes made since Julian and Lucille King took over. Now, if you don't own a pair of levis and can't stow away a Texas-size chuck wagon lunch, you might as well stay home. Informality's the keynote. And before we'd been there five minutes we were sure that the Kings must have invented the word hospitality.

We'd barely unpacked our suitcase when Mr. King called. "Let's start at dusk," he suggested. "I'll have the truck waiting."

That gave us the rest of the afternoon to lounge around. We lounged by the pool for about five minutes before Guy spotted the paddleboards. Then we headed for the surf. Next came a game of volleyball. And after that, baseball with some of the other guests. "Ever been on such a hunting trip?" my husband asked happily.

When we'd finished dinner, we climbed into the truck and went in search of wild boar. Our bows and arrows were ready— but that night the boar seemed to be avoiding us. We were avoided until 2 a.m. when we decided to return to the ranch.

We were ready to go again at 5 a.m. This time we were going after wild goat. Tec, our guide, had our horses ready, and



"You always been a cowpoke?" Guy asks Tec at the Ranch. Tec says he's a movie stunt man!



That's my husband in the saddle. We hunted with bows and arrows only.



We went after wild goat each morning at five and stayed up till two a.m. tracking down boar.



My horse reared right after this picture was taken—and I went flying.



Guy wanted me to change horses after my fall, but I wouldn't leave this scared fellow.



Ready, aim—fire! This not only looks good on Guy—but it got fine results.



We left Catalina before we could really enjoy Guy's haul. There was a barbecue that night.



This baby goat walked into my arms. Too bad I couldn't take him home.



Waiting on a Catalina Island pier for the boat that will take us on a lobster "hunt," Guy and I chuckle over plans for his afternoon diving.

he led us up a steep mountain trail. "Guess you must have been a cowboy all your life," Guy told him admiringly.

Tec smiled at that. "I'm a Hollywood stunt man!" he said.

A few hours later, I was wishing I could make the same claim. We were reaching the summit and one of our party handed me a quiver. My horse shied. Then he reared. Arrows went flying. So did I. Next thing I knew I was on the ground. I glanced over a few feet at the canyon below. Fortunately I'd gone the other way. "I'm glad he knows not to throw people into canyons," I shuddered.

"You'd better change horses—in case he doesn't," Guy insisted.

I refused. The poor horse was standing there, looking as though he'd lost his last friend. And I think my pride hurt most. So I patted his nozzle and climbed back into the saddle.

We claimed one other casualty that day. An hour or two later, Guy saw a goat and went after it on foot. The chase led all the way down the mountainside. We waited. Pretty soon Guy reappeared. He had the goat. "I should have tamed him instead of shooting him," he said wearily. "Then we could've taken turns carrying each other back up."

However, my husband wasn't too tired to go diving for lobster in the afternoon. I haven't mastered the sport yet, so I looked on from the deck of the boat. He'd bring one up—introduce us—then return it to the bottom. Guy was thoughtful as we left the lobster and headed for shore. "Wish I'd had my spear fishing equipment," he said.

"Why?" I asked. "The lobster kept you busy."

"Hmmm—ran into a small shark, (*Continued on page 92*)

MY GUY GOES OVERBOARD FOR LOBSTERS! HE FINDS PLENTY DOWN THERE—KEEPING FAST COMPANY WITH SHARKS.



Guy's in a glass mask—so he can see under water.



Up for a mouthful of air—then below for lobsters.



He told me later that there was a shark down there!



I just sit and watch—lobsters sort of scare me.



Off with his glass mask, and the lobster diving's over. I can't say I'm sorry!

peck's 10-year



Greta, his wife since 1942, watched Peck grow to stardom.

plan



He's no
Cinderella-boy, no
overnight sensation.
Greg's a man who
starved to be an actor,
who built
his own future.

BY KATHY O'SHEA

A little over ten years ago, when Warners bought the screen rights to *Captain Horatio Hornblower,* Gregory Peck was reading the book in a rooming house, wondering whom they'd pick to play that part. Not him. He had less than a nickel to his name, and his name wasn't worth much more—at least, not to the casting offices, not to the sharp-eyed talent scouts who don't pick a winner until the race is over.

The year was 1939, and on that particular night Gregory Peck was sharing his dinner with a couple of runaway schoolgirls who lived upstairs, and didn't even have enough money to walk home.

Pretty soon, Warners shelved *Horatio* for want of a star to play him, and Gregory found himself a job at the New York World's Fair. He was a barker, or a talker, or whatever you call a guy who stands up in front of the auto-ride and pulls the people in with his magnetic charm. A few weeks of barking and he sounded like Gravel Gertie on a foggy day, so he quit. He went over to Radio City, where the guides don't speak much above a whisper. In and out of the Music Hall lobby he marched, up and down the elevators, round and about that miniature city, a flock of tourists trailing him with their heads up, looking for a movie star they could write home about.

Ten years ago, it could have been a hundred. . . .

He went down to the Neighborhood Playhouse and won a scholarship—tuition and two five-dollar bills a week thrown in. He gave Radio City back to the tourists, gave six dollars to the landlady every Monday night, had four dollars left to starve on, to become an actor on.

He got around; he saw the Broadway plays —easy if you know how to do it. You polish your shoes, press the pleat in your trousers

MORE➔



Greg's memories of lean days in New York induced him to establish La Jolla Playhouse with Mel Ferrer, where veteran stars work with young actors.



The Pecks talk backstage with Dorothy McGuire after her performance in *Summer and Smoke*. She's helping raise funds for a Beverly Hills theater.



Greg and Groucho Marx exchange quips in La Jolla Playhouse lobby, where all Hollywood turns out for the plays which give new talent a break.

with your thumb and forefinger, saunter down to Shubert's Alley and wait for the audience to come out at intermission. Then you mingle with them, smile vacantly at someone's back, follow that back into the theater and ignore the ushers. Find an empty seat, relax, enjoy yourself.

He saw a movie that way, too. *Gone With The Wind.* Ten years later, David Selznick gave a party in his honor, screened *Gone With The Wind,* and it was the first time Greg saw the whole thing from start to finish.

Laugh? He thought he'd die. . . . What's it like being an actor without an Equity card? Walking the streets of New York, Times Square, the Bowery, the crowds not making room for him. . . .

One day he saw a man sprawled on a subway landing, looking dead. People stepped over him, rushing home with the bacon. "Looks dead," Greg said to a police officer. "Him?" said the officer. "Probably drunk. Let's see." They went over to see. "Yeah," said the policeman. "He's dead all right."

All right . . . there's more to the city. Children grow up in it, play hopscotch on the pavement, go to college, build a dream. There was work you could do, important work. And down at the Neighborhood Playhouse there were Irene Lewisohn, Martha Graham, Rita Morgenthau, Sanford Meisner to teach him, to cheer him, to have faith in him. For two years he lived on tuition and ten dollars a week, and then he won another scholarship to the Barter Theater in Virginia. People use vegetables for tickets at the Barter Theater, and there, Greg lived on spinach.

In Hollywood, they'd taken *Horatio* off the shelf, and dusted him. They let Aeneas MacKenzie put him into script form, and then they shelved him again, because there was a shortage of materials, and they couldn't build the set or the costumes that *Horatio* required.

Greg was on a road tour with Katharine Cornell. Greta Rice, a member of Miss Cornell's company was along, too. He married Greta, took her to Broadway. New York seemed different with her beside him. Failure was for bachelors. Even so, all the plays he acted in flopped. Critics singled Greg out, though. "Watch him," they said.

Ten years to watch the making of a star . . .

Toumanova was to work with him in *Days of Glory*. Every morning he'd leave the Hollywood auto court that was his home, and go over to the studio. Someone would put a lawn mower in his hands; someone would toss him an egg and tell him to make an omelette; someone would give him a dustcloth and lead him to a car. Publicity pictures. How do you become famous without publicity pictures?

"How phony can we get?" he'd say.

They'd laugh. "Okay. Hold it! Hold that smile."

After the movie was finished they didn't have to tell him to smile. He bought a house on a hill. The mountains spread out for fifty miles around him, and swimming pools caught the sun in the valleys.

They put him in *Keys of the Kingdom,* and then sent him to New York for the première. He got off the train at 125th Street and wandered around Columbia University. He'd had a room near there once, wanting to be close to the college where he could make some friends. He walked down along the Hudson River, and he could have been anywhere the way his thoughts were, he could have been in Heaven. . . .

Up at the Waldorf Towers everyone was waiting—the newspapermen, the photographers, the studio people. They'd been waiting at Grand Central where he hadn't got off the train and when he came in they didn't ask him where he'd been, but he told them. And then, after they'd all gone, he and Greta stood at (*Continued on page 86*)

Lucky Dahl

What she has you couldn't wish for on a rainbow— face of an angel, soft glow of a dreamer whose dreams came true . . .

BY KAAREN PIECK

■ You couldn't ask for much more—the face of a fair-haired goddess, and your name on the dotted line, sweet, happy dreams of being an actress, and yourself up there on the screen more beautiful than any dream. . . .

A home in Minneapolis with organdy curtains on your bedroom window, 97 dolls sitting in a row, and the sun always shining for you, even if it rained outside. An only child, pampered by a mother and a father who had the time and the money and the heart . . . but inside of you, a little hurt growing because your father loved to hunt and fish and didn't have a son to take with him. "Wouldn't you rather have a son, Father?" And his looking down at you with a gentle smile on his face, "I wouldn't trade you for three of them!" Lucky Dahl. . . .

"You could take her home in a shoe box," the nurse laughed, as Idelle E. Dahl reached out for her daughter, almost hidden in the pink fluff of her finery.

"She'll grow," said Mrs. Dahl fondly. "Her grandfather's six-feet-four."

She grew, and her mother tied her red-gold curls in velvet ribbons, bought her a deep blue coat trimmed with ermine, and a pair of snow-white leggings.

"Sing us a song, Arlene," she'd say, and she'd sing "Alice Blue Gown," her clear voice trembling on the high notes.

She sang for the family, for 1,500 Dahls gathered in Minnehaha Park on a family outing. She sang at church, at the ladies clubs. (*Continued on page 87*)



Arlene's rumored engaged to Lex Barker. She won't admit it, dates other men, too.



by Cynthia Miller

It comes

■ They took their vacations at the same time, and strangely enough, in the same place. It was Honolulu. They sat under the beach umbrella with mutual friends, and they made eyes at each other. The friends weren't surprised. They'd drawn their conclusions several months before. "If this isn't love," these friends had concluded, "then tell us a better word."

Funny thing about gossips. They knock themselves out trying to manufacture a romance, but you hand a real one to them and they turn up their noses. "Oh, that," they say, disdainfully. "That won't take."

Anyway, they had Howard figured out. "Listen," they said. "The torch he's carrying for Ava is so big they don't need lights on Sunset Boulevard. Invite that guy to a party and the only woman he can get himself to bring is his mother."

And Ida? They had her pegged. Ida was too busy being a business tycoon—producing movies with one hand, discovering new talent with the other—to get dewey-eyed over *him*. Besides, her first marriage to Louis Hayward had blown up in her face, and her second marriage to Collier Young was more like the merger of 20th Century and Fox. She'd watch her step the next time—if there'd be a next time.

Ida was brought up in show business, she's been in the movies since she was 15, and now it's a part of her. Whenever she walks into a room you think it's the first act. Howard's like the calm after a storm. He'll sit down without pushing a lamp off the table and he'll try to engage you in quiet conversation.

The gossips crossed them off their lists and said it wouldn't take. They turned to other matters—while Duff and Lupino turned to each other.

up love



"So that's what we mean," the gossips say. "The only thing these two have in common is Hollywood. Go build a marriage on that." Actually, Lupino and Duff can start with a better foundation.

When Howard was in the Navy, the closest friend he had was a movie producer.

"Why don't you come out to Hollywood when this is over?" the producer asked him.

"What for?" said Howard.

"I'll get you a part in a movie," the producer said. "And if that's not enough, I'll get you a date with the prettiest star I know."

That did it. First move Howard made after he checked his bags in Union Station was to call up his friend.

"Okay," he said. "Get out the script, and put that lady on the phone."

"Well, catch your breath, chum," the producer said. "I'll have to do a little thinking. About that date . . ."

"Yeah, the date," said Howard. "You know, all the way in from San Francisco, I've been dreaming about Ida Lupino. Crazy, isn't it? How about Ida Lupino?"

"That's too bad," said the producer. "I don't know Ida Lupino. How about Ava Gardner?"

"Ava Gardner?" Howard thought it over for all of one second. "Tell her I'll be around at eight."

Ava Gardner sailed in on Howard Duff the way the moon sails over Miami. It was inevitable—and Miami would be lost without that moon. For three years, Ida Lupino was forgotten, and Shelley (*Continued on page 94*)



Marta has the chiseled features of a Swedish beauty . . . she found the U.S.A. friendly from the start . . . American slang really puzzled her . . .

you don't have to know the language

by Jane Wilkie

■ The first fan letter Marta Toren ever got read like this:

"Dear Marta, Your sex appeal drives men mad. You hit the jackpot, baby."

"Baby?" she puzzled. "I am not a baby. And what, please, is a jackpot? What is this I have hit?"

It was the first of thousands of fan letters, all of them pretty much the same. Sweden seems to have an uncanny ability to turn out ravishing beauties, and is kind enough to donate them to the United States. Garbo was the first, then came Ingrid. There have been others—Viveca Lindfors, Signe Hasso—knockouts, each one.

Marta Toren is the latest, and perhaps the fairest, with her wide, lovely eyes, her tall yet curvesome figure, her high cheek bones and chiseled features. But Marta has something that even Garbo never had; a delicious sense of humor and a zest for living that will never let her become a haloed recluse.

It's often difficult for foreigners to understand the informality and brashness of Americans, but when Marta arrived three years ago, a shy and homesick girl, she summed up the whole continent as friendly, and she wanted to become American in every way.

It hasn't been easy. Two months after her arrival she was starred in *Casbah,* with Tony Martin. The extent of her English was confined to what she had been taught in Swedish schools, by Swedish teachers, so her lines for the film were learned by memorizing the sounds. One day, the whole set was quivering with high-strung people, notably the director and producer who had disagreed on a point of production. Tony Martin wandered over to Marta's dressing room.

"It would be nice," he said, "if you went to the director and said something to ease the situation. You know—something to let him know you are sorry that things are not going well."

"Ya," said Marta. "What is it I am to say?"

Martin wrote a few words on a scrap of paper and handed it to her. Marta read the message and looked up with a puzzled expression.

"I am not stupid," she said. "These words—they do not sound quite right."

"Don't worry," Martin told her. "It's American slang—means you're sorry. Go ahead. It'll be all right." And as Marta walked toward the director, Martin winked at him behind her back.

Once more she consulted the note in her hand, then looked at the director sympathetically. "Drop dead, you dumb jerk," she said, sweetly.

"Thank you, Marta," said the director. "That's very kind of you."

It was the joke of the afternoon and accomplished its purpose of breaking tension

EXPERTS TOOK HER BY THE HAND, THEY EVEN TOLD HER WHAT TO SAY—BUT WHEN THEY LET MARTA TOREN WALK



for three years, she feels it's her home.

the set, but Marta never knew it. That ening she stopped at a music store and ked for a certain record, and when the oprietor told her that he didn't have it in ock, she remembered her new phrase.

"Drop dead, you dumb jerk," said his amorous customer, and the man almost d.

This is the roughest kind of American g, but Marta was a good sport about it hen she learned the truth. Now she loves tell it as a joke on herself. Now, too, she n laugh about her first days in the States hich were filled with uncertainty. When e landed at LaGuardia field, she was met v a woman who was to keep her in tow r a couple of weeks, and make sure that l of New York saw her.

That day Marta was dressed in what weden would consider the height of fash- n, but the minute she stepped off the ane she knew there was something wrong. er family and friends had sent her off den with flowers, and inasmuch as flowers e allowed entry into the United States aly when worn on one's person, Marta had nned as many of the blooms as possible to er dress and hat.

It was raining buckets that day, and she ot only looked like a walking florist shop, at she kept clutching at her skirt which as way too short for the "new look" that ad taken America by storm. Her chap- one eyed her (*Continued on page 97*)

LONE, SHE AND AMERICA FELL IN LOVE.

Pink Velvet ELECTRIC!

Coral Glow VIVID!

Pink Secret INTENSE!

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IN THE LIPSTICK THAT REALLY STAYS ON...

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by Max Factor HOLLYWOOD

Discover Hollywood's Lipstick Fashion Secret!

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Please send me your unique beauty offer. I enclose 10¢ in coin to help cover cost of postage and handling.

Name _____
PLEASE PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS

Address _____ Age _____

COMPLEXION	EYES	HAIR
Fair ☐	Blue ☐	BLONDE Light ☐ Dark ☐
Creamy ☐	Gray ☐	
Medium ☐	Green ☐	BRUNETTE Light ☐ Dark ☐
Ruddy ☐	Hazel ☐	
Sallow ☐	Brown ☐	BROWNETTE Light ☐ Dark ☐
Freckled ☐	Black ☐	
Olive ☐		REDHEAD Light ☐ Dark ☐
Deep Olive ☐	LASHES (Color)	
SKIN: Normal ☐	☐ ☐ ☐	GRAY HAIR Check here ☐ and check



How deep
does your cleansing go?

If surface cleansing helps a little – imagine what a radiant difference *deep* cleansing will make! Woodbury Cold Cream gives your skin a brand-new look the very first day!

For Woodbury Cold Cream cleanses deeper! It contains Penaten – the amazing new penetrating agent that actually *goes deeper into the pore openings.* That means Woodbury's wonderful cleansing oils go deeper to loosen every trace of grime and make-up.

And because of Penaten, Woodbury Cold Cream *smooths more effectively, too.* Brings rich softening oils to soothe your skin when it's dry and rough. Recapture that little-girl-freshness again with Woodbury Cold Cream! 20¢ to $1.39 plus tax.



Woodbury Cold Cream

penetrates deeper because it contains PENATEN

nice to get back to fall clothes

by connie bartel, fashion editor

■ We think that of all the changing seasons the switch from summer to fall is the most fun. It's always a kick to wear new clothes, of course, but after a long summer of barelegs and sunbacks, there's a special lift to your first fall costume. It feels so good to wear real clothes again—suits and dresses, complete with hats and bags and stuff.

To get you ready for the first cool snap, in this issue we have assembled a wardrobe which makes the most of the something's-going-to-happen feeling of the most exciting season of them all.

Opposite, Ruth Roman wears a suit—with mink tails yet!—and how could you possibly have a dull autumn wearing a suit like that?

On pages 66 and 67, cute Joan Evans shows off a date dress at an unbelievable price—and a convertible four-piece suit that has us dizzy trying to count the ways it can be mixed or matched. On pages 68 and 69 we come up with two of those must-have dresses—both with brand new 1950 touches. And, on page 70, we wind up with a good-good girdle and some magic-making bras—because of course what's under your new fall fashions does a lot for them and for you.

Smell those burning leaves?

Ruth Roman wears a suit with a mink tail bib

■ Ruth Roman, currently starring in Warner Brothers' *Three Secrets,* wears a super swank suit with honest-to-goodness mink tails. It's long-lined, triangle-pocketed, and crowned with a detachable capelet. Mink comes off separately to leave capelet; or take off capelet—and behold!— you have a smartly simple tailleur.

It's rayon gabardine in green, grey, brown or wine. Sizes 9-15. **By Debby Drake—$24.75.**

Bag by Mutterperl. Gloves by Wear-Right

This suit and all the other MODERN SCREEN fashions shown in this issue can be bought in person or ordered by mail from Strawbridge & Clothier's Budget Store, Market & 8th Sts., Philadelphia 5, Pa.


modern
screen
fashions

Nice to get back



—especially a new checked taffeta date dress

Joan Evans is doing fine at the ripe old age of sixteen. She's currently appearing in two big Broadway movies at the same time: Goldwyn-RKO's *Our Very Own* and *Edge of Doom*. On these pages Joan shows how a teen-ager can dress her age, and still look very smooth, and *very* smart about fashion.

Joan is all ready for a date in a gleaming checked taffeta with a rustle all its own, belted and pocket-cuffed in velvet. Short sleeves (very important this fall), softly draped bodice, nice full dancey skirt. Rayon taffeta in gold, red, green with black. Sizes 19-15.

By **Pepy Frocks**.....$7.98.

Shoes by Honeydebs

to fall clothes



1 & 2

—especially a convertible suit in four mixable parts

Here Joan wears the most mixable, matchable, wonderful suit of all. It comes in four parts: (1) a very sophisticated one-button jacket with smart long lapels and pockets set at an angle, plus (2) matching checked slim skirt. *Then* (3) there's a terse little solid color weskit with sparkle buttons plus (4) a matching solid skirt. And (5) the weskit is reversible—turn it over, it's checked. Which gives you a complete checked costume, a complete solid-color costume, and endless combinations of check-plus-solid. In Dan River rayon check. It comes in black or brown checks with white; and green or wine checks with black. The skirts and weskits match the checks. Sizes 10-18. By **Lady Renlyn.** Four-piece suit complete.....$24.75. Joan's handbag is reversible. With the suit (left) it's calf. Turned inside out it's velvet (opposite page.) By **Alan Miller.**



3 & 4



5

MODERN SCREEN FASHIONS ON BOTH PAGES CAN BE BOUGHT IN PERSON OR MAIL FROM STRAWBRIDGE & CLOTHIER, PHILADELPHIA, PA.



Nice to get

—especially a new shoulder-buttoned jersey

Nothing like 100% wool jersey to make you enjoy the snap in the air and the lift in your spirits. This one's two-piece with three sophisticated buttons on one shoulder, and a smart little off-side collar. Navy skirt, with grey blouse striped in either green or red. Sizes 10-18.

By **Laury Rich**.....$10.95.

Salfair Hats, Mutterperl bag,
Coro jewelry, Wear-Right gloves

back to fall clothes



—especially a new tab-belted tweedy gabardine

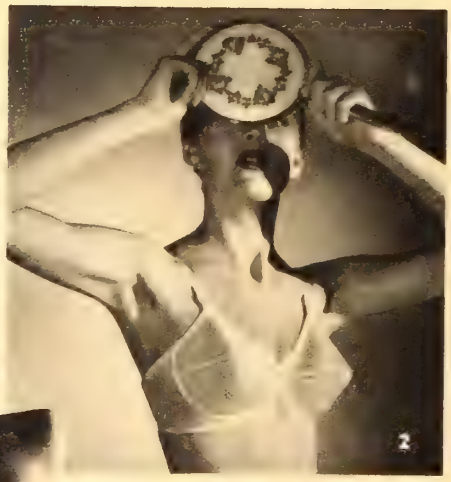
The can't-go-wrong classic you always congratulate yourself on buying—new in a wonderful tweedy-looking rayon. Nice easy neckline, rounded short sleeves, free-swinging skirt—perked with a leather striped belt and button-down tabs. Grey or tan in Burlington's Checkerberry with belt contrast. Sizes 12-20. By **Judy Gail**.....$7.98.

MODERN SCREEN FASHIONS ON BOTH PAGES CAN BE BOUGHT IN PERSON OR BY MAIL FROM STRAWBRIDGE & CLOTHIER, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

nice to get back to fall clothes

...nicer with the right underpinnings









1. Rayon satin plunge bra with stitched under-cups for lovely lift, elastic bands for fit. White only, $1. Satin and cotton, $1. Nylon taffeta, $1.50.
Tummy tucker girdle with patented inner boned belt to flatten your middle. In two-way stretch woven rayon and cotton. Sizes S-M-L. White or nude, $2.

2. Nylon taffeta bra with criss-cross stitching on lower cups for uplift, a center elastic gore for separation. White or pink, $1.

3. Cotton batiste bra with up-curved center insert for lift, elastic side gores for fit. White only, $1.

4. Rayon satin front-hook bra, wonderfully easy to get into. Cut and stitched to mould and lift, side-gored with elastic to fit. White only, $1.

Girdle and all bras by Lewella.

MODERN SCREEN FASHIONS ON BOTH PAGES CAN BE BOUGHT IN PERSON OR BY MAIL FROM STRAWBRIDGE & CLOTHIER, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

ıe faith my mother taught me

(Continued from page 51) their work of sting my legs to see if I still had the use them, that I might be paralyzed for life, lt it came fleetingly. I tried to think nat I would do if I could never walk ain, but I just couldn't think.

Then I prayed. I prayed that I wouldn't paralyzed. I prayed for strength to derstand why I had been hurt. And if vere to be kept in bed or out of pictures r a long time, I prayed for strength to ar that.

After four days of tests, the doctors told e that some day I could walk again. eanwhile, there were weeks and months pain. I was in a cast for three months, a steel brace for ten months. I kept on aying. My mother prayed with me and me.

After I had been in the steel brace for months, the doctors advised me to to swim again, and I did. How wonrful that first swim was, and how terly difficult! Never before had I appreted the wonderful gift God had given e in giving me the power to walk, to im! Knowing how easily that gift ght have been taken away from me by accident made me all the more grate- to be able to walk across a room ain. When I had to put on my steel ace again, I didn't mind the prison of at brace nearly as much.

'HEN suddenly, while I was still weak and incapacitated, my mother fell seriisly ill and had to be taken away to a spital. If it had not been for the faith e taught me, I do not know how I would ve been able to bear the blow. All her e she had worked hard so that I might ain a certain position that I wanted. st at the time when she could have joyed seeing the fruits of her labors, e became ill. At first I was bewildered d confused. I asked, as so many people roughout the world have asked when ose close to them were hit by tragedy, Why does this have to be? Why does a man who has been so wonderful all her e have to suffer pain?"

Her faith in God never lessened. She d, as she had always said, "Whatever ppens is for the best."

I found the answer to my own questions d fears through faith and prayer. I ayed to be able to understand why this d to be.

I know that she's far happier now. She's ppy in heaven, and maybe—who knows? she's seeing me do my work. I try my st to live and work in a way that uld make her proud of me.

Ever since I was a little girl I have en brought up in the Roman Catholic igion. It was my mother who first ught me about the faith that meant so ch to her. She was a tiny woman with l auburn hair and dancing hazel eyes. e taught me to believe in God.

My conception of heaven is as St. Paul scribed it, "Eye hath not seen, nor ear ard, neither have entered into the heart man, the things which God hath prered for them that love him." So heaven ust be pretty wonderful. I suppose eryone has his own picture of heaven. hink of hearing only the most beautiful usic, maybe because I love music so ch.

I believe that if something is good for u and to your advantage, it will happen. metimes when illness or tragedy strikes, s hard to understand how that can posly turn out for the best. That is where th in prayer will help to see you rough.

been so badly injured in the tobogganning accident, just after I had achieved some measure of success in my first real dramatic role in *Mildred Pierce*.

BUT God has His own plan for things. Perhaps I was too impatient. At 15 or 16, I sometimes grew impatient over trifles. When I tried to get a job in radio or modeling and found I had missed it by just half an hour, I would be downright impatient and fret over it. My mother used to tell me that when the things you have set your heart on don't happen, it is usually for the best, but at first that was hard to believe.

Perhaps my year of being forced to remain away from pictures was a test. I know that as a result of it, I learned to be more patient, more understanding of people in every respect. I gained a great appreciation of many things.

If everything ran along smoothly for us, if there weren't a few bumps along the way, we wouldn't grow.

That year was not lost. I know it was marked on God's calendar. I made up my mind that even though I had to remain at home, I would continue with my

starry-eyed
elizabeth taylor
on the
november
cover of
modern screen
on sale
october 10

high school studies, and I did. Of course it was more difficult to study at home with only the aid of my teacher, Mrs. Hoene, and my mother than it might have been in a classroom full of happy schoolmates, but the trials and tribulations of that year did help me mature. I was lucky enough to be able to join my classmates at their graduation exercises. Because I had been confined to my apartment for so long, that event meant far more to me than it would have otherwise.

Before I injured my back, the chance to go out for an afternoon and play golf would have been something I would have taken for granted. But when the doctor first told me, months after my accident, that I would eventually be able to play golf, my heart sang with happiness.

THROUGHOUT the world, there are people who wonder, as I did, when I was injured and when my mother became ill, "Why do these things have to be?" When tragedy strikes—whether in the form of illness or the loss of a loved one or in the form of a disaster of some kind—you ask, "Why should a merciful God permit this?"

I believe God created the world to be a happy place. He didn't want it to be filled with destruction and war. He gave us

the limitless mountains, the fruits of the earth. He made man a little lower than the angels.

There is a line which Ethel Barrymore speaks in the picture, *The Red Danube*. She says, "God has not failed man. Man has failed God." When people are so adverse to God and everything He taught us, as patient and understanding as He is, He has to show us by some sign of His displeasure. It may be by an earthquake, the eruption of a volcano, a devastating flood, a great plague. These things are in His power.

Essentially, though, human beings are responsible for war. It is we who destroy each other and ourselves by turning away from His teachings. The only way the world can ever be at complete peace is if that world is at peace with God.

However, I believe that one great thing in the world is our progress toward good. Even out of evil, some good comes. There hasn't been a war out of which something good has not come. Out of the last war came great advances in medicine. The terrible sufferings of men wounded on battlefields forced humanity to take protective steps, and brought such wonder drugs as penicillin, streptomycin and others into the world. We were pushed into finding these protective drugs by the so-called evil that prevails.

IT is my belief that in the long run good is more powerful than evil. Sometimes it takes a long time for good to triumph, and sometimes it triumphs in strange ways, but I think it eventually does triumph.

Remember how there were times during the last war when people felt that the armies of Hitler and his allies were unconquerable? And remember how in the end S. S. troopers were surrendering by the thousands, and the armies that had once been so proud were defeated and humiliated? Those who had dared to abandon God and worship Hitler as a god learned their mistake.

On a smaller scale, in everyday life, we see good prevailing over evil many, many times. I remember a story that Father Keller told me. He knew of a young woman who, when she first began teaching school, was an inspired teacher. As time went on, she began to grow dissatisfied with her position. She came to believe that her job, which was so poorly paid, was also unimportant, and she decided to resign.

Before resigning, she talked to Father Keller. He reminded her that for a long time subversive elements have been trying to work their way into jobs where they can influence public opinion, particularly that of young people. Naturally, when they can get them, they welcome jobs in the teaching profession. If she left her job, Father Keller pointed out, someone might be appointed who might tear down everything she had been building up, spiritually and in other ways.

After she had listened to him for some time, she said, her face radiant, "I can see now that my job is not unimportant after all." Thus reassured, she went back to inspired teaching.

In this case the conflict between good and evil is not melodramatic, yet it exists. In various parts of our country there are some who are filled with hatred for our institutions. They are adverse to God and therefore ruthless and cunning.

But dangerous though they are, I am sure they will never triumph. For in the long run, good will always overcome evil.

As Tennyson once wrote:

"Oh yet we trust that somehow good
Will be the final goal of ill."

THE END

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a girl can't be too careful!

(*Continued from page 47*) Lila Leeds who sought success in Hollywood but found marijuana and jail instead, or the Peg Entwhistles diving to their deaths off 50-foot HOLLYWOODLAND signs who find the going too tough to take. It isn't only the hundreds of sordid items which crowd the news columns with a Hollywood dateline that I'm telling about. They don't tell the whole story.

There are trip-ups just as tragic in proportion, and maybe more so, when you consider the living hearts they bruise and the happiness they frustrate. Sometimes it's nobody's fault but a girl's own. Sometimes it's not. Sometimes the fog she gets lost in is just a poisonous by-product of the frantic factory of Hollywood fame, and practically impossible to escape.

SEVERAL years ago, a beautiful girl from Oklahoma drove out to Hollywood with her young husband hunting work. She had no money or fame, but she had something far more precious—love. When she got a job in westerns, he sat outside her sound stage, adoringly, all day while she worked. "I didn't ever go inside—that might disturb Phil," he once told me. "I just wanted her to know I was there always with her." Next time they came out, they had a family—two darling boys—also, success on Broadway back of them. Both hit the Hollywood big time, but the girl won an Academy Award in her first picture. She changed—from Phyllis Walker to Jennifer Jones. She changed in other ways, too. She sacrificed the rare adoration she possessed and her perfect family picture. Now she's married to the man who renamed her, her producer. That's a top set-up in Hollywood, to be Mrs. David O. Selznick. But, considering the trail of woe that followed—Robert Walker's break-up, her puzzled children growing up with split parents—is it success?

When Jane Wyman was pouring every shred of herself into making her determined bid for an Academy Award, she sacrificed—to Hollywood's amazement—one of its happiest homes, an ideal husband. At that time when I called Ronnie Reagan, he told me bitterly, "If there is a divorce, I'll name *Johnny Belinda* as co-respondent." Jane got her Oscar for *Johnny Belinda*—but lost something a thousand times more dear, which she'll probably never find again.

A GIRL can't be too careful. Even if she walks the chalk and minds her P's and Q's, she's in constant danger in this lions' cage called Hollywood.

First off, there's the showcase life she'll live as long as she's a star. It takes lots of girls a long, long time to realize that, and some of them never do. Only the other day, Joan Crawford, who certainly should know better after 20-odd years, motored through the Northwest, supposedly with her poodle. But also along was her director, Vincent Sherman, a married man. Although everything was, I'm sure, very proper and all, newspaper accounts had her eloping with her next husband, and it was embarrassing when those reports came back home to Hollywood. Nor did it do Joan's reputation any good.

From the minute she is worth noticing, a girl will be noticed. Everything will be magnified mercilessly. Her daily routine, her boy friends, her home life, her deportment—everything. If she slips to the right or to the left or sags in the middle she'll be mauled—often with good cause, but often unfairly, too.

In any normal town, Elizabeth Taylor's teen-age heart strivings with their consequent rifts would have been smiled on sympathetically and recognized as pure "puppy love." But Elizabeth drew indignant blasts and the ridiculous tag, "The Jilt," before she married Nicky Hilton. You should have seen some of the withering mail she received, calling her every fickle, cruel-hearted name in the book—and as I did—the tears it drew from Elizabeth's violet eyes.

Elizabeth's good name didn't deserve such a lacing. Ava Gardner's did. Little Jane Nigh currently is getting just as much criticism for having a different date each night and collecting a string of sighing swains, which is perfectly normal (and nice work if you can get it) as is Ava for carrying on a flagrant affair with a married man. The vicious, unfounded gossip that was whispered about Shirley Temple and John Agar's boy friends was enough to twist your hair into a permanent wave. There's no rhyme nor reason half the time, to the shellackings a girl's reputation can take, but unless she's loveless, like Ann Blyth, sweet as sugar candy, above reproach, no girl is safe. And even saints slip—look at Ingrid Bergman!

But some silly little fools come to Hollywood actually seeking sensational publicity in the belief that it will make them stars. So off the track is their misguided thinking about what a movie career takes, that one headline-hunting girl actually pulled a strip-tease in front of Paramount studios a while back, "protesting" some snipped-out scenes of a picture she'd lucked into for a bit. The cops stopped her, and I suppose that's just what she wanted. But nobody's heard of her

Everything But Aspirin

Schwabs' is not the biggest drugstore in existence. It is not even the biggest in Hollywood, but it comes very close to being the most unusual drugstore in the world. Schwabs' is owned and operated by four brothers—Jack, Leon, Bernard and Martin Schwab—who regard their success with a kind of harassed delight. "The place is jumping with customers every evening, especially after ten-thirty, but we don't know what causes it," says Jack Schwab.

The telephone booths in the Schwabadero (Schwabs' drugstore) are always full of characters calling up Central Casting, or an agent, or a friend who might know about a job in pictures for them if they hurry. The traffic lanes in and out of the booths are so congested that the Schwabs persuaded the phone company to set up three extra booths in the vacant lot next door.

Around ten-thirty at Schwabs' the "floor show" begins. There are no entertainers and no music, and the "show" consists merely of a lot of people standing around talking to each other. Ten-thirty is apparently the hour when the faithful feel a compulsion to drop whatever they're doing and visit Schwabs' to mingle with the gang. By eleven, standees are three and four deep in front of the counter and are spilling out into every nook and cranny of the place.

PETE MARTIN—"HOLLYWOOD WITHOUT MAKEUP"

nce. Somebody gave that girl some very ad advice.

Every year talent scouts comb the coun- y and flood Hollywood with girls tterly unequipped and hopelessly misin- rmed about what they'll be up against hen they land here. Mostly, they're ex- loited and then most of them expelled. hat eventually happens to a lot of them, d rather not say. But when the bubble ops, they can't believe it, and that's hen the "leave-it-to-me" boys step in— ildcat agents and press-agents, pro- oters, exploiters. Girls draw bad com- any, bad advice—and bad ends. It's a ame and nine times out of ten it should ever have happened in the first place.

TALKED to a pretty girl named Norma Eberhardt, not long ago. She had a stu- io contract and Life magazine had printed er picture. She thought that qualified er to act like a star. She raised so much ouble with her demands that in barely ore than a month they dropped her. She as nowhere near being a star, but she anted to live like one, right now. Didn't veryone in Hollywood? She found that e answer was "No." It took a terrific- lly talented girl, Marie Wilson, eighteen ears to get her star break, and she's still ast acting, not acting up.

Howard Hughes' next big star is a girl ho's been learning her business for nine ng years. But today, Faith Domergue ready and she's getting the biggest uild-up of any girl in Hollywood.

If you're seasoned with serious strivings ke Barbara Hale or blessed with gal- anized guts like Ruth Roman, there's ttle danger of tumbling for the siren

. . Bob Roark tells about the unpopular ctor who received a wire from an ill- isher saying: "Drop dead. Nasty letter ollows." . . .

ng of your own publicity, which is the asiest mistake to make of all. And some eteran stars are still making it. Hedy amarr has had a dozen years in Holly- ood to size herself up for the skimpily- alented, decorative doll that she is. But edy, from the *Ecstasy* nudist start she ad and fashion model posings in *Algiers*, ot the firm conviction she was a great rtist, like Garbo and Dietrich. She has een rude and demanding—tossing tem- erament right and left—and once a pub- city man on her own lot presented her ith a book, "How To Act in Public," as not-so-subtle hint. Hedy's career was ery dim before *Samson and Delilah*— nother strictly face-and-body role. But e's still believing the publicity blurbs hat alone make her a great actress. The ther day she demanded $5,000 to appear t a press party—aimed at promoting the ery legend which she still believes right own to the last adjective!

Shelley Winters is running the same igh-riding risk right today. Shelley is lready telling the studio that made her hat she will and won't do, and demand- ng everything her own way. Shelley's ublicity has gone to her curly head, and hat's dangerous. She's been told for onths she's just about the cutest thing n wheels. Now she's acting cute—too ute. The other day Shelley was re- ponsible for a very talented designer, Orry Kelly, quitting his job. It's a funny ort of story in one way, but it points n ominous trail which too many flattery- uddled girls choose to take.

Orry was responsible for making Shel- ey look well in her clothes. He designed er a dress and sewed in a "falsy" or two o bolster the budding Shelley Winters legend. But on the set, Shelley slipped in three extra aids to busty glamor. It ruined the dress and her looks, and got Orry Kelly in hot water. But when he pro- tested, Shelley said, "I'll do what I like. I know what's best for me!"

"Put in fifteen on one side and ten on the other for all I care," sighed Kelly, and shortly after he left, and with him the guidance to smartness Shelley badly needs.

A girl has to be on her guard con- stantly, not to get too big for her britches or bras.

Cathy O'Donnell had one of the rosiest futures in Hollywood until she turned temperamental and refused to make *Rose- anna McCoy* for Sam Goldwyn. *Roseanna* made Joan Evans, who stepped right in, a star—and where is Cathy now? It takes a level head for a girl to keep an even keel to her career. She has to keep a level heart, too, in chasing what's ten times more important and ten times as tough to find in Hollywood—a happy, con- tented private life.

EVERY girl wants and needs a man in her life. And girls in Hollywood, even if they're stars, are like girls everywhere. But almost everything stacks up against them. The setting for romance in Holly- wood is as artificial as the sets that frame its fictional love stories. A girl must be seen to get her name in the glamor col- umns. So a studio arranges dates and a tour of the glamor night-club show-boxes, gigolo style. Or, if the girl happens to be a real beauty and surely star-bound, a hundred hopeful, publicity-seeking young actors and ageing playboys latch on to her for reflected glory. Lois Andrews, Lana Turner, Gene Tierney sampled that. In each case every date is a "romance," and more than two add up to an engagement. Pretty soon the giddy girl reads about how in love she is and begins to believe it. Or, she's prodded and trapped until she says "Yes"—almost always to the wrong man. Even experienced people act like char- acters out of scripts when they get that funny feeling too fast. Evelyn Keyes and John Huston flew away to get married five hours after their first date at Rom- anoff's. They barely knew each other, and they were mismated. Next stop was divorce.

John Huston, of course, is a brilliant, fine man. But what about some of the prizes a girl is likely to draw in a Holly- wood romance?

HOLLYWOOD has a fatal attraction and always had for fortune hunters and phonies. It used to be said that even a bogus title was worth a year's free living in Hollywood. A real one could be a pension for life. The Marrying Mdivanis proved that, running through movie for- tunes on their peanut prince ratings. The Marquis de la Falaise cost Gloria Swan- son and Constance Bennett a pretty penny. But those boys were catches compared to some who show up on the movie mar- riage mart—and make profitable "I do" deals—profitable for themselves, ruinous to the stars they hypnotize.

The passport to Hollywood eligibility, too often, is merely a flashy wardrobe and a smooth tongue. Nobody investigates, nobody asks questions, until too late. A few years ago, "The Moonlight Burglar," a charming crook, cut a swath in some of our best Hollywood star homes by day; by night he climbed in their windows and ransacked their jewel safes. And Bugsy Siegel, the notorious mobster, can show up in the Pickfair receiving line, as he did, with a countess on his arm.

When Steve Crane was courting Lana Turner, he was hailed as a "wealthy



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scion," "young tycoon," and "prominent bachelor." He wasn't any of those—not even a bachelor. In fact, not until Lana was married to him and expecting her baby, Cheryl, did she discover that Stevie wasn't even free to be her husband—he had another wife somewhere else! Tragically hoodwinked and unhappy, Lana still had to go through remarriage steps to protect her baby's name. And why did Steve Crane woo Lana in the first place? Because she was a beautiful, sweet kid he wanted to love and cherish—or because she was Lana Turner, the glamorous Hollywood star? One guess. Anyone who calls her Hollywood path rosy is color blind. She has been betrayed, fleeced, chastened, pilloried, used and abused. No girl ever had such a rough going over. Steve Crane and Artie Shaw, too, married her and left her in tears. If Lana has a happy ending with Bob Topping, she has paid for it—and paid for every movietown trap, being the girl she is, she had no chance to dodge.

Steve Crane is an example of another thing a girl is up against in Hollywood. How can she ever know—if she's a famous star—that the man who whispers love vows in her ear wants her, herself, or a piece of her fame and of her fortune?

Bette Davis has just paid off in terrible publicity, emotional damage and cold cash, too, for a mistake she should have known better than to make in the first place. She knew from her first marriage, to childhood sweetheart Ham Nelson, that she couldn't keep a husband hanging idle around the house and keep her marriage, too. But Bette desperately wanted a husband and children before it was too late. William Grant Sherry was a fine figure of a man, in trunks, but he never stood a chance of making Betty happy, even if he'd wanted to. He didn't match Bette's background, standing, or ambitions. And so, the ex-houseboy became just that again, as Mister Bette Davis, and now he's teamed up with his daughter's nursemaid and they'll probably live happily ever after—on Bette's money. Does this sound like Bill Sherry was ever in love with Bette Davis—or in love with what he could get out of her?

THERE are plenty of right men for the right girls in Hollywood—and yet, only the most canny and wise wives, once they get their husbands, seem to reach the solid, satisfying goal of a normal, happy home life. Why? Because there are disturbing, destroying factors working night and day in this unreal movie world, built on ambition, success, high pressure, and distorted values. Often even the cagiest girl loses her home base bearings in that unreal atmosphere if she doesn't watch out, especially when her husband becomes her rival, or vice versa.

Greer Garson told me the main thing that led to her divorce from Richard Ney was finding him rested from a day by the swimming pool and eager to go out, when she returned frayed and tired from a hard studio day, with another staring her in the face the next morning. That's exactly what made Ginger Rogers decide to divorce Jack Briggs.

Husbands, too often, are excess baggage in Hollywood.

And no girl, star or not, can keep her love and respect for a man who doesn't carry his own weight. There are too many delightful opportunities for idle husbands, and wives, to dally in greener fields around Hollywood, too many beautiful ladies on the make, too many handsome men with understanding ways—on sets and off. Too much opportunity too, on vacations between pictures and long location trips.

Last summer in Paris I ran smack into a certain star's loving husband. He was doing the sights of Montmartre with a *cocotte,* and when he spied me, he turned a pale green and ducked into a café quick. I didn't tell, but I had a mind to. Recently in New York I stepped into the elevator at my hotel, to confront a very great Hollywood star riding up with another star's spouse. She cut me cold and hasn't spoken to me since, horrified that I'd print what I saw. I haven't until right now, but I won't tell her name, so she can relax.

I've known Hollywood wives who played it safe at home—but only by sacrifices. Eleanor Powell did, to be Glenn Ford's constant companion, wife and the mother of Peter Newton. She's not sorry. Glenn's the big star now, but Eleanor, who deliberately committed career suicide for a greater goal, is the winner, from a woman's standpoint, and she doesn't need me to tell her. So is Brenda Marshall, who was as big a star as Bill Holden when she married him, but who dabbles in a part now and then, only to keep her hand in—definitely no rival to Bill, and by her own choice. But that choice is a tough one to make for a girl whose acting ambitions brought her to Hollywood in the first place. Often it's an impossible one. Often the ambition is so powerful that it blots out the real goals of a girl's life.

DO you suppose Judy Garland had a thought for her daughter, Liza, or her husband, Vincente Minelli, when she locked herself in her bathroom and smashed a glass to stab at her throat? The only thought that filled Judy's head then was, "I'm through—I'm through in pictures!" Did Ingrid Bergman think of her daughter, Pia, when she wrote Roberto Rossellini she was his whenever he beckoned? Only the hope of a great picture for the great Ingrid Bergman mattered at that moment. Wanda Hendrix knew all the time she was married to Audie Murphy that she couldn't keep him and her career, too. The twenty-four-hour demands of her picture life infuriated that touchy Texan and often he grumbled, "What's the good of a wife who's never home?" Still Wanda couldn't bring herself to sacrifice her ambition to her love.

Talking about a well-known starlet, one Hollywood wit said: "She means only half of what she says, but she says twice as much as she should."—*Milton Epstein in The Film Daily*

Ambition is a wonderful thing, but it's also the hidden root of most of the evils which face a girl in Hollywood. It's why they do the things they do and land in trouble of one kind or another.

I see girls start and I see them falter, and the more I look around me, the more I want to say "Careful—watch your step" to every new one who walks through the mirror into a far more frightening world than met Alice's eye in Wonderland.

A few weeks ago, MGM offered a contract to Michelle Farmer, Gloria Swanson's daughter, and Gloria was all set to let her sign. But after making her own comeback in *Sunset Boulevard,* Gloria thought it over again, and wrote in protective clauses for Michelle too stiff for the studio to swallow. They canceled the offer, and I'm sure Michelle was heartbroken. Maybe someday Michelle will thank Gloria and consider herself a lucky girl, and maybe she won't. But if you ask me, Mama who's certainly been through the movie mill herself, knows best. She knows the lopsided odds. She knows that unless you're that one girl in a million, you can't win.

THE END

esther williams

(*Continued from page 40*) what Esther wants, because she needs them more than she needs anything else that the world can give her, because, for one thing, babies keep marriages together where seven-year contracts don't.

Anyone who laughs off child-bearing in Hollywood as a sort of hobby, like gardening or making furniture, is dumber than he thinks. More than one star's marriage has broken up because there wasn't a baby to creep into the room as Mama lifted the lamp to toss at Daddy's head. If there had been a baby in the house there wouldn't have been any lamp-lifting in the first place, because both parents would have known it isn't good for children.

But to get back to Esther. A lot of people say that the reason her first marriage failed is that she had a one-track mind. She couldn't see her husband for the chlorine in her eyes. And she didn't have a child to recall to her all the wonderful traits her husband had when he wasn't angry. And without a baby, a married couple is responsible only to each other. That kind of responsibility you can write off in Reno.

With her marriage to Ben Gage, Esther got smart. She liked this man well enough to keep him even after he stopped sending roses. So she planned a little marriage insurance, and a couple of ways to get dividends for herself, lifelong dividends.

Sometimes, though, Fate throws a whammy into the plans. A little over two years ago, Esther lost her first baby. It was a girl.

At that time, Esther and Ben were on their way to a football game in San Francisco. Lou Busch and Esther's best friend Janet Blair were along with them, and they spent the night in a Monterey Hotel.

Two hours after they checked in Esther began to feel terrible. Pains raced all over her, but she didn't say a word. Finally, though, she turned to Ben and said, "I don't feel so good."

The baby was three months off, but Ben wasn't taking any chances. One look at Esther and he called the doctor. The doctor came on the double. He took one look at Esther and said, "We've got to get her to the hospital right away."

They rushed her to the hospital, where the baby died as it was being delivered.

ESTHER was grief-stricken for a while, but as the weeks flew by, her strength and her good humor came back, and she went to work with a zest. Only, by that time, they were beginning to talk at Romanoff's, and The Brown Derby, and Lucey's. "Too bad Esther lost her baby," they said. "I guess she lost her marriage with it."

"I don't give that Gage-Williams combo much more time," one gossip would say to another. "You know how they met, don't you? Ben was dating Ginny Simms. He took her to this charity affair at Earl Carroll's, and Esther was a cigarette girl that night, just for charity, you understand, and the next thing anyone knew, somebody came over and said that a big studio executive was taking Ginny home, and Ben wound up with Esther instead. That's how it started. I mean it was all a mistake to begin with. If they don't have any children I give them three years together, maybe four. . . ."

While all this was going on, Esther became pregnant again. She was making *Neptune's Daughter*, and every day she felt more and more like a mother. She started being ill mornings, and came down late to the studio, which for her was very



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unusual, and co-workers worried about it.

Charley O'Malley, the assistant director, couldn't understand it. "For a while," he said, "I thought she had a cold. I kept her dressing room heated. I saw that she had a towel around her as soon as she got out of the pool.

"She, herself, told me she had a cold, but she said it with a smile and that should've tipped me off. But then again she's always smiling and kidding around. When you make a picture with Williams you never know when she's going to drag you into the pool right after her.

"Anyway, I kept giving her this heat treatment, and she kept coming in late. Finally, one morning when she was two hours late, I said, 'Still got the sniffles, uh, Esther?' She grinned and said, 'What I've got aren't sniffles, Charley. I'm pregnant.' Well, she could've shoved me into the pool with a feather.

"In Hollywood, when an actress is expecting, the first thing the studio does is check with the doctor. If the doctor says to take her out of the picture, out she comes. If you ask the actress herself, she tells you she feels great and doesn't want to hold up the works. So you start rolling, and six weeks before the picture is scheduled to fold, the girl gets sick and you've lost a million bucks."

ESTHER'S doctor said it was perfectly okay for Esther to keep swimming, only she wasn't allowed to do anything strenuous. All the girls she was working with knew she was pregnant and they began talking about it. Here was a lady who wouldn't let motherhood stop her career, and wouldn't let her career stand in the way of motherhood. It was a good trick—and she did it.

"I think Esther is one of the bravest kids I've ever met," one of her co-workers says now. "I used to get sick swimming around that hot, chlorinated pool. You know those swim pictures are hard to make. They have to move the camera in and out for every set-up, and you're supposed to stay in focus all the time. Of course, Esther was in practically every shot, and I know a whole lot nicer places to spend time waiting for your baby than in the MGM swimming pool."

Esther's second pregnancy was rather tough. She and Ben wanted a child. They knew what had happened to the previous one. You can imagine their apprehension and finally their relief when Esther gave birth last August to a seven-pound eight-and-a-half-ounce boy. He was named Benjamin Stanton Williams. The Ben for his dad, and the Stanton in honor of Esther's dead brother.

Oddly enough, Esther's second pregnancy, once it became known, served to kill off the rumors, unfounded as they were, that she and Ben would eventually go their separate ways.

PEOPLE had said that Esther didn't need Ben, that she was a shrewd business woman in her own right. Some had even claimed that Esther didn't like the way Ben was managing her business interests, that these outside activities were the basis of disputes between them.

How these items originated no one knew. "Hollywood just can't imagine that any couple can stay happy very long," one of Esther's friends explains. "Ben is no world-beater as a television performer, but he's done an excellent job of supervising the restaurant they own. It was a failure when they took it over. It's making lots of money now. Anyway, I can tell you that couples who are unhappy together don't build families together."

After little Benjie was born, the rumors came to life again. As a matter of fact, this spring when Esther and Ben went to

Hawaii, and Ben came home alone—the story spread that this was it. The love birds had quarreled in the Islands. A divorce was in the offing.

Actually, Esther was pregnant again.

And yet, was she pregnant? On the island of Kaui, she herself couldn't be sure. She wouldn't go to the island doctor for a check-up, and the possibility existed that it might be a false alarm.

In any event, Esther, good sport that she is, kept swimming in front of the cameras for *The Pagan Love Song.* Most of the picture was shot on Kaui, and when Esther left the island, it was late in May, and she had a pretty good idea that her little Benjie would shortly be visited by a young brother or sister.

WHEN Esther got back to the States, she went to see Dr. William Bradbury. A few days later, she had her answer: Mr. and Mrs. Ben Gage were expecting a second child early in December, 1950.

This time, the studio had Esther complete a few finishing touches and check off the lot. No more shooting until the very last minute as in *Neptune's Daughter.* This time, Esther would spend five months of her pregnancy resting at home.

Of course, she hasn't. She's much too restless and energetic for that. Two nights a week, you can find her down at her restaurant, The Trails, singing with the band, greeting customers, and signing autographs. During the day, she takes care of little Benjie, swims in the pool,

Nunnally Johnson (speaking of a movie magnate's son-in-law): He's done very well, indeed, for a young man who's had only his talents to depend on.

helps Cole design suits, and checks her brother on how things are progressing in her investment company.

A fan who dropped in for a salad at The Trails and asked Esther whether she wanted a boy or a girl for a second child was told, "We'll take anything we can get. We were so thrilled about having a boy that anything now will be a bonus."

Esther will have her next baby just as she had Benjie. She will check into the Santa Monica Hospital early in December where she will be given an analgesic. She will be asleep when the child is delivered. When she awakes, her child will be in the same room with her or in an adjoining partition. This is known as the rooming-in system of confinement.

It's been used in Holland for decades and several years ago, the Massachusetts General Hospital introduced it here.

Supposedly, it has an excellent psychological effect upon the mother, since for the length of the confinement it never severs the mother-child relationship.

Shirley Temple, who was also confined by Dr. Bradbury, had little Linda with her almost from the time she was wheeled out of the delivery room until she arrived home.

Esther will also have a television set in her hospital room. During her confinement with Benjie, she tuned the set in one night and got husband Ben. In honor of his first son, he was singing "Sweetest Little Fellow, Mighty Lak a Rose."

"I couldn't help it," Esther says. "I cried. It just broke me up."

This time, the arrival of Esther's second child may break up once and for all those irresponsible rumors about her and Ben. If ever two people were perfectly mated—those two are Ben and Esther Gage. They know it, and they know what it takes to make a marriage work.

THE END



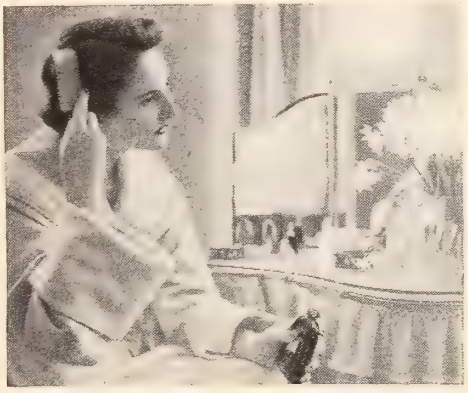
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You a teen-ager? Then read this—
a monthly feature especially for you.

I'M just plain mad. And I hope I stay mad until I get what I have to say off my chest. There are thousands of teen-age boys in this country I'd like to shake.

It's the necking situation or, as most of you kids call it, parking. I've had hundreds of letters about it from nice, sensible, intelligent girls and I've been wondering how to get the message across. Then I decided that I'd devote this month's column to speaking directly to you boys.

Here's how one girl wrote, "I'll go out with a very nice boy. We'll have a good time at the movies or skating or something. Then the boy will park the car and try to kiss me. This embarrasses me and I don't like it. But I don't want to be a prude. I wish you'd tell me if parking is necessary to a nice evening."

Well, the answer is no, it is not necessary. And you know what I think? I think you boys try it just to be smart, so you can boast about what great big men you are to the other boys. Or maybe you think the girl expects it. Well, take my word for it, she doesn't. She would be a lot happier and like you a lot more if you would take her home after a date, walk with her to the door and say good-night.

And while I'm on "walking to the door" subject I'd like to say that I had ten letters this month from girls who asked, "Shouldn't a boy walk you to your door after a date?"

Well, of course he should! It's just plain rude for him to let you scramble out of the car by yourself, find your key, maybe on a dark front porch and let yourself into the house.

I had that happen to me—but just once. We live on top of a hill. The garage is below the house and there are thirty steps leading down to it. Well, the boy I was with just pulled into the garage, said, "Good-night, Joanie" and let me get into the house as best I could. Know what happened? I've not been out with that boy again.

BUT back to the parking situation. Look at it this way, boys. Sometime you'll get married. Will you want a wife who has been kissed by every kid she ever went out with?

A lot of girls have written to say, "If I don't let the boy park I'm afraid he won't take me out again." And one girl wrote, "I had a first date with a boy who seemed very nice. We went skating and had a lot of fun. At least, I had fun and I thought he did, too. Then he wanted to drive out on a lonely road and when I told him to take me right home he never asked me for another date."

All I've got to say to that boy is, "Shame on you." A girl puts herself out to be charming and gay and just because she doesn't like to drive out on the lonely road you don't see her again. You know how that makes her feel? It makes her think, "Why he doesn't like *me* at all. He doesn't find *me* attractive. He wants just any girl he can neck with. So what's the use of trying to look nice and be attractive if I sit at home while the girls who will park get all the dates."

Just for one minute put yourself in the girl's place. When you stop seeing her because she won't park you have given a cruel blow to her ego. Or—and this is worse—you have made her say, "All right. I'll play it their way. I'll make a trade. I'll string along." And that makes for bitterness and toughness.

The word "nice" doesn't mean "stuffy." Nice means "kind, friendly, considerate." So the nice girls stay at home knitting while the tough, wild girls get all the dates. This just isn't fair.

Take my word for it, boys, you're not

being smart at all. As a matter of fact, you're just being extremely silly and juvenile. For let me say again, girls actually do not like the parking routine. And if you're doing it for the girl's benefit to show her what a big sophisticated man you are you're making a mistake. For she just isn't impressed. Or she's impressed the wrong way.

There, I've said it and I'm glad and I'm not quite so mad as I was. What cheered me up was opening a few more letters to find that not all boys are like this. For example, one boy wrote, "How should a boy act when he is out with his date? Should he try to out-do himself, take her to the best place in town or let her decide where you should go?" Now there's a kid who is really considerate.

You know how much money you have to spend so you should make the decision. It's embarrassing for a girl when a boy says, "Where shall we go? You decide." Because the girl doesn't know whether he has just enough money for the movies or enough to go dancing at some swank place. So he should give her a choice in his price range. For example, he could say, "Would you like to go to the movies or go bowling or skating?" All these cost about the same.

If it's a real big, heavy date—like a dancing date—he should tell her this in advance so she'll be properly dressed.

HERE's another little item I'd like to take up with the boys. I had a letter from a girl who said, "Do you think it right when you go on a double date for one boy to talk just to one girl? The other evening I double-dated and I honestly don't know why because the other boy didn't speak to me even once all evening."

In the first place the boy was rude and in the second place he doesn't understand the idea of the double date. The talk and fun should be general and after all, four of you have agreed about where you're going then all should enter into the activity. But, boys, don't carry this too far by playing up to the other girl just to make your date jealous. It embarrasses not only your girl but the other one as well, since she can't give you the lecture you obviously need when there are these other people around.

In fact, I don't see any reason for that silly business that both boys and girls try. I mean the jealousy routine. What does jealousy or the pretense of jealousy prove?

A boy I know is always trying to make me jealous by talking about another girl. He tells me how pretty she is and what a big career she is going to have. Know what I do? I agree with him. And you know what happens? There just isn't any argument. When the boys try to get a rise out of us by flattering other girls the smartest thing to do is to say, "Yes, yes, isn't she wonderful?" That will surprise him so much he'll change the subject fast!

Honestly, it's too much trouble to be in a big turmoil all the time. Why can't everybody relax and be simple and natural? Why can't people just have a good time on dates without being rude or trying to assert their own individuality? Why not stop thinking

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BANISHES "TATTLE-TALE GRAY"



about yourself for awhile and think about the girl you're with and what makes her happy? You'd enjoy yourself a lot more if you would.

HERE are some questions on different subjects, but before I go on I want to thank you for being so nice and friendly to me and for believing that maybe I can help. I'd give anything if I could answer every letter personally. I read every letter but if I answered them all I'd be doing nothing else but, and it seems I'm under contract to Mr. Samuel Goldwyn who keeps me pretty busy.

"Dear Joan: What did you do to lose baby fat?"—R. H., Bronx, N. Y.

For five days this was my diet: An egg and one piece of thin-sliced, slightly buttered toast for breakfast. For lunch a fruit salad or cottage cheese and pineapple. For dinner either a small steak or lamb chops, celery, sliced tomatoes and one green vegetable. I lost five pounds that way. Now I am just careful—no sweets, no potatoes, no bread and butter. Then I did stretching exercises—not exercises to make you muscular but to make you lithe. Good posture makes you seem slim. When I see someone I haven't seen in quite a little while I'll hear, "Why Joan, you've grown taller." I haven't grown so much as half an inch in over a year. It's just that I carry myself better than I did. Try my method, it works.

"Dear Joan: Due to illness I was kept back a year in school. Now I'm in high school—first year. I'm a year older than everybody else and I feel strange. Boys a year younger than I am seem like babies."—J. L., Butte, Montana.

Isn't it funny about problems? Yours is just the reverse of mine. I skipped eighth grade so in my first year in high school I was a year younger than everybody else. What I did was to find my social contacts outside the school. Can't you do the same? Discover your own age group through church activities or, perhaps, you could join some young persons' club. Or—and maybe this is the best suggestion of all—could you get a teacher to work with you after school and evenings and make up the year you lost so you can catch up and join your own age group?

"Dear Joan: Every time I take a girl out she starts talking about going steady. I don't want to go steady. What should I do?" —C. R., Birmingham, Ala.

I have just been giving the boys a lecture so now I guess it's time to give one to the girls. As I've said many times I think going steady for teen-agers is wrong. I can't imagine a girl bold enough to suggest to a boy that you go steady. That's the boy's place. If I were you, C. R., I'd just explain to the girls that you're not old enough to go steady and that getting serious at our age is foolish.

"Dear Joan: How do you tell a boy you can't go to a certain place without seeming a prude? After the show the boy wants to take you to a place to eat. But the place is your parents out-of-bounds region. How can you convince him not to go there without scaring him away?"—P. T., Winnipeg, Canada

So many problems would be solved if we would all just tell the truth. All you have to do, honestly, is to tell the boy that your parents do not want you to go to this particular place and you're sure they have good and valid reasons. There must be other places to eat, places your parents would okay. Then if he insists on going to the out-of-bounds place you can be sure that your parents are quite right and it's not a good place. I believe that if two people can talk out a problem, if both sides can be heard that there is always a solution.

"Dear Joan: I will go out with a boy and like him a lot. Then he will start to like me and I find I don't like him. What should I do?"—L. M., Tampa, Florida.

The trouble with you is you're fickle. You must have a straight talk with yourself. I can't answer your problem. Only you can answer that. You must ask yourself some questions. You must find out why you go cold on a boy the minute he begins to like you. That's a fault in your nature. I always advise talking a situation out. This time you have to talk the problem out with yourself.

Thanks again, for listening.

Editor's note: Do you have a teenager problem? If so, tell it to Joan. Write to Joan Evans, Box 93, Beverly Hills, California.

HOLLYWOOD, HERE I COME



While working as a salesman for a Philadelphia advertising firm, Dan Duryea spent a weekend with friends in Syracuse. He took part in making a backyard amateur movie there. Turning on all the charm he had, Duryea flung himself whole-heartedly into the enterprise. The next time he visited Syracuse, the picture was projected for him. Looking at it he brooded about the same things any other man worries about at such a time—whether he seemed gawkish and amateurish; whether or not his hairline was receding. Suddenly with a sinking feeling in the pit of his stomach, he found himself worrying about something else. Despite the charm he slathered on, the pictured Duryea he saw was a punk he wouldn't have staked to a cup of coffee if he'd found him starving on the street. Through some freak of physiognomy, plus his ability—so hair-triggered that he cannot always control it—to let his projected personality change him into an ugly duckling, he had arrived on that screen looking unlovely and unlovable.—(Pete Martin, from Hollywood Without Makeup)

the champ's in love

(*Continued from page 27*) he wasn't planning on marrying anybody. He'd take a brass band to a wedding band any time.

But that was almost a year ago. Now, late in 1950, Kirk Douglas, playboy, hit and run artist in romance, the lad as fast with a rhumba as Cugat and as anxious to learn as a young Casanova, looks as if he's in love.

To Kirk Douglas' friends and advisers this is a situation that wasn't anticipated and which, if the tenor of their conversations is legitimate, has all the earmarks of a catastrophe similar to the fall of the Roman Empire, or the occasion upon which Lana Turner *did not* marry Victor Mature, thereby throwing the entire machinery of Hollywood romance out of kilter for a month.

For Kirk Douglas to marry now, his associates feel, would throw a kink in his career that would slow it down to an amble. For him to take a vow to love one woman and one alone at a time when literally millions of lasses from fifteen to eighty-five want him, and are willing to spend fortunes to sit in dark theaters and pant in anticipation of the day he comes walking down their street and into their lives, would be disaster number one to dreams of the golden years ahead.

But there is nothing they can do about it. According to those in the know, the tiny arrow of Cupid has penetrated his heart and Irene Wrightsman McEvoy, the lady involved, has a ball and chain resting in a dark closet waiting for the day she can weld it onto his manly ankle. The only question is, will Kirk hold still while the job is done, or will he suddenly fly away, abandon the love that burns within him and dash back to the cache where his little black book has been buried?

His press agent would have you believe the latter.

"We've spent too much time and effort in building Kirk up as a big romantic interest," says he, "to have it all torn down by a thing like marriage."

But Irene McEvoy has just signed a two-year lease on an English-style rambling home in Brentwood. The house is nice enough to be a honeymoon cottage.

Kirk Douglas has lived for several years in a home in Laurel Canyon, just a dozen blocks up in the hills from Hollywood Boulevard. If you've ever seen pictures of the place, you know what it is like. A bachelor's dream. Small, not too accessible, not safe for babies and much too ruggedly furnished for a bride. The Brentwood house is, on the other hand, too large for a single woman, ideal for entertaining—and has a built-in nursery. It is quiet and private. Just the place for a man to start a family. It adds up.

Also, there's a situation. A situation in which a fellow who hits the high spots nightly with a different girl, suddenly puts on the brakes, and a head-waiter never sees him—and in which a girl, reported engaged to a fellow named Robert Stack, suddenly loses his address and begins spending all her waking hours with another fellow named Kirk Douglas.

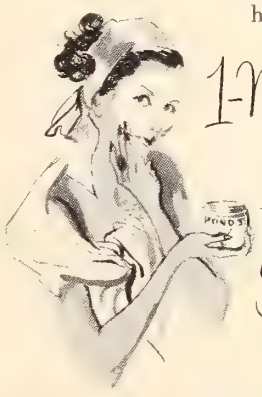
Actually, this is nothing new for either of the people involved. Kirk sometimes courts girls for, well, almost a month. Evelyn Keyes is probably the record-holder. Irene went steady with Bob Stack for more than a year. Both, to a degree, are capable of staunch loyalties to the opposite sex. The degrees, however, are quite individual. Irene, since her divorce from Mr. McEvoy, has been the soul of

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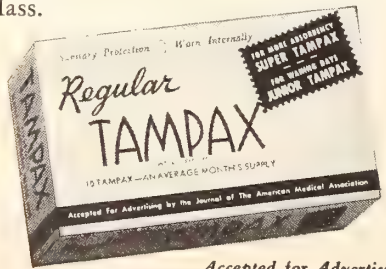
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more than one or two other fellows. Kirk, on the other hand, has proven by his actions and firm statements on the subject since his divorce that he is as active in the love department as a buck goat alone in a herd of anxious nannies.

And when Kirk Douglas leaps the fence and begins bleating in one pasture, it would seem almost too apparent that he is in love.

At the time of this writing, Kirk Douglas is working on location some twenty miles outside Gallup, New Mexico, making the picture *Ace in the Hole.* And also, at this moment, Irene Wrightsman McEvoy is sitting a short distance away from where Kirk is acting, underneath a big sun umbrella which is set up for her every day so she can be with Kirk every possible moment. This gesture of permitting a woman to sit on a set and watch a star act is, in the profession, about as rare as an Iowa farmer bringing his lady a string of priceless pearls every time he comes a'calling. There just ain't no greater compliment—nor is there a greater evidence of devotion possible in Hollywood. Kirk Douglas has never allowed it before, and it is a cinch that Irene McEvoy never cared enough for a guy to swelter in a desert for thirty solid days.

Irene's day begins at breakfast with Douglas, and no other member of the company is encouraged to join them. They ride, hand in hand, to the day's location. Irene takes her seat under the umbrella and watches, seldom taking her eyes from Kirk. At every break in the action, Kirk comes over and joins her—and they hold hands. They lunch alone, then back to the umbrella for the afternoon session of mutual admiration and acting. They dine alone, and afterward, they slip off to watch the moon do tricks with the cactus.

Yes, this is the kind of devotion that, it appears, will either wind up in marriage or at least one broken heart.

And Kirk Douglas has changed. He is a newly-inhibited man. To realize this you need only go back to a few months ago when Kirk bumped into a magazine photographer in front of a popular night club. The photog asked if he would pose for an exclusive picture.

"Sure," said Kirk, "anything you want."

"How about swinging around that pole?" said the photog jokingly, pointing to a bus stop sign.

Kirk asked his date, Evelyn Keyes, to stand out of harm's way for a moment, and obliged. The cameraman showed his astonished editor the picture the next morning and was almost accused of using a gun to get the shot.

A solid dozen photogs got another beauty one night at Ciro's when Kirk obligingly joined a tumbling act on the stage and held still while the boys popped their bulbs. When he had a date with a girl and a writer came to his table in a club for an interview or a quick question, Kirk obliged with a smile. When the cameramen came over, he would kid his date into smiling pretty for the boys and he himself never lost his grin or good humor.

But that's past.

Today, when Kirk Douglas takes his girl on a date, he takes her some place where there will be no cameraman. If he does take her to one of the strip hot spots to see a show, he's as wary of what he does and says as a jewel thief in a pawn shop. Pictures, if they can't be avoided, are taken, but if there's a way out, Kirk wants it. He wants privacy in the little world he has with Irene.

Let's take a look at the romantic records of these two and their backgrounds.

Kirk, as is widely known, came from a family in very modest circumstances. He worked his way through college, slung hash, wrestled in carnivals, did almost every menial thing a man can do to earn a living and remain self-respecting. How many times he has been in love is anybody's guess. However, when it came time to marry, he was not only very particular in the choice of a bride in the normal sense, it seems that he wanted a woman who could bring into his life some of the background and culture that had been missing. It may have been an accident that his wife was society and of good family, but that may have been one of the things that made him fall in love with her enough to marry her.

This marriage did good things for him. He became used to the niceties of well-bred living and, in his private life, it shows. Although his wife was an actress, she was also welcome in the homes of the social registrites and actually she was a far cry from the garden variety actress. It is to be expected that when Kirk Douglas marries again he will look for someone with the same brand.

Irene McEvoy is that type. An heiress to a fortune, she is beautifully educated and a lady to her fingertips. If she shares that honeymoon cottage with Kirk, she will be able to offer him graceful living. While her former husband has been called an international playboy, it is evident from the company he keeps abroad these days that he plays in the most select circles. In her only other well-known romance—with Bob Stack—she was not stepping out of character or consorting with the kitchen help. Stack is a wealthy lad, and a member of one of the coast's bluest-blooded families.

There is one thing, though, that must be reckoned with—that sly old devil Time. Unless Kirk chooses to dash across the Mexican border and take a chance, as others have done, on a shaky Mexican marriage, he is not going to marry anyone for several months, until the divorce decree from his former wife becomes final. Time has been known to thwart the best-laid plans. Quarrels that after marriage become something trivial to be dissipated with a kiss, sometimes take on a guise of major importance when the bonds between two people are not cemented by marriage—and pouf goes a good love.

None of this may happen to Kirk Douglas and Irene McEvoy. But, of course, there's no way to be certain. Kirk is notoriously close-mouthed about his love life.

He was interviewed by Modern Screen shortly after he was separated from his ex-wife. He was asked, naturally, if there was to be a divorce. His answer was short and to the point. "I won't talk about it," he said. "I just won't talk about it." Some months later, when it seemed everyone was certain that there was to be a divorce, although even then some columnists were not too sure, for they predicted a reconciliation, Kirk was asked the same question. His answer was, "I won't talk about it."

The point is that upon both occasions Kirk Douglas knew his marriage was ended. At the last interview it is a fact that a property settlement had been made, grounds charged, and all the details of a dissolution of a union involving children done away with. It could have done no harm to admit it, but Kirk Douglas wouldn't talk. And won't now.

So there you have it. The case of the suspicious romance. The case of the honeymoon cottage. The case of the rare devotion. The case of the newly-inhibited man. If you think it adds up to the case of the bride and groom—you'll have to wait a while to prove it. The End

stag night in the steam room

(*Continued from page 50*) "Temper, John," said Scott sweetly. "Temper."

"Aw, let him out," said Tony. "Maybe he can play gin-rummy."

"With you?" said Scott. "He's better off where he is."

"Hey, fellas!" screamed John, and they let him out.

Draped in sheets, the boys sat around and played cards. Scott lost a quick round of gin rummy to Tony, and gave up his hand to Hugh O'Brian.

"I've had enough of this guy," said Scott. "Played with him for 16 weeks while we were making *Shoplifter*, and didn't win a hand."

"One thing's sure," said Hugh. "In this joint, at least, he won't have any cards up his sleeves."

"Gin," said Tony.

"Why don't you go back to Brooklyn?" Scott asked Tony. "With your brains you could make a million running a card parlor."

"Naw," said Tony. "I'll stick with you. Couple more pictures together and I'll be wearing mink."

"Okay, sweetheart," said John Bromfield. "Deal me in."

WHILE John was being shellacked by Tony, everyone else was getting alcohol rubdowns. (Alcohol closes the bather's pores and prevents him from catching cold when he goes out into the normal temperature of the street.) Finlandia's two masseurs, Kaarlo and Richard, who've been there so long they're practically water-proof, worked over us.

"I believe I'd rather catch my death," said Scott, as Richard wrapped him up in a sheet and started to fan him dry.

"You don't have the right attitude," Rock Hudson yelled from the next rubbing room, where Kaarlo was massaging Hugh O'Brian's back. "Take a look at this boy."

Scott peered over the partition, and said, "He looks like he's dead."

"Superior ability to relax," Hugh mumbled, as the masseur pushed his nose into the pillow. "Mind over matter."

"Like I said," Scott replied, "you look dead."

"Treat him with respect," said Tony coming in on the tail-end of Scott's remark. "Know what this guy does for a hobby?"

"Yeah," said Scott. "He makes pictures. *Rocketship X-M*, starring Hugh O'Brian. I can get you tickets."

"Listen, dope. He's the athletic instructor for 17 of the most beautiful dolls in Hollywood. Works out with them three times a week."

"My old pal, Hugh," said Scott. "Why didn't you tell me, Hugh?"

Hugh shrugged his free shoulder, and smiled.

"Up at the 'House of the Seven Garbos,'" said Tony. "You know, the boarding house for models. The girls wanted to exercise. So Hugh was kind enough to donate his time and effort. Would you be kind enough?"

"Smart enough, you mean," said Scott. "I get my exercise boxing with my brother."

JUST then Sam Amundsen came in to announce that lunch was ready. One of the reasons Finlandia is so popular is proprietor Sam. He likes to please his customers. He'll not only have them steamed, rubbed down, and wrapped up, but if they come in parties, he'll order a snack from the Scandia restaurant across the street. The snack for us turned out to be huge cuts of roast beef, turkey, ham, Scandinavian cheese and plenty of potato salad. Along with this went fruit juice, soda and beer.

For a little while everyone was silent. Then, after the last few slices of meat were polished off we went back to the dressingroom for a nap.

"The steam will get rid of the poisons in your body," Sam tells his guests. "And a rub down will loosen up your muscles. But there's nothing more refreshing on earth than a half-hour's sound sleep. At least, it never *hurt* anyone."

Everybody dropped off except John Bromfield and Tony Curtis.

"Going on a fishing trip," said John. "Me and Corinne. You know Corinne."

"I'm crazy for Corinne," said Tony.

"My wife!"

"Calm down," pleaded Tony. "It's hopeless."

"Better be," said John threateningly. "Anyway, we'll both be free from work for the first time in six months. When I finished *The Furies*, Corinne started *Irma Goes West*. Now we're keeping our fingers crossed about sudden assignments. Going up to Lake Mead. You know, the bass up there are more than a foot long—practically jump into your boat."

"I'll believe that when I see the pictures," laughed Tony.

"Wise guy," John said grimly.

"Okay," Scott called, "Pipe down."

"Get that guy," said John, crawling onto a cot. "Fifteen minutes in a steam room and he can't keep his head above the water. Fifteen measly minutes. . . ." And the sandman swooped down over Finlandia.

THE END

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linda christian

(*Continued from page 41*) he had no right to ask her to make such a sacrifice. He knew, too, from acute personal experience what two acting careers will do to a married couple.

In Linda Christian, he had a girl who wanted, and still wants, five children. She was the only girl Ty loved who was honestly enthusiastic about renouncing her other life simply to share his.

"June, '49," Linda wistfully recalls, "when I came home from the doctor's office in London and told Tyrone that I was pregnant, you should have seen him. He was so happy he almost jumped through the ceiling. He started to devise a detailed savings plan so that enough money would be set aside for the child's education. . . . He wouldn't let me lift anything heavier than a water glass. . . . He decided with my approval that the baby was going to be a boy and we'd call it Tyrone Power, Jr. . . . He did all the things new fathers are supposed to do.

"He was so happy I can't tell you. And because he was, I naturally was happy, too. That's all I want, all I ever want, to make Tyrone happy.

"But then, after four months of pregnancy, they took me to the American Hospital in Paris, and I lost the baby, and I cried and cried. I knew what it meant to Tyrone, and thinking of him and what happened, it made me feel worse. But the doctor said I was all right and that I could have other babies and that gave us hope."

AFTER Linda lost her baby, the Powers came home to California.

Deeply hurt, trying to forget, hoping for the future, Ty threw himself into his work. He needed a rest—he had made *The Black Rose* in Morocco, and *Prince of Foxes* in Italy, but he wanted no time to think, no time to brood over his great disappointment. He was cast opposite Susan Hayward in *Rawhide*, his first non-location picture in almost two years.

When he finished that one, and Darryl Zanuck asked him if he'd like to go to the Philippines to star in *American Guerrilla*, he said, "Sure, I'd love to go."

People began asking, "Why all this travel? What is Ty trying to run away from, himself?"

But Ty wasn't running away from anything. In fact, he was the happiest man on earth. Life was running to meet him. Linda was pregnant again. At last, he'd have that baby. Boy or girl? He didn't care which.

It took thirty hours, this past spring, to fly from California to Manila, but Ty didn't even seem tired after his long air journey. One of the advance men who met him at the airport says, "He seemed buoyed up by some inner secret. The very evening he landed, he appeared at a benefit for the Philippine Community Chest. The next day he flew by chartered plane to the summer capital at Baguio to pay his respects to President Quirino. Then he flew back to Manila, and served as host at a reception we gave for the various politicians and business men. Linda joined him, and we didn't know she was pregnant at the time, but we should have suspected something, because he took such wonderful care of her.

"For example, we shot the picture at Subic Bay, at the U.S. Naval Station there. It's about seventy miles north of Manila. The station consists of a lot of quonset huts.

"Ty and Linda had a whole quonset hut for themselves. Ordinarily, twenty-two men sleep in one quonset hut, but Ty was taking no chances with Linda. He wanted her to be happy and careful, but



break the bank

by bert parks

a modern screen quiz

Bert Parks, sparkling m.c. of radio's Break the Bank quiz show (NBC—Wednesdays at 9 p.m.—EST), suggested this puzzler for Modern Screen readers. See how well acquainted you are with some of Hollywood's best-known names. The answers are on page 90.

1. Four stars have the same last name, beginning with letter P; three female stars have the same last name, starting with letter R. Name them: ..... P....., ... P....., ... P....., ... P....., ... R....., ... R....., ... R.....

2. Some names have been repeated through Hollywood history, although the bearers may not be related to each other. Name the bearers, past and present, of each of these names: Dana, Mason, Lamarr, Young, Haver.

3. Five male stars have the same name, beginning with letter D. Who are they? ..... D....., ... D....., D..... ....., ... D....., D..... .....

4. Louise Hovick is the real name of: Lois Albright, Wanda Hendrix, Gypsy Rose Lee

5. His parents named him Guenther Schneider, but Hollywood dubbed him: E..... A.....

Linda is an adventurous girl, you know."

While *American Guerrilla in the Philippines* was being shot around Subic Bay, Linda grew bored. There was little to do around the Naval Station. She didn't want to interfere with the making of the picture, to be one of those Hollywood "set" wives who spend all their spare time watching their husbands perform.

With Bill Gallagher, a distant cousin of Ty's who acts as his business manager, she began making various side trips by plane around the south Pacific. On one such flight, she and Bill flew to Bali. On another, they winged to Hong Kong.

Here, in this British crown colony jammed with rich Chinese refugees, Linda learned that she had lost her second child.

"I WENT to a doctor in Hong Kong for a checkup," she says. "You know how it is when you're pregnant—you see a doctor every few weeks.

"I wanted to make sure that everything was in good order. We wanted this baby so badly. So I went to this doctor, and he examined me, and then he told me the terrible news. 'Mrs. Power, your child can never be born. It's dead.'

"I was stunned. I couldn't believe it. I couldn't believe it was true. No! Not another miscarriage. What should I do? How would I tell Tyrone?

"I realized that I needed excellent medical care and needed it quickly. I flew back to Subic Bay and told Tyrone, and he put me in the U.S. Naval Station Hospital at once, and they removed the dead child, and I was in the hospital three days. Then the company moved back to Manila, and by that time I was recovered, and I went with them."

Micheline Prelle, the French actress who stars opposite Ty in *American Guerrilla*, says that Ty tried not to let this latest misfortune affect his work and that by sheer force of will-power he succeeded.

Other members of the company say, "It was a tough break and everyone knew it. We all sympathized with the guy, but what good is sympathy at a time like that? We were darn glad we had finished up and were going home."

Now, oddly enough, when Ty returned to Los Angeles after the picture was completed, Linda didn't come with him. Instead of flying back with him, she took off in a plane that was going in the opposite direction, Bangkok, India, Cairo, Rome, the Netherlands, and London. She wanted to see her father in Holland, and she wanted to meet Ty in London where she knew he was scheduled to open on July 18th in the stage play, *Mr. Roberts.*

WHEN TY hit Hollywood and his friends sympathized with him about Linda's second miscarriage, he accepted their condolences politely and quickly.

Once again, he sought escape from tragedy in work. He flew to New York and rehearsed *Mr. Roberts.* Then he flew to London where he proved to be more popular than ever before in his career.

Ty is scheduled to stay in London until December. After that, he will probably make a picture somewhere else in Europe.

As for Linda, she hopes to stay by his side. She knows what people who were jealous of her marriage to Ty are saying back in Hollywood. They're saying that without children she hasn't a chance in a million of holding her handsome hero, that without children her marriage is headed for the rocks.

She accepts such gossip stoically. She got married to have a family and raise it, and she's determined to do both.

"I've lost two children," she says, "but I'm still young, Tyrone is still young, and there is still time." THE END

That *Other You* Could End Your Marriage!



Let your husband keep the *real,* the beloved you! Be *confident* of your intimate feminine hygiene—not troubled with uncertainty . . . *another* you!

YOU make *sure* of your feminine daintiness when you douche regularly with "Lysol"!

"Lysol" cleanses the vaginal canal even in the presence of mucous matter. No makeshift like soap, salt or soda can possibly act the same way!

"Lysol" is the famous disinfectant with amazing, proved power to kill germ-life quickly on contact!

Yet, gentle, non-caustic "Lysol" will not harm delicate tissue. Correct douching solution in the simple directions on every bottle. Many doctors advise patients to douche regularly with "Lysol," just to insure daintiness alone, and to use it as often as needed. No greasy aftereffect.

Don't just chance it! Don't ever let *neglect* create a "dual personality" . . . another you, full of doubts, misgivings and inhibitions! Don't let that *other* you destroy your love!

Get "Lysol" brand disinfectant today, and use it regularly.

Preferred 3 to 1 over any other liquid preparation for Feminine Hygiene!

"Lysol"®

A Concentrated Germ-Killer

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FREE! EXPERT MODERN ADVICE ON FEMININE HYGIENE!

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Please send me, in plain envelope, a FREE copy of booklet, prepared in collaboration with a leading gynecologist, entitled, "Don't Depend on Hearsay."

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After two years, LANA TURNER returns to the screen

in "A LIFE OF HER OWN"

read this exciting love story in October

SCREEN STORIES

NEW WAY TO WASH
BLONDE HAIR
Make This "Creamy" Shampoo at Home

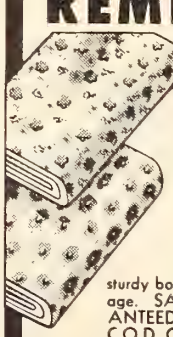


Washes Hair Lighter... Gives it "Week Long" SHINE

Makes rich, cleansing lather. Contains new ANDIUM to keep blonde hair lovelier, lighter, shinier...all week long. Helps brighten faded or darkened hair. Safe for children. At 10c, drug and department stores.

BLONDEX *Shampoo*
MADE SPECIALLY FOR BLONDES

NOW! NINETEEN YARDS!
4 POUNDS $1.95
ALL PRINT
REMNANTS
and Assorted BIG Patches



LARGE pieces! Full width dress goods material included. Broadcloth and percale in pastel shades. ALL SIZES USABLE! Make aprons, skirts, patchwork quilts, play clothes, rompers, etc. FREE patterns. 4 lbs. in sturdy box. Only $1.95 plus postage. SATISFACTION GUARANTEED or money refunded. Sent C.O.D. Order by mail today!

QUALITY PATCH CO.
Box 747 Dept. C Fall River, Mass.

peck's 10-year plan

(*Continued from page 58*) the window in the dusk, and the lights of Park Avenue were strung out below them like a necklace of pearls . . . in this same city where he'd tripped over bums sleeping in doorways . . .

He met author A. J. Cronin at "21," and Mr. Cronin discussed the leading character of his book. "I visualized the priest as a short, plump, snub-nosed fellow with a Scottish burr. Never a lean, long, dark fellow with a La Jolla accent. Impressed me, though, the way you managed to retain that hungry look throughout the whole picture."

Hungry? That didn't take much acting. Just a little memory . . .

Ten years and the menu has changed. Steak and apple pie. Cold cuts and Danish pastry. Eggs and bacon—any time, anywhere. Ten years, and he doesn't even need a name, his face is so familiar. There it was in *Spellbound, The Yearling, Duel In The Sun,* in *Gentleman's Agreement, Twelve O'Clock High,* in the lobby of Radio City's Music Hall . . .

But the ten-year marker, *Captain Horatio Hornblower,* was gathering dust on the shelf. Where was the man who was man enough to play the Captain?

He was thinking of going to Europe to make a movie. Now he had a family to join him there—Greta and the two boys, and Greta was expecting. "Go ahead," she told him, "I'll meet you there." Greg decided to call off the trip because he didn't want to leave a brand new baby alone at home.

Warners searched around for a role. They called a writers' conference and sat up all night, and worried all day, but it didn't do any good. Then someone remembered *Horatio* and the rush was on. Ivan Goff and Ben Roberts went to work to get the script ready for shooting in London. Top brass came over and hovered about them. The wives of the top brass made sandwiches, and Steve Trilling brought them coffee and baked beans. Greg sat around reading the pages as they fell out of the typewriter. Reading them and getting the plot confused with the picture of a character sitting in a rooming house wondering whom they'd pick to play the part . . .

And here was the answer, ten years in coming—he and Greta were on their way to England to bring *Horatio* to life. Horatio Hornblower? Horatio Alger on the glory road . . .

The Pecks returned to Hollywood this summer, to their ranch house, to the life a star and his family lead.

But he hasn't forgotten the beginning. The La Jolla Playhouse is a witness, his brainchild, and Mel Ferrer's. At La Jolla experienced actors work with stagestruck kids, guiding them, helping them learn, keeping their flame alive.

He and Mel are planning a Beverly Hills Theater group, together with Charles Boyer, John Garfield, Dorothy McGuire, Rosalind Russell, Jerry Wald. They're trying to raise $3,000,000 to build a theater, the start of a small Radio City. They want to establish a dramatic school and provide scholarships so that young actors can jingle some change in their pockets and buy a hamburger whenever they want one, so that they can walk into a theater without first stabbing the usher.

This is it, the plan that took root ten years ago. The plan that won't be forgotten because a long, lean guy is full of memories about all the yesterdays.

THE END

lucky dahl

(*Continued from page 59*)

"Not thinking of becoming an actress, are you, Arlene?" a Lutheran minister, her cousin, asked a little sternly.

"An actress? No, sir. Not an actress . . ." But there it was. The word. Spoken. It sent the blood to her cheeks and burned her eyes. An actress . . . yes. . . .

Her mother and father knew. They watched her as she read plays to herself, mouthing each word. They left her in that world of her own. When she was a high school freshman she got an A plus on a paper she'd written about Katharine Cornell. For her teacher, reading between the lines, could see the adoration there. . . .

WHEN the Better Drama League of Minneapolis held tryouts for *Tom Sawyer*, Arlene was on hand, reading for the role of Becky Thatcher, getting the role.

At eleven, she'd fallen in love. No one could tell her, "You're too young." No one could laugh it off, because there she was—in love. And the boy said he loved her. They were chaperoned on their dates until she was sixteen, and then her mother told her to wait a while before she got married. Wait until the boy was twenty-one, and she eighteen. So they waited.

Arlene continued through high school as an honor student, winning her classmates' votes as the "Most Likely To Succeed," winning a trophy from the Bearcat Legion Post Band as the outstanding Drum Majorette, winning an art contest and a scholarship to a noted New York School of costume design. . . .

Arlene didn't accept the scholarship. Her mother had suffered a stroke a few years back and had become a semi-invalid. Arlene didn't want to leave her. She took some courses at the University, worked in a department store near home as a model, as a display assistant. And then her world began to crash. The boy she loved, didn't love her anymore. She was heartbroken, the pain lingered on for five years. . . .

Then her mother died. Shocked, bewildered, Arlene plunged into her studies and her work, clinging to the future.

A few more years went by and Arlene's father met a widow, the mother of three daughters. Laughter seemed to come easy to him again. Arlene met the daughters, and liked them. Once when all of them were having lunch together, Arlene suddenly turned to her father and said, "Why don't you two get married?"

(*Continued on page 88*)



HOW TIME FLIES!

■ Judy Garland's recent graduation from high school also marked her graduation from the ranks of kid stuff. Gone are her dates with youngsters like Mickey Rooney and Bob Stack. In their place a new romance has burgeoned—a romance with an "older" man. He's Dave Rose, Martha Raye's blondish, attractive ex-husband. —*October, 1940, Modern Screen.*



Irritated skin. "I have skin allergy problems," says Mrs. V. M. Bratthauer of Miami Shores. "Noxzema helps relieve the itching of the resultant skin irritation. It's my stand-by as an aid to softer, smoother looking skin."

NEW HOME FACIAL

Look lovelier in 10 days with this Quick Beauty Routine —or your money back!

No need for a lot of elaborate preparations . . . no complicated rituals! With one cream you can cleanse . . . help protect . . . and help heal! The secret is a marvelous new Home Facial, using only greaseless Noxzema. And it can help bring you lovelier-looking skin in 10 days—or your money back!

Here's all you do:

1. Morning—Apply Noxzema over face and neck. With a damp cloth, "creamwash" just as you would with soap and water. Rinse. "Creamwashing" cleanses so thoroughly.

After drying, smooth on a light film of Noxzema for your powder base. It not only holds make-up beautifully, but it also helps protect your skin—all day!

2. Evening—At bedtime, "creamwash" with Noxzema again. How clean your skin looks! How fresh it feels! See how you've washed away make-up, the day's dirt and grime—without rubbing!

Now, lightly massage Noxzema into face and neck. Pat a little extra over blemishes.* While you sleep, Noxzema helps heal them—helps your skin look softer, smoother. It's greaseless! No "smeary" face or pillow!

A skin doctor developed this new Noxzema Home Facial. In clinical tests it helped 4 out of 5 women to lovelier-looking skin. And you'll be thrilled to see how it can help your skin look lovelier, too! Noxzema is a medicated formula—a unique oil-and-moisture emulsion—helps normalize both dry and oily skin.

Money-back Offer! Try the new Noxzema Home Facial for 10 days. If your skin doesn't show real improvement, return the jar to Noxzema, Baltimore, Md.—your money cheerfully refunded. But you will be delighted! Get Noxzema today—while you can get the 85¢ jar for only 59¢—*almost half again as much* for your money as in the Small size! Limited time only—at any drug or cosmetic counter.



No complexion troubles for Betty Jane Hokenstrom of Minneapolis who says, "I use Noxzema every night and morning to help my skin look soft and smooth. I keep a jar handy in my desk at work."

**externally-caused.*

MONEY SAVING OFFER

BIG 85¢ JAR

now only **59¢** plus tax

Limited offer—stock up now!

Is Your Daughter a STAY-AT-HOME *Because of Periodic Pain?*



(Have you told her about Midol?)

No modern girl need "stay at home", miss parties and break dates because of the time of month. Midol has changed all that by bringing quick comfort from menstrual suffering.

MIDOL RELIEVES HEADACHE



Midol brings amazingly fast relief from menstrual headache because it contains two highly effective, proven medical ingredients that are often prescribed by many doctors.

MIDOL EASES CRAMPS...



Midol contains an exclusive anti-spasmodic ingredient which quickly eases cramps. Even women who have suffered severely report that Midol brings quick comfort. And Midol does not interfere in any way with the natural menstrual process.

MIDOL CHASES "BLUES"



The mild stimulant in Midol helps lift her out of the depression and "blues" which often attend the menstrual process. So see that your daughter takes Midol and takes it *in time*. She'll be her charming self even on days she used to suffer most.

MIDOL

is the Thing to Take for

FUNCTIONAL

PERIODIC PAIN



FREE 24-page book, "What Women Want to Know", explains menstruation. (Plain wrapper). Write Dep't.C-100, Box 280, New York 18, N. Y.

Fair-skinned Mr. Dahl turned a little pink then stuttered, "Well, I've sort of been thinking along those lines."

On April 15, 1943, Arlene acquired a stepmother and three sisters.

When the International Sportsman's Show reached Minneapolis, Arlene became a bathing suit and sports togs model for it. Then she was invited to go along with the show to Chicago.

In Chicago, she was only 17 but the Charles A. Stevens store wanted her as fashion consultant and model. She telephoned her father. "Take the job," he said, "and do your best. I know you'll always make me proud of you." From Stevens she went to Marshall Fields as an assistant to an assistant buyer. Just after she started the job, the top buyer quit and she became an assistant buyer. She lived in an apartment with three other girls from Minneapolis—childhood friends, Grace Blackwell, Eve Bogard, Toby Thovsen.

ONE day the Patricia Stevens Modeling Agency called her. "How'd you like to go to Florida for a three months' free vacation? You can model enough to pay expenses." Arlene didn't know, but her roommates did. "You're going!" they said. Ethel Capp, titled Miss Photoflash, got the same offer and they went together.

In Florida they met George Abbott and J. J. and Lee Shubert, noted Broadway producers. Ethel told them of their ambitions and the men said, "When you come to New York, look us up."

Look them up! Broadway. Stardom.

They hurried back to Chicago, worked until they'd saved train fare and some over. Ethel had $75 over and Arlene $100. In New York, they registered at the St. Moritz Hotel in a $15.00 a day room and set out to see the promising producers. They couldn't get in to see George Abbott. The Shuberts were polite but they were going out of town. Milton Berle was sorry but his show was already cast. Everyone was sorry. Then Arlene was invited to a cocktail party where Felix Brentano was a guest. Arlene sang and Mr. Brentano invited her to his office. . . .

He was casting for *Mr. Strauss Goes to Boston*. And there she was—in it, singing, dancing. The musical was a hit in Boston. New Yorkers didn't care. It lasted only 12 performances on Broadway and Arlene was out of a job and nearly broke again. On the strength of the job, she'd supported Ethel (who hadn't managed to find one yet) and herself in an apartment on London Terrace.

She went to Walter Thornton to get more introductions to theater people. "I'll make you a top-flight model," he said, "but I can't introduce you to theater people." He gave her $300 and sent her to Vogue Magazine where she started posing at $15.00 an hour. Within three months she was making $30.00 an hour. She appeared in Revlon ads and was the Edelbrew Beer Girl of 1946—but not an actress.

THEN one day she read in Cue that there would be tryouts for 10 feminine roles for *Questionable Lady*. She raced over to the office but was one girl too late. The director liked her, though. He handed her a script, explained the character of the girl and her part in the story. Arlene read herself into the ingenue role and spent six weeks on the road working toward Broadway, but the company never made it.

If Broadway wouldn't take her, Hollywood did. She played opposite Dennis Morgan in *My Wild Irish Rose*. Immediately afterward she was offered an M-G-M contract and a role in *The Bride Goes Wild*. Then she became Red Skelton's leading lady, displaying a nice sense of comedy. Following this came a dramatic role in *Reign of Terror*. And she was a star—in *The Outriders, Three Little Words, Watch the Birdie*. An actress.

An unmarried actress, but not for long, they say, pointing to Lex Barker. "Lex?" she says, her eyes shining, "He's in Africa now and has been for six weeks."

In the meantime, there's Lew Ayres, Philip Reed, Col. Jo Perron, Turhan Bey.

Arlene lives in an attractive apartment near Roxbury Park with her cousin, Elena Dahl Syness, and her maid, Elizabeth Townsend.

Once a year she gives a big party.

"Christmas was the most wonderful, wonderful time of the year when I was growing up. We Norwegians celebrate for six weeks. We have a smorgasbord for a week before Christmas and we don't take down our Christmas tree until the end of January. So now I have open house about the 20th of December. I can't prepare all the wonderful Norwegian delicacies (although her friends rave about the way she cooks Norwegian meat-balls), but I've found that Scandia (A Sunset Strip restaurant) is really wonderful when it comes to catering for my smorgasbord, complete to boar's head with the red apple in his mouth for the centerpiece."

Suddenly she'll stop in her remembering. "I've been lucky," she'll say, and laugh it off. "Lucky enough to be in the right place at the right time. I had to worry about finances only once—when *Mr. Strauss Goes to Boston* folded. I was down to my last nickel when I appealed to Walter Thornton to help me get a job. I used to walk from 23rd Street to Central Park at 57th and back again because I didn't have even bus fare. My shoes wore out, too. Plenty of matchbook covers have been scotch-taped into my inner soles.

"BUT I'd never write home for help—not after all my father had done for me. Some youngsters have the challenge of poverty. I had the challenge of making my father proud of me for some achievement of my own. After all he'd provided the money for any kind of lessons I wanted to take, anything I needed to achieve my goal. I had to prove he was right when he said, 'I know you'll always make me proud of you.' "

And Minneapolis knew it, too. Arlene treasures a copy of "The Prophet" given her by her English teacher Mrs. Keyes. Inscribed in it is, "Please accept this with my admiration for what you were here at Washburn High, for what you are now and with best wishes for what you are going to be." A while back, the Misses Ward, three sisters who ran the Minneapolis dancing studio where Arlene studied for ten years, wrote to Arlene for advice about moving to Hollywood to open a studio. "Why don't you try it?" Arlene wrote back. "You're sure of at least one student!" So they moved to Hollywood and once a week Arlene goes over to their studio on Melrose Avenue for a ballet lesson, merely one of the many students the three teachers instruct. They're proud of her—the Misses Ward.

And her father, who lives in Santa Monica now, doesn't have to tell her how he feels. She knows—that lovely, lucky Dahl.

THE END

Paid Notice

DO MEN EVER AVOID YOU!

SEE PAGE 16

don't call me mister

(*Continued from page 31*) try to fill an inside straight in a poker hand and bet his last chip on it.

You've just never been introduced properly, that's all. You've been confused by the roles he's played. At the end of a day's work you expect him to carefully park his car in the family garage and, brief case in hand, stalk formally through the front door to bestow kisses on Mrs. Holden and the kids before strolling to his comfortable chair for a quiet reading of a conservative newspaper. Not Holden.

It's an even bet that after a day's work he'll call home an hour after the scheduled dinner hour and tell his wife he'll be tied up in a conference, while a bunch of studio laborers are ordering for him at the bar. And when he gets home, he will probably block the driveway with his car, rescue one kid from a tree, pile another on his shoulders and storm into his house howling, "Where the devil's my dinner?" And when he makes that phone call, he is scared to death of his wife, and for no other reason than he knows she is not going to believe him and might hit him with something when he finally does show up at home.

The assassination of Bill Holden's true personality was a great loss to the screen. It was a dastardly deed, in any event, part accident and part intent, forced on him by necessity—the need to earn money for his home and a few of the simple pleasures of life. This in combination with an odd contractual set-up, has kept his nose to the grindstone and that haunted, harassed expression on his face for so many movies he can't remember them all.

He got into pictures on a pass. Being tall, rugged, handsome and living in Pasadena, it was only natural that William Beedle (his real name) should give some portion of his thoughts to acting. He did. Not too much, but enough to make him spend a little time hanging around the Pasadena Community Playhouse. Movies were a world away—away over in Hollywood the other side of the mountains. Bill Beedle might never have taken the trouble to make the trip if somebody hadn't come and got him.

Columbia Pictures was going to make a film called *Golden Boy*. They needed a lad with a husky physique but with a face you could believe belonged to a violin player, and they wanted someone who had never been seen on the screen before. This was quite an order and, partly to keep the publicity boiling and partly to make sure they got a guy they could use again, the search sifted maybe five hundred potentials. Then an agent trotted Bill Holden into the casting office, and, like a follies girl pulling up her skirts for a chorus captain, Bill took off his shirt to show his muscles. The muscles were great, but what sold the man on Bill that day was the expression on his face.

The eyes were narrowed and inquisitive, the brow was furrowed in concentration, the mouth was full and looked as though it could tremble when a fiddle bow pulled a melancholy chord from a Stradivarius. This, thought the casting man, is the face of an artist and the body of a brute. A few more talks with other executives, a few more strip acts and Bill Beedle became Bill Holden, Golden Boy.

The picture was both an artistic and financial success. Holden, the critics said, is Golden Boy, but what does he play next? The studio couldn't drop the lad, he might go out and make a fortune on his own. It didn't want to keep him around eating his head off without work-

A HUSBAND WILL HESITATE TO MENTION This Grave Womanly Offense...



No other type liquid antiseptic-germicide tested for the douche is so powerful yet safe to tissues as ZONITE!

Failure to successfully practice complete hygiene (including *internal* cleanliness) all too often accounts for an increasing coolness on a husband's part. And the pathetic young wife is often left in the dark as to the *real reason.*

If only a woman would realize the necessity of putting ZONITE in her fountain syringe for womanly charm, married happiness, after her periods, and to combat a womanly offense even graver than body odor or bad breath—an odor which she may not detect herself.

And what a comfort for women to know: *no other type liquid antiseptic-germicide tested for the douche is so powerful yet safe to tissues as* ZONITE.

Developed By A Famous Surgeon and Scientist

What greater assurance could you want of ZONITE's effectiveness and safety than to know the ZONITE principle was developed by a world-renowned surgeon and scientist. ZONITE is positively *non-poisonous, non-irritating, non-burning*—yet SAFE—to tissues. You can use ZONITE as directed as often as needed without injury.

Zonite's Amazing Action

ZONITE actually dissolves and removes odor-causing waste substances. It helps guard against infection and kills every germ it touches. You know it's not always possible to contact all the germs in the tract, but you *can be sure* ZONITE *immediately* kills every reachable germ and keeps germs from multiplying. Instructions in detail with every bottle. Available at any drug counter.

Zonite
FOR NEWER
feminine hygiene

FREE! *NEW!*

For amazing enlightening NEW Booklet containing frank discussion of intimate physical facts, recently published—mail this coupon to Zonite Products Corp., Dept. MR-100, 100 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.*

Name_____
Address_____
City_____ State_____

*Offer good only in the U.S.



Jean gets scolded...

You can't cut paper dolls without making snips on the rug. But if mother has to get out the vacuum again, she's apt to get pretty snippy herself. And innocent Jean has her fun spoiled.



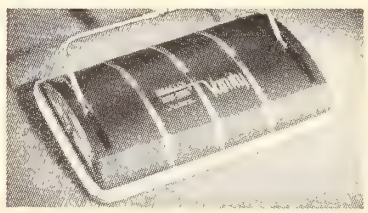
Janie doesn't...

Her mother admires the dolls, and then whisks out her handy Bissell Sweeper for a quick clean-up. No need to plug in the vacuum except for heavy over-all cleaning. "Saves a lot of time to have *both!*" this smiling mother says.

Only BISSELL has "BISCO-MATIC"* brush action

You don't bear down at *all!* This miracle-action brush adjusts itself to any rug, thick or thin, with no handle pressure. Sweeps clean even under low furniture and hard-to-get places!

New Bissell Sweepers with "Bisco-matic" Brush Action as low as $6.95. Illustrated: the "Vanity" at $8.95. Prices a little more in the West.



BISSELL SWEEPERS

Bissell Carpet Sweeper Company
Grand Rapids 2, Michigan



*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. Bissell's full spring controlled brush.

ing, so Columbia made a deal splitting half his contract with Paramount. Finally, one day, one of the studios needed a nice kid to marry a sweet girl in a picture and they handed the part to Bill. He did it so well, that he got another one, and another, and another until pretty soon it seemed he was playing all the nice young guys in the movies.

A MAN'S CLOSE friends are pretty good yardsticks to gauge the real character of the man himself. The first, and probably closest friend that Bill Holden made in Hollywood was Brian Donlevy. Bill's dressing room at Paramount was two doors away from Donlevy's and Brian was the biggest star on the lot. As he was walking past the great man's door one night, Donlevy called him in.

"Hey, kid," he called. "Come here."

Bill walked into the dressing room.

"Sit down," said Donlevy.

Holden dropped into a chair and Donlevy picked up a glass and poured him a drink, then he sank to a sitting position and looked intently at Holden.

"I understond we're going to work together in *The Remarkable Andrew*," said Donlevy. "Glad to have you on the show."

Donlevy studied him a while longer.

"You look okay," he said finally, "but I'll tell you one thing, kid, don't let these monkeys push you around. I'll help you all I can."

A friendship begun that day has done a great deal to develop the off-screen personality of William Holden. Most of the activities of his private life are as rugged as those of his friend. They're both fighters and as salty as brine in their talk when the occasion demands it.

When the war struck, the army took one look at that physique with the shirt off, peered into an ear and didn't see daylight on the other side and dubbed Bill Holden Private. He had made several pictures and it began to look as though the fans would buy the nice guy for a long time. On the strength of this, Bill had married Brenda Marshall, a girl to whom he wanted to give nice, expensive things. Induction to him was no worse than it was to anyone else, but, too, it was no better.

Bill Holden could have carried all the money he owned in his pocket the day he marched off. He had obligations which, on his army salary, were staggering. As in the case of other draftees, death was the only solution that made any sense. He was as patriotic as they came, but terrified at the situation he found himself in. If he had had it to do over again, he would have liked to have stayed in Pasadena and become a broken man because he couldn't have afforded to marry Brenda Marshall.

But, having played a fascinating army boy in *I Wanted Wings*, Bill Holden was not permitted to go through the run of the mill training given the average soldier, the army wanted him for morale and recruiting purposes—and Bill, the financial load piling higher and higher on his shoulders, sweated out the entire war working eighteen hours a day for Uncle Sam in the Good Will Department. And when they turned him loose there was a silver bar on his shoulder and fear of the future in his heart.

BILL sat in his agent's office and looked bleakly across the man's desk into the future.

"How are things in the picture business?" he asked.

"Lousy," said the agent. "Horrible. Industry's in a turmoil. Things look awful. Think I'll get into war surplus, myself."

"But I've got to work," said Holden.

"Hmmmm," said the agent. "Maybe we can get Paramount and Columbia to extend the contracts. . . ."

At that particular point Bill Holden would have sold his body to a medical school if it would have brought the right price.

"Anything," he said. "Anything so I can give my creditors something on account."

Under the hard, cruel pressure of immediate necessity the true personality of William Holden, and five years of his professional life, went down the drain.

It wouldn't be fair to the movie industry, Bill Holden, himself, or his advisers to say that there has been a deliberate plot to exploit him commercially to his own disadvantage. That is not quite true. He has been used, however, in a manner and in parts that have definitely tended to lower his artistic standing. He is regarded by directors as one of the finest actors in Hollywood. He has just been wasted on parts that would have suited a less competent performer. His salary, which is huge but by no means comparable to the take home pay of lesser performers and drawing cards, is low enough that he can be fitted into the cost of a minor production without straining the budget. And Hollywood, like most businesses, runs on a budget.

In every other activity in Hollywood but acting Bill Holden is a big man. As vice-president of the Screen Actors Guild he is a relentless agent for the rights of his fellow thespians, big and small. In negotiations with the heads of studios, he is a man to be feared for his daring and cleavage to the principles of his guild. In patriotic affairs he is a violent advocate of democratic Americanism and a stern foe of factions which tend to lean in any other direction. He is respected for his unswerving integrity in business dealing.

HE has a sense of humor that has never been photographed, and that is truly a pity. He has been so busy fretting in pictures that his laugh has seldom been heard. It is true to his character to put a bucket of water over a door he expects some elegant gentleman to open. If he has invited some important people to dinner, he is as likely as not to have his maid inform them at the front door that they have the wrong house, or the wrong date, and then drive off down the street to bring them back and explain the joke.

The next time one of his contemporaries feels moved to call him *Mister* Holden it might do well for them to remember that on a Sunday afternoon recently he drove an automobile, souped to the gills, a hundred and forty miles an hour on the flat bed of a dry lake near Hollywood. Nobody else in the movies has ever moved that fast on the ground. The next time you picture William Holden as a sterling young

answers to bert parks quiz on page 84

1. *Jane Powell, Dick Powell, Eleanor Powell, William Powell; Rosalind Russell, Jane Russell, Gail Russell.*
2. *Dana Andrews, Viola Dana; James Mason, Shirley Mason; Hedy Lamarr, Barbara LaMarr; Loretta Young, Clara Kimball Young; June Haver, Phyllis Haver.*
3. *Kirk Douglas, Paul Douglas, Douglas Dick, Melvyn Douglas, Douglas Fairbanks.*
4. *Gypsy Rose Lee*
5. *Edward Arnold*

man walking into the boss's office to ask for a raise so he can buy a new suit, picture him, also, as he really is, storming up the side of a steep hill on a roaring motorcycle, gambling blood and bone for a thrill.

In most other matters, too, Bill Holden is more on the mad side than sober. A couple of years ago he needed a larger house. He and Brenda went shopping and she, being sensible about the matter, looked at places in their practical price brackets. One day Bill took her by the hand, led her to the car and drove to a swanky street in the most exclusive section of the San Fernando Valley. He stopped in front of a huge house, a mansion style home, and helped Brenda out of the car.

"Nice, isn't it?" he said.

"It's gorgeous," said Mrs. Holden, "but let's not look at it too long. Let's go look for a house to *buy*."

"We're through looking, honey," Bill said. "I just bought this palace."

They say he had to run into a neighbor's house for a glass of water to revive her on the curb. It may not have been that bad, but it was a shock she didn't get over for a long time. Now the place is loaded with antique early American furniture and is a show place. It was a crazy thing to do, but it was typical Holden.

TAKE, for instance, the Bill Holden poker parties. After sitting in a couple of games with neighbors, Bill decided he was ready to organize a game in his own home—and maybe pick up a buck or two on the side. He bought a fancy table, some fine chips, a set of comfortable chairs and, to his wife's protestations that the thing was becoming as expensive as a Las Vegas gambling joint, he offered the comforting explanation that with his talent with cards he'd have the money back in no time. Well, the crowd met six times. Bill lost an average of a hundred and fifty a night. His food bill that period ran into something representing the cost of opening a small restaurant—and in a howling rage at four o'clock one morning Bill dragged all the equipment out to the garage where it has been gathering cobwebs ever since.

The morning that Bill shoved into the head man's suite at Paramount and said that the fellow at the guild meeting calling him *Mister* was the last straw seems to have been a turning point in his career. People on the lots who have known him for years are looking at him now in obvious awe.

"Hey, the guy can *act*," they say in great surprise.

Holden likes that. He likes the whole idea.

"Wait till you see *Sunset Boulevard*," he said happily, on this particular day in his dressingroom. "I play a real rat. A monster. Man, I loved it. In *Union Station*, I'm a good guy—but strong."

He reached for the phone and took the instrument off the hook, holding it in midair while he spoke.

"And you know what I do in *Born Yesterday?*" He chortled. "I steal this guy's girl right from under his nose—and I louse him up for keeps. That's for me from now on. Let some of the new boys play the clerks."

Dizzy with the new experience, he dialed the number of his home slowly. When the phone rang through, he answered it, and a rather bold expression, blended neatly with just a decent trace of fear shifted across his face.

"Hello, honey," he said to his wife. "I'm at a meeting in the studio. Ought to be home in half an hour or so." He winked, and hung up. "Let's have a little refreshment," he said. "We've got lots of time."

THE END

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safari to catalina

(*Continued from page 54*) too," he said nonchalantly.

When we returned to the ranch to pack, there was a small silence. "Nice here," Guy remarked.

"Awfully."

"Maybe the ducks will stay in the backyard if we don't fix the fence tomorrow."

I laughed. "They'll have to." I could afford to laugh. I'd already talked to Mr. King about extending our reservations.

We are now two authorities on how overnight hunting trips can last a week. And we clung to our bows and quivers. One night Guy spotted a boar, took aim and shot. But all we found was the arrow. It had gone straight through the animal. We searched the woods, but the boar had disappeared.

A GOAT had the most cause for concern. Guy shot two. I got two. One dead. The other, very much alive, walked straight into my arms. It couldn't have been more than a few hours old when it wandered out of a thicket. "My wife brings 'em back alive," Guy told the Kings when we brought in our captive. I was ready to take it home to our backyard. However, no game is permitted to be taken off the island.

The evening before we left, we saw some familiar faces from Hollywood. C. B. Hilton (Nicky's brother) was hosting the Marshall Thompsons and Jane and Geary Steffen aboard his yacht, anchored in the harbor. They'd had a day of surfing and volley-ball.

"Come hunt," we invited.

"Not on your life," they laughed. "There's a square dance tonight." And they left for the Ranch's favorite weekly event.

Determined to have a last try for a boar, we were out practically all night. Luck wasn't with us. Dragging our feet to the door, Guy and I said goodnight to our hunting party.

The following morning we noted that they seemed terribly cheerful—or perhaps our faces were long by comparison.

"What a shame we didn't get anything," I consoled us.

"We did," came the reply.

"You went back out?"

"Not exactly." The answer was sheepish. "We went on up to the barn when we left you. There were two pigs. Practically on the front porch."

Things like this can drive hunters to fishing at the Sportsman's Lodge. But on the other hand, places like the Guest Ranch can keep guests on Catalina for months at a time. Guy had an appointment scheduled with his agent. And that's what brought us back to Hollywood. So we missed the barbecue that night, although our goats were guests of honor.

Now our friends say we sound like broken records because we go around declaring there's nothing like hunting on Catalina. And if our ducks will pardon the expression, it certainly beats fixing fences!

THE END

open house, open hearts!

(*Continued from page 44*) thing; they would own the house outright, without a mortgage.

"Both of us came from mortgaged homes," Betsy says. "And we weren't going to go through life the way our parents had, trying to meet the payments on the house. I didn't want to start our post-married life saddled by debt. I limited myself to the only three houses in Beverly Hills that we could afford to buy with our savings."

Betsy's selection narrowed down to two when she decided that a hillside wouldn't be a safe place to raise Kerry. Her ultimate purchase was based on the fact that she was buying from a doctor—Betsy feels doctors can be trusted—plus the fact that she was double-checking everything with Gene on the long-distance phone.

"Is the place termite-proof?" Gene would yell across the continent.

"I had the FHA assessor check everything."

"How about the taxes?"

"Not bad," Betsy would answer.

"What about storage space? Are there lots of closets and book shelves?" (Gene was dreaming of the day when he could spread out his belongings in something larger than a foot locker.)

"Lots of closets," Betsy shouted back, "also a basement, three old-fashioned bathrooms and four bedrooms."

"Sounds fine to me," Lieut. Kelly said. "Tell the man to wrap it up. We'll take it."

BETSY did. "Without Gene there, though," she says, "I had plenty of doubts."

One of her main misgivings was the drab appearance of the three downstairs rooms. They were painted a depressing green. Then, there were some French doors that made the living room look dated. Before she flew east to meet Gene in New York, Betsy hired a crew of painters to scrape the dull green off the woodwork and restore its natural color. She told them to paint the ceilings and walls a light beige with some good Dutch Boy paint, and then she ordered a clear red cotton bouclé carpet for the living room floor. "The problem of the French doors," she says, "I left for Gene."

Many movie stars hire a very chi-chi decorator to furnish their homes. As a result, the finished interior reflects only the personality of the decorator.

This isn't true of the Kellys. All the color schemes, every piece of furniture, every single accessory they own was selected by both of them.

The result today is a comfortable, informal house with emphasis on books, art objects, records, and flexible seating arrangements. "We moved into the house with nothing but books," Betsy recalls, "books, a trunk full of Gene's dancing shoes, and a mattress. We spent six months deciding how to furnish downstairs. We spent another six months trying out ideas."

The idea they experimented with in the living room was to keep the walls, ceiling and upholstery a neutral shade and to let accessories provide the splash of lively color. It turned out to be an excellent idea.

THE painting above the fireplace, for instance, is a carnival scene jammed with action and vivid colors. It's one of six paintings that Gene gave Betsy the first Christmas they moved into the house. Another item is the terra cotta Indian water jug they picked up on a motor trip one summer. Spotted at random throughout the house are framed playbills, family photographs, and the art work little Kelly executes in school. These accessories make the room interesting and warm.

The furniture in the house follows the same motif. With the exception of one chintz-covered chair, all the living-room pieces are covered in the same beige cot-

conversational group around the fireplace or set along opposite walls for charade teams. Some of Betsy's furnishings come right out of Sears Roebuck & Company, and she doesn't care who knows it. The rugs, which Betsy vacuums with her Hoover once a week, are a product of that world famous mail-order house.

On a level slightly lower than their living room, the Kellys have a combination bar and barbecue. Originally, this recreation room was separated from the living room by the French doors mentioned earlier. These doors did nothing but cut off the view of the backyard and shorten the living room. However, there they stood.

One evening Betsy, Gene, Lois, his secretary, and Stanley Donen, the Metro director, were sprawled on the red rug. They were wondering how to curtain the glass doors, when Gene suddenly jumped up and said, "Heck, I've never liked French doors, anyway."

In no time at all, he had taken out his tool box, unscrewed the door hinges and removed the doors, to everyone's immense delight.

LATER, a carpenter installed waist-high bookcases between the bar and the living room. Betsy bought some low, deep-cushioned couches, had them covered in navy plaid, and backed them against one of the bookcases. Gene built a rough-hewn lamp table out of an old board he found behind the garage. And because the floor covering in the bar is Armstrong linoleum tile and the only uncarpeted floor surface in the house, it's Gene's favorite spot for breaking in new dance routines—"thinking with his feet," Betsy calls it.

The Kelly dining room-den is another combine of two rooms merged into one. Both are furnished with early American reproductions. The same blue plaid wallpaper put out by Thibault covers both rooms. Unbleached muslin curtains are Dutch-hung over the window. Richard Whorf, the talented director-actor-painter, executed a primitive landscape which hangs on the dining-room wall. He signed it Grandma Whorf, 1871, because the Kellys have always yearned for but never owned a painting by Grandma Moses.

Of all the rooms in his house, Gene loves the big, uncluttered bedroom best. Professional decorators will tell you that blue is too cold a color for a bedroom, but the Kellys don't care. When the California sun seems unbearably strong and heat waves bounce off the rest of the house, the bedroom of soft gray-blue is always cool and restful. For Gene, who loves to sleep late, it's ideal.

One bedroom wall is covered with Colonial-type drawers and cupboards. More cupboards line another wall, and along the third side is an early American school bench. The single headboard behind their twin beds is made of antiqued wood and actually is a series of book shelves.

Over the years Gene has had lots of ideas for improving the family's living standards. When news of his Sunday afternoon volley-ball games spread, and he needed more athletic equipment for his guests, Gene converted the back hall closet into a series of sporting goods shelves. Now he has enough equipment stored away to supply a small YMCA, and he calls the closet the "Sports Palace."

He converted his den closet into a housing for his phonograph and record albums, and had a carpenter build a tall, shallow magazine rack for all the periodicals he never has time enough to read.

Betsy, too, is always on the lookout for decorating tricks that will fit in with the Kelly style of living. The style is contemporary, the mood is American. And the living is easy. THE END



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Joan Lansing

it comes up love

(*Continued from page 61*) Winters, Marta Toren and Yvonne DeCarlo were forgotten, because during this time Howard had decided that he didn't own his heart any more. Ava owned it.

MEANWHILE Ida, the gayest Lupino, had not locked herself in her room. Romances lit up her life like Roman candles, and faded out the same way. One admirer went so far as to steal her automobile. He thought this would keep her nicely for himself. But there were other automobiles—and other men.

Finally, Ida met Collier Young, story editor, literary agent. And Howard was thinking of getting married to Ava, and Universal-International was thinking of co-starring Lupino and Duff in *Woman In Hiding*.

Turned out Universal had the best idea.

A few days after the picture started, Howard attended the opening of a new restaurant and met one of his writer friends.

"How's it going?" the writer asked.

"I haven't decided yet," said Howard.

"Well, you've been working on it for three days . . ."

"Oh, you mean the picture. The picture's fine."

"Sure I meant the picture. What else?"

"Nothing else," said Howard. "Nothing. Say—I've just met the most fascinating woman I've ever known in my entire life. Ida. Ida Lupino . . ."

Howard talked about her the rest of the night. Even so, a romance seemed a little silly. Ida was married to Collier (although there'd been separation rumors), and even in his wildest fantasies, Howard Duff had never wrecked a home. Besides there was Ava. Ava is not the kind of girl you throw away.

But she can be taken away . . . Frank Sinatra came along, and Ava sighed, "Goodbye, Howard . . ." The rumors about the Young-Lupino marriage stepped out of the rumor class and went to Reno. Then, only the two of them were left.

The two of them went everywhere. "There's Howard and Ida," friends would say. "They've just made a movie together." Romance? Ha. Howard was pining for a lost love, and Ida was shaken with the failure of her second marriage. To say nothing of the fact that these two didn't seem a match, on general principles.

OF course they were both unhappy. Why shouldn't they have been? The shattering of his one big romance left the introspective Howard moody and cynical. Ida had been through heartbreak before, and now again, she was getting the business. As for Howard and Ida going together like ham and eggs—did they have to, like ham and eggs? There are other combinations. Opposites do attract, and the attraction lasts when the differences between two people can be made to work for them both. Then, too, there are a couple of sentiments that Howard and Ida share—their attachments to their families, for one thing, their love of homelife.

Ida's an executive when she has to be, hard-boiled as they come. But when she doesn't have to be, she likes to relax. Howard's tired of the bright spots. When he walks into a nightclub, the music hits him, the hatcheck girl goes coy, and the smoke gets in his eyes. He'd rather be home. Often now, on Sunday evenings, Ida, Howard and both their mothers gather in a living room to watch television or to talk.

This would probably surprise a few people. "How do they get Ida to sit still?" they might wonder. They might be even more flabbergasted by this story:

One night Howard went over to Ida's house to pick her up, and Ida's mother answered the door. He followed her into the living room where several of Mrs. Lupino's friends were sitting around, talking. Howard joined them for a while, but he kept looking toward the door.

"Do you think Ida's ready yet?" he finally asked her mother.

"Oh, Ida's in the kitchen, Howard."

"Cook's night out?" he laughed.

"Well, yes. That's it exactly . . . go in, and see for yourself."

He went in, and saw for himself. There was his "date" up to her knees in pie crust, her face smeared with flour.

"That you, Ida?" he said, amazed, and for once, almost lost his balance on the kitchen stool.

"I'll be with you in a second," she grinned, filling the pie crust with beefsteak and kidneys. "The cook walked out," she said briskly, as if every time a cook walked out, Ida walked in.

"Guess you'll do," said Howard.

"Do for what?"

"Do for me . . ."

ANOTHER thing. Every Sunday night at five, Ida, who likes mysteries the way kids take to spinach, turns on the radio, and listens to detective "Sam Spade," alias Howard Duff. No one can speak to her; no one can touch the dial, until "Sam" signs off with the words "Goodnight, sweetheart."

What are the gossips waiting for? Here's a natural. It's simple, really. They're a pair who like being together. They always have a hundred things to talk about; they respect each other. He makes her calm, she teaches him how to lose his temper. He's becoming an extrovert, she's becoming intense. Does that sound like an impossible affair?

"My Ida seems very taken with Howard," her mother will tell you if you ask her. "We're all crazy about him."

That about sums it up. The clues are all here, maybe "Sam Spade" could tell you the end. Maybe it'll be a happy ending. Anyway, after Ida finishes *Mother Of A Champion*, she's going to England to visit some relatives. If Howard follows her there, the romance would seem too obvious to deny. It's too obvious even now, because no matter how you look at it, the picture comes out love. THE END

I SAW IT HAPPEN



One day when I still was a WASP pilot, I was checking the weather for a proposed flight from Dallas to El Paso. The weather officer was briefing me with all known information on clouds, winds, and icing to be expected along the route. I'd been paying no attention to the Navy officer standing beside me, when suddenly he asked, "Think you can make it?" Suspecting the usual ribbing Army pilots get from the Navy, I was about to make a snappy remark when I looked up and recognized Lt. Robert Taylor. He'd simply been asking because he expected to fly the same route.

Virginia L. Sweet
Schenectady, New York

(*Continued from page 35*) *experiencing* their lives through constant association. I had mainly just been hearing about them, and my motherhood had been so distant as to be a guardianship, perhaps, but certainly not the warm, intimate relationship it should be.

Because of our studio commitments, Jess and I had to keep on working, so we couldn't change our mode of life too drastically. But I know now that with the next baby I'm going to take a year off and live my motherhood completely. My mistake was trying to do it second-hand. It just can't be done that way. Even then, though we still kept a nurse, we would bring the babies in with us more and more and try to live our lives all together. It gave me a chance to do something for them, but, more than this, it gave them a chance to do something for me. I don't know how they did it, these two, tiny beings who just looked up and smiled at me, but the wonder is they did.

They taught me to look at the world with more faith. If I came home discouraged, disappointed with humanity in general, perhaps, as can happen these days, I needed only one glance from their unworried, confident little eyes to wash out my doubts. They gave me courage. At first I was afraid to touch them, to bathe them, for instance, for fear I would do something wrong. They weren't fearful. They accepted my awkwardness, any sort of slip-up, with complete relaxation and indifference, seeming to say that they knew I would learn and come through, and I did.

They gave me a sense of responsibility I never had before. With every little gurgle or coo they seemed to tell me that they were very well pleased with their mother, very sure that she knew what she was doing, and what else was there left for me but to live up to their expectations?

The twins did more than this. Even before they could talk they enriched my life with little compliments. At first, when friends visited us and the babies were brought in, I was sometimes hurt because both Greg and Timothy would turn away from me when I held them and want to go back to their nurse. But afterward, when the new family deal started working, it was different. The moment they were carried into the room there would be a reaching out of hands and an eager feet-kicking in their frantic efforts to get to me. They made me feel as if I was really something!

Today, as five year olds, they run to me. And that isn't all. They can talk and they make comments. Need I explain the kick I get when Gregory burst out, "Gee, mother, you look nice in that dress!" or to overhear Timothy bragging to his friends that his mom is the most beautiful "lady-mother" in the whole world? (He may be wrong, but if that's the way I look to him I *feel* like the most beautiful lady-mother in the world and that's all that counts.)

Yet the story of what our children have done for Jess and me doesn't stop there. Jess and I were both actors when we married and we were actors after we were married. There is always a sense of professional rivalry between actors, and I might as well say right now that there was such a rivalry between Jess and me. We didn't actually vie with each other, but it was there, and it caused trouble.

With the coming of the boys, however, that rivalry began to lose its importance. We were also parents and there was something else to think about. If Gregory wasn't eating well (as he didn't for the first month of his life) that took precedence over our individual careers. If Timothy seemed to be acting listless, as if an illness was coming on, we found it difficult to get het up about this or that movie role. And more important than that, when we quarreled, as all young couples must, the character of our arguments changed after the boys were with us. We had to consider them, and they didn't have to be present to make themselves felt. To be frank—Jess and I have gotten over many a difficulty we might not have gotten over if it hadn't been for the children. And we're both thankful to them.

I remember the time before the boys came, that I lost out on a good starring role. The studio concerned had actually okayed the loan-out deal necessary (it was an independent picture) and all the papers were signed, when the producer made a last minute switch and asked to be let out of his agreement. The studio agreed, and my chance was gone. I was so sunk that there just seemed nothing left for me anymore.

That couldn't happen today. I don't mean that I won't again miss out on some picture I want, but it won't be such a knockout blow.

Today my happiness evolves from the family. If all are well there is little chance of any outside influence affecting me very deeply. I get my biggest kicks and sometimes my heartbreaks strictly at home. For instance, nothing can compare to the emotional runaround Gregory gave me when he was only four weeks old.

He hadn't been eating well and one afternoon, while taking his bottle, suddenly lost his milk all over the place. It wasn't just the ordinary throwing up babies will do, it was an eruption so violent that I phoned the doctor immediately. When I described what had happened he came right over and in a few moments had diagnosed Gregory's condition as a muscular disarrangement at the entrance to the stomach. It had become acute and would make it practically impossible for him to eat anything more until it was surgically corrected.

Jess was on location. I reached him by telephone and told him what had happened. An hour later, we were at the Children's Hospital and the doctor was operating. Late that night I left Gregory at the hospital, and, although they said he was coming along fine, I was shot through with a thousand fears. The first thing I did when I got home was to go to the nursery to see Timothy. Imagine my shock when I saw only *one* crib, his crib, in the room. The nurse had put Gregory's crib out of the way in a closet. It was a shock I'll never get over, and I am sure the nurse won't forget what I said about it in a long, long time.

There have been times in my life when I waited anxiously for some turn of fortune to happen, a call from the studio, a chance at some picture, and I thought then that no strain could compare with this. But it was as nothing to the nine days that passed before we got Gregory back from the hospital, smiling and gurgling up at us as if nothing at all had happened, and as if he didn't have a scar on his tummy looking almost as long as he was. I learned something about joy and sorrow in that episode and nothing any producer or director or studio head can say will ever be able to compare in effect.

Jess and I figured out the other day that our conversations, between ourselves and even with friends, used to run 90 per cent shop talk, studio business and all that, and only ten per cent personal. Today it is 70 per cent family and only 30 per cent shop. This ought to indicate pretty well where our interests lie.

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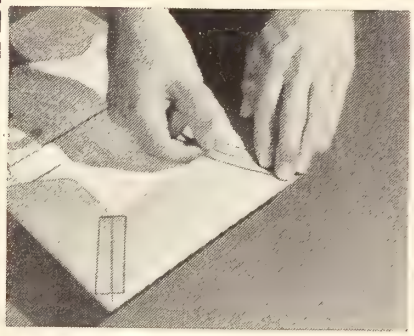
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This might give the impression that our lives have narrowed down to mostly just the home because of the boys. This is true only in one sense. Actually, through the boys, we are living a wider, more diversified life. A fishing trip, a vacation, even a walk with them become events in which we investigate things and learn, because they are always investigating and learning.

I never cared too much about swimming. Today not going into the pool means missing a chance to frolic with the boys. I never knew what a circus was until I took Gregory and Timothy and saw it through their eyes. I had even forgotten what great fun just a picnic can be, until they recalled it all for me by their enjoyment of it. All the simple things of life that I never had time for I am now rediscovering, and enjoying it with them.

These days we no longer have a nurse for the boys. We have "young people" take care of them; a high school girl, perhaps, who can have fun with the boys as well as mind them. High school girls don't stick around too long. They go back to school when the summer is over, or they develop other interests, but we are satisfied to let them come and go. They come and go but the family stays. When we had a nurse it was the other way around. I would come and go and the nurse stayed. No wonder they turned to her and I felt like an outsider.

I'm an insider now in our organization. I am No. 2 boss and the actual, working mother. Jess is No. 1 boss and the actual, working father. We stick close to the home—we were never much on entertaining or going out anyway—and the home is the center of all our lives.

Not long ago Jess and I were congratulating ourselves on how we developed this setup. Timothy and Greg were playing around the yard, running up to show us things every once in a while. Jess turned to me after a while with a question. "*Did* we work this out or was it worked out for us?" he wanted to know. And he looked toward the boys. I knew what he meant immediately. I knew he was thinking of a lot of times when we were close to stumbling, not too sure of the future . . . before the boys came. Now we are sure. We have something to be sure about. That's what our boys have done for us.

I didn't have to tell this to Jess. Jess was way ahead of me. I could tell by the answer in his eyes. THE END

hollywood's draft status

(*Continued from page 24*) These men will be joined by the members of the Reserves who will train and teach them. Jimmy Stewart, a group commander in the Eighth Air Force in World War II, is one of the most active and well-equipped Reserve flying aces in the country, and if he isn't called up as yet, he undoubtedly will be.

Schuyler Dunning, husband of Celeste Holm, is another Air Forces Reserve specialist who expects an immediate recall to active status.

Practically the only actors who are "safe" and draft-proof are the ones who've hit 45 and aren't in the reserves. Walter Pidgeon, Spencer Tracy, Bill Powell, Cary Grant, Joe Cotten, and that group.

Others who were classified as 4F in the previous war may be classified IA in this one. Gregory Peck, Fred MacMurray, Frank Sinatra, Van Johnson, and Monty Clift are just a few.

Several actors like Red Skelton, Alan



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Ladd, and Donald O'Connor were invalided out of the last was, which means that they will probably be excluded from this one.

Occasionally, the public thinks that movie stars are fawned upon while in the service and given a lot of breaks that ordinarily soldiers don't get. Not true! If anything, the opposite is.

During World War II, Army non-coms and inept officers abused Red Skelton so consistently that many a night he bawled himself to sleep. They put him on latrine duty for months; they ordered him to do the dirtiest work; they made life miserable for him in an attempt to show that the Army played no favorites.

ONE time, Red, who has exceptionally healthy teeth, reported to the post dentist for a checkup. The captain's nurse remarked that she'd like to have a souvenir from the Hollywood star. In five minutes her boss yanked out one of Skelton's molars and had him autograph it for the dear girl!

Somehow, Red recovered the tooth. When he went on furlough, he took it to Dr. John Duzik, the young Beverly Hills dentist who was engaged to June Haver when he died. "Offhand," Duzik told Skelton, "this looks like a normally healthy tooth." Red was inconsolable. He wept for half an hour.

Victor Mature was another serviceman who had it rough. Mature was in the Coast Guard. One night while he was pulling shore duty, one of the braid asked him to open up about Rita Hayworth. At the time, Vic was very much in love with Rita and didn't particularly cherish the idea of making public the most private side of his life.

"Come on," urged the officer. "Let's have the lowdown on her. I hear tell she's real hot."

Mature drew back his right hand and let go with one short punch. A week later he was pulling Coast Guard duty on the high seas out of Iceland.

Turhan Bey, when he was going with Lana Turner, was drafted into the Army five or six years ago. He, too, was given a rough deal by stupid noncoms who wanted a complete briefing on his dates with the lovely Lana. After a while, he made up the most fantastic stories just to keep everyone amused.

Bill Holden, when he was stationed with the Air Forces in Texas, listened with great rapture while a fellow-officer conjured up the most incredible tales about Hollywood and its stars. When the officer began to regale everyone with stories of an actress, named Brenda Marshall, Holden got up and softly said, "That's just a lot of baloney."

"Who are you to say that?" demanded the lieutenant.

Holden smiled. "I just happen to be her husband."

GLENN Ford, ex-sergeant in the Marines, was worked as hard as any enlisted man in the corps. "He had to prove," an ex-buddy of his recently explained, "that he could take it whether he came from Hollywood or not." Ford lost 24 pounds as a leatherneck.

A few screen celebrities were handled with kid gloves in the service, but not many. Mickey Rooney, who married an Alabama girl, Betty Jane Rase, while in training down there, allegedly promised his topkick that he could manage him when the war was over. When this deal failed to materialize, the sergeant filed suit against Mickey.

Bob Mitchum worked in an aircraft plant for eighteen months and wasn't drafted until World War II was over.

With one or two exceptions, Hollywood's actors in the last war took whatever was coming without fear or flinching. They sought no favors and asked only to do their duty.

Most of them volunteered and weren't drafted. Undoubtedly, they and their successors will act the same way in this war.

What worries the studios is that many an actress will insist upon joining her husband if he is sent to a training camp.

Elizabeth Taylor, Jane Powell, and Esther Williams will all move to nearby communities if their husbands are called into the service. Naturally enough, they want to spend as much time with their men as possible.

JEANNE Crain, Betsy Kelly, Gloria Stewart, and Elizabeth Dailey say they will do the same thing. In the last war, Elizabeth spent as much time with Dan Dailey at various training camps as she possibly could. She even took a job in a cavalry post.

Betsy Kelly stayed in Washington with Gene when he was sent there, and Georgia Skelton spent every spare minute that the authorities would permit with Red at Camp Roberts.

The present war is too young to have altered the face of Hollywood, but if it continues for a year or two, it not only will drain the available manhood out of the film colony, but it will transform this community into one of the most "blacked out" ones in America. For this is not only the home of motion pictures, it is the greatest airplane construction center in the world.

Plans for the reopening of the world-famous Hollywood Canteen have already been made, and the camouflage paints and nets have already been taken out of store rooms.

Like the rest of the nation, Hollywood is girding for war. And one official at 20th Century-Fox has reached this dismal conclusion: "If the war lasts more than two years," he says, "practically every actor in Hollywood will see active duty." THE END

you don't have to know the language

(*Continued from page 63*) in obvious distaste, and immediately steered her to a swank dressmaker, then to an equally elegant makeup expert. At the end of the week, Marta was taken back to La Guardia Field in order to "arrive" again for the benefit of the press.

She began to wonder if she had done the right thing in coming to America.

Marta's childhood was devoted to the classic dance for which she had exceptional talent, and which has given her today a fluid grace of movement. As a baby she had been unusually active and when she was four, her mother took her to Vera Alexandrova, a dancing teacher of excellent reputation. Marta was a shy child, and while she performed well with the class, she was unable to bring herself to dance alone. Instead of forcing Marta, Vera merely told her that eventually she would have the courage. The teacher told little stories that went with the music, and one day she described a lovely sunrise. Marta was charmed by the story, and for the first time, offered to dance her impression. In interpreting the sunrise, she had the opportunity to begin



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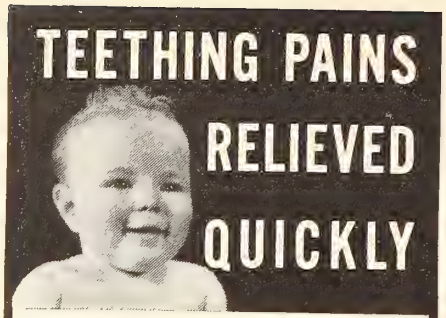
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with her head down, and by the time she had straightened and was facing the class, she had achieved self-confidence.

When Marta was thirteen, Vera Alexandrova married and went to Poland to live, but before leaving she told Marta's parents that the child had great talent and should one day be an actress. Marta stopped her dancing lessons, and after finishing her required education, held a job in the Swedish War Office, but she was unable to forget her teacher's advice and the idea of acting excited her.

So it was that when the Royal Dramatic Academy of Sweden announced a few openings for new members, Marta Toren was one of the 112 applicants. Only four boys and four girls were chosen. Marta was among them.

Marta had been working for some months when an American screen writer arrived at the Academy. For his own amusement, he wanted to look over the school's students, remembering that Garbo, Hasso and Bergman had all studied there. He was unimpressed with the classes he saw, but finally he met Marta.

"Can you speak English?" he asked.

"Ja," said Marta.

He pulled a letter from his pocket which he had recently received from America and asked her to read it aloud. Marta stumbled through it, but because of her face and figure, the writer would have been impressed even had she been unable to read her own language. Out of his own funds he paid for a screen test to be made, and sent it back to Hollywood. Automatically, he changed from writer to agent when the Universal-International studio cabled him to sign Marta Toren.

Marta didn't jump at the chance. Such a decision would require leaving her country, her home and her family. It was three months before she decided that she must take the chance. If she stayed in Sweden she would undoubtedly have a successful stage career, but the lure of the United States was strong, and she knew that if she turned it down she would wonder all her life what she had missed.

HAVING arrived in New York she was amazed at the American way, or rather the Hollywood way, of doing things. She was steered by her chaperone to all the so-called right places, where she would be seen and photographed. She was highly embarrassed by this procedure, but even more upset over the fact that she was not allowed to taste a banana split. A Swedish friend had been to America years ago and had brought home a glowing report of the concoction.

"Honey," said her protector, "you just can't go into a drug store and sit at a counter. You simply can't."

"Why not?" Marta wanted to know, and the reason given confused her. It seemed that she was to be seen only at "21," the Waldorf-Astoria and the Stork Club.

"But that is not *me*," protested Marta. "I want to see what an American drugstore is like, and I want a banana split."

"Nothing doing," came the answer.

One day when no one was looking, Marta stole down the hall of the hotel, into the elevator and then across the street to a drugstore. She had her banana split and she loved it. Almost better than that, she liked the young clerk who slid the dish across the counter to her.

"Here y'are, sweetheart," he said.

Marta beamed and retorted with what she considered to be the height of American slang. "You bet!" she said.

IT made her day brighter, that excursion. For the first time since her arrival she had a taste of freedom and a chance to be herself, and from then on she balked at every effort made to change her into a stereotyped Hollywood personality. "If you want bathing beauties," she told her new bosses, "you have them around the corner. If you wanted me for what I was in Sweden, please let me stay that way."

There have been many lessons for her to learn. In Sweden, people do not speak to strangers until they are properly introduced, and so it was that in the early days in Hollywood Marta made herself a reputation on the set of being haughty and aloof. Once she learned that she was expected to smile and speak to them first she was charmed with the idea.

The day she was introduced by her agent to the late Sam Wood, she bowed her head and curtsied. Afterward her agent exploded. "Good Lord!" he said. "You're a grown woman! You don't curtsey now!"

"But Mr. Wood is a director."

"That doesn't make him any different from anyone else," said her agent, and Marta accepted this new idea.

To date Marta has appeared in seven movies (her latest is *Spy Hunt*), all of them the cloak-and-dagger type, and her roles have required that she play the heavy-lidded fly in the international ointment. This isn't Marta Toren. Her ideal role would be a modern "Camille," or sophisticated comedy. She'd like to try both, and in these roles audiences would see the real Marta for the first time. As Marta says, "I can do none of the things like Betty Grable. I cannot dance or sing, so the only thing I can do is talk." And after she has talked, especially to her fans, they tell her that she isn't the femme fatale they had expected, but a really warm and delightful person.

NOW that she has mastered the English language (and amazingly well in three years) and learned the technique required in motion pictures, she has a future planned. She wants to marry and have children, but she hopes they will understand her urge to act because she knows that if they don't, her frustration will bounce back at their innocent heads. "If they let me do what I must do, it could be that I would enjoy the cooking."

During her first months in America, Marta felt divided in loyalty. Although she had fallen in love with the United States, she still felt the tug of her own land, and wasn't certain she wanted to stay here. Her first trip back to Sweden settled her mind immediately. It was good to see family and old friends once more, and most of all her nephew Dag, who returns her adoration. He slipped past the policemen at the dock and threw himself into her arms. But things in Sweden didn't seem the same, and Marta learned the new truth of the saying, "You can't go home again."

On her return she rented a house in Beverly Hills and filled it with the gay color that is so dear to her Swedish heart. There are Swedish books on the shelves, but Marta seldom reads them these days. She reads English much faster. She thinks, and even dreams in English, so it would seem that there is no longer a question in her mind as to where she belongs. She is studying now to obtain her American citizenship. "I live here. I eat here. I use the highways. It is my home," she says.

THE END

Paid Notice

Are You As Popular As You Should Be?

SEE PAGE 16

sex or babies

(*Continued from page 33*) wouldn't seem glamorous enough to many movie-goers if they weren't able to convince themselves that the stars, even the married ones, have nothing on their minds but pleasure. They like to think that Shelley Winters chases after men in a Cadillac convertible, that Joan Crawford falls in love every Tuesday, that Farley Granger keeps buying and returning engagement rings. Most of all, the public likes to delude itself into thinking that movie stars get married not because of their desires for family and contentment, but because they are too passionate to remain single long, and are anxious to legalize their love-making.

EVERY marriage authority in the world agrees that sex is the dominant motive which brings men and women together, but to suppose that sex is the only thing movie stars care about when they get married is to overlook the truth.

It may surprise doubting Thomases, but there are only a handful of childless movie stars. Greer Garson, Claudette Colbert, Katharine Hepburn, Ginger Rogers, Clark Gable and Gene Autry, are among the few top-flight stars who've been married but, to their sadness, have no children.

What better answer to the question of sex or babies can there possibly be than this: In the past few months, June Allyson, Esther Williams, Jean Hagen, Cyd Charisse, Lana Turner, Jeanne Crain and Mrs. Ezio Pinza have all announced their impending motherhood.

A theory was once held in Hollywood that an actress was not good box-office if she was a mother. Every time a movie star or an actor's wife gave birth to a child the news was hushed up.

When Jennifer Jones arrived in the screen colony, few people knew that she was married to a boy named Robert Walker, and had two sons. It was felt that an announcement of this sort would detract from her allure.

A little over a decade ago, when Ingrid Bergman landed in New York, publicity men again failed to mention that she was a mother.

When Gary Cooper's wife gave birth to her daughter, when Alida Valli had her second child, when Irene Dunne presented her dentist-husband with Mary Francis —the news was classified as top secret.

"You see," a veteran publicity man explained, "you can't let the public realize that movie stars are just like other human beings. To begin with, they're not. You know that. They're prettier; they're handsomer; they have more money, more clothes, more talent. If you let the public know that Betty Grable has babies just like any other married woman, do you think ten thousand G.I.'s in the Pacific are going to write in for her picture?"

"Do you think they will?" the publicity man was asked.

He scratched his head. "Personally," he said, "I think so. Only some producers don't. Take David Selznick. He likes to give all his stars the glamor build-up. He couldn't even call Alida Valli by her full name. He had to have her called Valli.

"Nowadays, things are changing, but for years, the producers kept asking, 'Who's going to go to a movie to see a dame who has three kids?' "

THE fact that Betty Grable became ten times more popular after she had children, and that the most popular actresses at the box-office today are mothers, has done much to change the producers' attitude.

Jeanne Crain says that each time she gives birth to a child, her career improves. "I get better roles," she explains. "After I had my first baby the studio starred me in *Apartment for Peggy*, and *A Letter To Three Wives*. After my second son, Michael, was born, they put me in *Pinky*. Who knows? After this one, I may get the best part of my career."

Jeanne didn't wait for the studio's go-ahead to become pregnant for the third time. She took the production staff at 20th Century-Fox by surprise. She'd been scheduled to go to Georgia on location for *I'd Climb the Highest Mountain*, when she announced her news. Fortunately, Susan Hayward, another mother, agreed to substitute for her.

June Allyson, too, didn't let her career stand in the way of motherhood. After six years of marriage, she was on the verge of adopting a second child when she discovered that an adoption would be unnecessary. She notified the studio, was taken out of *Royal Wedding*, and went home to enjoy her condition. Judy Garland was given the part, but got a suspension, and Jane Powell stepped in. For a while it was thought that she, too, had become a member of the Metro Stork Club, but that turned out to be a false alarm.

"Next time," Jane says, "I hope it's the real thing." Jane's hoping so hard that she and her husband Geary Steffen have just added a nursery to their home.

Almost every newly-married couple in Hollywood wants a family. Elizabeth Taylor says that a family and a happy marriage mean more to her than her career. "If my career ever interferes with Nicky and me, out it goes."

"The sooner I have children," Jane Russell (Mrs. Bob Waterfield) says, "the better I'll like it."

These youngsters know what Hollywood couples and couples everywhere found out long ago—those marriages which have the most children usually last the longest. Protecting one's marriage doesn't fit in with the myth about Hollywood stars, but here are some more facts that destroy the myth:

MAUREEN O'Sullivan, married since 1937, has six children, as does Don Ameche, married since 1932.

Steve McNally, married in 1940, has five offspring. Bing Crosby, Bob Hope, Teresa Wright, Pat O'Brien, John Wayne, Alan Ladd, and Joan Bennett (who's a grandma, too) have four children each.

Fred Astaire, Bill Holden, Gregory Peck, Burt Lancaster, Loretta Young and a host of others have three children each.

If anyone still thinks that motherhood deprives a girl of her sex appeal, just look at Hayworth, Bergman and Turner. These three hold their own against any unwed siren you'd care to mention.

Early in the game, when producers were outspokenly opposed to hiring mothers, actresses like Mrs. Spencer Tracy, (Louise Treadwell), and Mrs. Bing Crosby, (Dixie Lee), who disagreed with them, retired from acting and began raising families.

Others like Joan Crawford and Eve Arden compromised by adopting babies.

In time, the box office receipts proved that marriage and families made no difference to movie-goers and the stars began marrying without consulting studios. They began having children, as many as they wanted.

These stars realized that they were confronted during the course of their careers with many sexual temptations. They felt strongly that family ties would keep them settled, responsible, and capable of resisting temptation.

Given the choice of sex or babies, Hollywood's stars have for the most part

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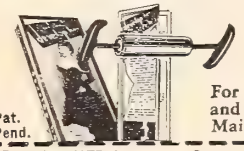
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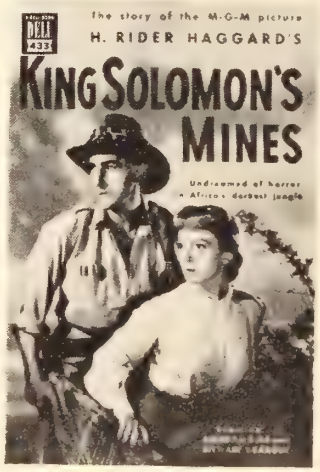
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I SAW IT HAPPEN



My girlfriend and I were sitting in the Oval Room of the Copley-Plaza Hotel in Boston, watching Vic Damone sing. We'd saved up our money especially to see him that night and had to take the bus back to Hartford the same evening. We told this to the waiter, so you can imagine our thrill when Vic himself came over to our table to talk to us. Just as the waiter brought us our check, someone picked it up and signed it, saying, "I'll take care of this." It was Vic! Two extremely happy girls went back to Hartford that night—Vic Damone fans for life.

Dorothy Sattin
Hartford, Connecticut

chosen babies. It may sound trite, but screen celebrities love to live normal lives. The theory that actresses are too career-minded to be normally maternal is completely false.

No girl, for example, has been more career-minded than Olivia DeHavilland, and yet when she became pregnant, she remained in bed seven months rather than take the chance of losing her child. Now her happiness as a mother is greater than her thrill at being an Oscar-winner ever was.

Georgia Skelton, Red's wife and an actress in her own right, did the very same thing before the birth of her child.

Betty Hutton epitomized Hollywood's sentiment about babies when she said recently, "I didn't know how good and full life could be until I had my children."

THIS is not to say that all life in Hollywood is idyllic. There are childless couples, and Hollywood does have its sinners, but they are in the minority.

Frances Farmer, one of the most beautiful and promising actresses the community has ever known, wound up a series of love affairs by taking overdoses of alcohol and benzedrine and ended up a patient in an asylum.

Carole Landis, hopelessly in love, committed suicide because she couldn't marry the married man she loved.

Lupe Velez, the gay, carefree Mexican spitfire, burst on Hollywood like a bombshell and died almost as suddenly. The darling of many local Lotharios, her list of conquests were the envy of every playgirl in town. But eventually, passion undid her. She conceived a child out of wedlock, and swallowed fifty-five sleeping pills to forget about it.

Madge Meredith, the beautiful wide-eyed country girl from Iowa who wanted so hard to become a movie star, got herself involved and convicted with a bunch of kidnapping thugs who beat up her manager, Nick Gianaclis. Today, Madge works in the Tehachapi prison for women, sentenced to a five-years to life term, forgotten by all but a few.

Jean Wallace, after making a failure of her marriage to Franchot Tone, tried to stab herself to death. Luckily, she recovered.

The list of moral transgressors in any community is long but so is the list of healthy, happy families. Hollywood ranks high on the latter list. Its citizens know that babies are the nicest people, and they are as welcome in this town as anywhere else on earth. THE END

ava, the talk of the town

(*Continued from page 29*) affair.

"I don't like it," said one executive. "It comes too close after the Bergman scandal. It's no good for the industry. I wish that girl were back in the United States. It's easier to keep an eye on them here. This thing is no good for the industry."

The other executive shrugged his shoulders. "I don't think there's anything to do," he said. "Sinatra is no longer under contract to Metro. He's legally separated from his wife. Ava is legally divorced. Who wants to stand in the way of love? Love, you know, can be very big at the box office."

All of this is typical of the discussions going on in Hollywood about the famous romance. While it was reaching its height, Frank and Ava were in London, sitting together in a Bray-on-Thames restaurant, making small talk, trying to ignore the fact that they were the object of all eyes, trying to answer the question of why the world would not let lovers alone.

There are many who say that Ava is making a fool of herself, that Frank is constitutionally incapable of sustained devotion, that this is merely an infatuation which will wear itself out and fade into memories.

The people who think this way are doing Ava a great injustice. They make her out to be a silly, naive little girl. Ava is nothing of the sort. No one can be married to Mickey Rooney and Artie Shaw, and date dozens of other men, and still be considered naive. Nor does Ava suffer from an inferiority complex as is widely believed. The only thing inferior about Ava is her lack of formal education. And she learned years ago, that a beautiful body and a beautiful face more than compensate for these inadequacies where men are concerned.

This was brought home most sharply to her when she was married to Artie Shaw. Artie was always begging her to improve her mind. He sent her to college to take courses in English literature. He insisted that she spend all her spare time reading worthwhile books.

Once when they were staying in New York, Ava went out and bought a copy of "Forever Amber," by Kathleen Winsor. Shaw, according to the tale, blew his top. "Cripes!" he exclaimed, "how can you read such unadulterated trash? This is pure rubbish."

A few months later, Artie divorced Ava and married Kathleen Winsor.

NOBODY knows better than Ava what counts in this world. Anyone who has spent any time at all with her can testify to that. Ask Mickey or Shaw or Vic Damone or Howard Duff. They'll tell you.

Before she started going with Frank, Ava knew all about him, and knowing about him, she declined to accept his company. Having been married twice before, Ava has always made it a point to refuse dates with married men. Sinatra was no exception to this rule.

He became an exception, however, when he let Ava understand one evening that all was not honey between him and Nancy, and that to all intents and purposes, they had come to the parting of the ways.

No one can ever point the accusative finger at Ava and say, "That woman was responsible for destroying a marriage."

Sinatra's domestic discord can be attributed only to him and Nancy.

The public doesn't know this, however, and that's why they feel so strongly that Ava should not be permitted to love him.

The fact of the matter is that Frank's relationship with Nancy is merely a legal fiction. On September eighth, Frank is scheduled to appear in court and resolve once and for all the financial settlement due Nancy and the three children.

Frank's income for the past ten years has approximated some $10,000,000. He no longer has a motion picture contract (his old one paid him $5,000 a week), his records are no longer best-sellers, sheet music sales are away down, his future television show may or may not be any good. He's never going to be the popular bobby-sox idol he once was. In short, Frank has had it.

All this means that, in Frankie, Ava has a man who is past his professional prime. If Ava wants him under the present circumstances, surely she must be in love with him. "I can't go around screaming I'm in love with somebody who isn't even divorced," she says. "I think Frank is a wonderful person and if I were in love with anybody, it'd be him."

You can read between those lines quite easily. Ava's in love, all right. She has risked her career for him, and Frank has done the same for her.

When he bowled them over at the Palladium in London, Ava was in the third row center, applauding. When Frank was singing at The Shamrock in Houston, Texas, Ava was at a ringside table, applauding. When Frank was booked into the Copacabana in New York, Ava was on hand for the opening week.

These two have been following each other all over the world. Los Angeles, New York, Houston, Miami, Spain, Paris, London.

They're in love. They must be in love —and somehow the world frowns upon them. "Frank will never marry her," people say. "Surely, she must know it."

But Ava doesn't know it. She is certain that Frank will find some way to get a divorce. She is sure that somehow, sometime she will wind up being Mrs. Frank Sinatra.

She will confide her hopes to no one, not even to her sister Beatrice, who doubles as her chaperone, but her thinking is as visible as the top line of an optometrist's chart.

JUST look: Frank has been incredibly resourceful, to date. He shortened his personal appearance engagement at the Copacabana because of a bad throat, and flew to Ava in Spain. He got out of his booking at the Chez Paris in Chicago. He had his business manager "Blubber"



HOW TIME FLIES!

■ What's next for Dorothy Lamour? Her romance with Greg Bautzer has been leaping and bounding along the paradise trail, with Dotty confessing that "I have never before known such joy." Now, it seems, her joy may be due for a jolt. Lana Turner, her deadliest opponent for Greg's affections, is on the loose again. The fur hasn't begun to fly yet, but Hollywood anticipates a beautiful scrap while Barrister Bautzer squirms.—*October, 1940, Modern Screen.*





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Burns, and his agent set up a booking at the Palladium in London exactly when Ava would be there. In order to time things so that he might enjoy Ava's companionship, he even renounced his contract with MGM.

In a sentence, Frank has built his professional life these past six months around Ava Gardner. She's been the motivation behind all the moves in his public and private life.

He's worked things out beautifully. Why shouldn't he be able to work his way into a marriage with Ava?

Ava's smart enough to realize that love has a way of conquering all obstacles. Dick Haymes got out of his marriage. Nora Flynn got out of hers. Harry James secured a divorce and married Betty Grable when a divorce seemed almost hopeless. It happens. Who is there to say that eventually, Frank won't maneuver himself into freedom? Who is there to say that when the great moment arrives, he won't make Ava his wife?

A few months ago you could have gotten odds of fifty to one that the Sinatra-Gardner entente would be nothing more than a fast fling.

Nowadays, people aren't so sure.

There's a lot of talk that Metro will buy up Ava's contract, that the studio disapproves of her friendship with Frank. Nothing official. But Ava might very well find herself washed up in Hollywood—at least for a while.

Still she continues to see Frank, for like all women who have had successful careers, Ava has reached the inevitable conclusion—a career is a very wonderful achievement, only you can never get it to propose.

THE END

june allyson

(*Continued from page 35*) thud. "You're sure?" she said. "You're not teasing me?"

"I think you can depend on it," he said.

June's whoop brought the whole household running to her—Dick, Olie the nurse, Marian the cook, Frank the house man, and finally the small Pam, who had tangled in the hall with Pat the poodle.

June beamed at them all. "Guess what?" she said.

There was no mistaking the pure delight in her face, and they in turn all wore the same expression of disbelief.

"Not—" said Marian.

"Holy Hannah!" said Olie.

"Open some champagne!" shouted Dick, and he took June in his arms.

It was quite an afternoon, and since then everyone in the house has been expending his energy trying to get Mrs. Powell to take her pills and/or a nap. Comes two o'clock of an afternoon and they suggest, simultaneously, that she lie down, but June, who is comprised mostly of energy, flatly refuses. One day Dick decided that drastic measures must be taken. He swooped her off her feet, carried her into the bedroom, deposited her on the bed, and gave strict orders that she was to stay there for the afternoon. She made a face at his retreating back, and began to twiddle her thumbs. In five minutes she was fast asleep, and woke up three hours later, feeling horrible, mad at the world, and sporting a violent headache. She burst from the room in a fury.

"See what happens when I take a nap!" she said to the house in general. It was her first and last nap.

Books on the subject of expectant motherhood have flooded the house. At the beginning June read every one of them right straight through, and none of them made much sense to her as they dealt with such far-off subjects as formulas and what to expect at the hospital. The only thing that made an impression on her was a list of symptoms which, if experienced, required a fast phone call to the doctor. She found that upon reading the list she immediately developed the symptoms, and so the books have been piled in a dark corner somewhere, a move which has been conducive to her peace of mind.

The doctor is of small help. He answers June's myriad questions with a shrug, a smile or a grunt, none of which tell her a thing. Each time she makes a complaint, her doctor smiles and says, "That's to be expected," and June feels that her individuality in this world is fading fast.

She feels blandly superior, however, to women who are not in her condition, and when she goes shopping, moves among strangers like a queen. *She* is different, she is a real Woman, for the first time in her life, and she wants everyone to know it.

As for Dick, he is living in his own world of superiority. At home he is adoring and solicitous of June, keeping after her to sit down, slow down or lie down, but when he leaves the house he is a changed man. He carries his head higher and his chest grows visibly bigger—and *he* moves among strangers like a king.

One day he asked June how Herman was getting along.

"Herman?" said June. "Who's Herman?"

"Who else?" said Dick.

"Oh," said June, and the name has stuck. It isn't that Dick wants a boy in particular, but you can't go on calling a baby "it," and Herman seems to have solved the problem. As for June, she doesn't care whether the baby is a boy or a girl, but all the same she admits that pregnancy is the world's biggest suspense act. "It really teaches you patience," she says.

If theirs is a boy he will be named Scott, and if a girl, Allyson. June had chosen Pat for a girl, but succumbed to Dick's insistence on Allyson. He thinks Allyson Powell is a beautiful name and while June agrees with him on that score, she is positive and petrified that the little girl will be dubbed Alley by her friends. Whatever the baby's gender, it will have Edgar and Frances Bergen as godparents.

The Powells had requested a baby boy from an adoption center, and the child was due to arrive shortly after June learned she was to have one of her own. The temptation was strong to keep silent about the news and take the baby boy regardless. But she finally told herself that it wasn't fair, that too many people are on waiting lists for children, and that to take the boy under the circumstances would be the height of selfishness. It's difficult for her now to put the baby boy out of her mind; she keeps wondering where he is and what his new parents will be like.

June is progressing in exactly the opposite way predicted by her doctor. He told her, as any obstetrician would, that she could expect to be nervous, irritable and subject to fits of depression. To the contrary June is calm as a millpond, more cheerful than ever, and is completely un-

Bill Dowdell, editor of the Rome *Daily American*, charges a fee to visitors who want to sit in Ty Power's chair, which he inherited after Ty finished *Prince of Foxes* in Italy.—*Irving Hoffman in The Hollywood Reporter*

disturbed even by the disappearance of the laundress, an event which at any other time would have brought on a stroke.

She has been instructed to drink quantities of milk, yet one small sip of it will send her bolting from the room. Her dream meal these days consists of Italian spaghetti with a side dish of pungent pickles, which is topped off by quarts of ice cream. June finds this repast leads to a night of heavenly sleep.

Like any woman pregnant for the first time, June is trying to rush the whole idea. She bought and wore her maternity clothes long before such apparel was necessary. As far back as last summer she was proudly tying her one hundred pounds into a pair of maternity blue jeans. Finding that these clothes were more than a little previous, she bought size 12 clothes instead of the usual 10, and to her dismay, discovered they had to be taken in to fit her.

Faced with a frightening array of pill bottles, June claims it is no wonder that pregnant women are supposed to look beautiful. "How can they help it?" she says, gulping more calcium. "They're forced to keep themselves in top physical condition. Me—I've got a 100% blood count, perfect blood pressure, and I've never felt better in my life."

It could be that most of her well being is due to her frame of mind, for she has never been so happy. She spends most of her days with Pamela, dreaming of the time when there'll be two small Powells instead of one. At first she wondered if she would feel any differently toward the adopted Pamela, but by now she knows there will be no difference. The only thing is that Pamela required no naps, or milk, or calcium pills, and beyond those small matters, it is as though Pamela were her very own child.

Recently, June met a woman who had gone through five months of pregnancy and was already bored with the project. "I'll be glad when this is over," the woman sighed, and June felt a sudden urge to turn on her heel and walk away.

"I don't understand that attitude," she says. "When you think of all the women in the world who want children, yet must remain childless, I think it's a sin for anyone to feel that way."

For herself, she feels only gratitude and an aching happiness. "It's what you're here for," she says. "I feel now that I've completed my life. It's the first time I've ever really felt important. And," she adds, "I hope I'm lucky enough to feel important like this two or three more times before I'm stowed away for good." THE END

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QUESTIONNAIRE: Which stories and features did you enjoy most in our October issue? WRITE THE NUMBERS 1, 2, and 3 AT THE LEFT of your first, second and third choices. Then let us know what stars you'd like to read about in future issues.

- ☐ The Inside Story
- ☐ Louella Parsons' Good News
- ☐ Christopher Kane's Movie Reviews
- ☐ Unhappy Ending (Linda Darnell)
- ☐ Hollywood's Draft Status
- ☐ The Champ's in Love (Kirk Douglas)
- ☐ Ava, the Talk of the Town (Ava Gardner)
- ☐ Don't Call Me Mister (William Holden)
- ☐ Sex or Babies: Which Do the Stars Want? (Turner, Allyson, Crain)
- ☐ June Allyson
- ☐ Susan Hayward
- ☐ Hollywood's Youngest Generation (Hutton, Eddington, Allyson)
- ☐ A Baby for Liz? (Elizabeth Taylor)
- ☐ Esther Williams
- ☐ Linda Christian
- ☐ Open House, Open Hearts (Gene Kelly)
- ☐ A Girl Can't Be Too Careful (Blyth, Roman, Winters) by Hedda Hopper
- ☐ Stag Night at the Steam Room (Brady, Curtis, etc.)
- ☐ The Faith My Mother Taught Me (Ann Blyth)
- ☐ Safari to Catalina (Gail Russell, Guy Madison)
- ☐ Peck's 10-Year Plan (Gregory Peck)
- ☐ Lucky Dahl (Arlene Dahl)
- ☐ It Comes Up Love (Ida Lupino, Howard Duff)
- ☐ You Don't Have to Know the Language (Marta Toren)
- ☐ Modern Screen Fashions
- ☐ Tell It to Joan (Joan Evans)

Which of the stories did you like LEAST?

.....

.....

What 3 MALE stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them 1, 2, 3, in order of preference.....

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What 3 FEMALE stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them 1, 2, 3, in order of preference...

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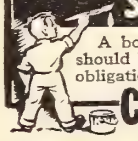


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a baby for liz?

(*Continued from page 39*) interrupted her honeymoon to see the pretty Mom she's always adored, Liz told me. "Really and truly, we don't want to have children for another two years."

"Why not?" I said.

"Nicky and I want to have lots of fun first. We want to go places and see people and you can't do that when you have children."

Well, maybe she's right. But, on the other hand, this idea has never stopped Nicky's father, the debonair Connie Hilton. He has three grown-up sons by his first wife. And an entrancing baby daughter by his second, the gorgeous Zsa Zsa. Connie loves to dance all night long—which is one reason why Zsa Zsa told me, at Elizabeth's wedding, she divorced him. "He just wore me out." Nicky has all of his father's energy!

And having two children didn't stop Mr. and Mrs. *Taylor* from traveling with them to this country from England when Elizabeth was seven years old. Came the war and of course they stayed here. Now there might be another conflict and who knows what will happen with Nicky in the Naval Reserve. But children in the home are great to come home to. I know. I have two.

And as for Liz's setting a definite date for the stork—well, that's one bird you can't count on as far as the calendar goes.

So if Liz and Nick are going to have a baby sooner than they anticipate, or if they're anticipating a baby sooner than they say, it sets me to wondering what that sweet bundle has in store for himself (or herself, or *themselves!*).

Liz has already decided that she wants a boy first. "I used to want a girl," she told me, "but Nicky wants a boy. So I hope the first baby is a boy. It's better for a girl to have an older brother watch out for her. My brother Howard is two and a half years older than I am. We've always had fun together. And it's wonderful when you grow up and want to go places. Your brother can always take you if you don't have a date." (That's one problem Liz never had to worry about, and I guess her daughter won't either!)

Whatever sex it is, Liz's baby will be born not only with a silver spoon in its mouth, but a golden knife and fork in each hand.

It's mama stands to earn a million dollars as a movie actress with a brilliant future. Poppa has oodles of shares in the dozens of fabulous hotels owned by the senior Hilton. And the young future father is smart in his own right to boot.

But above all, Elizabeth's baby will have a mother who knows all the answers about the facts of life. There'll be no "birds and bees" business in reply to that usually dreaded question, "Mama, how are babies made?" Elizabeth has known the answer to this one for the past thirteen years.

"I'll always remember when Elizabeth was five years old and she first saw a calf being born," her mother told me recently. "We were living then in what had been the gamekeeper's cottage on the estate in England of her godparents, Mr. and Mrs. Victor Cazelet. She came flying into the house, her eyes wide with excitement and shouting, 'Mummie, come quickly.' And when the calf was lying by its mother's side, Elizabeth asked me very seriously, 'Is this the way chidren are born too?' I told her yes and I explained that all mothers carry their babies very close to their hearts until the time comes for them to be born. So Elizabeth

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has never had to ask me questions about babies. It was so different in my time. I had a wonderful mother, but it was considered shocking to want to even know about such things."

I haven't yet asked Elizabeth or Nicky what kind of a nursery they plan. They both seem such babies themselves I get kind of embarrassed when I discuss the fascinating topic. After all, they still say they are *not* planning a baby for two years. But this I know, there will be no strict feeding schedules for the young Hiltons. In Elizabeth's babyhood and until a few years ago, a baby had to be fed at 6 A.M., 10 A.M., 2 P.M., 6 P.M., and when very tiny, at 10 P.M. as well. "I'm sure that's why she didn't like food," says Mrs. Taylor. Now doctors say—"Feed 'em any time when they are hungry. And pick 'em up and give them lots of loving and to heck with the rules."

It's a cinch that Elizabeth's daughter will be mad about clothes. The only time Lizzie didn't scream for joy over a new dress was during her early adoration for Ann Westmore. She preferred to wear Ann's old clothes while her own new clothes languished in the closet until she outgrew them and her mother gave them away! But now, even if she never adds to her huge and wonderful trousseau, she'll have plenty to wear for the rest of her life.

I know, too, that future Taylor-Hiltons, boys and girls both, had better learn early to love the open spaces, because that's what they'll get plenty of. Nicky's an expert golfer and very good at fishing and hunting. And ever since Liz was knee-high to a stirrup—four and a half years old—and owned her own pony, she's been crazy about all sorts of animals.

"She didn't care for dolls at all until she was eight years old and we lived in Beverly Hills across the street from Ann Westmore (the daughter of make-up expert Wally and Elizabeth's maid of honor at the wedding)," her mother tells me. "But when she saw Ann's collection, she wanted one just as big. At one time Elizabeth had a hundred dolls. At Christmastime they were all over the house. I've saved ten of them for Elizabeth to give *her* children."

Elizabeth took turns with Ann at playing the mother and the nurse to their large doll family. They used to borrow their mothers' clothes to wear themselves, and Mrs. Taylor was kept busy making fancy outfits for the dolls. Today Elizabeth's favorite is not a doll but a big teddy bear—it still sits guard on her bed.

Nothing, by the way, has been touched in Elizabeth's bedroom in her mother's house. Except the pearl-gray carpet—Elizabeth house-broke her dog in her bedroom and after the wedding the carpet was sent to be cleaned.

And here's a sad note. During Elizabeth's honeymoon the little dog, "Butch," died. Mrs. Taylor did not spoil the honeymoon by telling her about it until she came back. The dog pined for Elizabeth after she went away. She always used to take him to the vet's to be clipped—he was a gray, miniature poodle. He was very highly strung and to hear him howl after Elizabeth went was awful. I live in the next street and I heard him.

About a month after the wedding Mrs. Taylor took Butch to the vet's. At two in the afternoon they called her to say Butch had been trimmed and he was fine. Before she could get out of the room the phone rang again and they said, "Oh, Mrs. Taylor, he's dead." Poor Butch, he was only eight months old.

At one time Elizabeth had five dogs. And if you have never read "Nibbles and Me," her book about her pet chipmunk, you should—it's delightful. Until she was sixteen, the house was always full of guinea pigs. Plus several talking birds. And she still has the horse, King Charles, she rode in *National Velvet*. MGM gave her the handsome animal for her 13th birthday.

It will be interesting to see how Elizabeth tackles the eating problem of her children. When she herself was little, she had to be almost tricked into eating, she hated food so much. And it wasn't until *National Velvet* that Mrs. Taylor really tricked her into an appetite. She told her mother, "I want to grow big and strong so I can ride the horse well." "But darling, how are you going to grow if you don't eat?" quickly replied the senior lady Taylor. So Elizabeth started eating man-size steaks. She never did get fat, however. Unless there really *is* a baby on the way, Elizabeth currently wears size ten in dresses and tips the scale at 114 pounds.

In all the years I've known her, Elizabeth has never been ill with more than a cold or a case of sunburn. As a child she was just as healthy, suffering only with whooping-cough which she caught from brother Howard. And an abscessed ear. "She was never delicate, just slender and slight," says her mother, who is also slender and slight—and strong.

When Elizabeth was small, she was painfully shy. She wasn't exactly afraid of people. "But," her mama tells me, "she used to cling to my hand, and shift from one foot to another without saying a word." Elizabeth is no longer shy. And she's beginning to talk more and with more authority. And I don't somehow think that *her* children will be anything but very self-possessed and "at home" in large groups. They will have lots of practice anyway—both Lizzie and Nicky love people around them.

The plan now is for the young Hiltons to live in a suite at the Bel Air Hotel (of which Nicky owns 20%, and which he manages) for one year. Then they buy a lot and will build their very own home. Elizabeth wanted something very early American, with white and red bricks. Nicky doesn't care too much for that. He goes for "Traditional Modern"—all the comforts, and space and big windows of modern styling, with some antiques that are solidly comfortable. So that is what Elizabeth wants now. (This marriage can't fail to be successful!) Of course there will be a pool and the mansion will be on a hilltop.

As a cook, Elizabeth is a good actress. Her first cake was so hard, they had to throw it down on the floor to break it up. But Lizzie wants to learn—she's married to a guy who knows all about food because of his years of training in hotel kitchens. She has asked her pal Ann to show her how to cook hard-to-make delicacies like Yorkshire pudding and soufflés.

So this is how I see the Nicky Hiltons in five years—a gracious, happy couple, living in a beautiful modern house, both successful in their chosen careers. And, oh yes, two small children. I hope they get what they want—first a boy, then a girl—and the girl must inherit Elizabeth's looks—she'll be doing fine if she gets some of Nicky's, too.

Now we have to wait for the date of the first-born. It's an odd coincidence, but Liz's next movie is called *Father's Little Dividend*. Maybe a better title would be *Mother's Little Dividend*. I don't know. I'm only guessing. But it seems to me a wonderful idea for private life, that is. Maybe I'm prejudiced, but I think Liz was made to be a perfect mother.

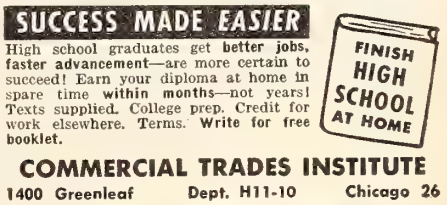
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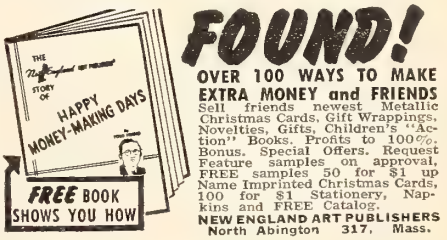
















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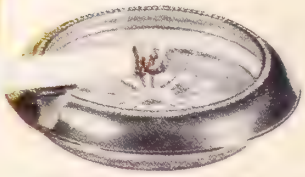




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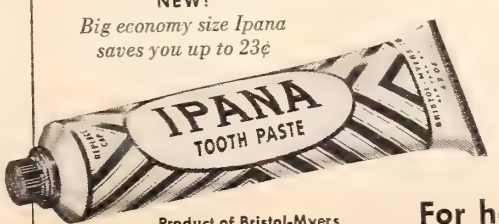
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NOVEMBER, 1950

modern screen

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STORMY KISSES! LUSTY SONGS!
When a brawny riverman
romances a dazzling society
singer in M-G-M's Mardi Gras
Musical!



HEAR THE HIT SONGS:
"Be My Love" "I'll Never Love You" "Tina Lina"
Available on M-G-M Records!





KATHRYN GRAYSON · MARIO LANZA
DAVID NIVEN

The Toast Of New Orleans

COLOR BY **TECHNICOLOR**

with J. CARROL NAISH • JAMES MITCHELL • RICHARD HAGEMAN • CLINTON SUNDBERG

Written by Sy Gomberg and George Wells • Directed by NORMAN TAUROG • Produced by JOE PASTERNAK

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

YODORA

the gentler cream deodorant that works

2 WAYS



stops

perspiration odor instantly, efficiently. Does not merely mask it with a fragrance of its own. Trust Yodora for clock-round protection.

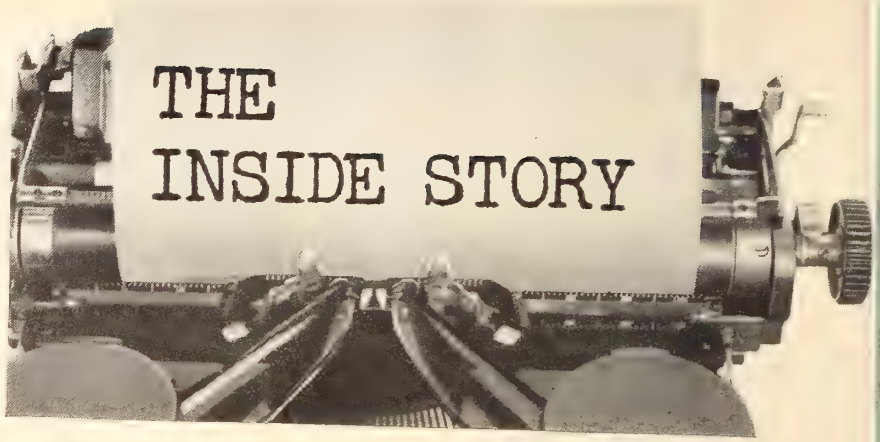
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and beautifies underarm skin

because of its *face cream* base. Keeps underarm fresh and lovely-looking for new sleeveless fashions. Safe for fabrics, too. Tubes or jars, 10¢, 30¢, 60¢.



McKESSON & ROBBINS, BRIDGEPORT, CONN.



THE INSIDE STORY

Here's the truth about the stars—as you asked for it. Want spike more rumors? Want more facts? Write to THE INSID STORY, Modern Screen, 1046 N. Carol Drive, Hollywood, Ca

Q. How can Errol Flynn marry Patrice Wymore if, according to his own testimony, he can't afford to pay for the support of his first wife, Lili Damita?
—T. R., CHICAGO, ILL.

A. *Flynn can afford to pay for the support of his first wife. He just wants the Court to reduce the amount of that support. Miss Wymore is not exactly poor either. Flynn receives $200,000 for one picture a year from Warner Brothers.*



Q. Why don't the four Marx Brothers make pictures any more? Is it because they fight with each other?
—N. M., DETROIT, MICH.

A. *They consider it financially advantageous for each to go his separate way.*

Q. In looking over a back issue of Modern Screen, I came across a story about Robert Walker and his new bride, Barbara Ford. What ever happened to these two? Are they still together?
—F. F., BAINBRIDGE, GA.

A. *Robert Walker was not in the best mental health at the time of his marriage. Barbara Ford quickly realized this and immediately secured a divorce. Not long after, Walker received treatment at the Menninger Clinic in Topeka, Kansas. In fine mental health, he's unwed.*

Q. What is this about Joan Crawford and Vincent Sherman?
—B. K., LOS ANGELES, CALIF.

A. *Mr. Sherman has directed Miss Crawford's last three pictures. She admires his directorial skill, and is extremely fond of him.*

Q. I've been told that Claudette Colbert absolutely refuses to have her profile shot from the right. Is this true?
—P. Y., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

A. *Miss Colbert has a break in her nose and the right profile is not photogenic.*

Q. I have read hundreds of stor about Alan and Sue Ladd, and I'll darned if I can find out the truth fr any of them. How many children the Ladds have, anyway, and how ma times has each of the Ladds be married?
—E. F., ROCKPORT, IL

A. *The Ladds have been married tw and have four children to prove it.*

Q. Why did Linda Darnell and her hu band split up? Is it because he's twi her age? Isn't that also the case wi Dick Powell and June Allyson, with B Powell and his wife "Mousie"? Is a difference too great a barrier for succe in marriage?
—V. D., DENVER, COL

A. *Not at all, age made no difference June and Dick Powell, and there more to the Darnell-Marley splitup tha age difference. Linda and Pev hav conflicting viewpoints on certain sub jects and cannot reconcile them.*

Q. Why do the major studios refuse let their stars appear on television?
—L. D., ORLANDO, FL

A. *They think it is bad for the motio picture business. If you see Lana Turne on T.V. for nothing, why pay to see he at your local theater? That is the offici reasoning.*



Q. I've written several actresses askin them to please send me the old clothe they've worn in a picture. Several hav written back, telling me that thei clothes don't belong to them. Is tha true?
—R. S., DES MOINES, IOWA

A. *Clothes worn by actresses in an motion picture usually belong to th wardrobe department of the studio shooting the film. Actors supply thei own clothes, except in costume pictures Occasionally, the studio will let an ac tress keep the clothes; frequently i will not.*

American Guerrilla in the Philippines

The lean, hard American took the girl in his arms... Forgotten was the danger... as they found each other...

His name was Chuck Palmer, Ensign, U.S.N.R. He came out of the fire of battle, through wild mountain passes and jungle brush, over seas wide-open to bombers...to the Island of Leyte, of palm trees, shimmering moonlight...and enemy occupation.

There, in the village of Tacloban, he saw her, the dark-eyed girl — her face firm with a hardness, belied by the softness of her lips. And they fought together, the war of the guerrilla...

Here is one of the great love stories of our decade as it was told in the powerful Book-of-the-Month and Reader's Digest best-seller. A motion picture to excite you, to impart a rich and deeper meaning... because it was true.



with Tom Ewell • Bob Patten • Tommy Cook • Juan Torena • Jack Elam • Robert Barrat
Screen Play by LAMAR TROTTI • Based on the Novel by Ira Wolfert

Tyrone POWER · Micheline PRELLE

American Guerrilla in the Philippines

Color by TECHNICOLOR

20th CENTURY-FOX

Directed by
FRITZ LANG
Produced by
LAMAR TROTTI



LOUELLA PARSONS'

Good news



It's reunion-time in Rome for the Bob Taylors. He's on location there for MGM's spectacular *Quo Vadis*, and Barbara joined him in August



Donald and Gwen O'Connor attend a dinner for the Society of Hollywood Press Photographers in Las Vegas, at Wilbur Clark's Desert Inn

NANCY SINATRA'S LIVING HER OWN LIFE . . . SCARLETT O'HARA'S BACK IN TOWN! . . . JUDY GARLAND'S A NEW WOMAN,

Is Farley Granger's romance with Shelley Winters, and vice versa, colder than a frappé crême de menthe with Missy Shelley keeping it alive just for the publicity laughs?

I'm not saying—I'm just asking.

I have good reason to believe that Shelley and Farley have had a bitter quarrel over his return to Europe to court a beautiful blonde charmer of the Paris nightclub set.

But Shelley is a very smart girl where publicity is concerned. All the while Farley was gone, she made it a point to tell reporters about the "messages and letters" he was mailing her. Several had a little back-swipe at Granger as, for instance, the postcard he supposedly sent her for a birthday gift!

And then, there was a letter (Shelley said it came from him) signed "Mrs. Hilton."

When asked why he used that signature, Shelley replied airily, "That's just our little private joke. We weren't invited to Elizabeth Taylor's wedding to Nicky Hilton."

Whether she and Granger are blazing or feuding—never let it be said for a moment that Shelley isn't squeezing every inch of space out of their present relations.

Gary Merrill, unknown a year ago, suddenly becomes the center of Hollywood interest as an actor following his elopement with Bette Davis.

Merrill, an earthy good looking guy with Gable-like qualities, was just another actor until Bette saw him and fell in love with him. Now he has almost every studio in town wanting him for a picture and trying to get him away from 20th where he has a contract.

Even though Merrill is much in love, as I know he is, it must strike him as a little ironical that his acting talent went unappreciated until he met and married a star!

All about Eve, the picture in which both Bette and Gary emoted and in which they met, is a honey and may well be an Academy Award winner.

If Nancy Sinatra had read in the morning papers that Ava Gardner had just planed into New York and would be followed by Frank Sinatra within hours, she gave no indication of it the same night of her Square Dance shindig in Hollywood.

A very elegant hoe-down it was!

Van Johnson looked like a 20-year-old kid in a loud red and white checked shirt and the way that boy can do-si-do is a caution.

The evening began with cocktails down by the swimming pool—and later an Italian dinner was served, bouffet style, on the terrace.

But, as the evening grew chilly, everybody, including the orchestra, moved indoors with everybody pitching in moving back the furniture in the big playroom.

Bunny Waters (Mrs. Johnny Green) was all over the place with her elaborate camera equipment and I must say she had some interesting "subjects."

Janet Leigh, looking like a doll in a white cotton dress embroidered in daisies, was having the time of her life whooping it up for the dances. Janet tells me that (temporarily) she's not in love. "I have so much more fun



Ready to greet the Hollywood Press Photographers are Wilbur Clark, Faith Domergue, Don O'Connor, Janet Leigh, Marjorie Reynolds.



The Macdonald Careys loaf with the Don Taylors on the beach at the Balboa Bay Club, favorite spot of Hollywood yachting enthusiasts.



Saying goodbye to 500 Korea-bound Marines, Joan Crawford shakes hands with PFC Donald O. Carlson after Lt. Col. A. H. Rose makes introductions.

NOW . . . MEET MARY MURPHY, OUR CINDERELLA-GAL . . . THE FANS GO CRAZY FOR GRABLE AT THE DEL MAR TRACK!

when I'm not," she laughed.

Evie Johnson looked like an old fashioned portrait in a white dress, cut low off the shoulders, with a narrow red velvet band around her throat.

Ginger Rogers decided against dressing for the square dance and looked lovely in black net with silver sequins. Although there have been rumors of Ginger and attorney Greg Bautzer cooling—they sure didn't look it at this affair.

The prize crack of the evening was pulled by Metropolitan opera star, Robert Merrill, who was a guest in the Sinatra home for the first time. "I'm doing the wrong kind of singing," he laughed, looking around.

Everytime I see those adorable Sinatra children, I wonder how much longer Frankie can stay away. He would have been so proud of dignified little Nancy helping her mother receive, little Frankie Jr. strutting all over the place in his cowboy outfit, and the curly-headed baby who appeared just long enough to yell to be carried back to the nursery!

If Errol Flynn and his tall, blonde leading lady, Patrice Wymore, ever really get around to marriage, many cynics will lose a bet. Some of the gossip following announcement of their engagement was:

His "engagement" to Patrice was for the purpose of breaking off his "engagement" to the Princess Irene Ghica.

It was publicity for their Western movie, *Rocky Mountain.*

It was for the laughs.

Well, I don't know. Flynn is completely unpredictable and changeable. But his best friends say he meant it when he said, "American girls make the best wives." His personal score has been zero. He lost with both French actress, Lili Damita, and again with American girl, Nora Eddington.

Enough to make a nervous hostess drop dead—were the antics of Gene Kelly, Danny Kaye and George Burns putting on a dance routine at the Louis B. Mayers' party that had them hurdling divans and just missing coffee tables!

Gene, particularly, has never done more athletic precision numbers for any of his pictures—which is one reason lovely Lorena Mayer didn't collapse. But when she managed to keep the same composure when Gene was followed by Danny, the zany one, and George—well, I wonder if I could have been so calm?

The laugh is—far from being an informal affair, this was one of the most dignified parties of the season given in honor of Irene Selznick, daughter of the MGM executive.

The Mayer living room, with its bright, gay colors, had been converted into a ballroom and a prettier sight you never saw than Loretta Young, Claudette Colbert, Roz Russell, Sonja Henie, Judy Holliday and other lovelies twirling around to the music of the full orchestra.

But the two big eyestoppers were—Vivien Leigh and Ethel Barrymore.

It was Vivien's first social event (unless you want to call the Charleston contest at the Mocambo such a thing) since arriving in

have a

"party hair-do"

all day long



with

Gayla*

HOLD·BOB*

bobby pins

With every hair in place you are glamorous no matter what you do.
Gayla HOLD-BOB bobby pins set curls beautifully; are easy to sleep on.
Easy to open. Keep hair-dos lovely because they hold better.
There is no finer bobby pin.

More women use
Gayla HOLD·BOB *than all other bobby pins combined*



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LOUELLA PARSONS' good news

Hollywood and all eyes were on her.

She was wearing a white, heavily beaded Egyptian style gown, an emerald necklace, and with her black hair worn straight with long bangs—she looked exactly like a modern Cleopatra.

Getting Vivien alone took a bit of doing. Sir Laurence Olivier had not yet arrived and all the dandies wanted to dance with *Scarlett O'Hara* Leigh.

But, I finally managed—at least long enough to ask her what changes she noticed in town since her last visit ten years ago.

"The traffic—such jams of cars," she said in her soft, clipped accent, "and that—that *fantastic* Charleston dancing I saw at the cafe the other night. I could never do it—but it is fun to watch!"

Vivien had been asked if the infamous Los Angeles smog bothered her and she had been puzzled by the term until I told her it meant FOG with smoke in it.

"Oh, fog!" she laughed. "We have fog in London which seeps through doors and under windows—so a little thing like smoke i wouldn't bother a Londoner." (Chamber Commerce, please note!)

I said Ethel Barrymore was the other p stopper because she has never looked lovely. Her white gown was exactly color of her hair and all the jewelry she w —the color of her eyes.

All little glamour girls should pray e night that when they reach the age of ageless Ethel—they will be as beautiful!

JUDY Garland's vacation to Sun Valley Lake Tahoe was all on the fun side

At Sun Valley she caught a seven-i trout and had her picture taken with it proudly as if it had been a whopper. S Valley, out of season, made her slee "Never slept so well in my life," she told

Later, at the Cal-Neva Hotel, she felt rested that she surprised everyone by sh ing up for some of the night life.

Judy not only showed up for Spike Jon opening at the resort—she pitched in sang a couple of songs with Spike's nu band.

But you can forget—and so can she—ab

do you want to

bring a movie star to your home?

next month, modern screen presents one of the most unusual contests ever offered by a magazine:

■ you can win a visit from two of Universal-International's brightest new stars

■ you can bring a hollywood movie premiere to your home town

■ plus additional, valuable prizes!

and it's so easy to enter—and win! read all about it in the december issue of modern screen—next month!

bring a movie star to your home!



HER FIRST GENTLEMAN CALLER - - - . . .

Warner Bros. present the picture Most-to-be-Honored this year

JANE WYMAN

KIRK DOUGLAS

GERTRUDE LAWRENCE

THE GLASS MENAGERIE

also starring **ARTHUR KENNEDY**

From the Tennessee Williams play

that won the Critics Prize for "Best of the Year"



These
were the
strange pets
of a strange
and lonesome girl

Produced by JERRY WALD and CHARLES K. FELDMAN • directed by IRVING RAPPER • a CHARLES K. FELDMAN group production

distributed by WARNER BROS. • Adapted for the Screen by TENNESSEE WILLIAMS and PETER BERNEIS

From the Original Stage Play by TENNESSEE WILLIAMS • As Presented on the Stage by

Eddie Dowling and Louis J. Singer • Original Music by Max Steiner



Here's Wonderful Deodorant News!

New finer Mum more effective longer!



NOW CONTAINS AMAZING NEW INGREDIENT M-3—THAT PROTECTS AGAINST ODOR-CAUSING BACTERIA

New Protection! Let the magic of new Mum protect you—*better, longer.* For today's Mum, with wonder-working M-3, safely protects against bacteria that *cause* underarm perspiration odor. Mum never merely "masks" odor—simply doesn't give it a chance to start.

New Creaminess! Mum is softer, creamier than ever. As gentle as a beauty cream. Smooths on easily, doesn't cake. And Mum is non-irritating to skin because it contains no harsh ingredients. Will not rot or discolor finest fabrics.

New Fragrance! Even Mum's new perfume is special—a delicate flower fragrance created for Mum alone. This delightful cream deodorant contains no water to dry out or decrease its efficiency. Economical—no shrinkage, no waste.

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping



Mum's protection grows and GROWS! Thanks to its new ingredient, M-3, Mum not only stops growth of odor-causing bacteria—but keeps down *future* bacteria growth. You actually *build up* protection with regular exclusive use of new Mum!

Now at your cosmetic counter!

New **MUM** *cream deodorant*

A PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS

LOUELLA PARSONS' good news

that supposed jaunt to Europe with Vincent Minnelli while he films *American In Paris* I hear that trip is off and the whole picture except for exteriors with a second camera unit, will be made in Hollywood. (*For Judy Garland's open letter to* MODERN SCREEN *readers, turn to page 29.*)

GEARY Steffen, husband of Janie Powell, is such a nice boy I was surprised at the spanking he got in the press box for rowing with newspaper cameramen.

It happened when Jane went to the County Clerk's office to pick up the $19,000 worth of bonds saved (the court orders it for juvenile performers until they reach 21) from her salary while she was growing up.

As I hear the story, Geary got very temperamental and called the boys "stinkers" for poking into their private affairs.

Believe me, there are far better ways of dealing with situations of this kind. Geary could have asked the cameramen to photograph only Janie—and leave him out, if he did not want to pose. Or he could have left the office until after the official business of Janie's receiving her bonds.

Instead, he antagonized every big newspaper cameraman in town and the boys left in a body swearing off the Steffens in the future. (*For another picture of Jane and Geary's life, see page 30.*)

STARS, producers and every-day workers have all fallen under the spell of Laurence Olivier—by far the most popular "import" ever to work on the Paramount lot.

Sir Larry has been hailed as the greatest actor of his day. But to the "gang"—he's just the hardest worker.

He arrived in Hollywood with a mustache so droopy that even Vivien Leigh said she couldn't stand it. "Don't worry," he told her, "if this is too dreadful, I'll get something more fetching from the make-up department." (He needs the mustachio for *Carrie*, his picture with Jennifer Jones.)

Every morning, after the gates open, Olivier can be spotted bicycling to the rehearsal stage. At first, he had just an ordinary bell on the bike. Then, someone gave him an automobile horn which he uses with delight because it makes pedestrians jump.

He loves American stories and is always asking someone to tell him one. He doesn't like to tell them himself because he says he isn't good at it.

He does not visit on the set of other actors unless he is especially invited. Sir Larry almost bowled over Bob Hope by ASKING if he might visit on *The Lemon Drop Kid* set.

He eats all sorts of outlandish things—particularly the dishes he can't get in London.

And, one of the nicest things I know about him, is the help he gave Mary Murphy getting the role of his daughter in *Carrie*. Let me tell you about Mary:

She is the Cinderella girl of the hour! For two years this extraordinarily beautiful girl was employed as a package wrapper at Saks Fifth Avenue.

MITCHUM IN ACTION!



She's tempting
in a penthouse
and dangerous in
a bordertown dive!

IRVING CUMMINGS JR. and IRWIN ALLEN present

ROBERT MITCHUM
FAITH DOMERGUE
CLAUDE RAINS



IN

Where Danger Lives

FAITH DOMERGUE
latest star discovery
of **HOWARD HUGHES**
who brought you
★ **JEAN HARLOW**
and
★ **JANE RUSSELL**

A JOHN FARROW PRODUCTION
with MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN
CHARLES KEMPER

RKO RADIO PICTURES

Produced by IRVING CUMMINGS Jr. • Associate Producer IRWIN ALLEN • Directed by JOHN FARROW • Screenplay by CHARLES BENNETT

*One of these Twins has a Toni, the other has a $20*permanent. Can you tell—*

WHICH TWIN HAS THE TONI?



Hair styles by William

Look closely! Compare the shining softness . . . the live, long-lasting "spring" . . . the lovely *natural* look of both permanents. Which is which? You can't tell! Not even experts can find any difference between the $1 Toni and the beauty shop wave. Because a Toni looks as natural, feels as soft as a $20 wave (*including shampoo and set.) It's actually *guaranteed* to be as beautiful and last as long. Your Toni has that natural look from the first day. There's *no frizz!* Even if your hair is baby-fine, bleached or tinted, Toni's gentle Creme Waving Lotion leaves your wave as satin-soft and easy to set as Alva Anderson's (at left). You can be *sure* of this – for only Toni has given over 93 million natural-looking waves to *all* types of hair. Try a Toni—you'll love it!

Toni alone, of all home permanents—
looks so natural, feels so soft!
That's why more women choose Toni than all other home permanents combined!

Here's the reason! Toni contains its own gentle blend of the very same waving ingredients used in most expensive beauty shop lotions. Yet Toni costs only $1

with SPIN curlers $2.29



Toni HOME PERMANENT

LOUELLA PARSONS' good news

One day, she was having breakfast in the drug store at the Beverly-Wilshire Hotel when Paramount talent scout, Milt Lewis, happened to be having a cup of coffee in the very same spot.

He looked—then gulped—and not because his coffee was too hot. He said later, "I was looking at the most beautiful girl I think I have ever seen."

Afraid she might think he was just a wolf, he almost stammered as he said, "Look here. I'm a Paramount talent scout. If you don't believe me, call me at the studio in half an hour. Then come over immediately for a test."

Even in her wildest dreams, Mary did not suspect that the role she would test for was with the great Olivier and Oscar-winning Jennifer Jones!

She was far too nervous to make a test that first day. But two days later, when she reported to Director William Wyler, Laurence Olivier was there, himself, to coach her in her lines and play two scenes from the movie with her!

Can you wonder that Mary Murphy, former package wrapper, thinks it's Christmas every day since fate brought her to that corner drug-store for an inexpensive breakfast before reporting at the store for her wrapping job?

HAD a wonderful time on my vacation at Del Mar.

Betty Grable got down to the track several times after being sure her movie with Dan Dailey wouldn't permit. The fans go crazy for Betty—she is always so sweet and cordial—and she looks glamorous even when she is wearing sports clothes.

She usually wears red or green coats—and with her blonde hair still worn shoulder length—she is easy to spot. I particularly noticed how nice she is to the fans with cameras. Always stops and poses for them—and so does Harry James.

Lucille Ball was recuperating at the same place I stayed—the Del Mar Hotel—and I saw her frequently. No one will ever know how heartbroken she and Desi Arnaz were over losing their expected baby. After ten years of marriage, they had been so thrilled when they thought the Stork was soon going to visit them.

But Lucille doesn't talk about it any more. Nor does Desi. The important thing is for her to get her health back—because she has been quite ill.

Getting back to the race track—Victor Mature was frequently spotted at the $2 windows, not seeming to care very much whether he won or lost. "I never bet enough to hurt," he grinned. "Mrs. Mature's little boy is too smart for that."

George Raft showed up one day with a beauty he seemed mad for. She looked no more than 15—but George solemnly assured me she was a snappy 22!

After all that fun, it isn't exactly easy to get back on the beam again. Isn't that the way you feel after your vacation? But that's all for now. See you next month!

What was Harriet Craig's Lie?

Here is a strange and exciting woman, at war with everything and everyone who stood in her way.



One of the Five Best Pictures of the Year

COLUMBIA PICTURES presents

JOAN CRAWFORD · WENDELL COREY

IN

Harriet Craig

LUCILE WATSON · ALLYN JOSLYN · WILLIAM BISHOP · K.T. STEVENS

Screen Play by Anne Froelick and James Gunn

Based on the Pulitzer Prize winning play. "Craig's Wife," by George Kelly

Produced by WILLIAM DOZIER · Directed by VINCENT SHERMAN

Love in Bloom

Mum's the word with Shirley and Charles, but it sounds more like wedding bells—and come December, the gossips may be right!

BY ARTHUR L. CHARLES



Shirley Temple's been keeping steady company with Charles A. Black since they met in Honolulu last winter. Although the son of a wealthy man, Charles relies on himself for support. He's an account executive with a Los Angeles TV station.

■ THE TALK'S going around that sometime in December, after Shirley Temple's divorce decree becomes final, she'll marry Charles Alden Black, a thirty-two-year-old gentleman from San Francisco. The only ones not talking are Charles Black and Shirley Temple.

A New York reporter recently called on Charles Black in Los Angeles. Right now Black is an account executive at television station KTTV in Los Angeles, and all the talkers are sure he took the job to be near Shirley. It's a nice thought; a nice job; and maybe it's true.

Anyway, the reporter took a firm stance before Mr. Black and said, "Mr. Black, ever since you started going with Shirley Temple last April, my paper's been trying to get a line on you. Won't you give out with a little stuff, especially about you and Shirley?"

Black smiled pleasantly, and the reporter whipped out his pencil.

"I'm going to be very frank with you," Black said. "I'm not interested in any personal publicity or any publicity coupling me with Miss Temple."

The reporter sighed and put his pencil away.

"Ever since I got here those fan magazines have been howling for interviews," Black went on. "I don't know how many calls I've gotten. I'm not going to be interviewed by anyone, so you don't have to worry about getting scooped.

"I'm just not talking about myself, and I'm certainly not talking about Miss Temple. I've read all sorts of gibberish about us in the columns, how we plan to get married and take our honeymoon in every spot in the world from the Aleutians to Hawaii. But none of it's true.

"I know you've got a job to do, and I'd like to help you, but I come from San Francisco, not Hollywood, and we don't go in for publicity up there. As for biographical material on me, I'm pretty dull, wouldn't make good reading at all. Why don't you just drop the whole thing and let things continue as they are?

"I hate to be stubborn," he added, with a disarming grin, "but that's the way things are."

What way? the reporter might have wondered as he shook Black's hand. What, if anything, is going on between those two? Black didn't give (*Continued on page 16*)



"Blemishes* are no problem for me," says Mrs. Phyllis MacDonald, Toronto housewife. "Noxzema makes my skin look so much softer and cleaner. I apply it first thing in the morning and at bedtime, too. It's my all-around beauty aid."



"My skin was once dry and very sensitive," says successful Philadelphia career girl Barbara Swanson. "But since my Prom Queen days, I've used Noxzema regularly as my night cream. It has consistently taken care of my skin."

NEW HOME FACIAL

Look lovelier in 10 days . . . or your money back!
Read these 4 simple steps developed by a doctor

● No need for a lot of elaborate preparations . . . no complicated rituals! With *one* cream, you can cleanse . . . help protect . . . and help heal!

Yes, here's a wonderful aid to more beautiful-looking skin. Now, you can help your complexion look not only softer and smoother, but fresher, too . . . with just one dainty, snow-white cream—*greaseless* Noxzema. And the way to use it is as quick and easy as washing your face. It's the new Noxzema Home Facial—and it can help bring you lovelier-looking skin in 10 days—or your money back!

Here's All You Do

A skin doctor developed this new Noxzema Home Facial. When it was tested on 181 girls and women, 4 out of 5 showed marked skin improvement—in 2 weeks or less! The secret? Noxzema is a unique *medicated* formula—a marvelous oil-and-moisture emulsion.

Noxzema not only helps supply a light film of oil and moisture to the skin's outer surface . . . but it helps heal *externally-caused blemishes, too. That's why daily use of Noxzema, in this easy Home Facial, can help your skin look lovelier, too!



Morning—Step 1—Apply Noxzema over face and neck. With a damp cloth, "creamwash" just as you would with soap and water. Rinse well and dry gently with a clean towel. "Creamwashing" cleanses so thoroughly. Why, Noxzema even smells clean!



Step 2—After drying, smooth on a light film of greaseless Noxzema for your make-up foundation. This invisible film of Noxzema not only holds make-up beautifully, but it also helps to protect your skin—helps protect it *all day long!*



Evening—Step 3—At bedtime, "creamwash" again with Noxzema. How clean your skin looks! How fresh it feels! See how you've washed away make-up, the day's accumulation of dirt and grime—without any harsh rubbing!



Step 4—Now, lightly massage Noxzema into face and neck. Pat a bit extra over any blemishes*. While you sleep, Noxzema helps heal them—helps your skin look softer and smoother, too. And it's greaseless! No "smeary" face or messy pillow with Noxzema!



Blemishes*. "Noxzema is grand for helping to heal minor blemishes*," says Lucille Sheriff of Hyattsville, Md. "It's so refreshing, too—leaves my skin feeling soft and so clean! And I certainly like the fact that it's greaseless."

Money Back Offer! Try the new Noxzema Home Facial for 10 days. If your skin doesn't show real improvement, return your jar to Noxzema, Baltimore, Md.—money cheerfully refunded. Today, get the 85¢ jar of Noxzema for only 59¢—*almost half again as much* for your money as in the Small size! Limited time only—at any drug or cosmetic counter.

MONEY SAVING OFFER
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Big 85¢ Jar
***now only* 59¢** *plus tax*
Limited offer—Stock up now!

Are you in the know?



When leaving, what to do about the chaperone lineup?

☐ *Run for the farthest exit* ☐ *Mumble hi and g'bye* ☐ *Take time out*

Do you dodge the snoopervisors? Would you weasel an exit via fire escape, rather than stop for a word at the door? Be courteous. Chaperones are frequently people! Take time out to thank them for their help. You needn't cringe from watchful eyes . . . even at calendar time. With Kotex, there are *flat, pressed ends* that *prevent* telltale outlines. Moreover, your new Kotex Belt gives you added confidence, comfort. Made with soft-stretch elastic . . . non-twisting . . . non-curling. Washable; dries in a wink!



Will you see the New Year in with—

☐ *Pink elephants*
☐ *Pink lemonade*
☐ *Rose-colored glasses*

Don't be the acquaintance who'll be forgot *next* year. Whoop-dee-doo won't hike a gal's rating. Better a rosy dating future rather than a cold grey dawn. Take *extra* care to spurn crash-happy drivers. And at certain times guard against problem-day "accidents," too. Get the *extra* protection of Kotex and that special *safety center*. Plus heavenly softness that *holds its shape* because Kotex is made to stay soft while you wear it!



Which outfit inspires a gift idea?

☐ *The tartan skirt*
☐ *The grey flannel dress*
☐ *The chinchilla coat*

Maybe you already know—these three outfits are fashion "firsts." If your best study-buddy owns a tartan skirt, knit her some Argyle sox to match the colors. A nifty giftie for Christmas. Different girls have different tastes in togs. Their sanitary protection needs, too, are not alike. So . . . Kotex comes in *3 absorbencies*. (Different sizes, for different days.) Try all 3 to discover which is "definitely for *you*."



More women choose KOTEX than all other sanitary napkins*

*T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

3 ABSORBENCIES: REGULAR, JUNIOR, SUPER

love in bloom

(*Continued from page 14*) himself away by so much as a stammer.

"You know," the reporter told his city editor, "compared to some of the jerks around this town, Black's a great guy. Level-headed. He knows what he wants and what he doesn't want.

"Won't talk about himself at all. None of that stuff about how he first met Shirley and where they went on their dates, or any of that. But if she married him, she's really gonna get a guy. He's got brains all right, and he can take Hollywood or leave it alone."

"Glad to hear you made a friend," replied the city editor. "But where the devil's my story?"

Is it love, or is it for laughs? You can count the people who know on two fingers.

There are a few facts about Charles Black that have beaten their way into the light: He comes from a socially prominent San Francisco family. His father, president of Pacific Gas and Electric, the largest public utility in northern California, is a self-made man. He started out in 1912 as an inspector for the Great Western Power Company and he worked his way up to his present powerful position. He wants his two sons to work their way up without asking for favors or accepting them.

As a result, few of the people who work with Charles Black today know that his old man heads one of the most powerful public utilities in the West.

Charles never mentions it. Neither does he comment about his war record. A Delta Upsilon fraternity brother of his at Stanford says, "If you ask Black what he did in World War II, he says, 'I was in the Navy,' and he let's it go at that. But the truth of the matter is that he was in Naval Intelligence, and he pulled off some of the most dangerous missions of the war.

"The Navy dropped him into the Dutch East Indies behind the Jap lines, and he had to provide Intelligence with news of what was going on, and brother, if you don't think that was dangerous, then you don't know anything about war.

"Black went into the Navy as a lieutenant and came out as a lieutenant commander. That should give you some idea about this guy. He was with the PT boats and on raiding missions, and well, he really did everything. I think he was in for almost five years.

"When he came out, a lot of us expected him to get a big job with his old man. No such thing. The guy enrolls at Harvard's Business Administration School.

"I'm not sure but I think he got *his* degree. Then, he came back to San Francisco. All the wise guys around the different clubs said Charley's father would make him a vice-president in charge of turning out the lights. But boy, they didn't know Charley. He goes down to the Golden State Milk Company, and he gets a job peddling milk from house to house. No fooling. From house to house. In one year, he works his way up to become assistant to the sales manager."

After his experience with the milk company, Black became assistant to the president of the C. & H. Sugar Company, the Hawaiian Pineapple Company, and went off to Honolulu, where he met Shirley.

Shirley was vacationing there with her daughter. Shirley's many Island friends invited her to all of their parties and social functions, and it was at one of these that her meeting with Charles Black took

place. A mutual friend introduced them.

Maybe it wasn't love at first sight, or even second, but it seemed that Shirley gradually began to revise her estimate of the perfect male until it fit this dark-haired, handsome businessman.

When Shirley was a young girl attending school at Westlake, she used to tell the other girls that the man she'd marry would have to be tall and blond and gallant. And in a way, Jack Agar filled the bill. Charles Black, however, is the kind of man she hadn't dreamed about. "Jack and Charles are completely opposite," says one of Shirley's friends.

"I always liked Jack, but he was really too young to marry Shirley. He started proposing to her when she was 15.

"He was a young boy out of Chicago. He had no trade, no experience, no very great knowledge about anything. His father was dead, and maybe his mother spoiled him a little. After all, he was the only boy in the family. I'm sure, though, that he was very much in love, or at least infatuated, with Shirley.

"She felt the same way about him. She was too young to discriminate between infatuation and real love. She hadn't gone out with many boys. She'd had practically no experience with the college crowd. She didn't realize what marriage was. Neither did Jack. They plunged headlong into the ceremony and after six months, they both realized that they'd made a mistake.

"Shirley got married when she was too young. It's as simple as that. She didn't know the score, and she didn't know anything at all about men. There are mature men, you know, who make good husbands.

"Charles Black is that type of man.

"He's been around. The motion picture business means absolutely nothing to him. He has more money and an infinitely better background than 90 per cent of Hollywood's actors.

"I don't know whether he and Shirley will ever get married. I do know, however, that he's just about the nicest guy she's ever gone out with."

THAT Shirley Temple and Charles Black are intensely interested in each other there can be no denial.

After meeting Shirley in Honolulu, Charles resigned his position with the C. & H. Sugar Company and returned to San Francisco. The following weekend he took Shirley to the Bachelors' Ball, one of San Francisco's outstanding social functions.

Later that weekend, he drove down to Carmel, where Shirley introduced him to her parents. The Blacks, who belong to the exclusive Cypress Point Club, also happened to be staying on the peninsula at the time, so Charles took Shirley around to meet his parents. Everyone liked everyone else.

Shirley returned to Los Angeles, and a few days later Charles came to town!

He and Shirley began going around together, simultaneously denying that each had any intentions toward the other.

A few weeks later, Black got a job at a Los Angeles television station, and every columnist in the country became convinced that not long after December 6th, Shirley Temple will become Mrs. Charles Black.

How right or wrong this conjecture will be, only time can tell. Of one thing, however, you may rest assured, more than anything else in life, Shirley Temple wants to get married again.

She's had enough of her career, and while she would turn down no exciting roles, she is sensible enough to realize that life without a husband would be meaningless for her.

Anyway, one thing's sure, if Shirley marries again, you can bet your last sou she will stay with it for keeps. THE END

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For that Pepsodent Smile—
Use Pepsodent every day
—see your dentist twice a year.

Picture of the Month

MOVIE REVIEWS

by Christopher Kane



Stagestruck Gloria De Haven announces to big sister Judy Garland that she's invited a troupe of actors to live at Judy's farm and put on their show in the barn. Farmer Judy isn't too pleased.



Judy gives in, with the understanding that the cast will help on the farm. Director Gene Kelly and his pal Phil Silvers bungle the chores, but not the show, with Gloria and a "big name" as leads.



The "big name" turns out to be a big heel when Hans Conreid persuades Gloria to go to New York with him for Broadway show. Gene talks fast and gets Judy to play the lead in his show.



Judy and Gene and the show make a great success. A romance has sprung up between them, too. This lets out Judy's rustic beau, Eddie Bracken, but disillusioned Gloria returns and falls for him.

SUMMER STOCK

■ What happens when a bunch of actors take over a farm in the country? Nothing like this, you can bet. Gloria De Haven wishes Gene Kelly and his troupe on sister Judy Garland, an earnest farmer. Judy works hard, loves her tractor, and is due to marry Eddie Bracken if he can stop sneezing long enough to ask her. Judy hates the actors but can't stand to break Gloria's heart, so she lets 'em stay. They're trying out a new show (pre-Broadway, of course) and first thing you know Judy's fallen in love with Gene, though he belongs to Gloria. Luckily, Gloria runs out on the gang just in time for Judy to take over the show's lead role, and Gene too. The extravaganza at the end is MGM-ly spectacular—if you can build a set like that one with the shimmering walls and the sparkling floors in your lil old barn, you can go into the silk-purse-out-of-a-sow's-ear business and get richer than Henry Ford. Still, it's very pretty, which is more than you can say for most lil old barns. Judy's her usual wonderful self; she seems kind of plump and healthy and a little on the matronly-build side as the picture opens, but she's burned her way back to a wraith by the time her last—and best—number comes up. It (the number) is an old one called *Get Happy*, and it's exciting the way only Garland could make it. Good new songs include *You Wonderful You*, and *My Friendly Star*, Gene Kelly's got charm to burn, and it's Technicolored.



EDGE OF DOOM

Edge of Doom is the story of a boy who kills a priest in a fit of rage, when he's told he can't have a big funeral for his mother. His mother's worked hard all her life, shared what little monies she's had with the church —and gone without shoes to do it. Yet when her husband died a suicide, he wasn't permitted to be buried in hallowed ground, and now that she herself is dead, she'll only be given the most simple rites by the church which she expected would take care of her splendidly. The boy's confusion, his love for his mother, his guilt, after he murders the priest, torture him, and you know his fate will be grim and inescapable. The picture, though, along with Farley Granger, who's generally one of my favorite actors, seemed to me not especially effective. Its dialogue is far from inspired, and its players appeared to be bogged down by—and in—the proceedings. There were occasional powerful moments—one dreadful scene where the boy is shopping for a casket, one intensely moving scene where the boy talks to his dead mother and tries to explain why he couldn't get more flowers—but by and large, the picture just isn't satisfying. There are too many weaknesses in its structure, so that its hero seems more sullen than tragic. Take the scene where Farley rushes home to his dying mother. He finds her on the street—she's been to church—and he starts berating her. She's too sick and weak to go out like this. He helps her half-way up the stairs to their apartment, and she smiles bravely and tells him to go to his girl friend who's been phoning. Okay. A loving mother might do that. But would a son, as concerned as this son is supposed to be, drop Ma's arm and dash off to have dinner with his fiancée, while Ma crawls back into her bed of pain with the aid of a neighbor lady? I don't believe it. Since *Edge of Doom* deals with a pretty unusual topic, you can call it brave, but I'm afraid you can't call it adequate.

Cast: Dana Andrews, Farley Granger, Joan Evans.—Goldwyn-RKO.

THE SCARF

Several good actors are put to work in a bad picture here, and it's a shame. *The Scarf* is draggy, pseudo-philosophic, episodic and unbelievable. John Ireland plays a fellow who escapes from the booby-hatch because he wants to find out if he really murdered his girl-friend. Only reason he never went to the electric chair is that he'd lost his memory. James Barton, an intellectual who raises turkeys, and talks to the wind, takes

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Not a soap, not a cream— Halo cannot leave dulling, dirt-catching soap film!

Gives fragrant "soft-water" lather —needs no special rinse!



Removes embarrassing dandruff from both hair and scalp!



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Yes, "soaping" your hair with even finest liquid or oily cream shampoos leaves dulling, dirt-catching film. Halo, made with a new patented ingredient, contains no soap, no sticky oils. Thus Halo *glorifies* your hair the very first time you use it. Ask for Halo—*America's favorite shampoo*—at any drug or cosmetic counter!



Halo reveals the hidden beauty of your hair!

"7 hours in water left me dry!"

says ESTHER WILLIAMS, co-starring with Howard Keel in MGM's Technicolor Musical "PAGAN LOVE SONG"



If dishwashing dries your hands, imagine my skin after shooting swim scenes for "Pagan Love Song." Some days I was in water 7 full hours!



The salt water left my skin feeling dry and rough . . .



But soothing Jergens Lotion (from fingertips to toes) . . .



Kept my skin smooth and soft for romantic close-ups.



Being a liquid, Jergens is absorbed by thirsty skin.

CAN YOUR LOTION OR HAND CREAM PASS THIS FILM TEST?

To soften, a lotion or cream should be absorbed by upper layers of skin. Water won't "bead" on hand smoothed with Jergens Lotion. It contains quickly-absorbed ingredients that doctors recommend, no heavy oils that merely coat the skin with oily film.

Prove it with this simple test described above . . .



You'll see why Jergens Lotion is my beauty secret.

More women use Jergens Lotion than any other hand care in the world

Still 10¢ to $1.00 (plus tax)



the fugitive boy in, shelters him. Boy meets Mercedes McCambridge who's so hard-boiled when she tosses a glance it's likely to break something. They become friends in a limited way, until she finds out he's an escaped murderer, and then that foolish girl turns chicken. If you can't figure out who's the real murderer, though, you'll surprise me. Especially when poor John Ireland goes around muttering, "David, my best friend. Why didn't he ever come to see me during the trial?" It's not a subtle film, though there are one or two things to recommend it. A nice scene with Mercedes as a singing waitress, and a bar-owner called Level Louie, who hates cousins. It's imitation Saroyan, mixed with adventure, but you have the feeling that if the script writers had worked a little harder, they might have got something.

Cast: John Ireland, Mercedes McCambridge, Emlyn Williams.—United Artists.



BORN TO BE BAD

Joan Fontaine is the lady who was born to be dretful. She acts all sweet and dewy, but she lures Joan Leslie's rich fiance (Zachary Scott) away from Joan Leslie, and she marries him, and then she tries to keep a love affair (with tall, rugged book-writer Robert Ryan) going on the side, and a man called Gobby (Mel Ferrer), who paints pictures, stands around through the entire movie making knowing comments about her. "Don't try to kid me, kiddo," he tells her, or words to that effect. "Remember me—I'm Gobby." If I was Gobby, I wouldn't brag about it, but that's life. Anyhow, Joan Fontaine comes out of the movie with only a few fur coats and a convertible car to show for her trouble, while virtuous Joan Leslie gets the by now second-hand but still sensationally rich Zachary Scott. I know it's a terrible picture, but it's kind of fun to watch—the women wear such lovely clothes, and the men are dark and attractive.

Cast: Joan Fontaine, Robert Ryan, Zachary Scott, Joan Leslie.—RKO.



LET'S DANCE

Mother love in Technicolor, with Betty Hutton as the girl who kidnaps her own son from his snooty great-grandmother's Boston house, and takes him to New York, where she plans to get a job and support him. (Betty's husband, father of the child, was killed in the war.) Betty meets Fred Astaire, an old pal, in New York, and he gets her a job in a nightclub. He's nuts, is the only trouble. Instead of concentrating on his dancing, he keeps wanting to be a business man, goes around trying to sell the Brooklyn Dodgers to big tycoons. His various enterprises come to naught, so Betty refuses to marry him on several occasions, and then some of great-grandma's lawyers track Betty and child down and try to remove child from Betty's custody because a night-club is no place to bring up a baby, even if he is learning French from the chef. Betty nearly elopes with Shepperd Strudwick, but Fred foils that, and there's a happy ending. Dance numbers are good, song numbers are good, picture's bright and sunny, though it seems exceptionally long.

Cast: Betty Hutton, Fred Astaire, Roland Young, Ruth Warrick.—Paramount.



SHAKEDOWN

Howard Duff is a photographer without a heart. If a man is drowning Howard'll take his picture, and then go away without throwing the poor guy a rope, and the blub-blub-blub echoing in his ears is as sweet music. He wants more money than a photographer can legitimately make, so he does blackmailing on the side, manages it so crook Lawrence Tierney has to pay him off $25,000 as a starter. (He took a picture of Tierney robbing a department store.) When Tierney plants a bomb in crook Brian Donlevy's automobile (these two crooks are deadly enemies), Howard stands by and watches as Brian gets in and blows up, even though Brian's been good to him. Howard wants Brian's wife, and besides, what a picture that explosion makes! Now *Life* magazine



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Be sure that you are always lovely to love; charming and alluring. Your deodorant may make the difference. That's why so many lovely girls depend on FRESH Cream Deodorant. Test FRESH against any other deodorant—*see* which stops perspiration . . . prevents odor better! FRESH is different from any deodorant you have ever tried—creamier, more luxurious, and really effective!





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At Drug and Department Stores

SHULTON
Rockefeller Center, New York

is after him, and so is Lawrence Tierney. Tierney gets to him first, but even as he shoots him dead, Howard's fingers reach up, squeeze the bulb, open the shutter on his camera, and he gets a perfect portrait of his murderer. What a man. What a movie. *Cast: Howard Duff, Brian Donlevy, Peggy Dow, Lawrence Tierney.*—Universal-International.



THE TOAST OF NEW ORLEANS

Down along the Louisiana bayous (what ever they are), everybody fishes, sings, throws women around, and has a joyous, virile time of it. Mario Lanza and Uncle J. Carroll Naish are two such hedonists, until opera impresario David Niven comes to town, hears Mario's magnificent—if uncultured—voice, and takes him back to New Orleans to train. Niven likes to discover talent, has built Kathryn Grayson into a star, intends to do the same with Mario. Mario falls in love with Kathryn. Kathryn teaches Mario good manners, and breaks his spirit. He gets his spirit back. There's Technicolor, some exciting shots of old New Orleans, or what I fondly expect old New Orleans must have looked like (I don't know if this picture was shot in Hollywood or on location), a lot of enjoyable singing, and another prize performance by J. Carrol Naish.
Cast: Kathryn Grayson, Mario Lanza, David Niven, J. Carroll Naish.—MGM.



THE BREAKING POINT

The Breaking Point is an unusually exciting picture. It has salty, stimulating, Hemingway-like dialogue (it's based on a story by Hemingway, and I'll bet a lot of the movie's speeches came straight from the book), its people are human, moody, and so real they often don't understand each other. Harry Morgan (John Garfield) is a fisherman. He owns a boat which can be chartered (he still owes money on it), he has a wife and two kids whom he loves. He gets into trouble when a man who hires him to sail to Mexico runs out without paying his bill, and Harry agrees to smuggle some Chinese aboard his boat, in order to get money to come home. He murders a man in self-defense, has his boat impounded by the Coast Guard (which has had wind of the Mexican adventure), gets in even deeper trouble with a gang of trigger-happy thieves, and is pursued throughout by Pat Neal, who can't believe he loves his wife so much he hasn't got a little attention left for her. There's nothing soft about this picture. It deals with elemental human emotions like hate and fear and the deep earthy need and satisfaction that's possible between some men and women. I've never liked Pat Neal before, yet I liked her enormously here; Wallace Ford as a frightened shyster lawyer is superb; there's adventure, sex, wry humor and a lot of other notable stuff in *The Breaking Point. Cast: John Garfield, Patricia Neal, Phyllis Thaxter.*—Warners.



SADDLE TRAMP

Through a series of accidents, Joel McCrea, cowboy, who likes to wander the West without responsibilities, finds himself saddled with four orphaned children whose eyes are big, but whose mouths are bigger. He has to feed these junior G-men, so he takes a job on a ranch. Rancher hates kids; Joel hides kids out in the woods, and smuggles food to them nightly. While he's gone one day, kids adopt Wanda Hendrix, who's fleeing from her lustful uncle, and there's one more hungry piece of trouble in Joel's life. Now Joel's boss is feuding with a ranch-owner next door, a Mexican named Martinez, and Joel's boss' wife is a kind of cracked Irish lady who believes in "little people," but everything works out fine. Joel settles the feud, marries Wanda, adopts the four children, and tells his itchy feet they're home to stay.
Cast: Joel McCrea, Wanda Hendrix, John Russell.—Universal-International.

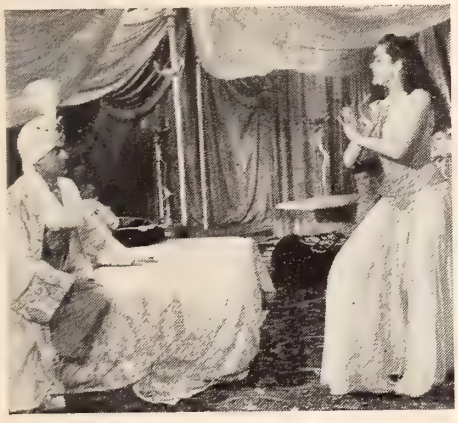
DARK CITY

A bookie (Charlton Heston) and a night club singer (Lizabeth Scott) are the tortured lovers in this one. Charlton, who's had a horrid time in the army (his wife done him wrong) doesn't want to get "involved,"



Lizabeth *does* want t.g.i, and while they're arguing this out, several other things happen. Don De Fore comes to town, loses $5,000 that doesn't belong to him playing poker with Charlton's crooked friends, and kills himself. Charlton feels responsible, nobly wants to help De Fore's widow (Viveca Lindfors), also, less nobly, wants to cash the $5,000 check without being run in by the cops, etc. Furthermore, De Fore's escaped lunatic brother has sworn to get the men who made De Fore decease himself, and problem is added to problem until you're overwhelmed. Thing to shout about here is Charlton Heston, new, and a good actor. He looks sort of like Marlon Brando, sort of like Joseph Cotten, and he's very nice. Dean Jagger (in his first role since his academy award winning part in *Twelve O'Clock High*) is a pleasure as a police captain on the vice squad. Hardly a grade A film, but it is entertainment, off and on.

Cast: Charlton Heston, Lizabeth Scott, Viveca Lindfors.—Paramount.



THE DESERT HAWK

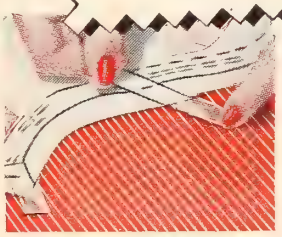
Here we have a picture which is a regular Arabian Nights encyclopedia. Characters include Sinbad, Aladdin, and the Princess Shaharazade. None of these seems even remotely related to his famous namesake, which I, for one, resent, but that's unimportant. Yvonne De Carlo, daughter of the Caliph of Bagdad, is the princess whom the wicked Prince of Teheran wishes to do away with. Wicked prince hopes the Caliph will think a blacksmith known as The Desert Hawk (Richard Greene) did the dastardly deed, and eliminate him (The Desert Hawk). Wicked prince oppresses the people of the desert, and The Desert Hawk defends the people of the desert. Wicked prince wants freedom for oppression. Murder, torture, and a little

(*Continued on page 107*)

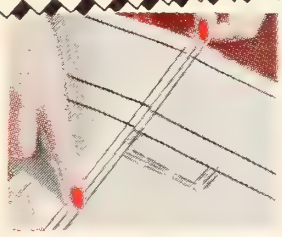


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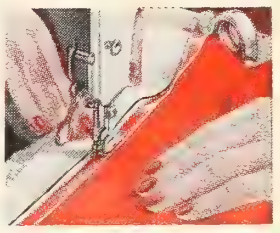
Louise Winslow, Television Sewing Counselor



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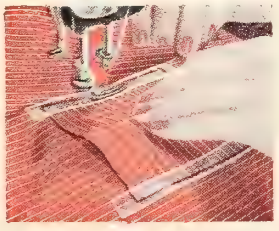
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crosby's the name

Mom says he's shy. He's Pop's top haying hand. But the girls will tell you Gary's big, and blond, and sorta beautiful. He can sing for them anytime; all the time.

by CONSUELO ANDERSON



Royalties are pouring in from Gary's hit records *Play A Simple Melody* and *Sam's Song,* recorded with a "friend" (Bing, of course). Decca wants to star him, but he'd rather play football at Bellarmine, a San Jose prep school.

■ The jukebox was giving out with Gary Crosby's rendition of *Play A Simple Melody,* and a couple of teen-agers were dreaming over their cokes in an ice-cream parlor on the south shore of Hayden Lake in Idaho. You can bet that teen-agers all over the country were sighing about the same boy at the same time, only what happened that minute in Idaho didn't happen anywhere else. A handsome blond fellow in blue jeans, T-shirt and crew cut sauntered into that ice-cream parlor.

"Well, who's that doll?" said one teen-ager to the other.

"Oh, you goon!" shrieked her friend. "Don't you *know?* He's the guy we're listening to. He's Gary—Gary Crosby!"

First teen-ager whirled around, stared, and swooned. For the past three months this behavior has become fashionable again among America's girls. On the basis of two recordings which he made with Bing, Gary Crosby can start asking Sinatra to move over. *Play A Simple Melody* and *Sam's Song* have already sold half a million copies. The labels on the records say Gary Crosby & Friend. Friend is Bing, and Gary is 17, five-feet-nine-and-a-half, and 185 pounds. The Decca Record Company has stumbled into another gold mine.

Dave Kapp, president of the company, says, "The kid reflects his father's charm and personality. He's got a good voice, a nice manner, he learns his songs quickly—and well, he just seems to be a chip off the old block."

As a matter of fact, the chip is so hot at the moment that he's already recorded three more songs with his Old Man for the Christmas trade. They're entitled *That Christmas Feeling, I'd Like To Hitch A Ride With Santa Claus,* and *Happy Snow Man.*

Decca would like Gary to record solo, but Dixie and Bing say no.

"This boy is not turning groaner," Bing says, "until he finishes his schooling. He's got one more year to go at Bellarmine (a preparatory school near San Jose, California) and after that, he's either going to Santa Clara or Stanford.

"He sings pretty well and we don't mind making (*Continued on page 101*)

FREE! OF EXTRA COST

Handy Convenient "Push-Kap" Dispenser

with large and giant size

Cashmere Bouquet Hand Lotion



Tip the bottle, push the cap— Have lovelier-looking hands in seconds!



No bothersome top to remove or replace. This handy "Push-Kap" dispenser gives you just the *desired* amount of lanolin-enriched Cashmere Bouquet Hand Lotion for the gentlest, most soothing care your dry, chapped hands (knees and elbows, too) have ever experienced. Cashmere Bouquet is the fragrant new formula that pours like a lotion, *softens* like a cream, dries quick-as-a-wink without stickiness. Grand as a powder base, or complexion treatment for your entire body. Get Cashmere Bouquet Hand Lotion with the new "Push-Kap" dispenser, in the large or giant size, today!



1. No Fuss!
When ready to apply lotion—simply withdraw silvery pin from spout. No bothersome cap to unscrew, replace, or lose.



2. No Muss!
Turn bottle upside down. Press gently on knob behind spout with forefinger to dispense lotion. Can't spill, bottle never becomes slippery.



3. No Waste!
When exactly *desired* amount of lotion is dispensed, release pressure of forefinger and replace bottle upright. Simple, convenient, economical.



25¢ and 39¢

Why risk his health with temporary disinfectants?





"Lysol" Brand Disinfectant germ-fighting action continues between cleanings!

EVERY DAY, disease germs in house dust may menace even the cleanest-*looking* home! So use the disinfectant that helps protect your family with an anti-bacterial blanket.

Put "Lysol" brand disinfectant in your cleaning water *every time* and *everywhere* you clean!

Unlike *bleaches*, which *call for cleaning before disinfecting* and which *act only temporarily*, "Lysol" kills disease germs *right while you clean* . . . is not weakened by dust and dirt. And regular use of "Lysol" leaves a continuing anti-germ blanket *between* cleanings!

Make sure *your* home has this *fast-acting, continuing* disinfection! Help guard *your* family against dust-borne infection with hospital-proved "Lysol." Highly concentrated . . . economical! Get "Lysol"

sweet and hot



by leonard feather

** Highly Recommended
* Recommended
No Stars: Average

FROM THE MOVIES

ANNIE GET YOUR GUN—*There's No Business Like Show Business* by Artie Shaw with vocal by Mel Torme and the Mel-tones (MGM). *I've Got The Sun in The Morning* by Artie Shaw with vocal by the Mel-tones (MGM). *They Say It's Wonderful* by Gordon MacRae (Capitol).

CRISIS—*Theme Music (Revolutionary March Time, Village Square Time)* by Vincente Gomez* (MGM).
It seems the producers decided they would like to duplicate Anton Karas' *Third Man* feat of scoring and playing an entire movie background with one instrument. So the new Cary Grant-Jose Ferrer hit has all its music supplied by Gomez's great guitar, playing music composed by Miklos Rosza of *Spellbound* and *Madame Bovary* fame.

DUCHESS OF IDAHO—*Let's Choo Choo Choo to Idaho* by Connie Haines (Coral), Van Johnson (MGM), Phil Harris (Victor), Kay Kyser (Columbia). *You Can't Do Wrong Doin' Right* by Van Johnson (MGM). *Of All Things* by Connie Haines (Coral).

HONKY TONK—*A Good Man to Have Around* by Kay Starr (Capitol).

ALBUMS

ABE BURROWS—*Abe Burrows Sings?** (Columbia)
Here's our favorite video star doing some of his more insane compositions, such as *Boulder Dam, Upper Peabody,* and the fabulous *Brooklyn.* Abe may be funnier than this on Channel 2, but it's still an hilarious addition to your record library.

ELLINGTONIA—Vols. I and II* (Brunswick)
You can build almost an entire history of jazz by getting some of the fine LP discs that have been coming out on the Brunswick label. Some of the others are *Louis Armstrong Jazz Classics,* two volumes of *Red Nichols Classics, Dixieland Jazz by the New Orleans Rhythm Kings,* and two volumes of some of the best old Bing Crosby hits.

JAZZ

LOUIS ARMSTRONG—*La Vie En Rose** (Decca)

DAVE BARBOUR—*Harlem Mambo** (Capitol)
Two excellent examples of the new Mambo craze, the other side being Dave's own *Guitar Mambo.*

WOODY HERMAN—*Music To Dance To**

The most provocative shade yet . . . is new Woodbury

Coquette



Maybe they'll call you a flirt . . . when you willfully, wilefully wear Woodbury's tantalizing new powder shade . . . Coquette! . . . No man or mirror ever saw your skin glow with such exciting, inviting color! For Coquette is a provocative new mood in powder—warm, golden rachel—charming as a blush and not half so innocent! . . . Remember—it's Woodbury . . . the powder with a unique ingredient that gives your skin a satin-smooth sheen with no "powdery" look . . . finer texture, delightful fragrance, longer cling! . . . Whatever your complexion, see it lovelier in Coquette! Try it today—15¢, 30¢, $1.00, plus tax.

. . . in cream make-up, too

Try Coquette Woodbury Cream Make-Up, in a warm peach of a rachel! A complete make-up that veils blemishes and tiny lines. Or match it with Woodbury Powder for a "beauty look" so glamorous, it's unfair to other women! Only 39¢ plus tax.





YOU Can Have A Lovelier Complexion in 14 Days with Palmolive Soap, Doctors Prove!

NO MATTER WHAT YOUR AGE OR TYPE OF SKIN!

NOT JUST A PROMISE . . .
but actual proof from 36 leading skin specialists that Palmolive Soap facials can bring new complexion beauty to 2 out of 3 women

Never before these tests have there been such sensational beauty results! Yes, scientifically conducted tests on 1285 women—supervised by 36 leading skin specialists—have proved conclusively that *in just 14 days* a new method of cleansing with Palmolive Soap . . . using nothing but Palmolive . . . brings lovelier complexions to 2 out of every 3 women.

Here's the easy method:

1. Just wash your face 3 times a day with Palmolive Soap, massaging Palmolive's remarkable beautifying lather onto your skin for 60 seconds each time . . . as you would a cream.
2. Now rinse and dry—that's all.

It's these 60-second facials with Palmolive's rich and gentle lather that work such wonders.

Here's proof it works!

In 1285 tests on all types of skin—older and younger, dry and oily—2 out of every 3 women showed astonishing complexion improvement in just 14 days. Conclusive proof of what you have been seeking—a way to beautify your complexion that really works. Start this new Palmolive way to beauty tonight.

You, Too, May Look For These Complexion Improvements in 14 days!

- Fresher, Brighter Complexions!
- Less oiliness!
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- Complexions clearer, more radiant!
- Fewer tiny blemishes—incipient blackheads!



For Tub or Shower Get Big Bath Size Palmolive



DOCTORS PROVE PALMOLIVE'S BEAUTY RESULTS!

an open letter from judy garland

Judy expresses her gratitude to Modern Screen's understanding readers

■ Dear Friends,

This is a thank-you note.

At a time when I've been gossip's victim and the target of a thousand lies, you people have stood by me. I won't ever forget that.

You've judged me not on the basis of headlines, rumor and innuendo but on my performances as an actress and entertainer.

Ever since the release of my last picture, *Summer Stock,* thousands of you have had the kindness to write me. You've congratulated me, encouraged me, and pledged me your future support. And for all this—let me repeat—I'm eternally grateful.

Inasmuch as it is impossible for me to reply individually to your more than 18,000 letters, I'm using this space in MODERN SCREEN to answer those questions you've most frequently asked.

I have a responsibility to you friends. Rather than let you be misguided by the flood of nonsense printed about me by reporters and uninformed writers who know none of the facts, I intend to fulfill my responsibility by telling you movie-goers the truth.

I am not quitting motion pictures. Movies are my life's blood. I love making motion pictures and always have ever since I was a little girl.

I do not intend, however, to make any films for the next six months. I'm just going to relax, take things easy, and regain my peace of mind.

For a while I expected to go to Paris with my daughter, Liza, and my husband, Vincente Minnelli—but his studio has decided to film all of *An* (*Continued on page 83*)



Judy, fully recovered, is shown on vacation at Sun Valley.



"If I should lose you"

Jane Powell doesn't know what the future holds. No one does. But if Geary should have to leave, he'll take with him a heartful of memories.

BY DORISMAE KERNS

■ Who would be there to light the candles on the dining room table if Geary should go. . . ? Who would be there to eat all the food Jane Powell loves to cook; who would toss the salad and brag about it and watch her with adoring eyes, if he should leave, even for just a while?

And he may leave her—he's in the active Army Reserve. Other husbands may go, too, and sweethearts and sons, and for each one left behind there'll be a special cause for sadness.

The six days a month Geary spends down in Long Beach, California, driving half-tracks and heavy tanks have taken on another meaning since Korea. It isn't only routine now. It may become a new way of life. Will he have to go back to what he faced in the winter of 1944? He was a ski-trooper then, in the Fifth Army located in Italy. On one particular day he was assigned to lead a group of twenty-six skiers armed with machine guns and carbines down a steep slope to a German artillery position. The Germans were wiped out, but only three of Geary's group came back alive. Geary was discharged a first lieutenant with a pocketful of battle stars. He's a likely candidate to be called again.

On an evening not (*Continued on page 92*)



Jane's a marvelous cook—a fact Geary Steffen would be the last to deny! He's wild about her singing—buys records of her musicals (latest is *Royal Wedding*). They have 5000 records.



Tony discovered dramatics at a settlement house, then played stock. Here, he's in *Jazz Singer.*

nobody's

He fought in the streets for a way of life he didn't yet understand. Tony Curtis fought to protect his name, to protect his right to happiness . . .

BY JANE WILKIE



During the war he served on a submarine in the Pacific for three years. Was discharged in 1945.



Sudden success enabled Tony to furnish a home for his parents. Here he prepares to wash the windows.



Constantly acquiring new interests, Tony is gathering credits for L.A.'s City College.



Kid brother Bobby worships Tony, who's glad that Bob's youth isn't poverty-ridden.

■ Back in the summer of 1938, a kid named Bernie Schwartz sat in a darkened Bronx theater, watching Errol Flynn leap about the screen in the role of Robin Hood. Bernie nudged the friend sitting next to him.

"Know what?" he said. "I'm gonna be a movie actor."

"Yuk, yuk," said his companion, "Come off the cloud."

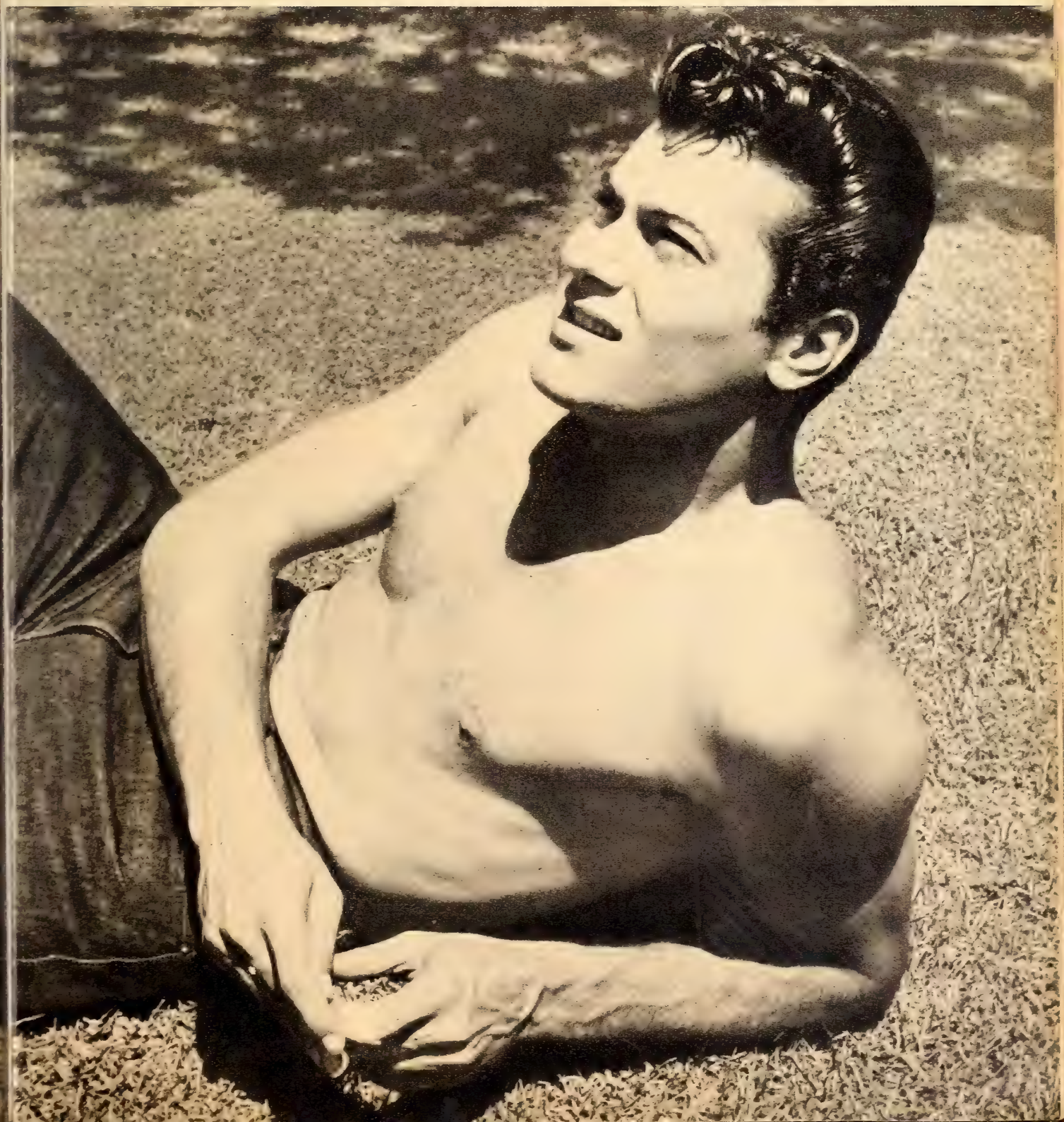
"Why not?" said Bernie. "Geez. Imagine kissin' Olivia De Havilland."

"Stop hoggin' the popcorn," said his unfeeling friend.

Today Bernie Schwartz is a movie actor with a long term contract and the new name of Anthony Curtis, courtesy of Universal-International pictures. Executives of that studio are currently tossing Tony Curtis around in their minds like a hot potato. The fact is that his popularity has spread like a brush fire, and at this point demands that he be given star billing in a major production.

Not only the brass hats, but all employees of the lot down to the night watchmen are currently scratching their respective heads in an effort to determine how Tony's popularity got started. People saw him briefly as Yvonne De Carlo's dancing partner in *Criss Cross,* and the scene concentrated for the most part on the back of Tony's head. Then came a featured role in *City Across the River.* Four films followed, and in none of them did Tony have more than two pages of dialogue. He was just another cowboy in *Sierra* and just another soldier in *Winchester 73.* Not until *Kansas Raiders* was he (*Continued on page 103*)

pretty boy now





BEWARE OF THE EXPERTS

by Ruth Roman

There's nothing like a bit of good advice, I always say—nothing worse, that is. For if there's one kind of person who taught me to think for myself, it's the guy who thinks he knows it all!



Rumors have Ruth secretly married to Bill Walsh, *right,* but she denies it. Here they attend a première with Raymond Massey.

■ It has been said that Hollywood is the Mecca of the know-it-alls—but I know from personal experience that people who know everything about everything turn up all over the country.

I have been encountering them all my life. There was one in Boston teaching school and another one there running a tea shop. I found them filling prescriptions in a Broadway drug store in New York and delivering the mail just off Broadway where I lived and occasionally paid the rent on time. I found them, for that matter, directing screen tests in New York for Hollywood studios and I found them filling jobs in Hollywood in which they were actually supposed to be know-it-alls . . . and weren't. They all gave me advice which would have led me exactly to where I didn't want to go, back home a failure, perhaps, or at least at best somewhere in the outer fringes of the show world I wanted to enter.

I aimed for the stage when I was halfway through grade school in Boston. But later when I was attending Blackstone Junior High I entered an art competition that almost cooked me. I painted a still life of some grapes and nearly had my bobby socks unfrizzled when I learned I had won first prize! The dangerous part was involved in the fact that the prize also included (*Continued on page* 74)



In her glamorous Don Loper gown of Duchess satin lamé, Betty sits out a dance with agent Milt Pickman at her party in the Beverly Hills Hotel.



Errol Flynn brought his leading lady, beautiful Patrice Wymore. They announced their engagement the next day.



Wanda Hendrix is said to be carrying a torch for Audie Murphy but she came with correspondent Nils West-Larson.

the time of my life

by Betty Hutton

WHEN I WAS SIX, I GAVE MY FIRST PARTY

■ I guess I can blame it all on Louella Parsons. Blame it on her? Bless Louella's big heart, if it hadn't been for her a lot of things might not have happened just the way they did. My happy party, for one thing. And for another, the big climactic moment when Ted and I decided to go back together again so that now I am Mrs. Ted Briskin once more, instead of just plain matrimonially-displaced Betty Hutton.

Parties have always scared me a little



Sue Carol and Alan Ladd added to the romantic atmosphere at Betty's party. Married eight years, they're one couple who never have domestic discord.



The obvious happiness of Diana Lynn and her husband, John Lindsay, helped Betty decide to reconcile with Ted Briskin.



Prettier than her pictures, Janet Leigh wore gardenias in her hair, a pale blue tulle gown. Friends predict marriage for her and escort Arthur Loew, Jr.



Esther Williams and Ben Gage chatted enthusiastically with another guest about the baby they're expecting next December.

FLOP. WHEN I WAS TWENTY-SIX, I GAVE ANOTHER PARTY—ONLY WITH THIS ONE, MY FONDEST DREAM CAME TRUE.

since I was six years old. When my sixth birthday was coming up, I decided to give a party. The trouble with six year olds is that they sometimes get as confused as twenty-six year olds. I was determined to give the party, but I didn't know many kids in the neighborhood so I went around asking every youngster I saw. Then, envisioning the hundreds who might show up, I didn't tell mother about the party. So, on the day of the event only two little characters arrived and the affair turned out to be a dismal flop.

All this I was thinking about one night when I attended a beautiful party Louella Parsons was giving for a visiting potentate. I said to myself, "Betty, you've got to get over this complex about parties. It's high time you gave one yourself." At one and the same moment I decided that of all the people I'd like to have come as guest of honor the only choice could be Louie Sobol, the famous New York columnist who has helped hundreds of young people in all professions along the road to success.

Louie, as he is affectionately known to everyone in show business, was the only one who seemed to know how to spell my name right when I first came to New York. I could write a book about the many times he encouraged me when the going was rough. So I called Louie and asked him if I gave a party would he come to it and be

MORE >

the time of my life

cont'd



Betty's party had a Strauss Waltz theme—with 15 violins! Milton Berle came up like gangbusters and staged mad skits with Bob Hope, George Jessel.



Betty thought that singing at her own party was corny, but guests cheered her duet with Dinah Shore of "There's No Business Like Show Business."



The day after her party Betty flew to Ted in Chicago. A few days later they returned to Hollywood together, were greeted by Lindsay, 3, and Candy, 2.

my guy for the evening. He said he would.

After that, things turned a little frantic. I decided there'd never be enough room in my house for all the people I wanted to come, so I consulted my good friend, the famous fashion designer, Don Loper. He told me to decide what sort of party I wanted and leave the rest in his hands.

The idea turned out to be a Strauss Waltz Party. Don decided that the best place would be the beautiful Crystal Room in the Beverly Hills Hotel and that it should be a candlelight ball so that all the girls would have a chance to look their most beautiful. At the last minute, I said to myself, "Golly, people are liable to waltz a couple of times and then say to themselves, 'What goes on here?' " so we augmented Hal Stearn's fifteen violinists with Freddie Carga's orchestra. I figured that about the time the waltzers wanted real action we'd give them the samba, conga and Charleston.

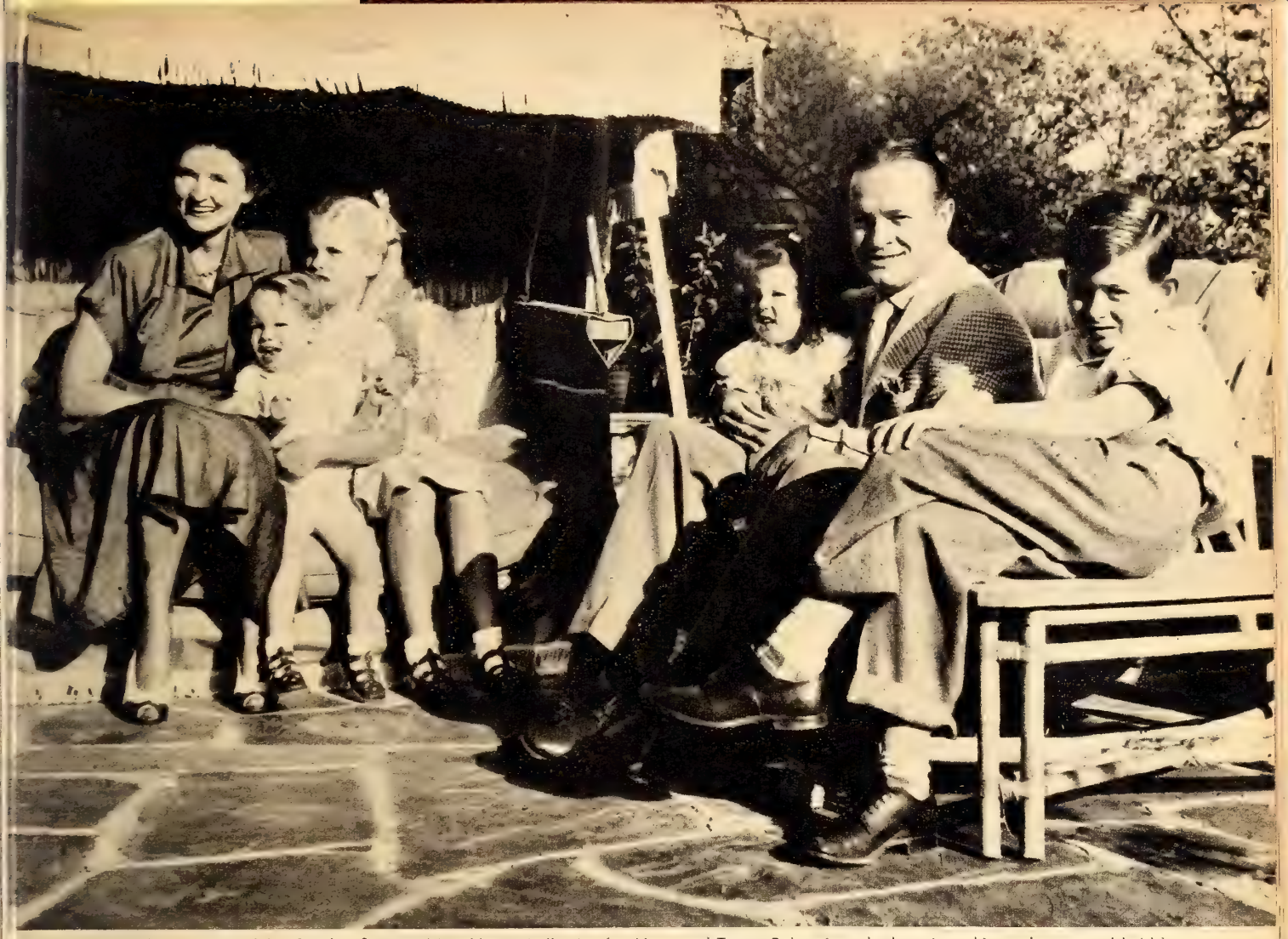
For awhile I went around assuring people that giving a party wasn't anything to get excited about, really, but the day of the party I sort of went to pieces. A couple of people called up and said they couldn't come. I found tears welling up in my eyes. I imagined myself sitting alone with the guest of honor and all that champagne (Ballinger '37, if you please). Then Don called. "Your gown is almost finished," he said, "and it's a dream." My spirits took a great big bounce. Then Louie Sobol called and asked if I minded a great deal if he brought his girl along. How was I to know when I asked him to be my date that he was about to propose to the beautiful Peggy Strohl?

By 7:00 that night I was a nervous breakdown looking for a place to go to pieces in. At 7:30 my gown still hadn't arrived. At 7:31 the messenger was at the door and seconds later I was dressed. What a Don Loper gown can do for a girl! As he said, it was a dream—a dream in Duchess satin lamé, embroidered in feather motif.

A few minutes later I ran up the steps of the Beverly Hills Hotel. Don whisked me to the entrance of the Crystal Room and placed me under a white spotlight. "Stay there," he ordered. I stayed for a quick thirty seconds. Then I began to feel a little ridiculous. Also, all over again, frightened silly. By the time the first guests arrived I was out of the spotlight and practically at the front door. Don kept asking me to stay in the spotlight, but I just couldn't. I'd come to parties too often and wondered where to put my left foot next. This time I was going to see that everyone met the hostess at least once on the way in.

Then the room began to whirl around me. The guests came in droves—all three hundred of them including the couples who had called with their regrets. The buffet supper was out of this world. I'd been to private parties, banquets and just plain restaurants in which the steaks, when they arrived, were colder than a dowager's first look at a burlesque show. These steaks, filet roasts carved at the last second, were piping hot. I'd told the wizards of the kitchen I wanted the people really fed at my party and they certainly were.

I began to have such a good (*Continued on page 65*)



Through success and his family—*l. to r.* Mrs. Hope, Kelly, Linda, Nora and Tony—Bob enjoys the happiness his mother prayed he'd have.

How I found faith

by Bob Hope

I saw two dear ones die in pain, and my belief was shattered— until I learned that suffering exists apart from God.

■ My mother was one of the gentlest, most self-sacrificing women who ever lived. She worked hard for her family of seven boys. She did her best for all of us. She sent us to church, looked after our physical and spiritual needs, and inspired us with her great faith in us.

When I first began to do a solo act on the stage, after I had flopped in a vaudeville act with a partner, she was the only one who had faith in me. That faith was so great that when I couldn't get a single booker in Chicago even to look at my act, she continued to believe in me. She went without things she needed for herself, to send me money to live on.

She was that way about all her boys, and about other people as well. A devout woman, she was the most beautiful exemplification I have ever met of a person who literally lived up to the Sermon on the Mount, the Golden Rule. "Do unto others as you would have others do unto you." That was the blessed spirit by which my mother lived.

All the early years of her life were spent in doing things (*Continued on page 75*)



For a while she was headed toward a

ANN BLYTH'S STORY

by Cynthia Miller

breakdown, a bitter ending not new to Hollywood. But now, there's a happy, gentle Ann...

■ Last spring, work seemed to have caught up with Ann Blyth. She was tired. Even when she woke up in the morning she felt like taking a nap. And when she took a nap she didn't feel like getting up.

Here she was, just old enough to vote, and already it seemed as if she'd have to retire from public life. From the age of 14 she'd been on the go—round upon round of pictures, radio appearances, promotional tours and benefit performances had finally drained her energy, and now she was faced with the frightening thought that it was over. She was finished.

Before she'd give in, though, she went to Texas on a benefit tour with Pat O'Brien, then to Chicago, then back to Texas. Somewhere in between she got a severe case of laryngitis that kept her from singing for three days. The doctors cleared it up with penicillin, but her throat still pained her. She knew then that she was facing a crisis, but she'd committed herself to singing "My Foolish Heart" at the Academy Awards. And a commitment, to her, is a command.

She sang the song, and no one among the millions who heard her could have suspected that behind this rich, full voice there was nothing but nerve, because almost everything else was used up.

The next day Ann had to face facts. She was standing right at the end of the rope, and she could do one of two things. She could keep going by the use of stimulants, as others before her had done, or she could make a definite change in her way of life, as few had the courage to do. The former course had led many to disaster, the latter had brought others professional oblivion. But Ann knew that somehow and very soon she must regain the vigor she had lost; and her rare good sense told her that there was only one way to do it. She placed herself in the hands of a doctor.

Doctors, however, aren't miracle-makers. If your appendix is sore they'll take it out, and if you have a fever they'll bring it down, but what happens after they've done their work is often a question of luck.

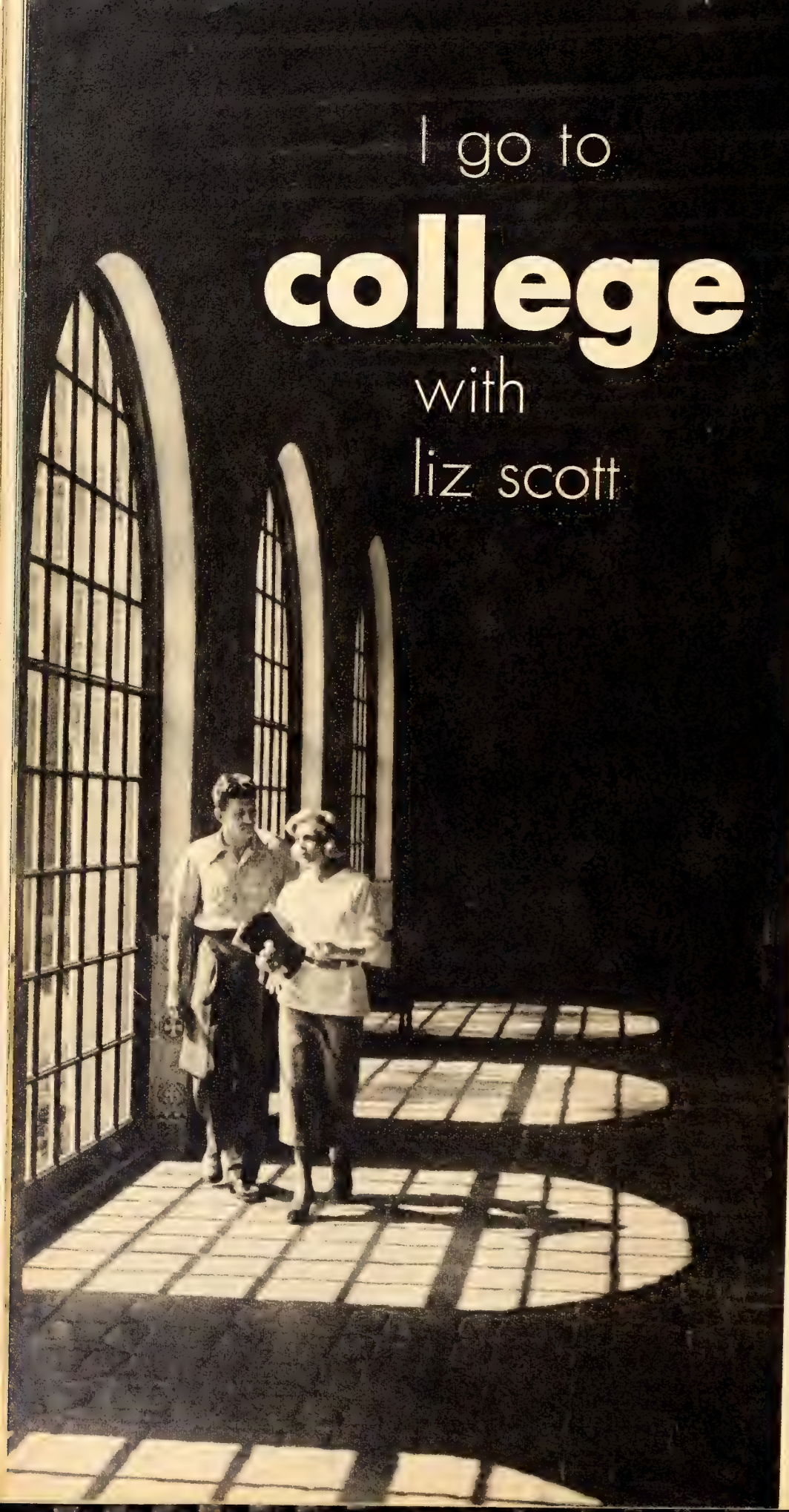
Ann's doctor told her that her tonsils were infected and were discharging poison into her system. Ann had known that her tonsils had been less than healthy (*Continued on page 88*)



Because of her health, Ann's cut down a lot of activities, but she couldn't resist appearing in the La Jolla Playhouse production of *Our Town* with Marshall Thompson. Mel Ferrer (*left*) directed.



Ann lunches at the Valencia Hotel in La Jolla with Marshall Thompson and Millard Mitchell. After a week's run in *Our Town*, she returned home to play opposite Mario Lanza in *The Life of Caruso*.



NO WONDER THEY CALL IT

■ When I sauntered into the classroom that first day of the semester, I was prepared for a course, in "Contemporary Political Thought." I expected great things of the University of Southern California—better known to football fans as the home of the Trojans. I envisioned everything from a Master's Degree to a ticket to the Rose Bowl Game, but not that Liz Scott would walk in with an armful of books and sit down right next to me.

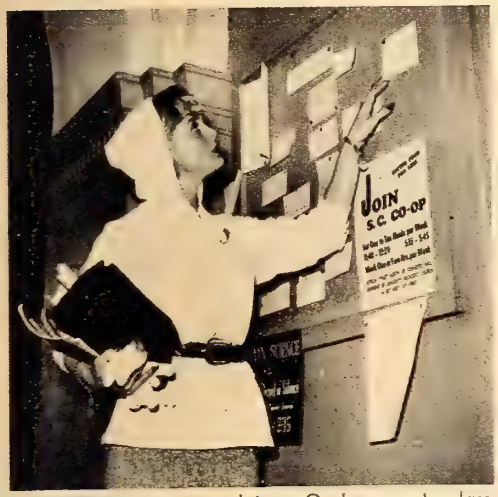
Imagine the effect, if you can. I was still recovering from the effect, when I heard that famous, sultry voice saying, "Is this Poly Sci four-fifty-one?" The *words* were those that any co-ed would have said, but where oh where can you find a co-ed who can say them the way she did!

Well, being an English major, I flashed back the very witty reply, "Oh . . . eh . . . ah . . . yes." That's what you call getting off on the right foot.

For the first few days she sat rather shyly at the rear of the classroom, but she was soon right up in the front row. Her enthusiasm compelled her to get up where she could be in the thick of it when the class discussion got hot. My enthusiasm compelled me to move up too.

Now you can't sit next to Liz Scott from 10 to 11 every morning five days a week and make like a mummy all the while. Not if you're human. She's real; you think of her as a classmate—well, as a mate anyway. So the days went by and we became acquainted. I soon found that she had another class every morning from 8:30 to 9:50 just before our political science course and that her earlier class was a course in philosophy—which I, being a lover of, quickly registered in. It's the most interesting philosophy (*Continued on page 90*)

HIGHER EDUCATION. WITH LIZ SCOTT IN THE NEXT SEAT, I'M WAY UP IN THE CLOUDS! by Dan Griffith



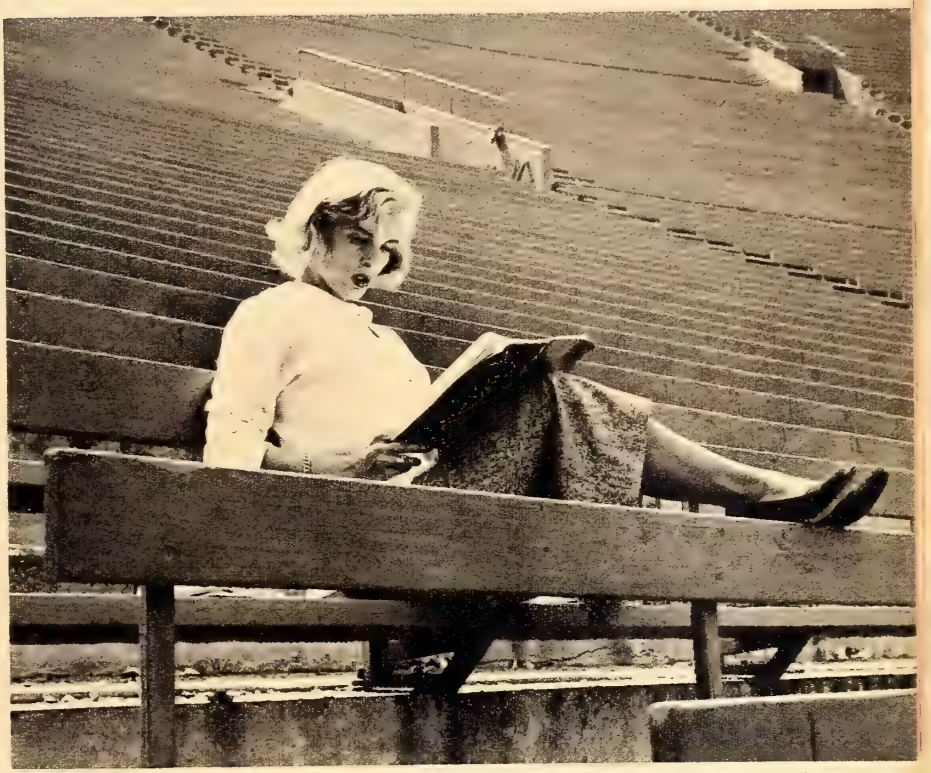
Liz is active in campus doings. On her way to class she checks the bulletin board, covered with ads and notices, to see what's going on at U. S. C.



East meets West on the campus. Liz discovers the international aspect of education as Dan introduces her to Vatsala Madkarni, Indian student.



Liz may have been a sultry songstress in *Dark City*, but she's just one of the gang at the coke sessions at Currie's, the corner ice cream parlor.



Liz finds the empty U.S.C. stadium a perfect place to study. The "Tawny Trojane," as the student paper calls her, is a serious student who works hard. However, she's not a recluse by any stretch of the imagination. She's too interested in people.



Co-ed Scott is in her element in an after-class discussion which may range from materialism to philosophy and back. On the lawn she enthusiastically argues her point with Dan Griffith before starting her 40-minute drive back to Hollywood.

Background for beauty



The Will Prices' Southern Colonial house.

■ Get any two Hollywood cameramen together, and brother, you'll have to pull them apart. "How do you do," they'll say to each other, and the next minute they'll be arguing—about lights and angles and profiles and which star looks best in an artificial rainstorm.

There's one lady, though, whose name settles every dispute. Her name is Maureen O'Hara. Put her in Technicolor and you don't even need a story. All you need is someone to turn on the switch and start the camera rolling.

The exciting thing about Maureen is that she doesn't ignore her beauty. She isn't swell-headed about it, but she's clever. For instance, she turned her Southern Colonial home into a perfect background for her vivid charms. It's as if an architect had studied her and built a house around her, and then as if a decorator went to work with all the subtlety that a cameraman uses to highlight beautiful features.

As it happened, the house wasn't built for Maureen, and she decorated it herself.

Pink brick with a white frame trim, it's surrounded by (*Continued on page 46*)



All the lanai (Hawaiian for porch) accessories are conversation pieces. Husband Will Price bought the gilt eagle above the couch "as a gentle reminder of my Southern ancestry." He's from Mississippi.



Sea-green, Maureen's most becoming shade, is the dominant color in the master bedroom. She designed the four-poster bed, with matching headboard and spread. The bench is from a Mississippi antique shop.



Six-year-old Bronwyn is proud of her grown-up four-poster bed and desk. The toy house in the corner was a birthday present from the John Fords. Bronwyn's favorite dolls live there with a toy piano.



The crystal chandelier lends an air of elegance to the dining room. Maureen found it in a little store—such a good bargain that she won't tell the price. The mahogany table comes from an Irish antique shop.

If houses could talk, this one would have a brogue. And if houses could think, this one would know it was made to mirror Maureen O'Hara's charms...

by Marwa Peterson

Maureen furnished the paneled library with odd pieces from her previous homes. She says it's a catch-all, but it's her favorite place to relax.

background for beauty cont'd



John Payne, good friend of Maureen O'Hara and her husband, Will Price, chats with them after dinner at Thunderbird Ranch.



Maureen's mother, Rita Fitzsimons, often visits her daughter on the set. Her latest film, Paramount's *Tripoli,* co-stars John Payne.

sycamores. The exterior is the ideal setting for her reddish hair, her milk-white skin, her blue eyes and delicately chiseled face. When Maureen strolls on the lawn, she resembles a Gainsborough painting.

Maureen must be aware of this, because ever since she married Will Price, she's wanted to own this particular home. Her husband wanted it, too. It reminds him of his old home in Mississippi.

When they lived in a small bungalow some years ago not very far from the home they own today, the Prices used to refer to their present residence as "our" house, even though they weren't living in it. They used to pass by it regularly as they drove to and from work, and almost as regularly, they would check the real estate agent and ask how much "our house" was. It was always too much.

Maureen had practically despaired of ever buying the house—in fact, she and Will had moved out of their cottage and into another place—when the agent phoned one day. "If you two are still interested in that Bel Air place," he suggested, "you'd better come right out." They flew.

They tried not to seem over-anxious. They attempted to study the house objectively and evaluate it calmly. "But it was no use," Maureen says. "We wanted it so badly that we couldn't be analytical about it. We just bought it!"

She used as much furniture from their previous home as possible—"We didn't have any money to throw around on furnishings." And then she began to select colors that would compliment her.

MAUREEN's favorite hue is green. It does wonders for her own high coloring. As a result, it's the dominant shade that appears in every room in the house. One continuous green broadloom carpet, for example, a Bigelow Sanford, extends from the foyer through the living room, dining room, up the stairs and along the second-floor hall.

In the long rectangular living room, Maureen used the same couch and fireside chairs that she and Will bought as newlyweds. She simply had them recovered for the third time in a quilted chartreuse. To this, she added new draperies with a gay print and a new mirror over the fireplace.

Everything else in the room dates from the early years of Maureen's marriage. Will, for example, who likes to collect things, bought their pair of wine coolers. He also found some antique offering plates in a Dublin second-hand store, and at Christmas time four years ago, he gave Maureen the two O'Neils beside the fireplace. One of them is a pastoral of the same Irish fishing village where the O'Hara family used to spend their summers when Maureen was a little girl. "When Will gave me the painting," Maureen says, "it was just as if someone had sent me a piece of my childhood."

Maureen loves every room in her house, but probably the most utilitarian of the lot is the dining room. The Prices eat all their meals here, including breakfast. "Maybe it's (*Continued on page 64*)

Special section, twelve pages on Hollywood newcomers.

HOLLYWOOD YOUTH *on Trial*

The defendants are Youth, Talent and Beauty. Every day their dreams are put to judgment before a jury 14,000,000 strong.

BY RUTH SCOTT

■ One night, a few weeks after she married John Agar, Shirley Temple received a special delivery letter from a fan in Dallas, Texas.

"Dear Shirley," it began, "I can't tell you how happy I am, and I owe all my happiness to you.

"I've been in love with Mac for years now, ever since he latched on to my pigtails in grade school, only my folks wouldn't let me marry him. They said I was too young.

"When you got married at 17, however, my parents relented. 'If early marriage is good enough for Shirley Temple,' they said, 'then we guess it's okay for you.'

"Thank you, dear Shirley, for making our marriage possible. . . ."

A few weeks after this magazine had printed the story of Janet Leigh's two broken marriages (she'd entered her first at 15) the editor received this letter from a 17-year-old girl:

"Dear Sir: I thank you with all my heart for running your article on Janet Leigh.

"I am exactly in the same spot she was in. I eloped last year with a young man I thought I loved. It was just an infatuation, and the marriage has been annulled, but somehow I've been going around, convinced that I'm ruined and that life is over for me and that this whole town is talking behind my back.

"Yesterday, when I read about Janet Leigh, I suddenly realized that this sort of thing can happen to any girl, that it *does* happen every day in the week, that all a girl needs is courage to go on, to forget the past, and work for the future.

(*Continued on next page.*)

HOLLYWOOD YOUTH

"Look at what Janet Leigh has made of herself. I can do the same thing. . . ."

Multiply these two letters by 14,333,523—that's the number of 15-19 year-olds in the United States—and you get some small idea of the tremendous influence exerted in the world by a relatively small handful of young Hollywood stars.

These young celebrities are constantly on trial before the world of public opinion.

Some of them realize this fact. Others don't. Shirley Temple, for example, hated to file for divorce, "because I knew what it would do to the millions of other girls who had grown up with me."

Shirley knew that somehow her divorce would cause many girls to lose faith in the essential beauty and companionship of marriage. "That's why," she says, "I tried so very hard to make it a success."

Shirley has always been aware of the responsibilities of fame and the obligations she has to her fans.

Other stars have not been aware. Deanna Durbin, Judy Garland, Ava Gardner have all become so obsessed with their love-lives that the solution of their personal problems takes precedence over any other matters that enter their minds.

Ava never started out to be a career girl. It just happened. Her brother-in-law sent some photographs to MGM, and the next thing she knew she was out in Hollywood and married to Mickey Rooney. Responsibility to a young public of admirers has never burdened her conscience.

Mickey, himself, undeniably one of the greatest and most versatile young talents in the entire history of show business, would hardly be singled out as a model for the All-American boy. He has been married three times; no one would ever describe him as "refined," and his general (*Continued on page 84*)

These are some brave new faces that have found, and will hold, their places in the bright lights of Hollywood.






































MEL TORME
PAULA RAYMOND
KEEFE BRASSELLE
PIPER LAURIE
VIC DAMONE
LYLE BETTGER
MARLON BRANDO
GENE NELSON
NANCY DAVIS
HOWARD KEEL
PHYLLIS KIRK
HUGH MARLOWE
GORDON MacRAE
GARY MERRILL
CHARLTON HESTON

How old is young?



After she finished *Harriet Craig,* Joan Crawford took her brood—Christina, Cynthia, Cathy and Christopher—to Alisal Ranch.

By SUSAN TRENT

■ You can be twenty-one and feel like a hundred when someone tries to drag you out to the tennis court and all you want to do is sit in the sun. Maybe it isn't normal, but it happens. And there are people of forty-one who are so full of *joie de vivre* that they'll make you droop like an old washcloth after they've raced you round the swimming pool. Blame it on the metabolism. More than likely, it's just a state of mind.

Joan Crawford, for one, is an example of how much the state of mind can accomplish. Of course, it'll be a long time before anyone pushing a wheelchair will ask Joan if she wants a lift, but even so, there are younger women. Younger women who act twice her age.

Maybe it's her children who keep Joan young—the four of them, Christina, Christopher and the twins, Cathy and Cynthia. Joan's not the kind of mother who sits back and thinks she's having a gay time because her children are laughing. When they're having fun, she's in there with them, sharing it.

Lately she's given up a lot of her extra-curricular activity just to be with them. She cooks, she buys their clothes, she invites Christina's Brownie troop over to her Brentwood home, and she spends her free afternoons in the pool turning her twins into (*Continued on page 93*)



Joan shares every game, every experience with each of her children. Up at 6:30 a.m. for a set of doubles with Tina, she spins her racquet to choose their side of the net.

Joan Crawford knows you're as old as you think you are, as young as you feel.



Christopher had one cowboy outfit for the morning and another getup for after five. Anxious to show his skill with a lasso, he ropes Joan in—she braces herself as the twins play nearby.



All the Crawfords are expert swimmers—even the twins, whom Joan's been coaching in the pool at home. *Here,* after their daily horseback ride in the mountains of Alisal Ranch, they take a dip.

Christopher took Joan to a dance, then dreamed with her by a campfire—a nightly custom at Alisal. Joan's dog, Cliquot, came, too.



They were brides too soon

by Sheilah Graham



Rhonda Fleming was a bride at 16, a mother at 18, and a divorcée at 24.



June Haver, teen-age bride, knew unhappiness early.

Esther Williams, married before 20, made a wise choice the second time.



They all married in their

■ How soon is too soon to get married? That of course depends on the man, the maid and the morals of the moment.

In India, for example, it's fine and dandy to marry the toothless baby of your family's choice. In points North, East and South, your relatives prefer you to wait until you can say "I do" without lisping.

In Hollywood practically anything can happen on the impatient marriage age front, and it sometimes does, sometimes disastrously.

Judy Garland was 17 when she sang her way into the Mrs. David Rose title. Shirley Temple was another sweet seventeen miss who wishes she had waited. Ditto Barbara Lawrence, now a young divorcée. Janet Leigh was 15 when she took the plunge that almost drowned her. Lana Turner was a head-strong 19 when Artie Shaw took her to dinner at 8 p.m. one night, wed her before dawn the same disenchanted evening. Deanna Durbin was 19 when she shouldn't have said "I do" to Vaughn Paul. And Rhonda Fleming, who didn't let many get ahead of her, says now, "I was a bride at 16, a mother at 18, a divorcée at 24. A girl is crazy if she marries *anyone* before she is twenty-something years old." Rhonda wants me to tell you her love story. "It may help some of your readers with theirs." That's what I hope anyway.

"I just about broke my mother's heart," said Rhonda, a sensible woman of 26, "when I ran off to Las Vegas to marry Tom Lane. She knew I was too young. But now I'm glad it all happened. Because maybe now I can help others *not* to make the same mistake. At 16 you think you know everything. No girl under 20 can possibly know the seriousness of marriage.

"But," continued Rhonda, leaning back in the armchair in my Beverly Hills living room, "the more my mother said 'Don't do it,' the more I wanted to. A couple of my girl friends were married so I wanted to be too. How silly could I get! Apart from my age, we weren't in any financial position to be married. And that's another reason why young people are fools to marry—they don't usually have enough money."

Wanda Hendrix had money. But Audie Murphy made her wait until *she* was 18 and *he* was more established as an actor. That didn't work out either. After champing at the bit for two years, their nerves were so on edge, the first angry word *after* the ceremony and Audie was hollering, "I quit."

Maybe that is the soft spot in young Hollywood marriages. Things go wrong and right away they scram to the divorce courts. What's happened to the old fashioned concept of stay married forever? Here, and in other big cities of course, the marriage plan seems to be "I'll have one husband while I'm a teen-ager, another for my twenties, one more for the thirties, etc." Anyway that's exactly what Bette Davis has been doing all these years. Will she get a new marital deal for her fifties?

"Tom and I," said Rhonda, (*Continued on page 98*)



Doris Day's two hasty marriages suffered.



Janet Leigh was a teen-age bride twice.



Jane Wyman wed Myron Futterman at 18.

ens, they all suffered in their twenties—and each one learned a lesson she'll never forget.

my mama done told me

by Anne Baxter



Anne (of *All About Eve*) now masters life's little niceties which gave her so much trouble as a child. Husband John Hodiak benefits.

■ One Sunday afternoon when I was four, there was a terrible crash upstairs in her room, where Mother assumed I was taking a nap.

She rushed to the foot of the stairs and called, "What happened, Anne?"

I opened the bedroom door and came into view. "Nothing," I said.

Through the open door behind me wafted a traitorous aroma of perfume, which promptly descended to the stairs where Mother was standing. She beckoned to me, and I reluctantly obeyed.

"Anne," she asked gently, "are you sure you didn't break something?"

I shook my head by way of denial.

"But I know a perfume bottle was broken," said Mother, "and you must know how it happened."

"Well-l-l," I conceded, "maybe a little bottle did fall over on the table. . . ."

Mother closed her eyes for a while and then opened them and smiled at me. "We have a long way to go, Anne, haven't we?" she asked. "A long, long way!"

Even then I knew what she meant. There was not only my utter disinterest in speaking the truth or my ability to get my clothes so dirty in one wearing that the dirt had to be sort of bulldozed off before they could be washed; there was my temper, my wild impulsiveness, my disorderly way of thinking and, finally, my genius for breaking things around the house. I was aghast at the difficulties ahead. Would we ever make it?

Well, as Mother knows, we haven't . . . quite. There is still work to be done. But thanks to her wise and gentle ways, "we" have made progress, and I hereby acknowledge her guidance. Most of what a child should know about life, including a lot that some parents still can't bring themselves to tell, was explained to me carefully and even beautifully by her. Later, when I heard this same story from other sources, usually whispered and unhealthily slanted, I was doubly grateful to her.

There is a certain type of person for whom things always seem to go wrong. That was the first great talent I exhibited as a tot and much of this genius still remains with me. I can remember when I was four trying to make a good impression on a little boy cousin of mine who was brought to visit us. I can't recall the details of my campaign, but at the end, while our parents were upstairs in the apartment talking, we were downstairs beating each other over the head with soup ladles. The more I realized I had failed to make him like me, the harder I beat him.

In the "careful planning" department I haven't improved much. There was a Sunday morning not long ago when a writer was due to come for both "brunch" and an interview. I wanted to make a good impression, and I thought it would be cheery if I whipped up some scrambled eggs in a chafing dish right on the living room coffee table. I could just see myself as he was going to see me—a happy little homemaker, adept at everything she does. I even thought of some cute little side remarks I might make as the eggs coddled themselves into appetizing firmness and I gracefully served them to my guests.

Came the day and I found I was all set except for alcohol to burn under the dish. There wasn't time to run out and get some. I started a frantic (*Continued on page 100*)



Perfectly groomed in public, Anne always gets the eye from John before leaving the house. She'd never forgive his ignoring a flaw in her makeup.



John Hodiak is a very neat man. Anne would've discovered this even if her mother *hadn't* pointed it out. He has faults, but Anne says he works on them.



Married since 1946, the Hodiaks attend a gala première at Grauman's Chinese Theater, looking as happy as newlyweds.



She's nobody's baby now, she's Nick's wife—and the most important chapter in Liz's life has begun.

■ And so the honeymoon is over. And so Mrs. Conrad Nicholson Hilton, Junior, is back in Hollywood to settle down and face her new life. Mrs. Hilton. M-r-s—period. Those three little letters that loom so big have put an end to one life of Elizabeth Taylor's—her girlhood—and started her on the sweet, exciting story of another—the life of a woman and a man's wife.

I'm sure no adored star and worshipped daughter ever had a more wonderful honeymoon or a warmer welcome when she got home—and by now her wedding, her tour, her return are memories to Elizabeth, memories surely which will linger with her forever but memories, too, that fade in significance every minute as her new life unfolds and its adult problems press.

Here she is home again and laughing, "Don't everyone stare at me so. Why, I'm just the same Elizabeth, just the same girl!"

And right to her lovely face I'm (*Continued on page 95*)



When a girl marries

by hedda hopper





Long, lazy days of sunbathing at Lido Beach in Venice were a part of Liz's three-month European honeymoon, a wedding present.



When Liz visited the *Quo Vadis* set in Rome, she begged for a bit part, happily got ready to play a Christian.

While dining one night in Berne, Switzerland, Nicky Hilton surprised his bride with a gift—a piece of exquisite antique jewelry.

Modern Screen presents an intimate, gallant story of a modern miracle.

I had my nose fixed

by Helene London

We are proud to present this true and poignant story of a rising young actress named Helene London whose movie career seemed to be over before it started. This is a story of how the miracle of modern surgery transformed a heartbroken girl into a poised and beautiful woman. We believe that in Helene's account of her experiences lies the solution of her own problems. However, we do not recommend plastic surgery as a cure-all. This story stands purely on its individual merits. Plastic surgery should be undergone only with the approval of the family physician, and with the selection of a surgeon of unquestioned stature.—The Editors

■ "Now we'll take the profile, Miss London," the photographer said. I turned in my chair until I got the angle he wanted. They set the lights. The hairdresser ran over and brushed a stray lock into place.

"Now lean toward her as though you were going to kiss her," the photographer told John Agar. John Agar leaned toward me.

"That does it. By the way, you've got a wonderful profile, Miss London."

They started taking down the lights and packing up their equipment. All in a day's work to them, but the excitement was still with me. As I walked back to my dressing room the words rang in my ears . . . "wonderful profile . . . wonderful profile, Miss London . . . wonderful."

I had just finished my first big role. Playing opposite John Agar and David Brian in Warner Brothers' *Breakthrough* was certainly a thrill, but (*Continued on page 82*)



BEFORE I underwent plastic surgery, I lived in a cocoon of misery. I was so afraid of ridicule, I rejected friendships and took refuge in being aloof.



AFTER plastic surgery I got my first screen break, working with John Agar in Warners' *Breakthrough*. But the real thrill came when a photographer said, "You have a wonderful profile, Miss London."

ROMAN HOLIDAY



Throw that guide book away! Here's a genuine Clift's tour of Europe.

"NEXT time I take a trip anywhere I'll let you have an exclusive story." Montgomery Clift told us. "Yeah," we said, but we knew better. First place, you can never get in touch with the guy. He doesn't have a phone. You want to talk to him, you have to whisper it around, and someday he may step into a pay booth to call you. One thing we just discovered about Monty, though. He'll use up all his nickels to keep a promise. So on these pages we have an exclusive picture story of his recent holiday in Europe. Picture up above is Clift himself, halfway out of a windowsill in Naples' Excelsior Hotel. His socks and Flip McCarthy's diapers are evident. Flip's dad, Kevin, took these photos. (*See next page*)



Monty's pal, Kevin McCarthy.

roman holiday continued



Holiday-bound Clift sweats out the Customs bottleneck

ANYONE even vaguely acquainted with Clift can guess the kind of tour he'd take. Monte Carlo? Lido? Cannes? Naw. Too ritzy. Clift's the kind of guy who, when he's in Rome, does what he pleases. Plays with children in the garden of the Villa Borghese, wanders through sidestreets with a camera ready, takes sunbaths on a parkbench (as you can see on opposite page). That way he meets the people. His tour started in Paris where he was to meet the Kevin McCarthys. Kevin almost lost his wife and child on the train trip to Paris. He was sitting in the dining car which was suddenly switched and sent to Switzerland. But they all got back together again. After Paris, came Italy. Monty saw the movie studios in Milan and producer-director Vittorio de Sica, and developed a new respect for movies.

(See next page)

In front of the historic Cotnedra Madeleine in Paris Monty gets sight-seeing directions from a friendly passerb





"This one," Monty says, "might be titled, 'It didn't come out on the negative.'" Too bad. There must have been something about Amalfi to warrant that angle shot.



After inspecting the famous Duomo built in 937 and restored in 1861 (which accounts for its half-Arab, half-Romanesque architecture) Clift basks in the Florentine sun. His latest movie is *A Place in the Sun*.



Monty wasn't idle all the time. In Milan he makes it clear to director Vittorio de Sica (*left*), of *Bicycle Thief* fame, that any time he needs an actor, Clift'll gladly oblige.



Comparing experiences with a character actor on the set of de Sica's *Miracle in Milan*, Monty came away impressed with the skill and seriousness of Italian film-makers.



A little known side of Clift's character is his interest in children, particularly Flip McCarthy (*above with his mother*). Here they tour the winding alleys and arched passageways of Amalfi, once ruler of the seas.

MORE ➤



Monty loved matching wits with the local sharpies. The cab driver got a bang out of the repartee involved in bargaining for an American Parker pen—which Monty bought.

It was fun leaving their high perched hotel (the Capachini seen in the background) to explore ancient Amalfi. Next, Clift and the McCarthys left for home on the Queen Mary.





The rains came, and stayed for two days at Ravello, the famous romantic spot above the gulf of Salerno. However, nothing could dampen Augusta McCarthy's interest in the place of Bergman's Italian idyll.

"I MET a very interesting fellow in Florence," Monty says. "A movie fan who couldn't speak a word of English or French. I couldn't speak Italian. So we talked furiously for almost an hour." Monty talked furiously with anyone who approached him, and a couple of sharpies (whom you can see up on the left) somehow talked him into buying a Parker pen.

Over at Ponte Vecchio, the only bridge left standing in Florence after the war, he made friends with a man who operated an outdoor photography shop. The photographer had pictures of his customers clipped onto billboards for passersby to see. This idea appealed to Monty. "Nice place to browse around for a couple of weeks," he said. But he didn't browse that long. He had to get on to Amalfi.

Getting on to Amalfi was a problem. Every guide in Italy (*Continued on page 80*)



JUNE HAVER, WHO CO-STARS WITH **WILLIAM LUNDIGAN,** IN THE 20TH CENTURY-FOX PRODUCTION **"I'LL GET BY"** COLOR BY TECHNICOLOR

"I'm a Lux Girl"

says JUNE HAVER

YOU will find June Haver irresistible, too, in her latest singing role! The camera spotlights her blonde beauty . . . the soft, *smooth* look of her lovely Lux Complexion.

"Of course I'm a Lux Girl," says June. "Active lather does wonders for the skin! I never neglect my daily Lux Soap beauty facials."

Try this gentle complexion care June Haver depends on, and be delighted with the appealing new loveliness Lux Toilet Soap gives your skin!



HOLLYWOOD'S ACTIVE-LATHER FACIAL:



"June Haver's Lux Soap facials will really work for *you!* First smooth the *active* lather well in. Feels so *creamy* on your skin—



"Then rinse with warm water, a quick dash of cold. Skin feels smoother already! Hollywood screen stars *know* about complexion care.



"Now pat your face very gently with a soft towel to dry. See how much lovelier your skin is now—softer . . . flower-fresh!"

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap —

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COMPLEXION	EYES	HAIR
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Creamy ☐	Gray ☐	
Medium ☐	Green ☐	BRUNETTE Light ☐ Dark ☐
Ruddy ☐	Hazel ☐	
Sallow ☐	Brown ☐	BROWNETTE Light ☐ Dark ☐
Freckled ☐	Black ☐	
Olive ☐		REDHEAD Light ☐ Dark ☐
Deep Olive ☐	LASHES [Color]	
SKIN: Normal ☐	☐ ☐ ☐	*If Hair is Gray, check type above and here* ☐
Dry ☐ Oily ☐	Light Med Dark	

background for beauty

(*Continued from page 46*) an old-fashioned custom," she says, "but I like a well-set table with silver and glassware and placemats and all the trimmings. Even on Sunday nights when we have an impromptu barbecue and start calling up friends, we end up in the dining room.

THIS mahogany job was bought by Maureen in an Irish antique shop several years ago. She likes to mouse around furniture shops in her spare time, and every so often, she comes up with a good buy. The crystal chandelier is a good example. Maureen discovered it in a little Los Angeles store near Chinatown. "And I won't tell you what it costs," she says.

Like everything else in the house, it's consistent with the dominant one-color decorating theme. So, too, are the draperies and chair sets in the dining room which boast green and white-striped chintz.

When Maureen wears a hostess gown to one of her own dinner parties, she makes sure that it blends with green. Many actresses, in fact, know the trick of matching their clothes to their environment.

Another popular spot in the Price house is the lanai (an Hawaiian name for porch or patio). When the Prices first bought the house, this spot was simply an open porch. It gets pretty cold in California during the nights, so Maureen finally decided to enclose the porch in glass. Then she furnished it with the same fabrics used in the living room.

All the lanai accessories are conversation pieces. The huge gilt eagle that hangs over the couch is known as "The Confederate." Will picked it up somewhere "as a gentle reminder of my southern ancestry." The framed documents on either side of the portrait of Will's grandfather are Confederate bonds that belonged to grandpappy. Around the household, they're jokingly referred to as Bronwyn's inheritance. Bronwyn is the Price's six-year-old daughter. She loves to ramble around the pine-paneled library which her mother insists is "a catch-all for the furniture that didn't fit anywhere else." Actually, this judgment is too harsh. The furnishings are hand-me-downs, and the plaid draperies come from Sears, Roebuck & Co., but they harmonize with the old furniture.

WHEN it came to decorating the master bedroom, Maureen and her painter decided on a sea-green for the walls and a sea-green bedspread. The color is restful and warm. It doesn't show smudges, yet it's soft enough for a woman's room.

It was also Maureen's ingenuity that devised a four poster bed out of what was originally a box spring and mattress. "After the bed was finished, I simply didn't like it," she recalls. "I knew something was wrong but I couldn't put my finger on it. One day I was rummaging around the storage basement and I came across four solid bedposts and a needlepoint bench that Will had picked up in a Mississippi antique shop. My first impulse was to use them with their mahogany finish. But Will didn't like it, so I had them painted green!"

Down the hall from her parents' quarters is Bronwyn's little-girl room. Whenever guests call on the Prices, Bronwyn waits for a lull in the conversation and then says, "Wouldn't you like to see my big bed?" Once she gets visitors in her room, she shows off her grown-up desk and her shelf for religious figurines.

And when the proper time comes, you can bet that Bronwyn will be equipped to create a background for herself as fitting as the one Maureen created for her incredible, natural, Irish beauty. THE END

the time of my life

(*Continued from page 38*) time that I didn't have a moment to think how much feminine beauty there was around with which a girl had to compete. I hadn't planned on a show, figuring I'd just get up and thank the people for coming, but Milton Berle came up like gangbusters and the place broke into a riot of fun with Georgie Jessel and a whole gang of others staging impromptu skits.

Bob Hope got up and said, "Where did she get the money to give a party like this?" After the roof fell in with laughter I found myself at the mike saying, "I've worked a lot of parties like this, but I never thought I'd be able to give one." I tried to run away but Bob wouldn't let me. Singing at your own party, I thought, was real corny. Somehow I got through "Blue Heaven." I "got off" on "There's No Business Like Show Business" with some help from Dinah Shore who then slayed them with "Falling In Love Is Wonderful."

I don't remember much after that, except Louie Sobel with tears in his eyes, gazing at the girl who was to be his bride . . . the Charleston contest with Mitch Leisen and Connie Moore really doing the town . . . dancing with all the handsome men in the place . . . then standing at the door, saying goodbye to the last guest, happy about my party but feeling all alone like I never had before.

Now I'll have to be really serious. The truth is that for two weeks before, Ted and I had talked about a reconciliation. I had seen him in Chicago and we'd about decided to go back together again. On the night of the party I could hardly sleep. I reached for the phone in the morning to call him in Chicago. It rang just as I did. I was talking to Ted, and in the three words we each said to the other our decision was made.

It wasn't just that I gave a party and went home alone without a beau. It all seemed to add up. Somehow I realized that the party was the climax of all the fun I wanted in my lifetime and that the real values in friends, family and fame all blended together.

A few days later Ted and I flew down out of the clouds. There, waiting at the airport, were Lindsay and Candy, with Kirshey, the nurse. The children grabbed Ted around his knees, shouting joyously. It was a matter of minutes before he could walk down the runway. That night my two darlings completely ignored me while Ted read them their bedtime stories. The next day, as we had dinner at the Brown Derby, Ted was so busy feeding both of them that I felt like the uninvited guest.

But was I happy? Am I happy? You're darned right I am! THE END

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penetrates deeper because it contains PENATEN

clothes sense without dollars

by connie bartel, fashion editor

■ Have you got that certain wonderful something called "clothes sense"? That instinct that makes you invariably pick the right costume at the right time—and add the right accessories?

If you feel hopelessly that you never look the way you want, no matter how you try—take heart. For clothes sense, thank goodness, has lots to do with taste, and little to do with money.

It's a matter of knowing your type, and sticking to it. It's a question of insisting on perfect fit, and taking advantage of the many proportioned size ranges available today. It's the practice of spending as much care in selecting the right girdle as the right suit.

To illustrate: opposite Arlene Dahl offers a bright example of dressing to type. She's vivid and colorful, and so's her gay Swedish skirt and blouse. On pages 68 to 69 we prove our point about the right underpinnings with a hand picked collection of girdles and bras. On pages 70 to 71 we illustrate the wonderful job designers are doing to fit you personally and properly. And on page 72 we wind up with a little lesson in dressing to type with two date dresses, one sophisticated, one young.

Every one of these fashions, as always, bears the gentlest of price tags.

Arlene Dahl beautiful swede in swedish cotton

■ Arlene Dahl, the Swedish redhead (Minnesota division) you'll soon see in MGM's *Three Little Words*, outshines the harvest moon in a wonderful blouse and skirt adapted straight from the Swedish.

The blouse is cotton broadcloth with two-timing buttons, push-up sleeves and the longest cuffs in the world. The patchwork skirt is a wonderfully heavy cotton called *hambo* (a Swedish dance to you). It's a natural for fall dates (square dances, maybe)—but we think you'll want to wear it all winter and right straight through next summer—it's the kind of costume that can become a habit!

Skirt comes in tangerine-russet-plum combination shown; or gold-navy-rust-green. Blouse comes in white, mauve, gold, beige, dark green, tangerine, navy, black. Sizes 10-16. Blouse, $8.95. Skirt, $8.95.

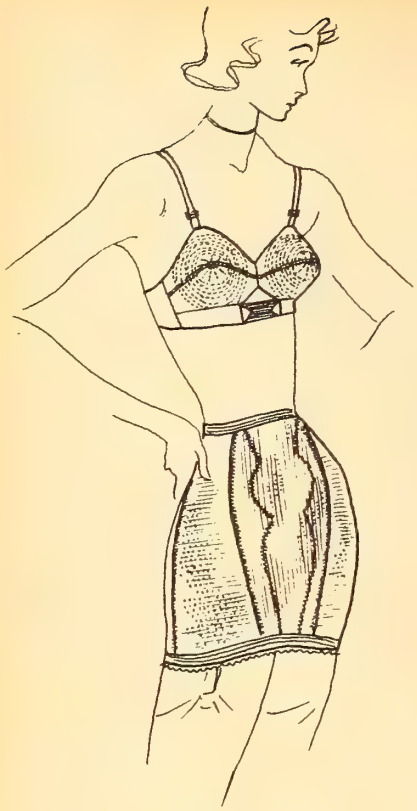
By Katja of Sweden.

At the Casual Corner Shop, 3413 Connecticut Ave; Washington, D. C.

For how to buy in person or by mail, turn to page 73.

Velvet pumps by Twenty-Ones.

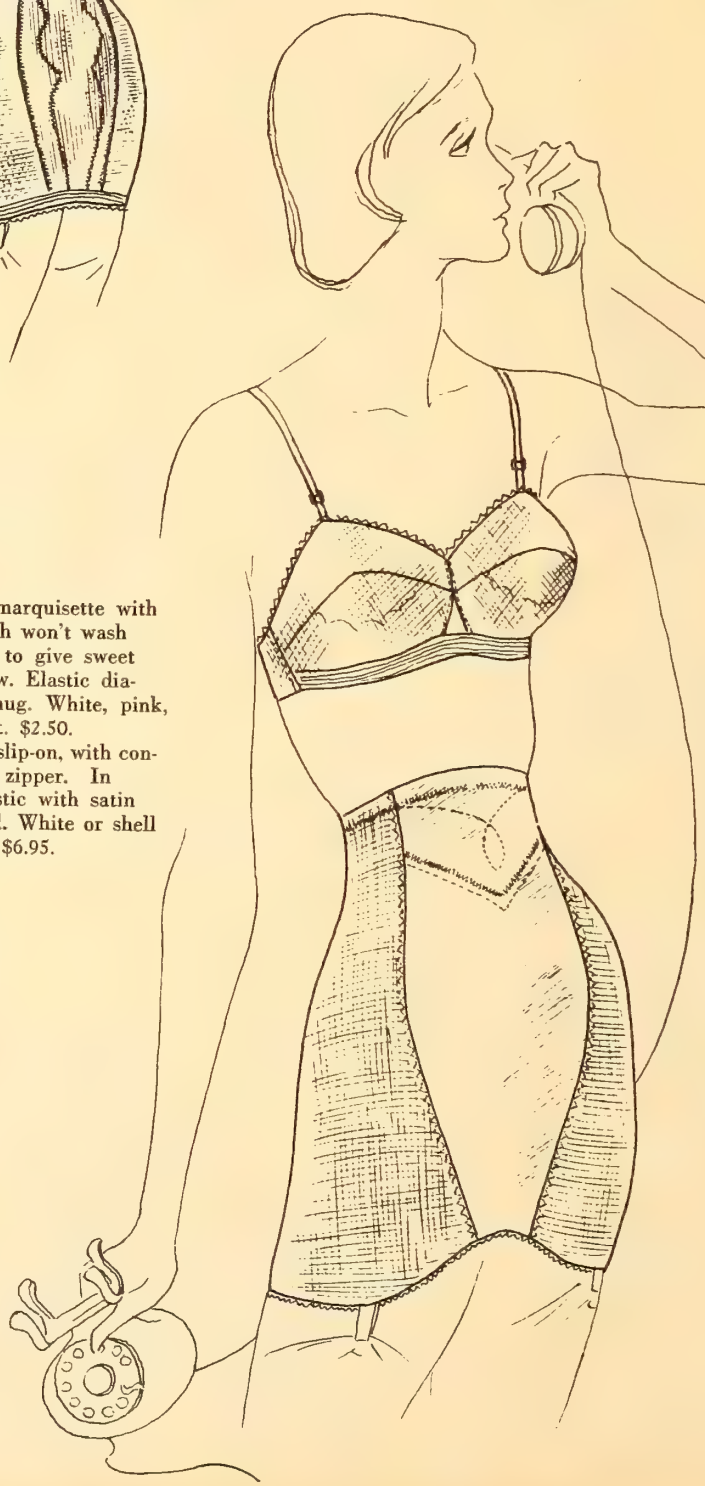

modern
screen
fashions



Bra: Spoke-stitched to accentuate a pretty roundness. Center elastic gusset for close fit. Nylon, $2.50; satin, $1.75; broadcloth, $1.75. "Chansonette" by Maiden Form.

Girdle: Nylon elastic girdle with satin elastic panel to flatten your tummy; braid top and bottom to prevent rolling. Shell pink or white. Luxite by Holeproof. $5.95.





Bra: Nylon marquisette with pretty scallops which won't wash or wear out, to give sweet support from below. Elastic diaphragm band for hug. White, pink, black. By Perma Lift. $2.50.

Girdle: Smooth slip-on, with convenience of a back zipper. In birdseye leno elastic with satin lastex panel. White or shell pink. By Perma Lift. $6.95.

Bra: The plunge that hooks in front—very easy to get into. Three versions: cotton, $1.75; satin, $1.75; nyralon, $2.50. "Avant" by Flexaire.

Girdle: Not a bone to its name, but controlled stretch in every inch, including the stitches. Nylon power net with satin lastique panels. White, pink, black. "Profile" girdle by Flexees. $10.95.

FOR HOW TO BUY FASHIONS ON BOTH PAGES IN PERSON OR BY MAIL, TURN TO PAGE 73

Bra: Beauty for the full figure. Built-in inner pocket provides wonderful support. built-up shoulder straps relieve strain. White or nude faille. By Madam Sho-Form. Abt. $3.
Girdle: All-elastic step-in. Nylon leno elastic, with vertical stretch satin elastic front, sides, back; side zipper. White or pink. By Bestform. $5.



Bra: Hidden Treasure—for the girl who wishes there were more of her. The built-in "magicup" makes curves where nature forgot. White broadcloth, $3; black or white nylon taffeta, $3.95. By Peter Pan.
Girdle: Pink Ice, seamless latex you hardly know you're wearing—to slim and trim any costume you happen to have on. By Playtex. $4.95.

Everything depends on a good line

Bra: Strapless, deep wired plunge for your lowest neckline. Satin and nylon lace, with leno back, in white. The "Flair" by Gossard. $3.95.
Girdle: Slip-on with diagonal boning at waistline, a vertical stretch back to flatten the derriere; center satin insert to hug the small of the back. Goss-Amour and satin elastic. White, in average and tall lengths. By Gossard. $10.

The size of it . . . a fashion is



misses size

VELVETEEN is it this fall—and if it's a velveteen *sweater* with ribbed neck and sleeves—it's as high fashion as you can get. Wear it with a big-pocketed velveteen skirt—top with a velvet beret and you're a cover girl! Black, brown or green. Sweater-blouse, $8.98. Skirt, $10.98. Beret, $3.98. By Korday.

junior size

FOR you cute young things with junior figures—a crackly rayon taffeta in two bright colors. Tiny collar frames your face, tiny buttons loop down your bodice, stripes circle round to show how slim you are, and a shoe-string belt ties in front. Green with chartreuse; brown with aqua; navy with American Beauty. Sizes 9-15. By Junior Clique. $8.95.

FOR HOW TO BUY FASHIONS ON BOTH PAGES IN PERSON OR BY MAIL, TURN TO PAGE 73.

as good as it fits



5'-4" and under

ESPECIALLY scaled for you who are five-feet-four and under. Perfectly proportioned black rayon tissue faille—lit here and there by flashes of color contrast. Pale blue makes the cadet collar and small lapels, traces a fine line down to the one-button surplice closing, silhouettes the skirt flaps.
Also teal, pine tree, oak brown. Sizes 10S-20S.
By Brief Measure. $14.95.

half-size

POLKA dot rayon jersey two piece dress, masterfully cut and wonderfully wearable—especially for you half-sizes. The overblouse has a soft shawl collar—buttons in pearl to echo the trio of pearl buttons on the smart pocket flaps. Navy, black, wine, green or grey.
Sizes 16½-24½.
By Rite-Fit. $7.95.

Hats on this page by Don Marshall

It's a date



winter bright

Vivid squirrels and acorns on a slim stem of a dress with a minimum of sleeve. To cover—a double-breasted jacket with wide shawl-like collar and a weskit look at the waist. In whispering rayon taffeta. Teal, green, navy, grey or red. Sizes 9-15. By Jonathan Logan. $14.95.

winter dark

Sophisticated black, with a knowing twist of drapery making a necklace neckline, a fall of fringe dripping from one hip diagonally across the skirt. If you want to look worldly, this is it.
Clinging rayon crepe, in black, green, taupe, red. Sizes 12-18. By Gail-Bruce. $10.95.

FOR HOW TO BUY IN PERSON OR BY MAIL, TURN TO PAGE 73.

WHERE YOU CAN BUY MODERN SCREEN FASHIONS

(Prices may vary throughout the country)

Swedish cotton blouse and skirt worn by Arlene Dahl in color photograph (page 67)
Washington, D. C.—*Casual Corner Shop,* 3413 Connecticut Ave.

Spoke-stitched bra (page 68)
New Orleans, La.—*Maison Blanche,* 901 Canal St.
New York, N. Y.—*Best & Co.,* 5th Ave. & 51st St.

Nylon elastic girdle (page 68)
New York, N. Y.—*Nat Lewis,* 1637 Broadway

Nylon marquisette bra and smooth slip-on girdle with back zipper (page 68)
New York, N. Y.—*Bloomingdale's,* 59th St. & Lexington Ave.

Front hook plunge bra; boneless girdle (page 68)
Chicago, Ill.—*Mandel Brothers,* State & Madison Sts.

Full figure bra with inner pocket (page 69)
Columbus, Ohio—*F. & R. Lazarus & Co.,* High & Town Sts.
St. Louis, Mo.—*Famous-Barr Co.,* Locust, Olive & 6th Sts.

All-elastic step-in girdle (page 69)
San Francisco, Calif.—*Macy's,* Stockton & O'Farrell Sts.

Strapless wired bra and slip-on diagonal boned girdle (page 69)
New York, N. Y.—*Gimbels,* 33rd St. & Ave. of Americas

Hidden Treasure bra (page 69)
Los Angeles, Calif.—*The Broadway Department Store,* Broadway & 4th Sts.
New York, N. Y.—*Saks-34th,* 34th St. & Broadway

Pink Ice girdle (page 69)
New York, N. Y.—*Gimbels,* 33rd St. & Ave. of Americas

Misses size velveteen outfit (page 70)
Chicago, Ill.—*Mandel Brothers,* State & Madison Sts.
New York, N. Y.—*Gimbels,* 33rd St. & Ave. of Americas

Junior size two-tone dress (page 70)
New York, N. Y.—*Wanamaker's,* Broadway & 9th Sts.
Washington, D. C.—*The Hecht Company,* 7th & F. Sts., NW

Five-feet-four-and-under dress (page 71)
New York, N. Y.—*Bloomingdale's,* Lexington Ave. & 59th St.

Half-size polka dot dress (page 71)
New York, N. Y.—*Wanamaker's,* Broadway & 9th St.
Portland, Oregon—*Meier & Frank Co.,* 621 SW 5th Ave.
St. Louis, Mo.—*Famous-Barr Co.,* Locust, Olive & 6th Sts.

Vivid squirrel print dress (page 72)
Los Angeles, Calif.—*The Broadway Department Store,* Broadway & 4th Sts.
New York, N. Y.—*Best & Co.,* 5th Ave. & 51st St.
Pittsburgh, Pa.—*Kaufmann's,* 5th Ave. & Smithfield St.

Sophisticated fringe trim dress (page 72)
Boston, Mass.—*R. H. White's,* 518 Washington St.

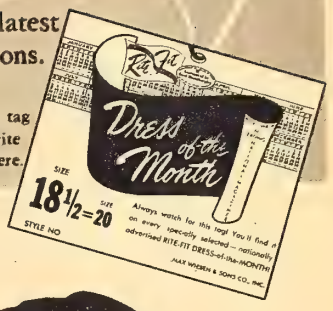
HOW TO ORDER MODERN SCREEN FASHIONS

1. Buy in person from stores listed.
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beware of the experts

(*Continued from page* 35) a three-year art scholarship to the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston and everybody insisted that I would be crazy to pass it up. "But I don't want to be an artist!" I insisted. "I want to act!"

Nobody listened; or, rather, they said I didn't know anything about it and should pay attention to those who did—the experts. It's not easy for a young girl to fight against opposition like that. I did it but I didn't make friends in the process. I turned the scholarship over to the boy who had won second prize and today he is a well known commercial artist in New York. Secretly I liked his paintings better than mine anyway. Today I still paint—things like my porch which I have just bedecked with vines and Pennsylvania Dutch figures. This job will never win a prize but for a girl who *didn't* have a three year art course it ain't bad.

AFTER I joined the Elizabeth Peabody Playhouse in Boston I went to work in a tea shop. I was hired as a waitress but rehearsed dialects as I worked, which promptly incurred the criticism of the manager who told me that if I would pay attention to the art of toting a tray and lose my "high falutin'" ideas I'd be better off. I didn't neglect my patrons but I would try out different voices on them. Sometimes I would adopt a Back Bay accent, sometimes I spoke à la Katharine Hepburn or Bette Davis, and he even caught me once talking like Laurence Olivier in *Wuthering Heights*. He didn't know it was Olivier. He accused me of talking like Arthur Treacher!

When I was sixteen and had appeared in about fifty amateur and semi-professional shows in and around Boston I decided it was time to try Broadway. The combined vote of friends and the people with whom I had played amounted to a staggering "Nay!" but just to show you what silly little girls are made of I went anyway. I was scared and nervous but I just *had* to fulfill the urge within me. Not six weeks after I arrived in New York something happened that I was sure would make me one of the youngest successes in the history of show business—Sam Goldwyn wanted me for a test. It was made and not ten days afterward I was practically the youngest flop in the business. Mr. Goldwyn ruled against me. I don't blame him. Not only he, but I, had been double-crossed by the know-it-alls.

Mr. Goldwyn had asked that the test be made without makeup and under conditions that would show my hair whipping in the wind as I recited some lines . . . any lines. He had already sensed something that I wasn't sure about for years to come; that my features were too sharp for accentuating make-up, I looked better with just a softening touch or two of the pencil. But he got ill and had to leave for California before the test was set. I was placed in the hands of a local director. The latter, when I showed up, announced I was to do a scene from *Street Scene*, which he had selected, and what is more, I was to be made up for it and play the role in a sophisticated manner.

"We're really going to impress Mr. Goldwyn with you," he told me.

"But I thought Mr. Goldwyn didn't want me made up," I protested.

"Look, you're nothing but a child," he replied. "What do you know about it?"

There was nothing I could say; I was just a child. The test was made and the only word I got was that it was negative. Mr. Goldwyn, I suppose, was disappointed. came very close to going off the deep end.

IT's funny, but history repeated itself a few years later with my first formal test in Hollywood. I knew by this time what sort of things I did well and what I didn't, and I also knew the kind of make-up that helped me and the kind that hindered. But again I had nothing to say. A studio was making the test, which had been obtained for me by my agent, and the studio had its know-it-alls who were out to defend their reputations.

The shooting took place only the second month after I had come West and the report on it was so bad that I felt as if I had been blasted out of show business forever. It was a flat verdict that read, "Just not motion picture material."

"What are we going to do now?" I asked my agent.

"We? . . ." he asked, and he didn't have to say another word. He was impressed by the experts. He was dropping me.

I suppose I did about the same thing any girl would do in a spot like that. I went home to my room, carefully lowered the shades, decided not to kill myself just yet, took one look at myself in the mirror and fell on the bed weeping. Two tests . . . and both bad!

I thought of what I had done in New York after the Goldwyn test. I had worked as a cigarette girl, as a hat check girl and a model. After a while I had gotten up courage and gone after a show part again. I had tried out for the lead in *Junior Miss* and had failed; my body was too mature and my face too young, they told me. And just to make sure I got the idea one of the coaches took me aside and said, "You're a nice girl—why don't you go home and forget about show business?"

"Why don't you go home . . .?" I'd been told that a thousand times. "Why don't you get married and have a family instead of trying for the stage?" That one, too, has been fired at me again and again. And the other one was, "Look, kiddo, with all the tens of thousands of youngsters trying for the spotlight what chance have you got? Didn't they teach you any mathematics in school?"

Which shows you how crazy you have to be sometimes to get anywhere because as soon as I saved up $200, I spent half of the money for a railroad ticket to Hollywood.

SOMEHOW I recovered from that heartbreaking Hollywood test and for nearly four years I plugged away steadily, and only towards the latter part of this period did I begin to confound the experts. I began to get bits in pictures with here and there a better part sandwiched in. And then began further tests, one after the other, until I had had eighty of them—count them, eighty!—with some of the most provocative and generally unsatisfying results imaginable.

For instance, another girl and I were tested for the lead in a serial picture, *Jungle Princess*, at Universal-International. I won . . . but did I? Yes, I got the role of the serial queen but the other girl got the star part in a Walter Wanger feature! The name of the picture was *Salome, Where She Danced*. The name of the girl was Yvonne De Carlo.

I was tested for *Crossfire*. Gloria Grahame got the part. I was tested for *The Killers*. Winner—Ava Gardner. I tried out for *That*

do you want a
star to visit your home?
see page 8!

Wonderful Urge. Jane Meadows got it. Again I did my stuff, this time for *Good Sam.* Joan Loring got what I was after. I got the smaller role. At 20th Century-Fox I made what I thought was the best test of my life, a Technicolor scene for *Burlesque.* After seeing it I was sure I was in. I wasn't. The contract was handed to Jean Wallace.

I tested and tested and tested, and when I got through all I had was a long list of fascinatingly uninteresting verdicts:

"Not contract material." "Not beautiful enough." "No name (meaning at the box office)." "We'll let you know in about three weeks (translation for three weeks is 'never')." "Don't call us, we'll call you." "Too tall." "Too short." (This makes sense all right because you can be either too tall or too short, depending on who the leading man is to be in the contemplated picture.) "Don't do a thing until you hear from us."

I couldn't do anything about the too tall or too short business, nor about the not beautiful enough decisions. But there was one test report that did guide me. "Can't understand this girl's speaking voice," the report read. "Where does she come from?"

I came from Boston and while in New York I had picked up a little bit of Brooklynese. I decided that I needed the help of a phonetician and found one who put me to work rounding out syllables so they would sound more pleasantly and understandably on the ears of the directors and producers.

AND in the meanwhile, because nothing too sensational was happening, and I was experiencing those long waits which make you feel completely useless and unwanted, the experts got busy with me again.

"You should circulate more . . . go out to night clubs and be seen around."

I passed that one up. I don't like night clubs to the point where I don't have to think of any reasons for not liking them. It's just instinctive . . . like I don't like rutabaga, croquet, writing with chalk on the blackboard, or mountain climbing.

"Maybe it's because you're a brunette. You ought to bleach your hair."

Well, I had so much time on my hands that I did. I was a blonde once and a redhead twice. As a blonde I looked awful, as if I had a yellow pot inverted over my head. As a redhead there was more hope but not enough to stay that way. I tried it the second time only to make sure I was right about the first time. I was. I am quite sure I will never be anything but a brunette from now on.

"Do something crazy to attract attention."

I thought about this but decided it was not for me. There was the girl who picketed one of the studios in briefies; I realized I had never heard of her again once she gave up. There were a dozen other attempts by kids to break into the limelight and they only succeeded in breaking their hearts.

"Be more confident about yourself."

I tried. In one of my first picture bits I was supposed to walk up to George Brent, say "Hello, Darling!" and kiss him. I walked up, spoke my line and then froze. It was the closest I had ever been to a star and I just couldn't take it.

"Well?" barked the director. "Do you want him to beg for it?"

"Do I really kiss him?" I whispered.

The director threw himself back on his deck chair and the company howled. I would have run away never to come back if George hadn't caught me and talked me back into some command of myself again.

"There's nothing to it," he told me.

Nothing to it! He should have been where I was, looking up at him, my throat so dry that I could feel it crumbling and my breathing re-circuited so that the air was pumping into my head and making my ear-drums pop instead of flowing into my lungs where I needed it.

We made the scene all right but I learned then that confidence is something that becomes instilled gradually, as you learn your trade and gain command and power over yourself. You don't just say "I have confidence." You work for it.

AFTER I got my first real role, in *The Window,* I knew I was started, but only started. Shortly afterward I had to choose between going into *Champion,* which was made on a comparatively modest budget, or taking a top role in a million dollar-plus picture at one of the biggest studios. The pressure from the experts to choose the second of these was terrific but it was no effort at all for me to combat it. The reason was that over the years my anti-expert resistance powers had just naturally developed. Today, if there is one thing I am immune to, I am happy to say, it is the expert!

THE END

how I found faith

(*Continued from page 39*) for others. We knew that she wasn't looking for any reward for her self-sacrifice, but we seven boys vowed to ourselves that if we were ever successful, we would make her later years—and my father's, happy ones, and give them all the comforts they'd been denied while struggling to bring us up.

There came a day when it looked as if all those rosy dreams would be fulfilled. I made good in Chicago, where I'd finally been booked as master of ceremonies at the Stratford Theater. The act was supposed to run for three days, but it ran for six months. After that, I never had any trouble getting bookings.

Things looked so wonderful I knew that my mother and father would never have to worry financially another day in their lives. After I became successful, they were able to get a really lovely home in Cleveland.

I was a happy guy. I had faith in people, faith in myself, and faith in a Higher Power. The world was pretty wonderful.

Then suddenly the bottom fell out of my world.

ALL her life my mother had had one idiosyncracy. She hated to go to doctors. "I haven't the time," she'd say. If she had a headache or a backache, she'd laugh it off. She had frequent backaches, but she would just put a piece of plaster on the spot that bothered her. "What do I need a doctor for?" she'd laugh. "There's nothing serious the matter with me. I'm too busy to bother with doctors."

One day when the ache in her back was particularly severe, I finally talked her into going to a clinic in Cleveland. When she walked out of the consultation room, I had a talk with the doctor. The sight of his face sent my heart plunging.

"Bob," he said, wasting little time on preliminaries, "make sure she's happy. We can't do anything for her. It's too late." Then he said simply, "She has cancer."

"Make sure she's happy," he'd said, and of course I tried. I was appearing in



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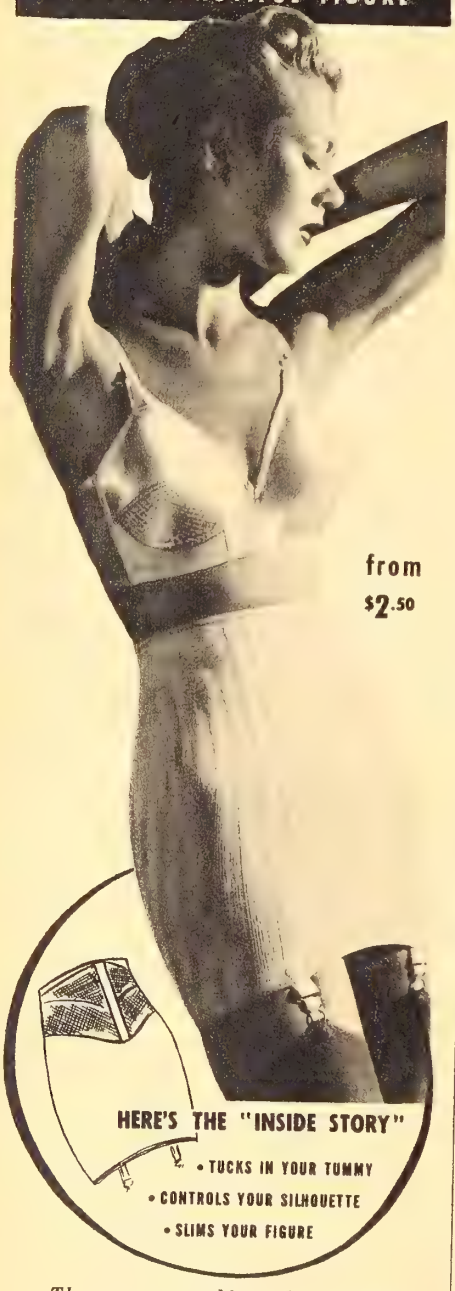
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Roberta in New York at the time, but I flew back to Cleveland whenever I got the chance. I wanted to be with my mother as much as possible.

In a year's time, after going through terrible suffering, she died. I hit the lowest moment of my life that day. She never knew the name of the enemy that had taken her life. But I did. And at that moment my faith in life and in justice hit its lowest ebb, too.

In church we had learned about a great Friend who was kind, just and merciful. In one of his sermons, the minister had spoken eloquently of how not even a sparrow could fall without God's noting it and suffering for the anguish of that sparrow. "Fear ye not therefore, ye are of more value than many sparrows," he had read from the New Testament.

I had grown up believing that this was a world of justice and fair play; that if you always did that which was right to the best of your ability, you would get your reward. But look at the reward my mother had gotten in return for years of self-sacrifice: pain and anguish at the end.

DIDN'T the Bible say, "Give, and it shall be given unto you; good measure, pressed down, and shaken together, and running over, shall men give into your bosom. For with the same measure that ye mete withal it shall be measured to you again."

My mother had given only goodness and kindness. So why should He who was supposed never to miss the fall of a sparrow, have allowed her to suffer such a fate?

What sort of justice was being dealt out in a universe where a wonderful woman, who had made sacrifices for her children all her life, died, just when they had reached the kind of success where they could take care of her? Why hadn't a merciful God spared her this suffering? Or was much that I had learned in church untrue? Was this a world in which one couldn't count on either mercy or justice?

In those bitter days following my mother's illness and death, that was the way it looked to me.

Years later, I hit another low. My younger brother, Syd, was dying of the same illness that had killed my mother. I thought he didn't know what was happening to him—that at least he would be spared that much. Then one day he sent for me. "Bob," he said, "I just want to ask one thing—take care of my five kids when it happens."

I knew then that he knew. Again my faith faltered. Syd, like my mother, had been a good, kind person. He had loved his family and done everything he could for them. Sure, I could take care of his five kids financially. But kids need and want their own father—and he was such a wonderful father. Why should he be taken away when they needed him so much?

No sermon I had ever heard in church answered those questions for me. My brother had done his best to lead an upright life. Yet he had been struck down by cancer.

Most of the things I had been taught in the past seemed like a hollow mockery of the truth. My mother and brother had believed these things. They had believed in a kind and merciful God.

But here was the spectre of injustice haunting my own family. No wonder I asked myself: Are we all pawns in a game of universal chess? Was there an unkind and malignant Fate which put the finger on people who were good and kind with the same impartiality with which it struck down others? In that case, there could be neither justice or mercy expected from an Unseen Power.

One day Fred Williams, one of my writers, and I were discussing this as we drove from Palm Springs in a driving rain, along roads that were rather greasy, for they were smudging the orange groves near Beaumont. Suddenly the car swerved and hit a ditch. It turned over, ran into a tree, and I was thrown through the door.

I remember seeing little sparks; I remember how my neck jerked and how I thought, "This is it. I'm going to die." I remember everything that happened till I got hit on the head and blanked out.

WHEN I recovered consciousness there was a lump as big as an ostrich egg on my right shoulder. I was half delirious with the shock of the accident. Fred Williams started waving frantically for someone to stop. A car finally did stop, and the driver took us to see Dr. McCarthy at the Riverside Mission Inn. He looked me over, and said he'd better take me to a hospital.

I should have been dead or seriously injured. Instead I emerged with nothing worse than a dislocated shoulder. I was put in a cast for ten days till I begged to be let out. Then I was put in a harness.

It started me thinking. Why had I been spared? My narrow escape certainly made it seem as if there is a good Friend in heaven looking out for us—One who would be conscious of the fall of every sparrow and to whom we are of more value than many sparrows.

This isn't the only narrow escape I've had from death. I've flown about a million miles under all kinds of conditions, in

have you seen page 8?

all kinds of planes. Once I was in a Navy plane in Australia when the motor conked out. It was a sea plane, and we were high over the mountains. The pilot, Lt. Ferguson, had to get near some body of water. Making his way over strange territory on one motor, he hit the water, skipped 100 feet, skipped another 50 feet and ran into a sand bar, making a magnificent landing. If we had hit the sand bar first before we hit the deep water, the plane might have gone up in flames.

I thought a lot about that. Certainly we had a great pilot. It turned out he was a kid who lived just around the street from me. He couldn't have made that landing without help from an even greater Pilot.

When one escapes from death by a narrow margin, as I have so often, one has to say, "Hello Friend." You say it reverently, not quite understanding how these miracles work. But I do know that to go through the things I've faced, I had to have the best of help from every angle.

My own narrow escapes from death helped me regain my faith. But I still couldn't understand why the great Friend who had spared me so many times hadn't spared my mother and brother their suffering. Then still another narrow escape from a serious injury gave me the clue.

IT happened about a year ago, when I was making *Fancy Pants* at Paramount, and was thrown off a prop horse. At first a counter-balance had been used for the prop, but the director had decided there wasn't enough action and ordered the counter-balance taken off. When I was six feet in the air, I flew off the horse, exposing my back to the hard concrete.

Everyone on the set thought I must have broken my back. For two days doctors X-rayed me. They found that by a miracle, I'd fallen on the right muscles and not one vertebra in my back was broken.

The doctor added one more statement. "It's lucky," he said, "that you were in

such wonderful physical condition, Bob. If you hadn't been, you might have been killed or seriously injured."

With those two sentences, he helped me find my way out of the morass of doubts that had clouded my faith in life, in the universe and even in God. Like a flash of lightning, those two sentences revealed to me why my life had been spared, and why, in spite of a Father who looks after His children with love and devotion, my mother and brother had suffered.

God meant us to take care of ourselves. There's an old saying that goes "God helps those who help themselves." We have to protect our health. We can't count on miracles, except one of the greatest miracles of all—the fact that people—most people anyway—are wonderful.

Among those who work as the instruments of a divine and merciful providence are doctors, most of whom are sincere and honest. When I was in Bizerte in 1943, I saw doctors operating on the wounded on seven tables at once. The way they pitched in and worked to save kids gave me a lot of faith in mankind.

Now to live happily and well, you have to have all kinds of help. Help from the great unseen Friend of us all. Help from our fellowmen, including those professionally trained for the job of guarding our health. And help from ourselves, for we must cooperate with our doctors to maintain ourselves in the best health.

If my brother had looked after his health, he'd have been spared much physical suffering. A doctor had told Syd to come back for an operation needed to remove a small growth. "Come back in a week," he'd said after examining my brother. But Syd was afraid of doctors—afraid of operations. He thought maybe he'd get better without one. I can't blame him. I know how he must have felt. None of us likes the thought of being operated on. But that little operation, done in time, might have saved his life. When he finally saw a doctor again, it was too late.

My mother's backache was nature's warning that she needed some medical help. If she'd gone to a doctor in time, he might have saved her. My mother meant well. She was wonderful.

But you can't defy nature and survive. You can't ignore nature's warning of trouble ahead.

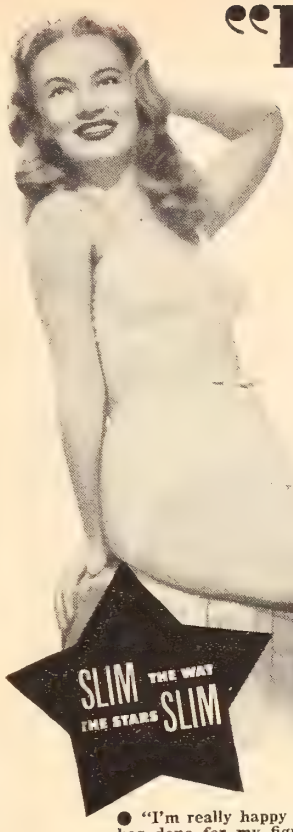
My mother and brother paid with suffering for their sad mistake. But I believe that somewhere in an even better world than this my mother and brother are reaping some great reward for the kind of lives they lived. THE END

I SAW IT HAPPEN



When Farley Granger was in Ohio for the première of Roseanna McCoy, *the Albee Theater was jammed with teen-aged worshipers. Farley came out and the girls oh-ed and ah-ed with delight. Finally they quieted down and an interview began, only to be interrupted by a very young admirer, about three or four months old, who began to squeal in the balcony. Farley looked up, grinned and said, "If you're having trouble up there, maybe I can help. I used to be a baby-sitter."*

Joyce Wheeler
Bellevue, Kentucky



"I'm Happy" says Veronica Lake

How to Lose Weight and Look Lovelier

Now! Lose weight *the way* Nature intended you to! If you follow the Ayds plan you should feel healthier, look better while reducing—and have a lovelier figure!

This is because the Ayds way to reduce is a natural way. When you take Ayds before meals, as directed, you can eat what you want . . . all you want. Ayds contains no harmful drugs. It calls for no strenuous diet . . . no massage . . . no exercise.

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tell it to joan

by joan evans



You a teen-ager? Then read this—
a monthly feature especially for you.

So you want to get in the movies, do you? Goodness knows, hundreds of letters from both boys and girls tell me that you do and ask for my help. When I began this fascinating job of trying to answer teen age problems I didn't know how big the desire to go into the movies was.

Anyhow, I'm kind of glad that that's the pressing problem this month, because I do know a few of the answers.

A lot of your letters asked me how I got into this exciting profession. I'm sure it will come as a shock to the Samuel Goldwyn publicity department to learn that there's *anybody* who doesn't know. But it seems there is.

My break was sheer accident. I'd had only four weeks experience in summer stock playing the little girl in *Guest in the House,* a play written by my father and Hagar Wilde. Then a little over two years ago when I had just turned fourteen, William Selwyn, at that time Mr. Goldwyn's executive casting director, was in New York looking for a girl to play *Roseanna McCoy.* He telephoned an actress friend of his, Katharine Willard, who was living on Cape Cod, to ask if she had seen any promising young girls. She'd never seen me in stock but we knew each other. She suggested that he get in touch with me which he did. He sent Mr. Goldwyn a test of me. Mr. Goldwyn wired back, "Bring her out." And here I am.

Lucky break? You bet. It doesn't happen? It doesn't happen—but it did. Yes, I'm the lucky one and I know it and am grateful. Now let's talk about you and your chances of getting in the movies.

First of all you have to ask yourself a very important question. Do you want to be just a movie star or do you want to be an actress? Now that's a very serious question and you must answer it honestly or what I have to say is not going to do a bit of good. A great many wonderful actresses are also movie stars. It should go hand in hand but a lot of times it doesn't. Here's how you can tell the difference.

Is it the glamor of being in pictures that appeals to you? Is it wanting a swimming pool and beautiful clothes and fame and lots of money? If that's all—give up right now and concentrate on something else.

None of the kids in pictures can afford a swimming pool. And all of us have to watch the clothes budget. We girls in pictures must have quite a lot of clothes because we get photographed so much and people complain if we wear the same thing all the time.

I buy a lot of clothes from advertisements in magazines. You know, the mail order places. The things are very reasonable and very nice indeed.

As for fame—what's it worth, really? To have people sincerely admire your work on the screen is fine. But as for the people who just stare at you because you're in pictures—well, that kind of fame you can have. About the fortune. These days there's no such thing as a real fortune. So if it is for these reasons that you want to get in pictures—forget it.

If you sincerely feel that you want to be an actor or an actress—you still have a problem. How do you know you have talent? And believe me, your friends can't tell you.

I had a letter from a girl who said, "All my friends tell me I look like Lana Turner and that I'm a wonderful mimic. I can act out anything I see in the movies and copy the way anybody acts." This girl has not passed the real talent test.

Looking like Lana Turner or Elizabeth Taylor or Susan Hayward is wonderful. But it will hinder your getting in pictures.

The producers don't want carbon copies.

The reason Mervyn LeRoy wanted to make a star out of Lana Turner was because she *didn't* look like anybody else in pictures. She was unique. Same way with Elizabeth Taylor and the rest.

The same thing goes for being a mimic. To be a professional imitator like Elsie Janis was or Florence Desmond is, is an art in itself. But when you go around just imitating what you see on the screen or copying the mannerisms of the stars it shows you haven't a real creative flair for acting. (Unless, of course, you do burlesque imitations as a parlor stunt, for laughs.)

Dressing like the stars, doing your hair the way they do (especially if it's not becoming) looking like a star, being able to imitate—that isn't enough.

So how do you know if you have talent? First of all you have to know it inside you. Know that you must express yourself by acting, know that this is the only way you can be happy, know that you're not just stage-struck or screen-struck.

Then ask your high school dramatics teacher for help. Learn a scene from a play you like. When I work with my wonderful dramatic coach, Bob Paris, I do scenes from plays I may or may not be suited for, just for the experience. I've done *Born Yesterday* (and I'm certainly not the type), *Voice of the Turtle* and *Ethan Frome* among others. Get a boy who is interested in acting and prepare a scene from a play. Do it all yourself, give it your own interpretation—right or wrong. Then ask your dramatics teacher to look at the scene and answer the question, "Do I have talent?" Beg for honesty to save yourself headache and heartache.

You must remember that your dramatics teacher may be prejudiced in your favor, or may not even know. But this is an honest step in the right direction. Then you must ask yourself these questions: Are you willing to work from early morning until late at night? Are you willing to give up all social life if necessary? Are you able to control your temper? (This is so important and one of the hardest things I had to learn.) When you are being shouted at and pushed around and told you don't know anything about anything, can you smile sweetly and say, "Yes, sir, you're right?" Are you able to accept the opinions of others, even if you know perfectly well that they're wrong?

And now where do you go? It seems a shame to me that there are so few places where you can really learn to act. If a boy or girl wants to be a lawyer he can go to any number of law schools. If he wants to be a doctor he majors in medicine. There are very few good dramatic schools and very few parents willing to put out money for training in a profession that is so precarious. If you can go to a New York or Hollywood dramatic school, and that's where most of the good ones are, that's fine. If not, do everything you can in school theatricals, Little Theaters and Community Theaters.

See as many legitimate shows as you can and as many movies. Try to see all the good movies and when (*Continued on page 81*)

"I can fairly see the dirt walk off by itself!"

writes Mrs. Robert J. Burns of New Brunswick, N. J.



Thank you, Mrs. Burns, for this quotable quote. Like any woman who washes for a big family, you've been tempted to try other laundry products. And like these other women, you have found no substitute for Fels-Naptha.

Fels-Naptha's mild golden soap and gentle, active naptha *plus* the new "sunshine" ingredients make white clothes *whiter* and colored fabrics *brighter*. May you and all Fels-Naptha's friends live long and prosper—and may Fels-Naptha always make your washdays lighter and shorter.



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1. **Mild, golden soap.**
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Fels-Naptha Soap

BANISHES "TATTLE-TALE GRAY"



Monty Clift browses through Florence, stopping to visit a photography shop on Ponte Vecchio, the only old bridge left in the city since the war.



Flip McCarthy and Monty head into the wind on the homeward voyage. The Queen Mary's busy ports were full of interest for both of them.



Monty and Mrs. McCarthy are demon tourists. Their guides told them everything about Amalfi, the city in the cliffs; and they want more.



The Italian fans keep up with Hollywood. Everyone recognized and greeted Monty. But he has a tough time reading the headlines in Italian.

roman holiday continued from page 62

wanted to take him there. "I don't remember which of those gentlemen got the job," Monty reports. "All I know is that we drove to Amalfi in what looked like an old Pierce Arrow which miraculously carried as much luggage as you could get in a freight car." We were willing to bet that the luggage belonged to the McCarthys and that Clift himself carried all he owned in a beachbag.

Anyway, there are a lot of picturesque spots in Amalfi, a city which is built right into the cliffs, and once ruled the seas.

"What I like about Italy," he says, "is that most places there are timeless. The people, many of them poor as they are, have a graceful, mellow zest for living. They are more proud of tradition and antiquity than they are of ambition and their modern postwar buildings."

The more than century-old churches, the winding alleys, the horse-drawn carts, the white roccoco buildings piled one on top of another like a fortress against the sea captured his imagination, and with the McCarthys, he wandered through the city.

But as all tours do, this tour came to an end. And three months after he'd landed, Monty boarded the Queen Mary for home. It turned out to be the worst crossing in 30 years, due to the persistence of a hurricane. At one point, Monty packed his little bag, posed dramatically before a porthole and declared to his friends that he'd walk the rest of the way. No one believed him and he wasn't going to show off for a bunch of Doubting Thomases so he unpacked again and came home the ordinary way—fortunately for us, not only because we love him, but because he was carrying all these pictures in his pocket.

THE END

tell it to joan

(*Continued from page 79*) you do go, try to analyze, not to mimic the stars. Try to discover why everything was done. I have seen *The Heiress* five times, not to try to imitate Olivia De Havilland, but to learn a lesson from her.

All this you can do in preparation but, and this is most important, don't try to get into pictures or on the stage while you're in your teens. I didn't try. It just happened to me. And already I've found out about so many parts that I have been dying to do but haven't been offered because of my youth. Yes, work toward your goal but don't try to force it until you're older. Because by the time you're 20 you might not want to be an actress at all. I know you won't believe this, but it could happen. You might meet some wonderful guy and discover that the only kind of acting you want to do is to act like a good wife. So hold the dream and wait.

HERE are some letters on other subjects:

"Dear Joan: I am 13 years old. I like this boy, but he doesn't even know I'm alive. He lives right next door to me. How can I get him to like me?—M.A.H., Barrowsville, Mass."

Did you ever consider that his not "knowing you're alive" might be shyness on his part? Ask several of the kids over for cokes after school some day and ask him, too.

"Dear Joan: I have a fat face and do not like it. Is there any way I can make it appear thinner?—J.W., Milton, Del."

From what you tell me about your weight, you're about five pounds too heavy. If you reduce, your face will become thinner, too. Cut out heavy desserts, cream, breads and butter.

"Dear Joan: I am very shy when I'm around boys. I just don't know what to say to them. —M.M., Toledo, Ohio."

Don't try too hard to be bright or clever. You're not shy around girls, are you? You have plenty to say to your girl friends, I'll bet. Just tell the boys any little item that you would tell the girls—even as simple a question as "What did you do today?"

"Dear Joan: How old should a girl be to have a date?—M.J.L., Scales Mound, Ill."

Gee, what a problem. That depends on the girl and the girl's parents. Some girls have much more common sense than others. It is really a matter of common sense. And it depends on the common sense of the parents, too. I think you should discuss this with your parents—who probably know you better than you know yourself. And that's it. I've tried to do my best this month because the subject is really dear to my heart. I hope I was of help. By the way, a lot of letters asked questions that have already been answered in previous issues of MODERN SCREEN, so I didn't repeat them here. Be seeing you.

Editor's note: Do you have a teenager problem? If so, tell it to Joan. Write to Joan Evans, Box 93, Beverly Hills, Calif.

If heavy make-up doesn't suit your skin



— here is your powder base



It's lighter—smooth as cream-velvet! Made to give a *naturally* lovely look to your skin! This *greaseless* powder base leaves no heavy coating on your skin. Never streaks or discolors. Before powder—veil your face with a light, light touch of Pond's Vanishing Cream. See how this satiny cream *disappears*, leaving no trace of oily shine! Yet a transparent, magical film remains to protect your skin, give your make-up a flawless, *lasting* finish!

1-Minute Mask incredibly easy... so rewarding!



Whenever you want to look your very best . . . save out just one minute to *re-style* your complexion! Cover your whole face, except eyes, with a lavish 1-Minute Mask of Pond's Vanishing Cream. "Keratolytic" action of the Cream loosens and *dissolves off* stubborn dirt and dead skin roughnesses. After just one minute—tissue off. See how marvelously *alive* your skin looks—lighter, clearer, smoother, and *perfect* for make-up!

Mrs George Whitney, jr.

"I like to be able to put on my make-up and then forget it," slender, brunette Mrs. Whitney says. "With Pond's Vanishing Cream for powder base, I can do just that. It gives a wonderful, greaseless finish and keeps powder looking really fresh—never shiny or streaky."

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CALO Curl Clips are *guaranteed safe* with any type of home permanent you use. They will not streak nor mark your hair.

CALO "*smarties*" CURL CLIPS 8—for—25¢





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Ask for "The Curl Clips with the Rubber Hinge"—at leading drug, notion and 5 & 10¢ stores.



CALO COMPANY
Massapequa, N. Y.

i had my nose fixed

(*Continued from page 58*) the biggest thrill for me had been the sound of those magic words: "You have a wonderful profile." He must have said the same thing a hundred times to a hundred different people. How could he know the exhilaration I felt?

For a moment it was difficult to hold back the tears. You've had the feeling. Sometimes it happens when a military band plays "The Star-Spangled Banner"; or when you see a particularly moving scene in a play; or when a spectacularly beautiful sunset catches you in a nostalgic mood. You feel as though you could cry or burst for joy.

As I looked at myself in my dressing-table mirror, my thoughts flashed back to that momentous day when, tortured by doubt and fear, I walked into Dr. Robert Franklyn's office. I wanted to run. Every instinct rebelled against the coming ordeal.

I was about to undergo plastic surgery.

It had taken years of unhappiness and frustration to bring me to the point where I finally decided to have my nose remodeled.

Since I was born in Hollywood, and my father's business connections were mostly with movie people, I unhesitatingly made up my mind at the ripe old age of six that I would be nothing but a motion picture actress. My nose was to be a great stumbling-block. The exaggerated flare of the nostrils, the prominence of the bone on the right side, which made my eyes seem close-set—these were definitely not photogenic.

At six a nose is important because you breathe through it. Beauty is an adult idea. Whenever we played in the back yard, dressed to our baby teeth in borrowed finery, I got the biggest part, announcing solemnly, "I must be the star because I'm going to be an actress."

It wasn't until I entered Fairfax High School that the full impact of my facial imperfection hit me. To begin with, I was now a contender in the game of "dating." From the moment you reach high school age, life becomes one gigantic "popularity contest." Being "different" is fatal. The important thing is to be like everyone else; as much like the most popular boy or girl in the school as possible. Careful attention is paid to wearing your hair like the other girls do; getting your saddle shoes just as dirty; achieving the same degree of sloppiness with your overlarge sweaters.

As far as my scholastic standing was concerned I had nothing to worry about. Not that I was a genius, but learning came easily to me and my grades were well above average.

It was in my social activities that disappointments first began to crop up. My acute awareness of the fact that my nose kept me from being as "pretty" as the other girls made it impossible for me to fully enjoy dances and parties. I dressed carefully; worked as skillfully as I could with what makeup a high-school girl is allowed, and yet I was never satisfied with the results. Alone in my bedroom I would survey myself and decide I looked all right. But when I finally arrived at the party the inevitable comparison of myself with the rest of the girls invariably ruined the evening for me. My hair was just as pretty. My dress was smart and becoming. I danced as well. And yet, without being unduly facetious, I can truthfully say I always lost by a nose.

The driving force in my life was, of course, my ambition for an acting career. I was very active in the drama club, and the only time I completely forgot the handicap of my nose was when I was doing a part. True, I was never given the romantic leads. The prettier girls got those. But, somehow, I didn't mind too much. I was an artist. I told myself; an artist practicing my trade. I was learning, and that was all that was important.

Then I suffered a defeat that destroyed all the self-confidence I had managed to build up. Suddenly and cruelly I was plunged into a despair that only a 17-year-old can experience.

The Drama Club was putting on a play for the weekly morning assembly. I had been given the lead. A character part, yes, but the largest part in the play. I was ecstatic. And to add to my elation, as I stood in the wings waiting for my cue, the captain of the football team approached me and asked me to go to the senior dance that evening. If ever there was a girl walking on air, I was that girl.

I went through the day in a dream. My last class was gym, and I hummed to myself as I changed into my shorts and middy. Suddenly through the thin partition of the locker dressing-room I heard voices. I stood transfixed with horror as their words struck me like a slap in the face:

First Girl: "Sure, Bob asked me to go, but I had a fight with him and turned him down."

do you want a
star to visit your home?
see page 8!

Second Girl: "Who's he taking?"

First Girl: "Well, who could he get at the last minute except the kid with the nose . . . you know . . . Helene."

This amused the other girl and she giggled

I felt sick to my stomach. The only thing I could think of was to get away—fast. I threw on my clothes with desperate haste, the tears running down my face. ". . . at the last minute . . . the kid with the nose." The kid who was not wanted. The kid who couldn't get a date. My thoughts were wild and unreasonable.

I stumbled home. How I got there I don't know to this day. All I remember is that Mother met me in the hall. She could see I was distraught, but when she asked the reason, I withdrew into the shell that was to encase me for months, even years to come.

"Nothing," I replied stiffly, summoning all the self-control I possessed. "I'm just a little tired. Have a headache."

As I started up the stairs I paused, and turning said: "Mother, I have a date with Bob Smith tonight. Would you call him, please, and explain that I don't feel well enough to make it?" And before she could question me further I ran on up to my room where I threw myself sobbing on the bed.

I must have cried for hours, and when I finally stopped I made up my mind that no one would ever hurt me that way again. From then on I lived in a coccoon of misery. Because I was so afraid of ridicule, I rejected friendship, and took refuge in being aloof.

You may wonder why I didn't resort to plastic surgery then. I thought of it. Believe me, I thought of it. But with the perversity of youth, it seemed to me foolish vanity. I didn't want people to think that I was concerned with physical beauty alone. I (*Continued on page 86*)

open letter from judy garland

(*Continued from page 29*) *American in Paris* in Hollywood, and since he is directing that picture and plans shortly to direct the sequel to *Father of the Bride*, we all plan to remain in California.

I love to work, I love to sing, I love to act—I get restless when I don't—and it's entirely possible that I will do a few broadcasts with Bing Crosby or Bob Hope before six months are up.

My health is fine. As I write this, I've just returned from a vacation in Sun Valley and Lake Tahoe. I'm sun-tanned, I weigh 110 pounds, and my outlook on things is joyful and optimistic.

Many of you have written and asked what was wrong with me in the past.

The honest answer is that I suffered from a mild sort of inferiority complex. I used to work myself up into depressions, thought no one really cared about me, no one outside my family, that is.

Why I should have ever gotten depressed, I certainly don't know. You people have proved to me that I've got thousands of friends the world over, that you care about my welfare and my career.

It's perfectly normal for people to have their ups and downs. I know that now, but a year or so ago, these depressions of mine used to worry me, and the more I worried about them, the lower I felt.

Anyway, all of that is gone and done with. The slate of the past is wiped clean. Insofar as I'm concerned, the world is good, golden, and glorious. My best years and my best work lie ahead of me, and I'm going to give them everything I've got.

Many of you have asked if I realized how closely you followed my career and behavior. I certainly do, and that's why I want all of you to know, especially the youngsters, that I'm not in the slightest embittered about Hollywood and that I still think a motion picture career is one of the finest ambitions any girl can have.

It means hard work and it has its pitfalls but so has every other occupation.

If my daughter, Liza, wants to become an actress, I'll do everything to help her.

Of course, being a child actress and being raised on a studio lot is not the easiest adjustment a young girl can make. You don't go to baseball games or junior proms or sorority initiations, but every success has its sacrifices, and these are the ones a very young girl must make if she wants a career at a very early age.

The girl who finishes her schooling, however, and then wants to become an actress is facing a thrilling, rewarding career.

If I had to do it all over again, I would probably make the same choices and the same errors. These are part of living.

A lot of fanciful stories have depicted me as the victim of stark tragedy, high drama, and all sorts of mysterious Hollywood meanderings. All that is bunk.

Basically, I am still Judy Garland, a plain American girl from Grand Rapids, Minnesota, who's had a lot of good breaks, a few tough breaks, and who loves you with all her heart for your kindness in understanding that I am nothing more, nothing less.

Thank you again.

Judy Garland



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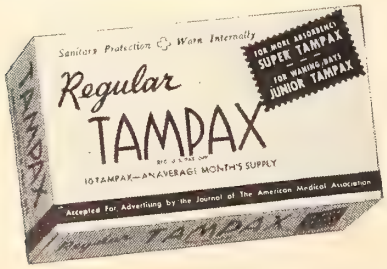
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Accepted for Advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association

hollywood youth on trial

(*Continued from page 48*) demeanor over the years has cost him his former world-wide popularity.

Deanna Durbin sounded her own death knell careerwise when she insisted that Universal, the studio she had almost single-handedly rescued from bankruptcy, place her in suave, sophisticated filmfare.

Deanna wasn't thinking of her fans—at least not enough to stop her from trying to give them what they didn't want.

"Look, child," one of the executives told her, "to the American public you represent a typical, normal, healthy girl who sings like an angel. Why do you want us to dress you up as a slinky nightclub siren?"

"Because I'm not a child any longer," Deanna pointed out. "And I can't go on playing one forever."

But she couldn't make that transition to adult roles and as a result, she is no longer in Hollywood. After two divorces and one child, she is searching for happiness in Paris. And no one knows if she ever stops to think of the millions of young girls who used to hang on her every note and who tried to pattern their lives after hers. But everyone knows that because the pattern could no longer serve as a model, Deanna, herself, faded out of the picture. Does Judy Garland realize how her behavior has affected the legions of youngsters who love and admire her? Judy, of course, has been ill for several years, and during those years she continued to work. Many times she unwittingly made life pretty rough for many of her colleagues.

Success goes to young heads pretty quickly, but where there is no family restraint, as in the cases of Rooney, Garland, and Durbin—the success frequently diminishes into tragic nothingness.

FORTUNATELY, Hollywood's bright new youngsters seem to be making none of their predecessors' mistakes. As a whole, they've learned much from the experiences of others.

Take the crooners, Gordon MacRae, Mel Torme, and Vic Damone.

Unlike Frank Sinatra, not one of them has yet stepped out of line. MacRae attends every civic function to which he's invited. Torme is a settled family man, and Damone when he was thrown a Hollywood cocktail party recently, insisted that trays of cokes be carried outside to the kids who were waiting on the pavements.

As for the young leading men, not one has yet pulled a Peter Lawford—playing the nightclub circuit with a different well-known actress every night, although lately Peter himself steers clear of too many entanglements.

James Whitmore who played the lead in *The Next Voice You Hear* and has made six other pictures for MGM in a little over a year, is a Yale graduate, the father of two children, and a settled, intelligent young actor who works hard and has never had the inclination to date so-called society girls.

Marlon Brando, Charlton Heston, Tony Curtis, Gene Nelson, Howard Keel, Keefe Brasselle, Ben Johnson, Lyle Bettger, Rock Hudson, and David Wayne, the best of the 1950 newcomers, are all solid, straight-thinking young men who look upon acting as their lives' work, although Brando is admittedly an eccentric.

To them, Hollywood is no perpetual lark of dames, drama, and drinking. To them, Hollywood and acting are hard work.

The same holds true for the 1950 crop of young actresses.

Sally Forrest, Mala Powers, Marilyn Monroe, Jean Hagen, Peggy Dow, Nancy Davis, Cecile Aubry, Vera-Ellen, Nancy Olson, Piper Laurie, Judy Holliday, Jan Sterling, and Micheline Prelle—these girls know Hollywood first-hand, and knowing it first-hand, they realize that one false move, and they're gone.

Marilyn Monroe, for example, was once under contract to 20th Century-Fox but was let out. After John Huston gave her another chance in *The Asphalt Jungle*, Marilyn was re-signed by 20th.

Sally Forrest had a similar experience. Metro dropped her; she was picked up by Ida Lupino for an independent production, and now she's a potential MGM star again.

NEVER before in its history has Hollywood been more avid than in its present search for young talent, but it wants youngsters who know how to behave themselves, who won't go off the deep end with a little success.

"It may well be," one studio executive recently pointed out, "that we're expecting too much from these youngsters.

"After all, take a kid like Peter Lawford. A few years ago he was parking cars in Westwood. Now he's dating the ambassador's daughter. It's tough for a kid like that to retain the same sense of values.

"Or take his sidekick, Robert Walker. This guy was living with his wife and two kids in a New York tenement. All of a sudden, Selznick signs his wife, brings her out west, changes her name to Jennifer Jones. Walker gets a break, is tested and signed by MGM, and follows her. When he gets here, he finds his wife has fallen in love with Selznick, or is about to.

"No wonder the kid blew his top.

"Hollywood isn't Middletown, U.S.A., and there's no sense in making believe it is. We take young kids and because they've got talent and ability, we pay them well. We try to start them off at 50 and 75 bucks a week, but after a couple of years, they're making $500 or $750 or $1500 a week, or once in a while, like with Van Johnson and Sinatra, $5,000 a week.

"That kind of dough isn't conducive towards a settled kind of living. Some kids can't take it. Others like Esther Williams, June Allyson, and Jane Powell take it in stride.

"Esther owns a filling station, a restaurant, a resort settlement; she has interests in bathing suit companies. She knows how to spread her money around. She was married and divorced when she was a kid, and she knows the score. A lot of these kids don't.

"As a matter of fact, I think the industry has been very lucky in the relatively few unstable youngsters we've turned up.

LOTS of times, you know, girls come out here who've been married and divorced. When they become stars, people blame the divorce on Hollywood living. I mean kids like Janet Leigh, Vera-Ellen, Shelley Winters, even Esther Williams—they were divorced before they made names for themselves out here. Yet, Hollywood catches the brunt of the blame.

"This is a real tough town for youngsters to live in—the stakes are high—the competition is rough—the temptations are everywhere.

"Personally, I'm real proud of the current crop of newcomers. For the most part, they're level-headed professionals."

A quick rundown of the studio contract

have you seen page 8?

UNLESS YOU KNOW ALL THE ANSWERS...

Better see a Beautician

FOR YOUR PERMANENT





● DO YOU KNOW

what is "different" about *your* hair? (No two heads of hair are alike.) Can you tell exactly how LONG to process your hair— by judging its elasticity... diameter... tensile strength... and porosity? If you can't, you'd better see a beautician.

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exactly WHERE to put each curl ...and what SIZE it should be? For a permanent that holds its set ...and arranges the way a permanent *should*—see a beautician. She alone has the special training ...the professional materials... the skill, taste and experience to give you a *lovelier* permanent.

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lists reveals that this executive knows whereof he speaks.

At Columbia, for example, the two bright hopes are Judy Holliday and Lola Albright. Judy has been a Broadway star for years —she played the lead in the stage version of *Born Yesterday*. She is a professional down to her very toes.

Lola Albright, currently in love with comedian Jack Carson, got her big break opposite Kirk Douglas in *The Champion* and is trying to prove that she's no flash-in-the-pan. This girl has been around Hollywood and knows all the angles.

Over at 20th Century, there are at least a dozen newcomers who are behaving perfectly. Best bets for stardom according to producers on the lot are Marilyn Monroe who is being given a Lana Turner buildup because she is single and extremely sexy, Debra Paget who's been under contract to the studio ever since she was 14 which was three years ago, Cecile Aubry, the French cutie who played opposite Ty Power in *The Black Rose*, Joyce McKenzie, who showed loads of sex appeal in *A Ticket to Tomahawk*, and Barbara Bates, a happily married beauty who's been featured in *Cheaper by the Dozen*, *Quicksand*, and *All About Eve*.

As for the new men at 20th, there's Gary Merrill, Bette Davis' new husband, and David Wayne, both 35 and both experienced Broadway actors. Gary gave the studio a few frights when he fell in love with Bette on the set of *All About Eve*, but everyone relaxed when they married.

Hugh Marlowe is another experienced Broadway hand under contract to Zanuck. Also with Zanuck is Robert Patten, who can develop into a real glamor boy à la Farley Granger, Lee MacGregor, Zanuck's office boy who was given a role at the insistence of the studio secretaries, and Craig Hill, a tall handsome kid with an inordinate amount of box office draw.

Across town at MGM, Leo the lion is really loaded with newcomers. Phyllis Kirk, Paula Raymond, Debbie Reynolds, Teresa Celli, Sally Forrest, Nancy Davis, and Jean Hagen are the ladies.

Heading the male neophytes are Howard Keel, James Whitmore, Keefe Brasselle, and Carleton Carpenter.

Universal also has a long list of first-termers: Jeff Chandler who was so good in *Broken Arrow*, Rock Hudson, Vera-Ellen's boyfriend, who did a fine job in *Winchester 73*, Tony Curtis, the bobby-soxers' new heartthrob, Jimmy Best who used to pose for Arrow collars, Piper Laurie who eats flowers, and Peggy Dow whom you'll see in *Harvey*.

Warners hold great promises for Suzanne Dalbert, the French girl starring opposite John Agar in *Breakthrough*, and Gene Nelson, the singing dancer of *Tea for Two*.

The only new western star of note is Ben Johnson who did such a sterling job for John Ford in *Wagonmaster*, and *She Wore A Yellow Ribbon*. Ford, who is the most outstanding director of westerns in the world today, insists that Ben, within three years, will be one of the great western stars of all time.

The other big star-maker of Hollywood is, of course, Howard Hughes. This year, Hughes is taking the wraps off Faith Domergue, Jack Buetel, whom he's also had under contract for ten years, Joan Dixon, and Charles McGraw.

Paramount's best bets for stardom are Jan Sterling, Paul Douglas' fifth wife, and Nancy Olson, who did so much to make *Sunset Boulevard* a fine picture.

In all these names, you will find none that has caused the slightest trouble, either to the studio that has them under contract or to the whole movie industry.

Except perhaps Gary Merrill, and certainly, he is not to be blamed for falling in love with Bette Davis. When he did, he followed the honorable course. He went to his wife, Barbara Leeds, told her what had happened, and asked for a divorce. Apparently, they hadn't been getting along.

Whether all these youngsters will follow the straight and true path, no one knows.

Certainly some of them will fall by the wayside and will never be heard of again. Others will get married and divorced, maybe once, twice, three times. An unfortunate few will find themselves mired in scandal.

Most of them, however, will marry, raise children, and lead the same kind of respectable lives as do Gene Kelly, Jane Powell, Jeanne Crain, Gregory Peck, Alan Ladd, and Esther Williams, all of whom were yesterday's beginners.

Fortunately, every Hollywood newcomer realizes at this stage of the game that the eyes of some 14 million teen-agers are focussed on him and his career. This being the case, his behavior is impeccable.

Let Sam Goldwyn ask Joan Evans to make personal appearances throughout the country in an attempt to popularize her picture, *Our Very Own*, and Joan Evans makes personal appearances till she drops.

Let him ask the same of Farley Granger and Teresa Wright, and they both refuse. They are both full-fledged stars. And stars are never on trial.

The newcomers, however, are always on trial. Only the future will tell which of them shall reap the rewards of stardom.

The End

Advertisement

Have You Heard?



JOAN LANSING

This is discovery month, gals! Old Chris Columbus crossed the oceans blue in 1492 and discovered America and all its pleasures. Well, all YOU have to do to discover America(n) is cross the room, turn the radio dial and let yourself relax to the greatest "discoveries" in pleasurable listening.

Yes, ma'am, there's a treasure of wealth on the American Broadcasting Company—and through your local station you can enjoy the "riches" of great programming. Just take Thursday night, for instance.

At 7:30 PM (EST) JACK ARMSTRONG, the famous young man of heroic action, is heard in an exciting new series, ARMSTRONG OF THE S.B.I. You'll find JACK engaged in scientific adventure on Tuesdays as well as Thursdays . . . a double treat from General Mills.

Another ABC Thursday-discovery is SCREEN GUILD PLAYERS, the most fabulous show in dramatic radio, now presented on your local station for a full hour, 8-9 PM (EST). The greatest stars of Hollywood fame lend their considerable talents to SCREEN GUILD PLAYERS, appearing in thrilling dramatizations of well-known screen stories. Here is a program of diamond-studded brightness. You'll be missing a real treasure-trove if you don't discover SCREEN GUILD PLAYERS by NEXT Thursday!

Next in this luminous line-up is the biggest "discovery" of them all . . . the program that specializes in exploring talent. ORIGINAL AMATEUR HOUR, heard on your local ABC station at 9 PM (EST), has zoomed many an unknown into the star-spotlight of fame and fortune. Wonderful TED MACK, of course, is staunchly in back of every ORIGINAL AMATEUR HOUR performer in Old Gold's treasure-of-a-program!

Coming up at 9:45 PM (EST), via your local American Broadcasting Company station, is ROBERT MONTGOMERY . . . speaking on events that make news of today and tomorrow. This outstanding commentator has been in on many an astonishing news "discovery" . . . which he doesn't keep under his hat (even though it's a Lee) but passes right along to you every Thursday night.

Joan Lansing

i had my nose fixed

(*Continued from page 82*) wanted them to accept me for my talent and personality rather than for a pretty face. I wanted to be liked or disliked on the basis of myself.

A short while after I graduated from high school my father came home one evening very excited. A good friend of his who was quite an important producer was having auditions the following week for a feature part in his next picture. My family wanted me to go to the studio and try out, but I was reluctant. My fear of rejection returned in full force. They pleaded with me just to try it and see what would happen. At last I agreed to go, although I had no confidence that I would be successful.

I went to the audition, and my fears were confirmed. They finally narrowed the choice down to me and another girl. Before the decision was announced I knew what the outcome would be. She was more attractive, and photogenic. It was no surprise to me when they gave her the part. It was just another blow to my already battered ego. The producer, however, was a kind and discerning man. He must have sensed my disappointment, because as I started to leave he called me back.

"Miss London," he said, "you have a great deal of talent. A really fine voice. Have you ever thought of trying radio acting?"

RADIO acting had never entered my mind. Still, radio might be a stepping-stone to that great and glamorous world I was determined to make my own. Before I could start out for a job, though, my father became involved in a business deal which necessitated our moving to Waterloo, Iowa.

Waterloo, Iowa! The end of the world as far as I was concerned. No stage. No pictures. The only glimmer of hope was that I could go ahead with radio.

We hadn't been in Waterloo long when I heard that Gloria Swanson was sponsoring a radio contest. Naturally I entered at once. For the first time I was confident that I had an equal chance of winning. This would be behind a microphone, not a camera. The voice was of paramount importance.

I won the contest, and for a number of months I was satisfied with the importance that being a disc jockey on the local radio station gave me. And occasionally I had an opportunity to do dramatic roles on some of the shows. It was sufficient for a while. Then I began to feel the old restlessness. I was miles away from the only place I felt I could really pursue the career I longed for.

Unexpectedly something happened which gave me the chance I'd been seeking. A telegram from Hollywood arrived. The magic of the name made my hands shake as I tore it open. It was from a studio talent scout. He had heard me on the air and asked me to send him some photographs. My heart sank. Pictures. My doubts surged up again. How could I send him . . . but wait. This would get me back to Hollywood if everything went right. Certainly, I'd send him pictures.

I tore madly down to the local photographer's shop, explained the situation to him, and together we cooked up a scheme. He would take pictures of me. The left profile would be all right, and the full-face ones he would retouch. Yes, I was going to fake it. I'll be honest about it. But bear in mind that I wanted desperately to get back to California; back to real, honest-to-goodness acting instead of an occasional fifteen-minute radio part. I would have done almost anything to assure my return.

I mailed the pictures and the next week was miserable. One moment I was sure they'd send for me, and the next I was certain they would see through my ruse and I'd never hear from them. I haunted the mailbox. But the news came in another telegram. Oh, those beautiful, wonderful words: "Pictures fine. How soon can you be here?"

HOW soon? Would immediately be too soon? I could have flown there under my own power the way I felt. I wired back that I would arrive the following week and broke the news to Mother and Dad. They were reluctant to let me go at first, but I talked so hard and so fast they finally consented.

The train was hardly twenty miles out of the Waterloo station when it hit me. Sure, I'd fooled them with the pictures, but I wasn't going to fool anyone when I walked into the studio. In the back of my mind was always the hope that once I got my foot in the door I could make good on my ability. If they'd just give me a chance to act for them, to talk to them. But they might be so angry at my deception they would throw me out immediately. All the way across the country I worried and fretted and planned strategy after strategy.

I had imaginary conversations with Mr. Big.

"You can't do this to me. You thought I had talent when you sent for me. You brought me out here on the strength of my voice and ability, and now you turn me down because I don't photograph well. You know all about cameras and tricks with photography, why can't you use some of them?"

In spite of my solitary bravado the palms of my hands were damp with nervous perspiration as I got off the train in Pasadena to meet the studio representative. Once at the studio the reaction was what I had feared. Raised eyebrows. Shrugs of the shoulders. But since they were committed to the test, they made it. All the way through I was in an agony of self-consciousness. And when it was over, despite my imaginary brave talk on the train, I was out in the cold again without having laid eyes on Mr. Big. Shades of Fairfax High. But now I was older. My experience with radio in the past year had shown me that I could overcome my inferiority complex.

I no longer accepted defeat passively. I was ready to fight for what I wanted. They didn't want me at the studio. Well, I'd show them.

I GOT myself a small apartment and started out to find a dramatic school. Now that I was here I had to be acting, and I would not go back to Iowa a failure. I went to the Geller Playhouse; auditioned for them, and was given a scholarship.

It seemed incongruous that I could win a scholarship at one of the best drama schools in town and still be turned down by the studios. But I didn't let myself become morose. I worked like a demon instead of brooding.

The third night after the initial play opened, a short, dark man with intensely blue eyes came backstage to see me. He introduced himself.

"I'm Solly Baiano, Miss London, from Warner Brothers." I hate to admit it, but I'm afraid I was just a bit snide.

"Here we go again," I jeered. He looked so taken aback that I softened my remark by adding, "I don't mean to sound rude, Mr. Baiano, but your studio will only laugh at you if you bring me in. I photograph very badly."

His reply startled me.

"I know you do. I've seen you on film."

"Then what do you want from me?" I asked in bewilderment. "If I don't photograph well, how can you use me?"

"Right now I can't use you. But I'll tell you something. You have real talent. If you'd have your nose fixed I'd sign you, but fast."

"Nose fixed," I echoed. "What do you mean? I don't quite understand."

"Plastic surgery," he replied patiently and then smiled indulgently. "It's being done every day, you know."

Five years ago his bluntness would have crushed me. Now I had learned to take it. Without fully realizing it I had discarded my belief that changing one's appearance was falsifying the facts. The transition from juvenile stubbornness to adult reasoning was complete. It had begun with my success at the Waterloo radio station, where I had sold myself to a blind audience on merit alone. The self-confidence I had gained through this conquest of my defeatist complex had been of a lasting nature. It had been shaken, yes, but it never completely deserted me again.

Now Mr. Baiano had suggested plastic surgery, and I knew even as I listened to him that I would have it done. I could hardly wait to make arrangements for the final step in my metamorphosis.

THE thrill I felt when I first saw myself after the surgery is indescribable. It was as though I had at last been released from a heavy burden. I was free to reach out without fear of rebuff for everything I had ever wanted. Free from the prison of insecurity I had lived in so long. No more ridicule. No more humiliations from those I was striving to please. At last I was on equal footing with everyone else.

Nothing startling happened immediately.

do you want a
star to visit your home?
see page 8!

I didn't have every producer in town pounding on my door demanding my name on a contract. In fact, my first big break came in an odd and unexpected fashion.

I had told a girl friend of mine that I would pick her up at the office of a casting director for whom she was reading. I arrived a few minutes early and sat down in the outer office to wait for her. When the reading was over she and the director came out of the office. As I rose to meet her he suddenly caught sight of me and said:

"Say, she could play the part of the nurse."

He thrust a script at me and I found myself reading the part. When I finished he grabbed me by the shoulders.

"Great. You'll be great. Are you available?"

Not a word about my nose, or photographing. Just "are you available?" If there was anyone in town more available than I he must have been hiding under a rock. When I say I accepted with alacrity, I am guilty of gross understatement.

This was the end of "the kid with the nose," and the beginning of Helene London, actress.

From then on I started to do well. The parts were small at first, but they got bigger and fatter, and I have just finished working for Milton Simon in *Race Horse* at Nassour Studio. You can understand my pride in the fact that I have the lead in the picture.

I SHALL be forever grateful to Mr. Baiano, for none of this would have happened if I hadn't undergone plastic surgery. It has changed my life, and when MODERN SCREEN asked me to write my story, I jumped at the chance.

I'm not ashamed to admit that I had my nose remodeled.

When a girl is born with straight hair, her life is an unending battle with bobby pins and permanents to achieve curls. If she has crooked teeth, on go the braces. And on they stay through months of discomfort until the teeth are straightened. If hips have a willful way of spreading, they're confined in a girdle and pounded into submission.

I could go on for pages listing the devices and dodges in common use to improve what one has, and disguise what one has too much of.

Plastic surgery is a great and wonderful science. It worked miracles during the war and every day proves itself again.

I won't try to practice amateur psychology. I haven't sufficient knowledge of the field. However, I would like to quote a paragraph from Dr. Harold M. Holden's book, "Noses," which embodies for me the whole philosophy of plastic surgery:

"If one conceives of life as a long movement toward a far-off point of embarkation, one must concede a need for thoughtful facilitation of the way. Everything that blocks or inhibits passage to personal fulfillment should be at least the object of careful study and removal wherever possible."

If you have a "nose problem," or any facial defect that can be corrected by a plastic operation, I urge you to do something about it immediately if it threatens your happiness. For you, there will be no long years of heartache and frustration.

THE END





Photo by Underwood & Underwood

Autocrat of the dining room table

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ann blyth's story

(*Continued from page 41*) for many years, and only her late mother's objections had prevented an operation when she was five. The operation had been continually postponed because there was a chance that the scar tissue resulting from a tonsillectomy might impair her singing voice.

Now again, a decision had to be made. If Ann submitted to an operation she might be finished as a singer. If she refused, she'd have her voice, but she'd have to fight the poison in her with constant medication.

Exactly what went through Ann's mind as she faced this dilemma is her secret, but her decision is public knowledge. She rested in the hospital for one week to build up her strength, then she was operated on. A week more of lying in bed and she began a systematic routine to restore her former health.

The luck of the Irish was with her. After the initial soreness disappeared, Ann's voice seemed better than ever.

ANN doesn't talk about her religion as much as she lives it, but it is apparent to those who have observed men and women of different faiths—and of no professed faith—that she receives a great help from her devotion to the tenets of the Catholic Church.

Ann's regimen of rest, good food and reasonable relaxation in exercise built her up so swiftly that four weeks after she left the hospital she was strong enough to go to work at her studio (Universal-International) in *Katie*. Her remarkably swift recovery was due, in a large part, to the careful, wise and loving care she has received from her aunt and uncle, Cis and Pat, who have lived with her in Hollywood since the death of Ann's mother in 1946.

This jolly yet thoughtful Irish couple could take no better care of Ann if she were their own child.

Ann's routine while working on a picture is almost entirely in Aunt Cis's hands. She's awakened about 6 o'clock, and immediately is served breakfast in bed by her aunt—usually orange juice, cereal with fruit and a soft-boiled egg.

"When Ann is home for lunch," says Aunt Cis, "she almost always wants a salad with cottage cheese, but for dinner at night she can down a steak with the best of them. Steak with mushrooms on it will keep her happy."

Ann doesn't eat often with the family when she's working. By the time she gets home, it's usually 7 o'clock. Her first concession to comfort is a tub bath in which she likes to soak for several minutes.

After this she goes to bed, and Aunt Cis brings her dinner, and after Ann has eaten, she reads or studies scripts for a while, dropping off to sleep about 9:30.

"It takes food," says Aunt Cis, "and it takes rest if you are after doing your best work. You lose if you cheat yourself on either."

Ann was aided in her quick recovery by the fact that she neither smokes nor drinks. She has, as her Irish Uncle Pat put it, no bad habits except the inability to say no to those who ask her to make benefit appearances. "But," Pat contends, "the 'old lady' is learning to say no to at least some of these."

Uncle Pat's affectionate reference to Ann as "the old lady" stems from the time when Ann was about four years old—and she'd dressed herself in her aunt's hat and high-heeled shoes, making a dramatic appearance in the manner of a diva at the Met.

Uncle Pat's reference to Ann's new ability to say "no" grew from a rather painful experience.

"One night after a performance," Uncle Pat relates, "Ann was called to the telephone in her room. We watched as she talked, and it would have hurt your heart to see the expression that came to her face. Finally she hung up and came back to us, crying.

"It seems that some spalpeen had refused to believe Ann when she told him her doctor did not permit her to make personal appearances while in a show. This man had asked our Ann if she never did anything for charity, and her with a room filled with plaques, ribbons and emblems from charitable organizations to which she has donated her time."

IN Ann's search for better health, she has developed a routine of exercise and relaxation that could serve as a model for any girl her age. When weather and work permit, she plays golf every day, a sport to which she was introduced by her friend, Bing Crosby. She plays well enough to win the women's division of the tournament at her studio (her score was 101), but is no match for Bing, although they do play together now and then.

Ann also is proficient at riding and swimming. Her love for the water has helped her through at least one tough studio assignment. In *Mr. Peabody and The Mermaid*, Ann was obliged to spend many hours in the water. This was a particularly exhausting experience, for she had to wear a large artificial tail which encased her body from the waist down.

It was while working in this picture that Ann made a lifelong friend of Bud Westmore, head of the makeup department.

An incident occurred during the creation of this makeup that still sends chills up Bud's spine. In order to have a precise replica of Ann's body on which to construct the mermaid's tail, it was decided to make a plaster cast. One day Bud forgot to grease the edges of the lower half of the cast as he poured the plaster for the top half.

To a layman the solution would be to beat the cast off Ann with a hammer. But Bud knew that the molecular action of setting plaster would create great heat along the edges of the cast, and by the time he discovered his oversight, the plaster already was getting warm.

It was a frightening minute for Bud. It seemed he was about to cause a serious injury to a personal friend.

"I lived a year," says Bud, "in the several minutes it took me to pry off the cast that was getting hotter and hotter. Fortunately, Ann was not burned, and although we had to make several casts before we finished, she showed no fear of the ordeal."

Bud thinks that Ann's good disposition, her lack of star temperament and her consideration for others all have a bearing on her ability to get so much work done.

"What other star," he asks, "will show up on time every morning, facing a difficult task, and still sing so lustily that we have to ask her to quiet down when we

---

Charley Feldman, of Famous Artists, called Marlon Brando in Chicago to find out when Brando was going to report for tests on Feldman's *Streetcar Named Desire*. Brando asked when he was required by contract to report and Feldman told him Aug. 30. To the surprise of nobody who knows him, Brando answered, "I'll be there 11:59 August 29th."—*Milton Epstein in The Film Daily*.

answer the telephone? It is a pleasure to work with her."

ANN's complete lack of selfishness is immediately apparent in the reaction of her friends on the studio lot. They virtually swarm about her, passing the time of day and wishing her luck on whatever project is at hand.

Nor is it only fellow-actors who know her. A gateman who became an admirer has quit the studio to drive a sightseeing bus. Ann knows he is on the job, for every day he stops in front of her house and spends several minutes telling his fares that this is the home of one of Hollywood's greatest actresses, and the honorary mayor of Toluca Lake.

The regard and esteem Ann receives from her fellow-workers is not unearned, for she is always willing to squeeze time from her busy schedule to do a favor for a friend.

Not long ago, when Ann was busy finishing a picture, she helped Tony Curtis in a film test.

This was a very important event for Tony, since he never before had a chance for a star part. Ann could not profit by the test, but because she is always eager to do a good turn for a fellow human being, she appeared in the test with Tony. And when he won the lead in *The Prince Who Was a Thief,* no one could have been more pleased than Ann.

Even though she's been restricting her personal appearances and benefit shows these past few months, Ann's new buoyancy and obvious good health will soon permit her to give more generous contributions of her time to charity.

Although she's still working on a less hectic schedule, her recovery has been so rapid that she not only did an excitingly good job at the La Jolla theater, but she was well enough to be called back to Hollywood at the end of a week's run. Her studio is loaning her to MGM to play the role of Caruso's wife opposite Mario Lanza in *The Life of Caruso.*

Ann probably won't sing in this production, but one of her ambitions is to play the lead in a musical.

Whether or not her own studio will cast her in such a picture is a question still to be settled, but as far as Ann is concerned, nothing would suit her better than to appear in a fast-moving, well-plotted vehicle which would give her a chance to sing, dance and act.

ANN also is in the market for suggestions for a series of phonograph recordings. "I would like," she says, almost wistfully, "to make an album of Irish songs."

Ann comes naturally by her wish to sing these lively airs. Not only was her mother born in the South of Ireland, but Aunt Cis was born there, too.

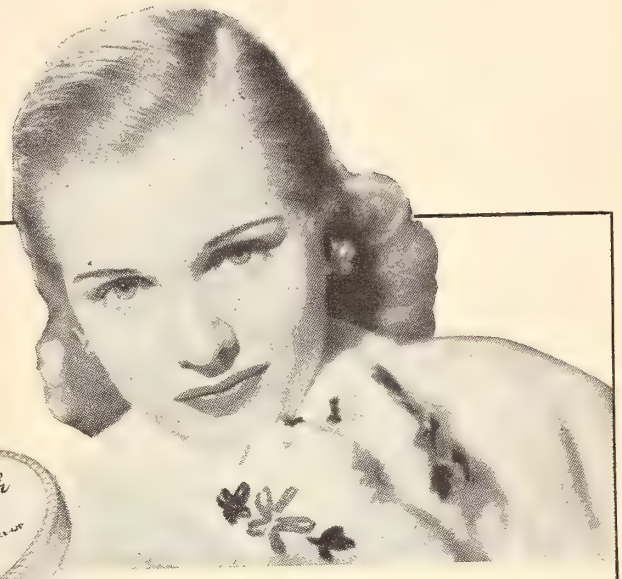
"But Pat," says Aunt Cis with the air of one who bears a cross bravely, "Pat was born in the North of Ireland—poor man."

Uncle Pat, with his usual good humor, decided long ago that North or South, Ireland is a very good place to be born in—"provided a man can be after livin' in America and growing a few flowers when the weather's right."

Ann enjoys the flowers Uncle Pat grows, and is particularly proud of the asters and chrysanthemums which bloom so gaily almost everywhere about the place. These flowers, and her aunt and uncle's cheerful nature, have helped create the environment at the modest home in Toluca Lake which has aided Ann so greatly these past few months. It seems to be, as Pat often says, "You just can't keep a good Irishman down."

THE END

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i go to college with liz scott

(*Continued from page 42*) course I've ever had.

A QUESTION was gnawing at me—namely, why was this glamorous movie queen attending college and studying philosophy and political science of all things? After class, as we would walk across the campus with ten or twenty thousand other students—I eventually found out. We'd sit by the fountain in front of the library while I pretended to be discussing books and authors with her. She'd talk intelligently, and in that intense way of hers, on topics that ran from Thomas Aquinas to the Korean situation and the new concepts in nuclear physics. But somehow I couldn't seem to concentrate.

The subjects that intrigue her hungry mind are basic and ultimate. She will abruptly interrupt one of her thoughtful lulls and burst out with some really profound idea. It startled me the first time she did it.

"The pendulum has swung clear over!" she exclaimed.

"Really?" I managed to say—scanning the Tower clock for some sign of a pendulum, but in vain.

"Yes," she went on excitedly—completely oblivious to the fact that I was making eyes at her—"Remember how they once said that Mind is Matter? I never made a very good Materialist. Now the Mechanistic attitude is breaking down and has been. The analogy doesn't stand up under the new inferences drawn from modern science with its vastly improved and greatly multiplied 'pointer-readings.' That's what Eddington called the scientific procedure, you know. There's the crux of it—science can know more and more of the structure of reality but nothing more of its nature than was known by the pre-literates. It is even held now by some that a concept of energy, and energy is considered to be the basis of matter, must include free will in it. So you see—from 'Mind is Matter' to 'Matter is Mental.' Does that lead to Solipsism?"

"Boy!" I mumbled fervently, "I'll say."

When I got home I looked up "Solipsism." I tossed and turned all night thinking about Mind and wondering what was the Matter? It's just as well that all women don't have eyes like Liz Scott. I'm considering a petition to compel her to wear dark glasses. I won't have her eyes haunting my house. I just won't stand for it.

No, Lizabeth Scott isn't out of her element here among the Trojans of U.S.C. or any other campus, not with that alert and questing mind. She'll always be in the pursuit of knowledge. She doesn't wear a learned veneer, but once she gets started she's electric. I could blow a fuse just watching her.

I remember well the first day we walked down University Avenue after class. I had anticipated the envious glances of friends, and the way I would casually nod to them. But, honestly, by the time we got out of Founders Hall, I was so immersed in an animated discussion on the failure of Materialism that the campus might as well have been deserted. Liz has a fine sense of values; she can't make small talk. Yet she has a sharp sense of humor and rapier-like wit.

And her laughter—that's the greatest—rich and free with a sort of thrilling quality to it.

I admit without shame that I've had the urge to lure her to Currie's (the corner ice cream parlor) where we might share a Coke on one straw. Okay, so it's juvenile—so who cares?

"Who's your favorite movie actor?" I couldn't resist asking during one of our coffee sessions.

Her answer was immediate and sincere: "I've learned something about acting, some technique or attitude, from every leading man I've worked with. I believe in seeing people in the light of their virtues, not that it's kinder, but it's more practical. After all we all have faults. It reminds me of the Pharisee in the Bible who said, 'Thank God that I am not like other men.'"

She glanced at me and laughed. "Don't look so sober—the sermon's over."

GIRLS, listen to this. Liz and I lunched together one day at Ted Owens', an intimate little cellar cafe here on campus. While I dined heartily in rugged male fashion on a grilled cheese sandwich and cup of coffee, Liz daintily nibbled on bacon and eggs and fried potatoes, toast and jelly, topped off by peach pie, with whipped cream, and two cups of coffee. If you're envious of that slim smooth Scott figure, don't say I didn't give you her secret formula.

There seems to be understanding among the students here not to pester her or cause her any discomfort. They haven't mobbed her with fluttering autograph books. They do stand around in the hall before and after her classes, of course, but then a guy has to stand *somewhere*, so why not where he can get a glimpse of our "tawny Trojane," as the Daily Trojan calls her.

There have been a few episodes with brazen student-fans. Like the day we were sitting on the campus lawn and Liz, outdoor gal that she is, was soaking up a little sunshine. Some character wriggled over and coiled up right beside us.

"Whatcha doin' this week-end?" he hissed.

Now I'm six feet two and played football in my youth and there's something about Liz that makes you see yourself in a leopard-skin suit taking on lions and tigers singlehandedly. I was about to give out with my best Cro-Magnon growl when Liz restrained me. She handled the situation neatly and courteously. It was my initiation to one of the common pitfalls that celebrities must always keep in mind. If they aren't tactful in such matters, the rumor-mongers soon have it that they "made a big scene" or they are "snobbish" or "temperamental." Liz asked for no special favors and she appreciates the treatment she has received here from students and faculty alike.

"I'm just a girl," is the way she put it. That's the biggest understatement of the year.

AN incident occurred in class one day that illustrates how the fans often know more about their favorites than the movie stars know about themselves. The professor was warning us about the fallacy of the "Two-valued Orientation" and he remarked that a thing was seldom *all* black or *all* white and referred in his lecture to the song title "Either It's Love or It Isn't" as being an example of such faulty reasoning.

Immediately after class, one co-ed classmate darted over to Liz and said breathlessly, "That song 'Either It's Love or It Isn't,' you sang it in *Dead Reckoning!*"

"No," replied Liz, "I sang it in *I Walk Alone.*" The gal didn't seem convinced however, and the next day she was quite thrilled when Liz told her, "You're right! I did sing that song in *Dead Reckoning.*"

Liz was supposedly on vacation when she came to U.S.C., but she couldn't pass up



well, what do you know?

■ Study this photograph carefully—and see how many questions you can answer about the movie it's from. The girls were a household word in Daddy's day. He'd likely know all the answers, but four out of five's a good score. Answers on page 100.

1. *The title of the movie is* .....
2. *The dancers are* (*you should aim for doubles here*) .....
3. *They were favorites with an army group. Its initials are* .....
4. *What is the song they made famous?*
5. *They became an American institution even though they were born in* .....

this chance to study and learn. When she finished making *Dark City*, she was promised that her next film wouldn't go into shooting until she finished the semester here. She's looking forward to it since it's to be a different type of film from what she's been doing. It's a Western and Burt Lancaster will have the role opposite Liz.

"Wait'll you see me in calico," she laughed.

I might as well try to imagine Venus in burlap. Calico never had it so good.

It takes Liz and her black Oldsmobile convertible about 40 minutes to drive to school every morning from her home in Hollywood.

"I don't have to get up until 6:30 to make our first class," she gloated. "That's an hour more sleep than I get when I'm making a picture."

I had heard that movie people are early risers, but I was skeptical until now.

Most of the students drive their cars in from all over the metropolitan Los Angeles area, and parking space around here is at a premium. Liz wrestles with the parking problem every morning—oh, to be a parking problem and wrestle back! One morning as she was frantically circling and searching, I thought for a moment that she was going to break down and cry. I was all set to whip out my hankie and rest that lovely blonde head on my shoulder, when some kill-joy pulled out of a space and my dreams were shattered. You can imagine my disappointment.

Liz is a girl who *lives* every moment; she's the personification of enthusiasm. Whatever she's working on she throws herself into wholeheartedly. She's remarked several times, "I didn't get enough sleep last night. I got so engrossed in the book I was reading that I simply had to finish it."

When she studies she really studies. You're likely to find her in some secluded spot like the stadium, or a deserted corner of the library reading room, or an empty classroom.

She's a paradoxical creature. Even though she often seeks solitude, she's no recluse by any means. Liz is too interested in people—all kinds of people. People like the elderly lady who sells "popsickles" on campus, several of our foreign students, waitresses at campus cafes, classmates. Her natural friendliness is disarming; people can't help but respond in kind. They all like Liz.

It would indicate a dangerous lack of interest, of course, if there were no reasonable displays of admiration. Even that austere statue of the Trojan warrior, known affectionately to the students as "Tommy Trojan," has been reported to have given a low whistle of approval when Liz walks by. He no doubt thinks that Helen of Troy has been reincarnated.

We fortunate few who have been sharing classes with Liz, while we don't have the slightest idea what the classes were about, are really sorry to see the semester's end stalking us grimly. We're all in agreement that the classrooms have never been so well adorned. There will be an emptiness when Liz goes—since the whole male student body may be inclined to follow her. But seriously, I hope she comes back. I'm sure she'll come back.

She'd better come back!

THE END

do you want a
star to visit your home?
see page 8!

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if i should lose you

(*Continued from page 30*) long ago, the Steffens sat down to discuss their future. A happy year of marriage was behind them and what was in front of them they couldn't say. But they're not the kind to sit around and worry. They're not going to change their plans for anything.

If he should leave her, though, he'd leave the house they've just bought "at a very good price"—the two-story Cape Cod home which formerly belonged to Ilona Massey. It has two bedrooms, two baths, a den, a living room, kitchen, breakfast nook, service porch and maid's quarters. It's a wonderful place for children, with a swimming pool in back and a badminton court, and flowers everywhere. He'd leave with the memories—of the spinet in the living room (which Jane's had since she was ten) where she plays and sings for him; of the frilly dressing table that reminds him of her gay and feminine ways; of the hours they've spent at auctions and in antique shops buying lamps and figurines with such care. And all the wedding gifts that helped to furnish the home, and the fifteen candy dishes and two dozen lighters scattered about will come again to his mind.

But until he goes, their life will be the same. There will be dinner parties no more elaborate than before. They live on a budget which allows 20 dollars a week for food. If a party uses up most of the food money, they skimp a little, or Jane prepares left-overs like chocolate tarts out of chocolate pudding, and vegetable salad and chicken croquettes. Geary eats anything she cooks, except beets and cakes. So far he's gained 16 pounds.

Maybe it's the candlelight that did it, or the soft music that Jane wouldn't serve a meal without—although once she forgot the food.

At her first party after she became a bride, Jane planned the menu very carefully. There were to be sandwiches, salad, a luscious dessert. Jane shopped for everything at the Farmers' Market. When all the guests had arrived, and were getting hungry, Jane excused herself to make the sandwiches, and found that she'd forgotten the meat she was going to put in them! Geary can remember that, if he ever has to look for a memory.

Or if he wants a happier one he can think back to the farewell dinner Jane gave for themselves just before they moved into the new house. The Marshall Thompsons were there, and the Jerome Courtlands.

The theme was fish. Clam chowder was served in shells, baked crab and fried shrimp were tastefully arranged along with french fried potatoes. There was a tossed green salad and strawberry tarts for dessert. This time Jane didn't forget anything. She even covered the table with a fish net and had a centerpiece of shells filled with flowers. The table mats were silver and shaped like fish.

After dinner they went dancing at a beach resort called Ocean House, and he can remember the way the moonlight shone on Jane's lavender chiffon dress, and touched her hair with silver. Everyone complimented her on that dress. "It isn't new," Jane told her friends. "Geary doesn't want me to buy more clothes for a while. He says I have enough, and he's right!"

The budget for clothes still varies, but Jane's careful about selecting a wardrobe. She loves casual peasant skirts for daytime wear and wispy, feminine gowns for evening. She designs most of what she wears and sometimes even sews for herself. But if Geary should go, Jane would never be sure how she looked, because he wouldn't be there to tell her, "You have too much powder on your nose," or, "Why don't you wear that blue gown I love?" or, simply, "You look so beautiful . . ."

If he should go, what would be the use of a budget for entertainment? Usually, they save for dinner out and a show or dancing, and it's always more fun when you've planned and saved together. Sometimes they spend a weekend water skiing at Lake Arrowhead, or camping out in the mountains at Idlewild where Geary's sister lives. Whenever possible they try to go skiing. They haven't been ice-skating since their marriage. Geary, who was formerly Sonja Henie's skating partner, has given up skating even for recreation. Or they stay home, and buy recordings to add to Jane's collection of 5,000. They both like all sorts of good music, either classical or jazz. Geary likes the songs Jane sings in her movies, especially the ones from *Royal Wedding*, her seventh Technicolor musical.

Sometimes Jane stays home to clean the house. There's a maid only while Jane's working, other times Jane wraps up her hair in a kerchief and attacks the dust.

Mostly, Geary will remember the evenings the two of them spent sitting in front of the fireplace, reading aloud to each other, or talking and planning.

They want to have children as soon as possible, three or maybe four. Jane was an only child and has always wanted a large family. As soon as the children are old enough, their parents will teach them how to swim and skate and play tennis. They've even gone so far as to plan the insurance policies they'll take out for the family, to provide for their education and to finance them later in business or whatever they choose to do.

As far as all finances go, Jane and Geary have settled on a fifty-fifty basis. Everything that Jane puts to the account, Geary matches. It works fine.

If he should leave her, she'll spend her days waiting for him to return so that they can travel together to the places they dream about—to Sun Valley, to Mexico. But Janie doesn't want to go too far away for too long; she'll begin to pine for California.

To make these plans come true, Geary's working toward a brokerage company of his own, and Jane is helping him. She's his secretary; she prepares his graphs; she's even going to take a course at USC to learn how to sell insurance. Geary appreciates this; he knows he's found a rare partner, and because of that he'll never interfere in her own career.

"Why should she give up what she likes and loves, when I don't give up what I like and love?" Unless he's forced to. Unless something stronger than both of them will make him.

Meanwhile they work together and enjoy it. Geary doesn't want to be an actor; he doesn't even want to be a movie producer. He isn't bothered by career jealousy. Neither one of them is bothered by in-law problems, either. Their two families are very close. On Father's day Geary and Jane take their fathers out, on Mother's Day, they take their mothers, and in between, they're always visiting one or the other or both families.

Parting will be harder because they're in love; because they're in love little problems of living together have been easier to solve. Geary, for instance, likes large breakfasts. Jane doesn't. So they've compromised. Jane makes breakfast, and Geary eats it.

Sometimes Jane just likes to sit around and loaf. Geary has to keep busy all the time. So they've hit a happy medium.

Jane used to be nervous. Geary never was. Being near him has calmed her down. Through Geary, Jane has come to love sports. Through Jane, Geary has come to love music.

If she should lose him, she'd lose the head of the family; the man who lives to make her happy; the one who gave her a surprise birthday party when she was twenty-one last April, and gave her a pair of real pearl earrings. (As a wedding present he'd given her a pearl necklace.) He's the man who insists on celebrating when the fifth of each month comes around, because it was on the fifth of January that they became engaged, and on the fifth of November that they got married.

If she should lose him, she'd lose the husband she'd wanted even before she knew him. The husband she'd written about in a magazine.

This is what she said: "First of all, I would want the man I marry to be kind, considerate, and have a happy disposition. He would have to be fond of animals, like people, and enjoy parties. I want him to like to dance and attend night clubs occasionally. He must enjoy music and not object to my career. He must love children. I want him to share the happy side of marriage as well as the problems. I want a man who treats his wife as a partner in everything. Looks are not particular, just so he's neat and athletic looking. I like the outdoor type. And most of all, he must think I'm the most important girl in the world."

This is the man who would leave her if Geary left. And even if it were only for a while, there would be no joy until he returned.

The End

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care

how old is young?

(*Continued from page 50*) water babies.

This summer, right after she finished *Harriet Craig*, she gathered her brood around her to make vacation plans.

"How about going to Lake Arrowhead?" she said. "We can take boat rides there and hike and swim. What do you say?"

The children didn't say anything. Then Chris spoke up.

"Mommie," he said. "Let's go someplace where there are cowboys and horses." The other kids nodded their heads vigorously. Cowboys and horses it had to be.

That afternoon they all went down to San Fernando Valley and cleaned out the wild west department of a clothing store —cowboy boots, levis, broad-brimmed hats, dazzling plaid shirts were swooped off the counters for the Crawford kids. Christopher, being a boy, had the edge on his sisters. He got a Hopalong Cassidy outfit for the mornings, and a Roy Rogers getup for the afternoons. He could have walked up to a bronco right then and busted him with a stare.

There was nothing left for Joan to do but produce the cowboys and horses. Fortunately, there's a place called Alisal Ranch situated in the Santa Barbara Mountains. It's one of the largest working cattle ranches in Southern California and a couple of years ago, Lynn Gillam, the owner, decided to make it a guest ranch as well.

While the kids slept Joan called up for last minute reservations and then she started packing. Bright and early, Chris

have you seen page 8?

hopped out of bed and into his new boots. He raced out of the house to the car where Joan was already loading luggage into a tiny trailer. "Let me help," he urged, and Joan let him. Soon the twins came out with Tina and there wasn't enough for all of them to do.

By nine, they'd picked up Joan's mother, and all six of them, plus Cliquot, the poodle, were headed for a week at Alisal.

THEY arrived at noon, and there were more horses on those 10,500 acres of land than Chris could have hoped for. "Let's go riding," he said as they drove into the ranch yard.

"Mommie, can I go swimming, please?" asked Cynthia.

"Me, too," said Cathy.

Joan was saved by Mr. and Mrs. Gillam, who came out to greet them as if they were members of the family arriving home.

"I'll need an ironing board," Joan said. "Keeping these four in clothes is going to be the biggest job."

Mrs. Gillam smiled understandingly, and half an hour later, while Joan was unpacking, a cowboy delivered an ironing board to her cottage door.

"Now can we go riding?" asked Chris.

"Now can we go swimming?" asked Cynthia.

Another mother might have given up there; she might have thrown up her hands and moaned, "Do anything, but leave me alone." Not Joan. Joan sat down and they talked out what they'd rather do. Turned out to be swimming. The horses were promised for the first thing tomorrow.

They all went down to the pool and Joan took her knitting along to busy herself in between racing with the kids. Joan is a

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frantic knitter. During her spare moments on the set she turned out a huge collection of sweaters for friends, socks for grips, ski caps for the snow-happy. A couple of months ago, when the children's nurse had to leave suddenly for her home, Joan and her family discussed what they'd give her as a going-away present that night.

"Why don't you knit her a sweater, Mother?" asked Christopher, confident that *his* mother wouldn't need more than an hour or two to turn out a first rate job.

IN no time at all, the afternoon hopped over the hills at Alisal and disappeared beyond them. Clean and sparkling as sterling silver, the Crawfords came to dinner. Joan asked for the largest table.

"I'm sorry," the waiter told her. "Bob Crosby's party has that. They outnumber you by two."

Joan waved across the room to June Crosby, Inc., and meekly settled for the second largest.

After a cowboy-size dinner, the twins insisted they were wide-awake as they dozed off in their chairs.

Her big daughter Tina turned toward her with a dreamy, slightly glazed expression. "Mother," she said. "Can we go riding in the moonlight?"

As it happened they went riding in their dreams. By the next morning, though, the children were used to the change in atmosphere, and took to ranch life with a vengeance. They bounded out of bed almost before the sun was up, and ran out to play. For a moment, Joan wondered sleepily if they'd disturb the neighbors, but the voices of at least a dozen other children drifted toward her in the early air. All the neighbors, it seemed, were already up.

As soon as Joan came out of the cottage, Chris ran over to her and started talking about horses and when would they ride them. In a way, this was a question Joan dreaded. Ten years before Joan had loved to ride. She'd owned two frisky ponies and worked them out on the trail near her Brentwood home. One day, though, she was thrown in a complete somersault over her pony's head and spent the next few weeks in bed. After that she wouldn't go near a horse. But now, here was Chris, expecting her to leap with joy onto a saddle, and here were the twins, waiting to be afraid or daring as their mother's own feelings would dictate.

Right after lunch, Joan and the children put on their riding clothes and sauntered down to the corral. Joan hoped they'd give her an old nag, a horse who'd be happiest in front of a flower cart, but Alisal doesn't have that kind of horse. Anyway, when the animals were saddled, Joan climbed aboard, and smiled gaily at Chris and Tina who were too excited to notice the way she clutched the saddle-horn.

A few miles down the trail, Mr. Gillam rode up. "Having fun, Miss Crawford?"

"If you can enjoy yourself and be scared to death at the same time . . ."

"I thought you were a little uneasy," he said, "though you sit a horse beautifully. Just relax. Your back's like a poker."

Joan tried to relax. She noticed that the horse didn't mind. He clopped along very contentedly, and suddenly Joan began to notice the scenery, the trees and the mountains beyond, and the good damp smell of greenery. She was enjoying herself, and her children were enjoying themselves, and it was nice that they were all there together.

By the third day of their stay, the ranch had them in its power. They were up at 6:30, finished with breakfast at 7:00, and ready to play. Even the twins had become horse-mad and rode two hours a day. They wore their boots so much that both of them had blisters on their ankles, but that didn't stop them.

Chris was out of this world, and who would suspect, seeing this small blond boy on a big horse, that he was really Hoppy or Roy Rogers or a whole battalion of the Canadian Mounties?

Pedro was his horse's name, and that's all Chris talked about, until Joan came to think of him as a member of the family.

"I guess Pedro's about the fastest horse alive," he'd say. "He's just holding back."

"I guess so," said Joan, not wanting to break a dream.

SATURDAY rolled around faster than it ever had. There was to be a dance and campfire that night, but Joan didn't have a beau to take her—that is, she thought she didn't. Chris was willing. He was so willing that he polished his boots until he could see his face in them, and he looked slicker than a dime store whistle. Joan walked into the dance on his arm, and they were easily the handsomest couple there. After the dance, they went out to the campfire and sat around talking cowboy talk with Les and Bill, the wranglers, until Christopher's eyes were heavy with sleep. Joan almost had to carry her cowboy to bed.

Then, one morning, they woke up, and it was all over—the week, the vacation, the life of Riley. The children had one last ride and presented their horses with carrots. That afternoon, though, as Joan was packing, she heard Christopher crying in the next room.

"What's the matter, Chris?" Joan said.

"I forgot to give Pedro his carrot," Chris sobbed. "He won't remember me."

Joan smiled at the enormity of this problem, but her voice was gentle. "Tell you what," she said. "You and I will go down right now and give Pedro a carrot."

So they walked down to the corral hand in hand, and Joan stood watching as Chris picked out his pony from the several dozen in the yard and handed him the carrot. Pedro ate it quietly, and then Chris hugged him and walked back to Joan with the suggestion of more tears.

"Thanks, Mommie," he said, and was ready to go home.

All of them piled into the car, plus Cliquot, the poodle, and as they rode out of the ranch yard they had the feeling everyone has when a good time is over. They didn't know whether to be happy or sad. But as they neared home the children started talking about the winter, and school, and the next summer, and the summer after that, and looking at their faces, Joan knew that as long as the kids were with her there would always be so much to look forward to, so many pleasures to be enjoyed over again. THE END

I SAW IT HAPPEN



I was eagerly waiting at the back door of Shea's Buffalo Theater for John Agar. When he failed to appear after a few hours, I started to leave, cold and discouraged. Bumping into someone, I politely excused myself and walked on. Not until the crowd started pushing toward the spot where I'd been standing did I realize that it was John Agar whom I'd bumped into.

Margaret Trapani
Buffalo, New York

when a girl marries

(*Continued from page 56*) telling her, "Oh, no you're not! You're very different, Elizabeth—and things are different for you."

When a girl marries, a subtle alchemy occurs. Even at the fateful, precious moment when her honeymoon began, Elizabeth Taylor was already a different person. Even as she snuggled down in the seat of Nicky's green Cadillac and reached for his arm, she reached for the new wonders that lay before her—the new wonders and the new worries, and the new responsibilities, too. Even as Liz headed for Pebble Beach and her honeymoon lodge—a destination oh, so secret then—I saw her eyes shining eagerly ahead, not wistfully back. Even when she returned a week later to pack for her European tour and fly away again there was a new wisdom in those eyes and new confidence in her voice. She was on her own. That little girl I knew was gone as she should be gone, when a girl marries.

She'd crossed the Atlantic a dozen times or more before the *Queen Elizabeth* glided her out of New York harbor for her Continental honeymoon. But on all those trips she'd never had her own cabin, never sat proudly at the captain's table with her husband by her side, never could enter into the fun and the social life of the voyage. Always Elizabeth had been the guarded girl who must wander about under watchful eyes, out of things. On this trip, there were the Duke and Duchess of Windsor, Richard Rodgers (who wrote the score of *South Pacific*) and his wife, other glamorous, interesting people to dine, chat and dance with. There was being a woman of the world herself, belonging.

Elizabeth had been to Paris before—lots of times. But she'd never spent a honeymoon week free as the air to stroll the Rue de la Paix and windowshop, sit at a sidewalk cafe and sip an *aperitif* with her man. She'd never peered into the pungent *bistros* and the gaudy cafes of Montmartre to watch the saucy sin with adult eyes which understood. She never had a Paris *couturier* create an evening gown just for her, to her own taste, for a grand charity ball. She'd never been invited to the Windsors for a formal evening which began at ten with dinner at midnight. Heavens—if Elizabeth ever dined after 8:30 in her life anywhere before she'd have felt wicked and guilty.

And England—certainly that's no unfamiliar place to Elizabeth Taylor. She was born there, in Hempstead, and raised nearby on the Kent estate of her godfather, Victor Cazalet. But at the Savoy this time, Mama didn't register, her husband, Nick, did; and Elizabeth didn't sit fretting around the hotel watching other grown-ups have fun. She had it herself. She'd made *Conspirator* in London only a year before. But she hadn't rolled out to Ascot for the races in her Ceil Chapman organdie with the big Rex picture hat dripping sweet peas around the brim and Nick dressed to kill in gray topper and stock, hobnobbing with royalty. She hadn't been invited by the Rodgers as their honor guests for the opening of their show, *Carousel*! Nor had she faced with her new found assurance the sea of London fans crying, "Bless you, Elizabeth," just as they did their own Lillibet, at the London premiére of her own picture, *Father of The Bride*.

There was such a big difference this time. Freedom and independence and a new status which had locked the sheltering door of girlhood behind her and opened new doors to new worlds every day. Elizabeth felt it as she flew back to Paris, bustling through the crowds at the airport, fencing with customs officials, ordering dinner with Nick from airy waiters, prodding porters. She felt it rolling south to Cannes, alone together, just she and Nick, in the big Cadillac they'd shipped across, through the lovely hills and vineyards, stopping at ancient inns and seeing the friendly peasants not as curiosities but for the first time as people, people with lives and loves and secrets—like herself. She felt it in Venice when they met their friends, the John Bigelows of New York, and spent lazy hours with them on the beach at Lido. And it was a delicious feeling to call her own shots as the days stretched into weeks, and the Hiltons themselves stretched out on the sands, to say luxuriously, with her first independence of option, "Nick, these are the best days of our honeymoon. Let's don't travel all the time. Let's stay here and enjoy ourselves. Sweden and Norway and Spain and Holland—we'll see them some day later."

Elizabeth has grown up—more in those four wonderful months than in all the 18 years of her young life. Time is a fiction anyway and how can any calendar measure the changes of heart and spirit, outlook and interests that pack maturing years into days, when a girl marries?

True, to watch Elizabeth burst into the big Spanish home on Elm Drive, that homecoming day, see her kiss her mama, hug her dad and ruffle her brother Howard's curly head, chattering a mile a minute, you might think she was still just their darling little girl, back from a holiday and sick to get home.

It was just like Elizabeth to fret anxiously about Howard's 1-A classification with war blazing in Korea, to flood with tears when she learned the carefully withheld news that "Butch," her beloved poodle, had died, to hurry sentimentally over to the V-Bar-R in Griffith Park, where her aging King Charles nibbled hay with the Hilton horses, and feed him carrots. It was like her to race at once across the street to see Anne Westmore, about to leave any minute for Stephens College, and tell her everything, *everything*, because Anne was her best friend since childhood and had caught her bridal bouquet. It was like Liz to keep the telephone wire smoking "catching up" with her bridesmaids, to hug all four of the Culverhouse family, English servants who have worked for the Taylors since before Elizabeth was born.

It was like her to rave over the new blue Cadillac convertible her mother had bought for her only a week before Elizabeth came home, to call the family living room, done over completely in modern gray green, "just dreamy," and to bound upstairs for a look at her own room, with its new periwinkle blue walls and dubonnet carpet, which her mother had labored over night and day to have ready for her return. It was the old Elizabeth who called it "the best party ever" when her mother gave a homecoming dinner next day, with her new in-laws, "Connie" Hilton, Nick's brother, Barron, and Marilyn, his wife, Mara Reagan, Howard's girl friend, the Wally Westmores across the street and, of course, Anne, with a menu designed especially to Nick's taste—fried chicken, mashed potatoes, corn, peas, Caesar salad

do you want a
star to visit your home?
see page 8!

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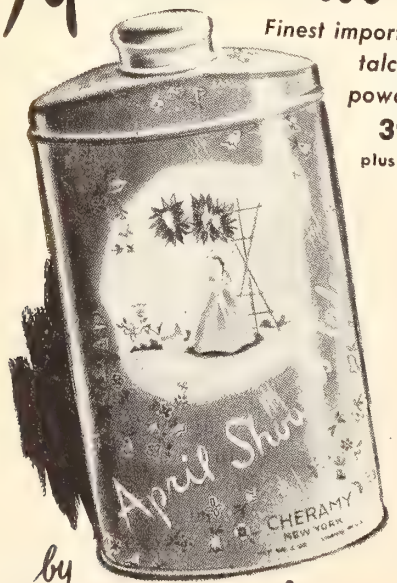
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Elizabeth meant every word she uttered so warmly then, and every homecoming thrill at Elm Drive was deeply felt, I'm sure. She's always been a family girl and as sentimental as a tipsy Irishman. But no matter how attractive Sara Taylor makes her girlhood home, it isn't Elizabeth Hilton's home any more.

So let's look at the new life Elizabeth faces—its setting and setup, its promises and its problems, as Elizabeth and every girl must look—forward, not back, when they marry.

Home to Elizabeth and Nick Hilton is Suite 159-60 at the Bel-Air Hotel (where Nick is half owner and vice-president). It's the most delightful hotel in Southern California and the newlywed Hiltons have its finest suite—at the south end, ground floor, with vine draped arches leading out to Chalon Road, so Liz won't have to walk through the public lobby.

Inside there's a big living room with a fireplace, done in Elizabeth's favorite gray. There are yellow and gray striped sofa and chairs, a black table and coffee table. Off that's the bath and bedroom, with the same decor, twin beds—but not too far apart. Already Elizabeth has moved in some keepsakes from home, but her wedding presents are still in storage.

But in spite of what Elizabeth tells me, that "we're going to live here a year or so and look around before we buy or build," I don't believe her. She argues that she and Nick are too busy to make a real home yet. They're busy all right. Elizabeth's picture, *Father's Little Dividend,* was prepared while she was in Europe, she has a waiting list from here to Texas for gallery sittings, interviews, Heaven knows what all to catch up with. Nick's not exactly twiddling his thumbs, either. Besides handling business promotion at the Bel-Air, he's a big wheel in his dad's hotel empire, and with the new Beverly-Hilton slated to rise soon, he'll have his hands full.

Yet—when a girl marries—she wants and she needs her own house to anchor her life, and knowing Elizabeth, I can't believe she'll be satisfied with anything short of that—for more than a few weeks.

There's a whole room jammed full of wedding presents, beautiful presents, enough to fill the great living room of the Taylor's, wall to wall, with just two tiny aisles where I walked to view them. It took six men and two moving vans from dawn to dusk just to pack and cart them away! If you had a store of fine Irish linens, Steuben crystal, sterling, Sheffield plate, table settings for forty-eight places of Gorham Melrose silver—wouldn't you itch to use them? If you had wedding gifted paintings by Augustus John, Angna Enters and Benton Scott, wouldn't you be spoiling for wall space of your own to hang 'em? I would!

So—you can bet on it—the hotel suite won't last long. After all, Nick's not the manager, he doesn't have to live there. The young Hiltons will be looking at house plans or for houses somewhere. Elizabeth tells me, "Not pretentious. Not Bel Air—Heavens," she says wisely, "that's starting at the top—that wouldn't be fun!" But when a bride takes over a home of her own, there's more to it than being carried across the threshold and watching it run itself. There's responsibility. There's a heap of know-how to learn and much more in Elizabeth Hilton's case than baking biscuits.

Elizabeth has always had everything done for her. She's been raised with servants at her beck and call. She can't fry an egg or sew on a button. She's always stepped out of her dresses and left them where they lay. She sailed off on her honeymoon with a huge, square trunk carefully packed with 30 custom-created hats, by Sally Victor, Rex, Mister John. The trunk returned in a jumble. "I'll be months," sighed her indulgent mother, "catching up hems, sewing on hooks and buttons, mending rips and tears on Elizabeth's whole trousseau." That's a loving job she welcomes, but she can't do everything for Elizabeth from now on.

Elizabeth will have to learn the graces and arts of a hostess—how to plan a dinner party, how to stimulate conversation, spark good times with friends and influence people. She'll have to charm as well as be charmed and that's a new line of work. Heretofore all the flattery and attention has been bent Liz's lovely way. Now she'll have to bend some back.

Already Elizabeth, back home, is wailing, "Hedda, I owe simply everyone!" Of course, she does, including all her friends and Nick's who gave them pre-wedding parties. They understand, they're old friends—even "Pete" Freeman, who introduced them, understood when from the whole long honeymoon he got just one picture postcard, scribbled hastily with "Having wonderful time. Wish you were here." (Chuckled Pete, "Yeah—I'll bet!")

Elizabeth's girlhood chums, Anne Westmore, Barbara Thompson, Marjorie Dillon, Jane Powell, Betty Sullivan and the rest will demand no more of her now than they ever have, but Mrs. C. N. Hilton's circle will expand, and she'll have to develop herself and her wits to fill it. Luckily, Elizabeth couldn't have more solid support for the job.

Money, for one thing, is no problem, and I can't imagine that unless an A-bomb flattens the widespread Hilton Hotels and MGM too, it ever will be. The modern-traditional house they'll eventually have (Nick has already switched Liz's ideas from early American), even if modest, will be perfectly appointed with all that money can buy, although Elizabeth will have to reveal her good taste in creating it. But never mind, she has a precocious lump of that, and Mother can help. As for family backing—the minute she married, and even before that, Liz gained a big cheering section of in-laws. When a girl marries, it's "thy people shall be my people," as the Bible said long ago, and Nick's people worship the very ground their beautiful new member trips on.

Nick's every bit as close to his dynamic dad as Elizabeth is to her doting mother. Sara Taylor used to sigh to me, "I always have to stay dressed up even when I go to bed the nights Elizabeth goes out." Because, no matter what time she came in, Liz raced right upstairs—usually bringing her dates along with her—to tell Mama all about the evening. Nick never misses a morning coffee with his dad to talk things over, too. I suspect that Mama's bed will still be perched on by Elizabeth and Nick with problems and that the Hilton coffee klatch will continue too—with a new member added. There'll be more warm family liaison with Barron and Marilyn, and Liz will find she'll have so much that's intimately in common with her sister-in-law, besides being "Aunt Elizabeth" from now on to their darling kids, Bill and Hawley. And—this is important—there's not a Hilton around who isn't as supremely proud of Elizabeth Taylor's star fame and glowing career as are her own mother and dad—and rooting solidly for it to continue, bigger and better.

And what about that career, now that Elizabeth is back after a long time out for her marriage and honeymoon tour? There's an old Hollywood saying that a

girl has to live and love before she can really deliver great performances. It's a corny cliché but there's truth in it, too. I think Elizabeth will be a better actress for what has happened to her, and right now she's doing very well thanks, anyway. *Father of the Bride* was her most popular picture in years and there's the much heralded *A Place in the Sun* with Monty Clift ready for release.

Already, she's knee deep in *Father's Little Dividend,* and the first thing she discovered when she ran out to MGM the second day she was back in town was that they'd loaned her to Warners and then to Hal Wallis for two others to follow, drawing, by the way, Jane Wyman and Burt Lancaster, no less, for the exchange.

Elizabeth herself hasn't lost any of her acting ambition. On the contrary, she itched even through the dreamy days of her honeymoon for the thrill of making pictures. When she and Nick visited the *Quo Vadis* set near Rome, Mervyn LeRoy was herding a thousand extras in a scene where Christians were being rounded up for torture in a Roman arena. Elizabeth just couldn't stand there and watch.

"Oh, Merv," begged Lizzie, "please let me be a Christian and get in a scene!" Mervyn did, and if a girl who was supposed to star in Metro's super-special begs to be an unbilled extra, how lonesome can you be for grease paint, a costume and hot lights?

All in all, Elizabeth Taylor's career outlook could not be rosier right now. But there are some prickly thorns hidden underneath those plushy petals. There always are, when a girl who's a star marries in Hollywood.

Up until this minute, Elizabeth has not been called on to play the cautious cutthroat game of watching her p's and q's in Hollywood. She was sheltered like a hothouse flower at home and MGM protected her like a regiment of marines. She was everyone's beauteous ideal, mama's, papa's, daughter's, son's. Every day there throbbed the thrilling question: Whom would Elizabeth Taylor fall in love with, whom would she marry?

Well, that question has finally been answered. From now on real front page news of Elizabeth will be hard to get, as it is on all happy Hollywood wives. So don't be surprised if some is cooked up. That's what publicity departments are for.

From now on, and I told Elizabeth so, she won't dare look at another man sidewise. Like Caesar's wife, she must live so as to be above suspicion. Every move of the Hiltons' private life will be analyzed, sifted and weighed for what can be made out of it. If there's the tiniest opening for a rift rumor, one will edge in and pry—like that. If I were Nick Hilton I'd never for one minute fly off, say to Puerto Rico, as he did during their courtship, and the Caribe-Hilton on business, not this time without my pretty bride at my side. But he may have to—the Hilton interests are scattered all over and he's a busy young executive. Elizabeth is a busy Hollywood star. He may have to leave her at home a time or two. And suppose an important première comes up about then where Elizabeth Taylor's presence will help put over a million dollar picture? And maybe the pressure's turned on and some rising young MGM boy beautiful escorts her—oh my! It could happen. So can a hundred other innocent smokes without fire puff up—and in Hollywood smoke can be dangerous, too.

I told her to find the smartest, wisest woman in this city, who knows the Hollywood score from A to Z. "Have her run your publicity, answer your mail, manage your servants, supervise your house, lay out your clothes and—yes—chaperone you every hour Nick's away from your side. Never mind if she costs you a fortune—you can afford it."

"Well—" demurred Elizabeth—thinking I'm sure that she'd just shaken herself loose from something like that when she left her mother—"I'll think about it." I hope she thinks good and hard. She can't be too careful. Besides, she will need professional help. Her greatest shortage from now on is going to be time, time and energy. She hasn't one career now, she has two. She'll have to ration herself.

From now on she'll be battling to keep her screen life from intruding on her life with Nick Hilton. She'll need time and peace and strength to live her life with her husband, time to talk over his problems, to be interested, sympathetic, not frayed and jittery and impatient.

And she'll want time and strength for a third career which—wouldn't surprise me a bit—may come her way any day. Elizabeth has been mothering things ever since she was barely bigger than a bunny—dollies, chipmunks, cats and colts, pups and parakeets—and she's told me time and again how she longs for a family—"But not yet," she keeps repeating every time I ask her, "not until we've had time to catch up with ourselves." But I never knew a stork yet who gave any foolish ideas like that a snap of his silly old beak.

I'm no believer in omens, but it is true that Elizabeth will have a baby boy—on the screen, of course—in *Father's Little Dividend,* and if she has a little dividend of her own, say, about the time that picture is released—wouldn't Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer love that! And wouldn't Elizabeth too—but for another reason. And wouldn't old All-American Grandmaw me—for just no reason at all, or every reason in the world! And why stop now—wouldn't everyone?

Because Elizabeth Taylor, like another Elizabeth across the sea, who has just set her a wonderful example, is princess royal to us here in Hollywood, and like young Mrs. Mountbatten, she will be worshipped and watched. I know them both and while Liz doesn't boast the coronets that Lillibet does, she has the same class and courage. It takes a lot of that—in any set or circle—when a girl marries, because there's plenty of truth in that old jingle,

"Needles and pins, needles and pins,
When a girl marries her trouble begins."

Nobody, not even Walt Disney, really believes that Cinderella lived happily ever after, and if Elizabeth and Nick Hilton maintain the state of story book bliss, they won't be human—or even interesting. But they can be happy, and I believe they will be, if they work at it night and day, now that they've both discovered that, East and West, home is best. THE END

have you seen page 8?

BULLETIN!

Just as this story went to press, rumors started circulating to the effect that Elizabeth and Nicky Hilton had been quarreling and that a separation was in the offing. The editors of Modern Screen were aware of these rumors long before they reached the newspapers, but have continued to hold their silence because of their belief that this young couple deserves every chance for happiness.



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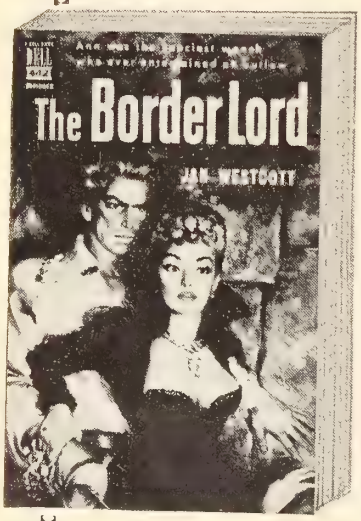


Outlawed and Hunted . . .

Yet Every Woman Loved Him

THE BORDER LORD

by Jan Westcott



Francis, fifth Earl of Bothwell, is separated from his rugged hill country by the thick stone walls of a prison cell in grim Edinburgh castle. A miraculous escape from his cell down sheer rock cliffs marks the beginning of a tempestuous life for the Earl. As an outlaw Bothwell lives an exciting life, dueling, loving, drinking, and fighting until his evil foe, Maitland, persuades the king to declare war on Bothwell's border country. Outnumbered and overpowered by the strength of the King's forces, Bothwell plans a desperate assault on the royal palace to capture the king and end the war.

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they were brides too soon

(*Continued from page 53*) "went to live with his family because we couldn't afford a home of our own."

Errol Flynn did a turnabout on this situation. He invited ex-wife Nora's *stepmother* to live with them. He lost Nora, kept the stepmother. Sometimes I think Errol is 16—romantically.

"My in-laws were sweet, but if a young couple wants to be happy and married, living with your husband's family is not the best way," Rhonda went on.

John Agar didn't exactly live with Shirley's family, but it was the next worst thing, right next door within eye-view of Mama and Papa Temple. You can bet now that Charles Black will move the little lady of his delightful dreams to a location where in-laws will have to knock before they look.

"YOU'RE inclined to be confused when you are married too young," said Rhonda. "But look at Elizabeth Taylor," I told her. "I've never seen a girl so poised in her marriage as 18-year-old Lizzie." "Maybe she's different," Rhonda replied. "She's been sheltered all her life. The decisions have all been made for her. But I still think even Elizabeth would have insured her chance of being happily married if she had waited a little longer."

Some girls of course can't wait. They want to set records—like Arline Judge and her six husbands. Some girls like to live happily ever after, every few years. They shed husbands like snakes shed skins. But these are exceptions of course. Most intelligent girls enter the stage of matrimony with the fervent prayer that "This is *it*."

"A girl friend of mine," Rhonda told me, "asked my advice a few months ago. She's 19 but she wanted to know if that was too young to get married. I didn't say 'No' because I remembered my mother saying that. Parents have to be very careful with their children when they have an urge to get married. So I said to the girl—'I'll tell you *my* story. If Tom and I had waited, we wouldn't have married. When you marry so young, you miss so much fun. You see your girl friends running around having a good time while you are so settled. Of course, if he has a good sound job with money in the bank that helps. If not, don't let anyone fool you—love *can* fly out of the window'."

"So what did the girl do?" I wanted to know. "She married the guy," giggled Rhonda. "And they seem to be happy. But I'll tell you what happened with Tom and me. I was only 15 when I met him. But I thought I was quite experienced. I'd worked as a show girl in Ken Murray's Blackouts. I nearly won a 'Gateway to Hollywood' radio contest from Jesse Lasky. I came in second. I'll never forget how I cried and cried backstage, and Jean Hersholt said, 'Some day you'll see that losing was the greatest blessing that could have happened to you.'

"I WAS pretty developed for a girl of 15, one year I was a child, and the next I looked like a woman. I met Tom on a New Year's Eve. I'd been going on and off with a boy in the Beverly Hills High School. We quarreled a lot. Girls would ask me—'is it *on* or *off* this week?'

do you want a
star to visit your home?
see page 8!

I SAW IT HAPPEN



When Betty Garrett and Larry Parks were in Cleveland on a personal appearance tour, they were asked to have their pictures taken with some children at my neighborhood playground. Betty and Larry sat in swings and called the children to them, not caring that some were poor and even dirty. I saw Larry hold a little boy on his lap and later slip some money into his hand. "Run home," he told him. His face couldn't have looked happier as he watched the little fellow run off.

Mrs. L. Pikul
Cleveland, Ohio

This particular night we went to a party, had an argument. I looked for him at midnight, but he had disappeared. I never did find him. I was crazy about him. Another boy said 'Come on—I'll take you home'. I was crying. My life was ruined, but I let him take me to a drive-in for some hot chocolate. In those days I was so sensitive, if anyone said 'Boo' to me, I started to cry.

"Next to us in the drive-in there was a long convertible Buick. 'I want you to meet Marilyn,' the boy with me shouted to the man in the car (Rhonda's real name is Marilyn Louis). 'Tom Lane has a fourteen piece orchestra and he's looking for a girl singer,' he whispered to me. I was still sobbing and I guess I attracted Tom because I didn't pay any attention to him." Do I have to tell you that Rhonda landed the girl singer job? "I was never really swept off my feet by Tom. I always have to know a person well to like them. But as I told you, the excitement of getting married was too hard for me to resist.

"Tom was like a big brother to me. My sister was married, my parents divorced. I needed someone to talk to. We were married seven years." The only good result, apart from the experience, was their son Kent.

After the marriage Tom, for some reason Rhonda couldn't remember, gave up his orchestra and began interior decorating.

"I found I was earning more money than Tom and that's bad, too. I was under contract to Fox, but to save the marriage I gave that up and sold jewelry and luggage at Coulters. Then when my figure came back after the baby, I modeled at the May Company and Magnins. Then Henry Willson said I just had to see Selznick. I was wearing a little peasant blouse and skirt, but he signed me the same day."

"How did Tom like that?" I asked Rhonda. "He didn't," she replied. "I was now nearly 19 and growing up faster than Tom. He was a few years older by actual count but a boy of 21 is a baby compared to a girl of 19.

"I was beginning to know what I wanted to do. Until then it was just wonderful to dance with Tom—we went to Catalina one time and won a cup for a waltz. And we had music in common. But even that wasn't enough. I wanted to do more important things."

CAME the war, Tom went into the service, and when he returned, he and Rhonda, like millions of other war separated couples, were strangers across the breakfast table.

"I didn't run around while he was away, as some other war wives did," said Rhonda. "I used to get phone calls, but I always said 'no.' I stayed with his family during the war. If a call came from the studio, I'd rush with Kent to my own mother, then pick him up late at night. I wanted so to do the right thing. After the war, we took a studio apartment on La Cienega Boulevard. I worked for every piece of furniture we got. There was only a couch to sleep on, and no room for Kenny.

"I'm a Mormon and I started to do a lot of church work. I went to Sunday School to talk to the children about the importance of faith in God. A husband and wife, I think, should share the same religion."

After the divorce Rhonda's name was bracketed with A. C. Lyles', then with John Hilton's. She almost married John, who is an actor, but then she remembered one of the causes for the bust-up with Tom—financial insecurity. Now she is going places with blond, 34-year-old, very handsome Doctor Lew Morrill.

"Is it serious?" I asked, adding, "I've always wanted to marry a doctor myself." "It takes a special kind of woman to marry a doctor," replied Rhonda. "Lew's been married twice. During the first marriage he was away in the war and like me and Tom got a divorce when he returned. He says if he ever marries again, he'll choose a woman who works." This is another switch. Most successful men like the little woman to concentrate on *them*.

"I always said I would never marry a doctor." Rhonda revealed. "But Lew must be quite experienced at being married by this time. After two failures, maybe the third will take." One thing is sure, whoever Rhonda does marry will have to be successful at something.

"How about a very young girl marrying a successful middle-aged man?" I asked Rhonda. "I'm thinking of Lauren Bacall and Bogart, and June Allyson and Dick Powell, and Gene Kelly who isn't middle-aged, but was considerably older than Betsy Blair—he married her when she was 17." "No, I still think she should wait. And no matter what, no one should rush into marriage. There's no such thing as love at first sight. You have to grow on each other. It takes at least six months to know a man well."

OF course, that doesn't always work out, either. Jane Wyman and Ronald Reagan were engaged about a year and Jane was in her early twenties, too. She was only 18 when Myron Futterman, Ronnie's predecessor, took her for better or worse. It turned out worse for them both.

I don't know how long lovely Doris Day waited to wed first hubby, Al Jordan. But it wasn't long. She was 17. Husband number two, George Weidler, brother of Virginia, was a snap decision of 1946. But fate has forced Doris to wait a year to marry Marty Melcher, until he gets his California divorce decree from Patti Andrews. Doris is now 26. Perhaps she is not too young to marry now.

Nearly every star you can name was married once before she was twenty years old—Esther Williams, Elizabeth Taylor, June Haver, Joan Blondell, Paulette Goddard, Ginger Rogers, Vivien Leigh, Ruth Roman, Gloria de Haven. Some of the hasty-hearted lasses have married again, and again.

But who can really say when is the right age for *anyone* to marry? You can wait until you're forty, like Jimmy Stewart—and he's supremely happy. You can be *married* for forty years like Edward Arnold, then tell the judge it was all a mistake. But for the record I'm stringing along with Rhonda. I believe that if you can wait until after you are 21, the odds are in your favor for a happier marriage. At least your eyes are open.

THE END

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my mama done told me

(*Continued from page 55*) search of the house wondering, as I have a thousand times in such jams, why I hadn't checked everything well before time. Upstairs in the bathroom I found some scented stuff tucked away on a shelf and breathed a sigh of relief when I read the word "alcohol" listed as an ingredient. We sat down when he came and I started breakfast. My emergency fuel took a long time lighting, but finally a flame flickered over the surface of it and I put on the chafing dish. Then I broke the eggs and started stirring them. We talked and I stirred. I stirred and we talked. Finally my talk went completely mechanical because a horrible suspicion was dawning on me . . . the eggs weren't cooking. "If something doesn't happen soon. . . !" I thought—but nothing happened. The alcohol wasn't a high enough concentrate to keep burning once the dish was over it. Instead of a gracious hostess magically producing a delectable dish, I must have looked like a dope sitting there stirring up a greasy, yellow mess! I know I felt like one.

WELL, anyway, that will give you an idea of the sort of person Mother had to contend with in me. But not a complete idea. Mother is the sort who can go through a room and almost in the passing leave things straightened up so everything looks attractive. I was the kind of child who could wreck a room in the same length of time.

But Mother persevered with me. Sometimes she had to be a bit drastic. When I failed repeatedly to keep my own room in order, she walked in one day, emptied every drawer in the place onto the floor, and then took the drawers away with her. She said I could have them back if I intended to use them as they were meant to be used, as places for things put away neatly. Otherwise the floor was all I needed. To this day I am not too good at keeping my things in order. There is always something I miss.

Mother is visiting me now. After all, I am married and mistress of my own home, but just the same, before she was due, I went over my room from top to bottom. When I was through I was certain it would pass the most critical eye, as I knew it would have to pretty soon. Sure enough, shortly after she arrived, Mother wandered upstairs by herself and I knew she would wind up in my room. I sat back on my chair in the living room complimenting myself on my foresight. But in a minute I heard Mother calling me, and I knew I had missed somewhere. There was that tone in her voice that all mothers use when they "discover" something.

"If you'll just come upstairs I want to show you something," she said.

I went up, running over everything in my mind. I was certain nothing was out of place. Yet when I went into my room there was Mother standing in front of my open wardrobe and pointing to something on the shelf. I looked closer and to my horror saw the long ash of a cigarette which had fortunately burned itself out after I had carelessly forgotten it there!

THERE are other little faults. I seem to spend half my time looking for things and the other half not finding them. If I have some people coming over I either overlook any number of important preparations or else rush around so getting things ready that before my guests come I wish they would go home. And rarely do I, as Mrs. John Hodiak, step out of an evening with Mr. John Hodiak, without his having to say, "Dear . . . the seam on your left stocking . . ."

Mother and Dad tell me that I did my first acting when I was three years old. Somebody had torn all the flowers off in the garden and that somebody they knew must be me. I was brought up and questioned about it. With both of them standing there I gave them separate answers. I told Daddy, "Yes, I tore them off." I told Mother, "No, I didn't tear them off." They said it was a very convincing, if not satisfying, performance.

I was permitted to carry on a general "make believe" existence. When Mother would have guests I might greet them at the door as a French maid, serving cookies and tidying up afterwards. Not a word would be said to break me up in the character I was playing, not by Mother nor by her friends, whom she would warn to accept me for what I was pretending to be.

IT was about that time that Mother began to understand that my dislike of the unembroidered truth was somehow mixed up with my love of acting, and she sought to straighten me out on the difference. When I was Anne I must tell the truth, she said. And when I was portraying someone I could give full rein to my fancies.

"If you've broken a plate and you come and tell me so," she explained, "why it's just a broken plate we have to worry about. But if you aren't truthful about it, there's much more than a broken plate to worry about. There's no compromise with honesty—ever!"

The next thing I broke was not a plate and it wasn't in our home. It was a China lady jar which contained cookies and stood in the home of my grandmother, whom we had gone to visit. I didn't mean to break it. I held on to the handle so hard, for fear it would break (while I was snitching a cookie) that it cracked off in my hand. There was nobody around, but I went right to my grandmother and told her about it.

She told me not to worry because she would mend it with some special glue she had. As I stood watching, she fitted each little fragment back into place and then stuck the handle onto the jar again.

"Nobody will even notice it," she whispered.

And she was right. When Mother and Dad returned they didn't once look at the China lady, which was something I couldn't understand because I could see nothing else but that in the room. I decided I had better tell them and start up some of the excitement a situation like that deserved!

Eventually I learned to treasure the truth. Mother and Dad both saw to it that my wild imagination was directed into dramatic channels—very wise, I think, and invaluable in my later career as an actress.

WHEN I was seven my curiosity turned on myself in a very personal way, and for my answers I went to Mother. She had no intention of stalling off any explanations. She had a book called "Growing Up," and using the illustrations she answered not only my first questions but all the others her replies prompted. I remember a picture of just a dot and the caption on the picture that identified it as the human egg and went on to say, "You were

ANSWERS TO QUIZ ON PAGE 90

1. *The Dolly Sisters*
2. *Betty Grable and June Haver*
3. *The A.E.F. of World War I (Army Expeditionary Forces)*
4. *I'm Always Chasing Rainbows*
5. *Hungary*

have you seen page 8?

like this once, only this is 200 times larger than you were when you started to grow."

Why, I was all athrill. That was me . . . so tiny?

Downstairs in another apartment lived twin boys about my age. The first chance I had I took that book and went right down to them. I showed them all the pictures and word for word told them exactly what Mother had told me. That was how they learned about life. But, of course, they had to run and brag to their mother of all they knew, and that lady, with horrified mien, lost no time calling on us.

I will never forget how Mother handled this as far as I was concerned. It proved to be one of the most important parts of the new revelations now opened up for me. Later that evening, she took the book and went over everything again with me. Then she put the book away and talked to me gently.

"But this story of life is so beautiful, darling, that it is also very personal," she told me. "Some day you are going to share it with someone, but until that day comes along it is just like something sacred that you keep to yourself."

On me, at least, the effect of this was, I think, perfect. It was as if something most important were entrusted to me and involved in me and my romantic future, and I certainly could never thereafter be casual about it. Much of this is instinct with every girl, of course. But it certainly did no harm to have the knowledge as well.

I know that Mother felt more secure about me as a result of this, particularly when by the time I was thirteen I was already acting on the professional stage. This was about the time I began to seriously worry about my looks, and pester her—as what daughter does not—with the age old question, "Do you think I am beautiful?"

ONE day we went to see *Our Town* and before we knew it we were watching the scene in which Emily asks the same question of her mother. You know, it goes:

Emily: Am I really pretty? But am I beautiful?

Mother (firmly): You are pretty enough . . . for all normal purposes.

Well, from then on, that was Mother's answer to me!

Along about this period, too, I started bringing boys home, some of them very unusual specimens I realize now. But there was never an objection to any of them from Mother, never anything but an acceptance that if I liked them she liked them, too. Just the same, she was feminine enough, and you might also add clever enough, to let me see some of them with her eyes if they didn't strike her too favorably, *provided* I asked her. She volunteered nothing.

"How do you like Joe?" I would inquire.

She would wrinkle her brow. "Joe? Now which one is that?"

I would try to describe him and then Mother would know.

"Oh, yes," she would say. "That's the one I always feel I'd like to use some Dutch Cleanser on."

"Oh, Mother!" I would cry. But afterward I would think to myself and it was true about Joe. He *was* a bit grubby, at that!

Mother and Dad did some practical things about my theatrical career, things which they figured out themselves as being phases of my training which neither the drama school nor my other coaches could supply as well. And they were right.

They began taking me out in the public a lot; to restaurants, shows, parties. They would let me order my meals, spend a lot of time with people as they are on parade in contrast to the people as I knew them when I would see them at home. Up to that time my views of life had been sheltered. They saw to broadening them out. Little by little I was getting the answers to the many questions all young people have about society. I wasn't being told. They were being demonstrated for me and I was absorbing them, consciously and unconsciously.

I think it was Mother's inspiration to do this because it gave me, painlessly, a sense of social responsibility. But the greatest thing Mother ever did for me (and Dad!) I think, she did before I was born: she got herself happily married. There was love in our home—and behind everything Mother ever told me was the force and security of this love. I knew I wanted such a home for myself when I grew up, and since Mother had been successful she must really *know* the secret of a full and happy life. So I listened to her. And I am still listening.

THE END

crosby's the name

(*Continued from page 24*) these records so long as they don't interfere with his schoolwork. But at this time, I honestly think that Gary is a whole lot more interested in football, young ladies, and amusements of that sort."

Gary, who plays fullback for Bellarmine, says, "We have a cattle ranch in Nevada, you know, and it's a little early for me to know what I want to be, but I sure like animal husbandry and agriculture and stuff like that. Maybe I'll study ranching and agriculture.

"Making records with Dad is a lot of fun, and I like music. I play the trombone, you know, and I like being on Pop's radio show, but as I said, it's too early to tell what I'm gonna do when I finish school. I like a lot of things."

When asked if that included girls, Gary nodded his head vigorously and smiled. "You bet."

According to his mother, "Gary is shy with girls." According to his schoolmates, however, "He's shy with girls like a fox."

Gary started dating last year when he was sixteen, and according to Hal Kanter, one of Bing's ace script-writers, the youngster's so-called "coming out" into the world of the opposite sex served as the basis for a very funny radio script.

Matter of fact, Gary was put on Bing's radio show to re-enact a scene which had purportedly taken place in the Crosby home. It went something like this:

Gary had his first date and didn't know how to break it to Bing. "Thought I might go out for a bite," he ventured.

Bing slapped his hands together. "Say," he exclaimed. "You might have something there. We might very well do that."

Gary: "We?"

Bing: "Yes, we!"

Gary: (*sort of stammering*): "Well, Dad, would it be okay if you didn't go?"

Bing: "You mean you're going out to eat with one of your school pals?"

Gary: "Kinda."

Bing: "What do you mean—kinda?"

Gary: "Well, Dad, what I had in mind was something more like a girl than a pal.

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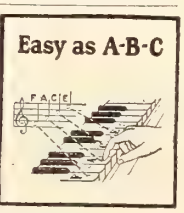
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Bing: "What are you talking about?"
Gary: "It's a pal. But you wouldn't exactly say *she's* a fella."
Bing (*surprised*): "You mean that *you* asked a girl for a date?"
Gary: "It was inevitable, Dad."
Bing: "This comes as rather a shock to me. You're an athlete, a football player. You shouldn't be thinking about girls."
Gary: "Well, girls are more fun than football. Besides, they're not so seasonal."
Bing: "I guess that's right. But I always thought you were so bashful. I always thought of you as being timid around girls."
Gary: "That's good."
Bing: "What do you mean?"
Gary: "A shy guy does a lot better than a wise guy."

THERE's always a lot of good-natured bantering around the Crosby home among Bing and the four boys, and supposedly on another occasion when Gary was going out, he asked the Old Man for an advance on his allowance.

"I don't want to play the stern parent," Bing's supposed to have said, "but if you want extra money, you can do what I did when I was a kid."

"But Dad," Gary insisted, "I don't want to stand on street corners and sing."

All six Crosbys are known for their sense of humor. Probably the sharpest of the lot is Linny, the youngest, who is 12.

Several years ago when all four boys were enrolled at St. Johns Military Academy, they were like most young kids, a little boastful. "My father could buy this whole place out in three minutes," they'd tell their little friends.

Perturbed at their attitude, so the story goes, one of the instructors at the school phoned Paramount, got hold of Bing on the set, and told him that his boys were bragging a little too much.

Bing got down to the school in a hurry. He lined his offspring up and began to let them feel, one by one, his big fat palm on their backsides. When finally he got down to Linny, the youngest Crosby said, "Don't spank *me*, Pop. I didn't say a word. Honest, I didn't. I didn't say a single word about how rich you were. I even said that the government took most of your money, and what the government didn't get, Uncle Everett stole."

BECAUSE Gary—his full name is Gary Evan, the Gary for Gary Cooper and the Evan for Bing's maternal grandfather—has developed into a personable, talented young man, Bing has been on the receiving end of a lot of praise. He's been congratulated for not spoiling Gary, for bringing him up correctly, for having himself developed into a good father.

As Bing himself says, "Most of the credit goes to Dixie. She raised Gary, she raised the twins, she raised Linny—heck, she even raised me."

Dixie has modestly stayed in the background where Bing and the boys are concerned, but Bing will make no move involving any of his clan without first consulting his wife.

During World War II, the U.S. Army asked Bing if he and the four boys would appear on a command performance to be broadcast to the troops overseas.

"I'll appear on it," Bing said, "but I can't say for the boys. You'll have to ask their mother."

Dixie gave the okay, and for the first time, the boys appeared before a microphone.

Even as a youngster, Gary showed great stage presence. He was never nervous. He read his lines beautifully, and he seemed always to have an instinctive sense of timing. Best yet, he photographed and still photographs exceptionally well.

Five years ago, Gary made a picture for Paramount when he was 12. Bing and the other three boys were in it, too. It starred Ed Gardner in *Duffy's Tavern*, and it wasn't much of a film, but the boys liked it, and Gary remarked at the time, "This isn't a bad racket."

Over at Paramount, the studio bigwigs say that show business is in Gary's blood and it's just a question of ten years before he supplants his old man as filmdom's number one attraction.

"Matter of fact," one executive recently said, "I was speaking to Bob Hope only the other day. He heard Gary's latest recording and wants the youngster to appear in his next picture."

When Bing was told about this and asked if he would give his okay, he shook his head and broke into that wonderful grin of his.

"Gary with Hope?" he repeated, simulating the outraged parent. "Absolutely not. We've tried to keep that boy in a good environment."

THANKS to his parents, Gary Crosby is today a level-headed young man who knows the value of money, family, education, and religious training.

Bing and Dixie sent him to a Catholic military school as a youngster, and Bellarmine is a parochial school where Gary's religious faith is an integral part of his schoolwork.

He mixes well with the other fellows in school, and like his mother, he's quiet, reserved, and well-behaved. He takes no liberties because his name is Crosby, and his recordings are selling like mad.

He thinks this is more of a fluke than anything else, and would rather make the varsity football team at college than the first-string star list at Paramount.

Every summer, along with his brothers and father, he heads for the Crosby cattle ranch at Elko where his 185 pounds hold him in good stead and Bing pays him a regular weekly salary.

Even though the royalties he's earned from his recordings probably make him the richest of the four Crosby kids, he doesn't think too much of that accomplishment.

What pleases him most is what Bing told newspapermen last summer. "Gary is just about the best haying hand I've got on the ranch," Bing said.

"Coming from Pop," Gary later admitted, "that was sure sweet music to my ears. Pop isn't a fast man with praise."

THE END

do you want a
star to visit your home?
see page 8!

PHOTO CREDITS

Below you will find credited page by page the photos which appear in this issue.

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Abbreviations: B., Bottom; T., Top; L., Left; C., Center; R. Right.

he's nobody's pretty boy now

(*Continued from page 32*) given another featured role, and long before the release of that picture, Tony's fan mail was flooding the studio, outstripping by far the mail of the established stars on the lot.

In the vernacular of show business, Tony is the hottest thing in Hollywood, and he himself is even more puzzled than the studio. Recently, he went into the office of Al Horwits, publicity chief, and flopped into a chair.

"I can't believe it," he said. "I just can't believe it. Yesterday I was collecting black eyes in the Bronx, and today I have a car and I'm living in a house. A real *house!*"

These material things, while astounding to Tony himself, are not the real miracle of the boy's career. His childhood gave him every opportunity to end up in the world of crime, and the fact that he got off the streets of New York is in itself the miracle.

TONY'S parents were born in Hungary, met and married in New York City. In Budapest his father had been an actor, but difficulties with the English language prevented such a career in the United States, and Manuel Schwartz became a tailor. Tony was their first-born, and being people of great sensitivity and great faith, they blended their efforts and their prayers to keep the boy on a straight path. There was little else with which to accomplish their goal. Money was scarce, and the job of tailoring kept them within the confines of the city of New York. Manuel Schwartz set up many tailor shops, selling them when they became established, and moving on to another place. Tony's childhood was lived in thirty different apartments, most of them in neighborhoods that were taut with poverty. Bums slept in the halls, and the buildings reeked of stale food odors. For Tony, the air in the street was better than that of the tenement houses, and the alleys, fire escapes and vacant, sagging houses afforded opportunity for adventure.

When he was seven years old he was playing one day in a condemned house near the East River. His companions were two boys of his own age, and of Czechoslovakian parents. Their play was interrupted by the sudden appearance of a much bigger boy, a lad whose red hair and pug nose marked him as a son of Ireland. He approached them threateningly.

"What's yer name?" he asked one of the Czech kids.

The boy was no fool. "Murphy," he said.

"Yours," said the big boy, pointing to the second kid.

"Sweeney."

The intruder drew the cuff of his sleeve over his mouth and looked at Tony. "How about you?"

Young as he was, Tony had his cue. "O'Flaherty," he said.

The bully grabbed him by the collar. "What's your *real* name, dog?"

Tony felt tears welling to the surface. "Schwartz," he said. "Bernie Schwartz."

The big boy directed a stinging slap across Tony's face. "That's one fer lyin'," he said, and let go with another blow. "That's two fer sayin' yer Irish." Then he doubled his fist and struck Tony full on the mouth. "That's fer bein' a Jew," he said.

EVERY time the Schwartz family moved to a new neighborhood, Tony found he had to fight his way into the reigning gang, and once accepted was free to breathe easily until the next move. He never told his parents the cause of the fights, knowing how it would hurt them. Always he was careful to wash the telltale blood from his face before he went home. One night his mother sat by the window for hours, waiting for him to come home. By ten o'clock she was furious at his disregard of the curfew hour set by his parents, and by midnight she was distraught with worry. At one o 'clock she saw him approaching on the streets below, and when his steps sounded on the stairs outside the apartment door, she jerked it open and started to berate him. Then she saw his face. One eye was swollen, his nose was bleeding, and there was a gash across his chin.

"You've been fighting," she said, and reached out to strike him.

"Ma! Ma!" There was anguish in his voice. "Don't hit me, ma! I'm tired of fightin'." He broke down then. "Three guys, ma. They called me a dirty Jew. Three of 'em, ma. I had to fight. Don't you see?"

Helen Schwartz sat down on the top step and cradled her son's head in her arms. The tears streamed down her cheeks as she rocked back and forth with the age-old sorrow of the mothers of a persecuted people.

The next morning Manuel Schwartz asked his son to step into the tailor shop before leaving for school. Tony found his father with a long stick in his hands. It was the "clopper," a board used in pressing suits. Without a word, Manuel took Tony's schoolbooks and slipped the clopper through the strap that bound them. He smoothed Tony's hair with his big hand. "Good luck, my son," he said.

THERE was another reason Tony had to fight his way into each new neighborhood. The kids used to taunt him by calling him "pretty boy," and it made Tony tingle with fury. His parents, weary as they were of the perpetual brawls, knew that the code of the streets required that Tony prove himself, and as time went on they seldom upbraided him for fighting. Helen Schwartz concentrated on cleanliness, respect for elders and good manners, and her efforts were rewarded, for Tony was always a neat and a polite boy, and while he and his cohorts fought with other boys, they observed an unwritten law of chivalry and never molested a girl.

The years went by slowly, as they are inclined to do in childhood, and Tony spent an increasing amount of his time on the streets. The boys played Johnny-on-the-pony and Ring-a-levio. They swiped potatoes, which they called mickeys in those days, and put them in empty bean cans punched with holes. The potatoes were then surrounded by hot coals and a long string attached to the can. If a boy was adept at the art, a few minutes of swinging the can violently above his head would result in the most delectable potato ever eaten by mortals. They followed the inevitable parades of New York City, throwing pebbles and poking sticks between the legs of the marchers. They went over to Third Avenue, where the street cars ran on a double track. Here they jumped on the back of a trolley, and when another passed from the opposite direction, they risked their necks by leaping from one to the other. They removed the hard rubber from roller skates, making the front wheels flexible, put a board atop the skate at right angles, squatted on it and sailed down hills thick with traffic.

WHEN Tony was about eleven years old he was admitted to the toughest gang in the neighborhood, making five in all. Frankie, the leader, was Italian, Johnny was a Negro, Mike an Irish Catholic and Emil was of German descent. The fighting began in earnest now, for whenever an



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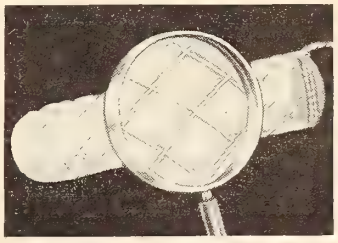


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outsider called one of them a "mick" or a "heinie," a "kike," a "nigger" or a "wop" —any of the expressions that continue to divide the world, all five boys dove in with heads down and fists flying. Theirs was one world, and they fought for it.

It made them tough. They *had* to be the leaders. They played hookey as often as possible in order to roam the streets, and they were fast becoming material for the underworld. Then one day they were rounded up by a weary truant officer, who gave them a piece of paper on which was written the name of Al Schwartz and the Jones Memorial Settlement House.

"You're to go see this guy Al—all five of you," he said. "And no funny business, or the cops'll hear about it."

The boys were filled with disgust at the prospect, but they knew they had to go. They approached the settlement house silently and glumly, their thumbs hooked in their belts. Al Schwartz met them at the door. He was a big man with a round face touched with the blue of a heavy beard. His nose was sharp and his teeth uneven, but there was something in his smile that made the boys immediately warm toward him, though at that moment they would have died rather than admit it.

"Hiya, fellas," said Al.

They looked at each other and sniffed. This guy knew from nothing. The form of address in their circles was "Hey, bum." They stood still, close together, and eyed Al suspiciously.

He motioned to the open door behind them. "Come on in."

They swaggered past him, taking care to look defiant.

"We're going to play a game," Al said.

"A *game!*" said Tony. "Holy chee."

Al smiled at him. "You see that desk over there? Now, that's a bank. This chalk line on the floor represents the street, and the police station is in that corner. I want you guys to figure out how you can rob the bank in less than five minutes without the cops seeing you."

The kids looked at him wide-eyed. What kind of a game was this? But they wasted no time. Frankie barked orders. Tony was to be the lookout, Emil and Mike would stay in the car, and he and Johnny would handle the bank itself.

Al Schwartz rose two degrees in their estimation that day. They went back again and again, and subtly and deftly, Al Schwartz began to wean them from the streets.

NATURALLY, the boys said nothing of this activity to the other kids in the neighborhood. They said nothing even to their parents, who as a group were happy these days because of the mysterious dearth of bloody noses and black eyes. The word got back to the school, however, probably through Al Schwartz, and one day the boys were requested by the principal to give one of their plays in the auditorium.

The five held a consultation as to the wisdom of the proposition. All but Tony admitted grudgingly that it might be fun to put on a play they'd done many times for Al.

"It's easy for *you* guys to say yes," Tony told them. "But what about me? I'm the broad in the show."

But they finally won him over, the school stage was attacked by King Arthur and his knights, and the applause was deafening. The next day the five heroes went about the school halls with slitted eyes and doubled fists, and none of the other kids dared to make a comment. A few days went by before an outsider ventured to remark that it had been a good play. The ice was broken and from then on Tony's gang, with the help of Al Schwartz, became the stock company of P.S. 82.

The new respect offered them did some-

have you seen page 8?

thing for all five boys. They began to see that there was a more interesting way of life than the streets of New York. The neighborhood grocer, who used to stand guard over his fruit stand when he saw the kids coming, now smiled from under his big moustache and gave them each an apple. "You gooda boys," he used to say. And mothers, catching their offspring playing hookey, would yell from their fire escapes, "Shame on you! Why don't you be a good boy like Frankie and Bernie?" Little girls began to point at the boys and giggle among themselves, and Tony's school desk was flooded with anonymous love notes.

At twelve, Tony joined the Boy Scouts, and at thirteen he began spending his summers and holidays as an assistant junior counselor (dish washer) at the settlement camp. He progressed to assistant counselor (forest guide), and by time he was sixteen he was teaching dramatics to the kids at the camp.

The greatest regret of Tony's life is the fact that today he is unable to learn the whereabouts of Al Schwartz. Letters to New York settlement houses have brought no satisfactory response, and the kids in New York can give him no help, but Tony goes on looking, for he feels that he owes Al a great debt.

IT WAS fortunate, too, that Tony was started on the right path at that particular time, for when he was twelve his younger brother Julius met a sudden and violent death in New York traffic. To spare his parents, Tony himself went to the hospital to make the identification, and to this day he cannot speak of the tragedy without visible emotion. It shook Helen and Manuel Schwartz to the core, and from that time on their whole lives were centered around their first-born. Had Tony been inclined to go wrong, the added sorrow could conceivably have killed his parents.

As it was, their pride in him knew no bounds. His confirmation at the age of thirteen was a joyous affair. For ten dollars, Manuel bought Tony his first suit, a green check, double-breasted outfit that buttoned in the wrong places, which Tony remembers as perfectly awful—and which was never worn again. As he repeated his prayers on the rostrum, Tony could see from the corner of his eye the teacher who had drilled him in his lessons for this day. The man was shaking his head sadly, and as Tony muddled through a badly memorized prayer it occurred to him that the teacher was thinking, "This kid will never be nothin'."

His parents, oblivious to the mistakes, beamed with pride.

Manuel had hired a group of Hungarian musicians to play for the reception at the apartment afterwards, and the singing fiddles delighted the guests. Manuel was happiest of them all. He had arranged with the orchestra to play until midnight, and although the last guest had departed by ten o'clock and Helen Schwartz had gone to bed exhausted, Manuel signaled for the musicians to continue, and sat alone in his big chair until the witching hour.

IT WAS a big day for Tony, but more clearly than anything else, he remembers the advice his father gave him at the reception. All evening Manuel had been proudly watching his son, and after a time he called Tony to him.

"Bernie, my son," he said, "you have a good face now. When you are grown you

will be a fine-looking man. But I want to tell you something you will never forget. Please." Manuel held up his hand, with the thumb and forefinger flattened from years of toil with the needle. He pointed first to his heart, then to his head. "You will never, my son, let it go from here—to here."

The combination of his parents' pride in him and Al Schwartz's influence gradually molded Tony into a boy who gave his family much less cause for worry, and only once more did he get into a fight, a fight that wasn't finished until years later. A schoolmate whom we'll call John Smith had taunted Tony for weeks, calling him the vilest of names. When Tony could stand it no longer he started to pummel the other boy. Teachers broke up the fight and Tony was hauled off to the principal's office. When he had explained the cause of his actions the man looked kindly.

"I can't blame you, my boy, not in the least. I would have done the same had I been in your position. But this is a situation I can do nothing about, and I'd be glad if you could control yourself."

Shortly thereafter, Tony's family moved into another neighborhood, depriving him of an opportunity to finish the fight on the streets, but the memory rankled.

Just before Tony turned seventeen his mother gave birth to another baby. From the moment she knew she was pregnant, Helen Schwartz had prayed that this baby would be a boy, to replace her lost Julius. Her prayers were answered, and soon after little Bobby made his appearance, Tony enlisted in the Navy, knowing that should anything happen to him, his parents had another child to enrich their lives.

He served on a submarine in Pacific waters for three years and his letters to his family were frequent and regular, with no mention of the danger to which he was subject every second. One day when they had surfaced near Guam and were loading torpedoes the loading chain snapped, and with the force of a giant slingshot, hit Tony in the back. The blow sent him skidding along the deck and into the water, and although he recovered sufficiently to see many more months of active service, the injury gave him considerable trouble. After his discharge in 1945 he was hospitalized for treatment of his back, and then decided on his future.

The long days at the hospital were brightened for the boys by a woman who regularly visited the ward and brought with her a stack of small books containing the plays of Shakespeare. The

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QUESTIONNAIRE: Which stories and features did you enjoy most in our November issue? WRITE THE NUMBERS 1, 2, and 3 AT THE LEFT of your first, second and third choices. Then let us know what stars you'd like to read about in future issues.

- ☐ The Inside Story
- ☐ Louella Parsons' Good News
- ☐ Love in Bloom (Shirley Temple)
- ☐ Christopher Kane's Movie Reviews
- ☐ Crosby's The Name (Gary Crosby)
- ☐ An Open Letter from Judy Garland
- ☐ "If I Should Lose You" (Jane Powell)
- ☐ Nobody's Pretty Boy Now (Anthony Curtis)
- ☐ Beware of The Experts (Ruth Roman)
- ☐ The Time of My Life (Betty Hutton)
- ☐ How I Found Faith (Bob Hope)
- ☐ Ann Blyth's Story
- ☐ I Go to College with Liz Scott
- ☐ Background for Beauty (Maureen O'Hara)
- ☐ Hollywood Youth on Trial
- ☐ How Old Is Young? (Joan Crawford)
- ☐ They Were Brides Too Soon (Williams, Leigh, Day, etc.)
- ☐ My Mama Done Told Me (Anne Baxter)
- ☐ When A Girl Marries (Elizabeth Taylor)
- ☐ I Had My Nose Fixed (Helene London)
- ☐ Roman Holiday (Montgomery Clift)
- ☐ Modern Screen Fashions
- ☐ Tell It to Joan (Joan Evans)

Which of the stories did you like LEAST?
.....
.....

What 3 MALE stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them 1, 2, 3, in order of preference.....
.....
.....
.....

What 3 FEMALE stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them 1, 2, 3, in order of preference.....
.....
.....
.....

What MALE star do you like least?
.....

What FEMALE star do you like least?
.....

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.....

My address is.....
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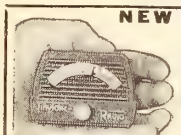
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books were passed out to the patients and they were assigned their parts. One day Tony would be King Lear, the next Ophelia, and the next, Romeo. He read his parts so well that the woman urged him to take up acting as a profession.

Tony's arm didn't need twisting; he was in complete accord. But for the first six months out of the hospital he did what any GI wanted to do: visited friends, spent long and happy evenings with his parents, roamed the neighborhoods of his childhood—and spent all his money.

One day in the early part of this six months he bought himself a new suit and thus attired, went to the house where John Smith had lived seven years ago.

When Smith appeared he took one look at Tony and stopped stock still.

"I remember you—" he said, but he got no further. Tony's fist shot out and sent him sprawling to the pavement. Without a word, Tony turned his back and walked away. It was a score settled at long last, and with the thrust of his arm all the hate went out of Tony. Today he says he shouldn't have done it, that vindictiveness is no good and that he should have considered the source and forgotten the whole matter. Who is to say? It is possible that with that one blow, Tony Curtis rid himself of all the bitterness that had collected and festered in his soul during the years of his boyhood.

He felt set now to face the world, and knowing what he wanted to do, was tremendously excited when he learned that acting was included in the opportunities to learn offered by the GI Bill. He joined the Dramatic Workshop of the New School for Social Research, and for more than a year worked hard at his task. Then, feeling the need of practical experience, he joined a group of stock players who barnstormed the country, playing anywhere to any kind of audience. Tony learned his acting lessons well under these conditions. One time they were playing in a small hotel, and the dining-room tables had been shoved together to make a stage. Tony was playing the title role of *The Jazz Singer,* and as such, was making a fervent plea to his mother.

"Ma," he said, "you don't understand. I've got to do this—"

At this point a table leg gave way and Tony went crashing to the floor. Undaunted, he picked himself up and said, "Ma, I keep telling you we ought to get that floor fixed."

He graduated from one group to another, and finally landed with the Cherry Lane Theater in Greenwich Village. On short notice he played the lead in *Golden Boy* one weekend, and on Monday he received a phone call from a talent scout connected with Universal-International.

On the following Thursday he landed in Hollywood and was met at the airport by a chauffeur and a sleek Cadillac.

"You Bernie Schwartz?" said the chauffeur.

Tony nodded, and was whisked in silence to one of Hollywood's swankier hotels.

In the two years Tony has been in Hollywood, he has tackled the job of his training with the same energy he put into his boyhood. Realizing that he has much to learn, he is studying, in addition to his regular courses at the studio, psychology and speech and the Italian language. In New York, he had gathered a smattering of a great many languages from the parents of his friends, but he has always thought Italian to be the most beautiful. From the study of academic subjects he is gathering credits for Los Angeles City College, and yet finds time to keep himself in trim by taking fencing, boxing and dancing lessons.

Helen and Manuel Schwartz have come to Hollywood to live, at Tony's insistence. They rent a little house in the valley, where Manuel has found work as a tailor, and Bobby plays in the sunshine all day long. The house was scantily furnished when they moved in, and there was talk of the old reliable orange crates until such time as they could afford to furnish properly. But three days after they moved in Tony accompanied his mother to the market and disappeared for a while. When she found him again he steered her into a furniture store and pointed first to a couch, then to a bed, then a few chairs. "You like this?" he asked her. "And this? And this cupboard?" And when his mother nodded he whooped and took her in his arms.

"That's swell, Ma, because they'll be delivered today!"

Helen Schwartz looked at her son as though he had lost his mind. "What do you mean?"

"I bought them," he said.

Her eyes widened. "All this?" The sweep of her arm took in the furniture he had pointed out. "You *bought* all this?"

Such an outlay of cash was incomprehensible to his mother. There have been many changes in her life and Manuel's, and the pleasure of having a house and garden is almost more than they can bear.

The name Bernie Schwartz has been changed, too. The studio chose James Curtis, but Tony remembers a particularly evil-looking monkey in the Bronx Zoo named James, and wasn't too happy about his new monicker. In the Navy he had spent his spare time reading "Anthony Adverse," and he liked the sound of it so much that he dropped a hint to the studio, and they settled on Anthony. Bobby, who retains his New York accent, gives it an inflection that delights Tony.

"Aaant-ny," says Bobby, and Tony roars with laughter.

The only thing that hasn't changed is Tony himself, who remembers his father's advice the night of his confirmation.

All of Hollywood is captivated by the novelty of this boy whose accent advertises his Bronx beginnings and whose frankness and enthusiasm make him a standout in a stereotyped town.

He keeps in close touch with his New York friends, and occasionally there's a phone call between Manhattan and Hollywood.

"Watcha doin'?" the gang wants to know, and then the inevitable question, "Who ya datin'?" The last time he mentioned a fairly well-known actress, Tony could hear a sharp intake of breath at the other end of the line.

"Does she kiss good?" his pal asked.

Someday Tony wants to buy his family a house of their own, but in the interim the foursome leads a happy life in their small cottage. Tony's pictures all but cover the mantelpiece, and Helen Schwartz will often stop to look at them. "Isn't my Bernie pretty?" she says. And Tony howls his protest. "Mom! Please! Don't *say* that!"

Then he grins and hugs her, and sometimes in the evening he will go to the brand-new desk and take out his contract, to make sure he isn't dreaming. He isn't. At the age of 25, Bernie Schwartz has a seven-year contract, as good as gold.

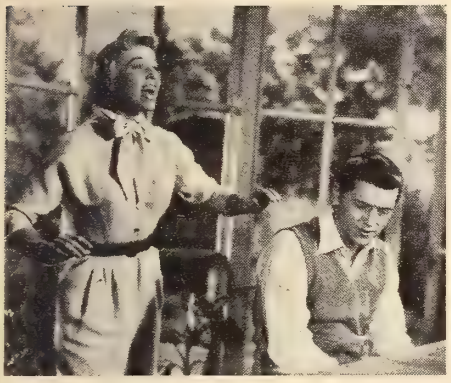
THE END

do you want a **star to visit your home?** see page 8!

movie reviews (Cont'd from p. 23)

taming of the shrew is thrown in, but Yvonne ends up with The Desert Hawk, even though it grieves her princessly soul to wed a blacksmith. (In between frantic kisses, she sneers, "blacksmith," which is the way I found out.) Technicolor.

Cast: Yvonne De Carlo, Richard Greene, Jackie Gleason.—Universal-International.



TEA FOR TWO

What this movie has to do with the play called *No, No, Nanette,* I can't be positive, but the main character (Doris Day) in *Tea For Two* is named Nanette, and she has to go around saying "no" for 24 hours, so there *is* a connection. Doris is an heiress, and when she finds she can't back a show starring herself, and the music of Gordon MacRae, because her guardian-uncle thinks she wastes too much money, she makes Unk a bet. She'll say "no" for 24 hours, and he'll let her have $25,000 for the theatrical enterprise. Little does she dream he's already lost most of her cash in the stock market. Goofy story, but a lot of talented young players—dancer Gene Nelson is really good, and you can also get a look at Patrice Wymore (the lady Errol Flynn plans to marry), and Eve Arden is still drawling cynical sayings in her usual way, in case you go for that. MacRae's music is worth building a show around, all right, but why not? It was originally written by Vincent Youmans, George Gershwin, and a couple of other people. Technicolor.

Cast: Doris Day, Gordon MacRae, Gene Nelson.—Warners.



STELLA

Here's a delightful, delicious, original kind of comedy that never stops being fun for a single minute. First you meet the Bevins family. Ann Sheridan is Stella Bevins, and what she doesn't know is that her two loutish brothers-in-law (David Wayne and Frank Fontaine), who live off her when they aren't collecting unemployment checks, have just buried her equally loutish Uncle Joe. Uncle Joe's a souse; he'd attacked David, lost his balance, fallen and killed himself, but the boys figure who'll believe *that* story, so they plant the body, with the encouragement and consent of their wives. When the chief of police calls the boys down to identify the body of a guy who's been run over by a railroad train (the whole town has heard of Uncle Joe's disappearance), the boys know the train's victim can't be Uncle Joe, but they identify the corpse anyhow, because they've just found out Uncle Joe was insured for $20,000. A smart insurance investigator (Victor Mature) foils 'em, but they keep right on identifying every stiff that comes into the coroner's office as Uncle Joe, in the hopes of laying their hands on that insurance money. When they finally try to dig up Uncle Joe, and get the money more or less honestly, they discover they've laid him to rest in an old Indian burial ground, and they'll probably be digging for the next hundred years, before they come to the right remains. It sounds like an unsavory topic, but it's handled so well, and the picture's so hilarious, I don't see how anybody could be offended. The performances are swell (Mature gets Sheridan) and you'll laugh yourself silly.

Cast: Ann Sheridan, Victor Mature, David Wayne, Randy Stuart.—20th Century-Fox.



THE BLACK ROSE

If you were a Saxon in 13th-century England, you'd still be smarting about the Norman conquest, and the Norman king. Saxon Tyrone Power, for instance, got no money, got no future, got an old granddaddy and an ancient castle is all, but he's so proud he can't even mention the word Norman without losing his lunch. He leaves the country to seek his fortune in the "almost legendary Far East," and he meets up with Mongolian war-maker Orson Welles, dressed in an $8,000 mink-lined leather coat, and he falls in love with a small half-breed (Cecile Aubry) who's being sent as a gift to Kubla Khan, and he has adventures that make Marco Polo look like Alice-Sit-By-The-Fire. The locations for this movie are really exciting—desert scenes were shot in French Morocco, historic English castles were used as sets, etc. There are several good English actors on hand, Cecile Aubry, the tiny French star, makes her American debut, and a supposedly Chinese gent known as "The Bird Who Feathers His Nest" comes up with the best Mexican accent since Pancho Villa. I don't know if this was supposed to be comic relief, but it's certainly funny.

Cast: Tyrone Power, Orson Welles, Cecile Aubry, Jack Hawkins.—20th Century-Fox.



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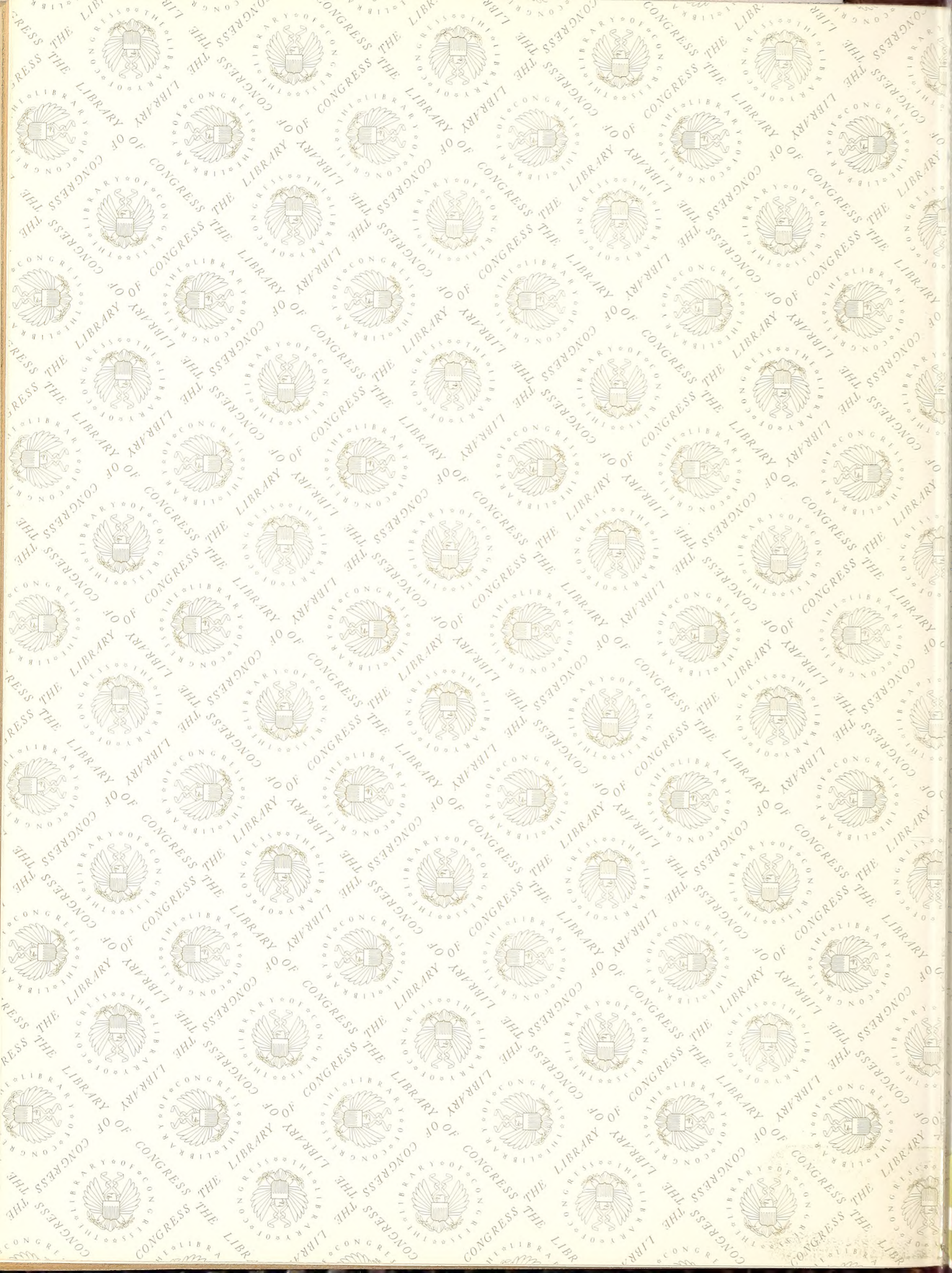
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